ambert, St. Hyacinthe mondville, Nicolet and in diate stations.

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BELL COMPANY BELLS.

BELLS

firsts is printed and 316 Lagauchetters lontreal, Can., by agann.

oot to hand the and at the same of his activity by his ninety-eighth r his baptism Fa-dmother prayed: on is to do good, life; but if he is n die now." In n die now." In one had a tomba grave selected is Gadenre, Canon miens, piously de-in obedience to the Holy Roman postolic Church."

ds.—Father Hayes

gues

The True AND CAM DO THE CHRON



E Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 38

Senate Reading Room Jan 1 1909.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Deep in Canadian Woods.

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 flown; Great is the land we tread, and yet Our hearts are with our own!"

(Pat) should "heap coals of fire on his enemies."

(Pat) should "heap coals of fire on his enemies."

"And what does that mean, Father?"

"And what does that mean, Father?" asked Pat.

"Oh! it means we should pardon.

"Oh! it means we should pardon."

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 heiging to pay for thing towards he eing to pay for their new church; and to the woods strange to say. I wat 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.

"And what does that mean, Father should pard to a down by what is known as the Redbank road, and crossed Red Pine portage, the favorite "yarding" lies 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 or clock, in the evening, and already quite dark, when I reached the camp I had missed, and took up my first collection for the

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



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 and little Devil's Back, on your way; while, after you leave the parish limits. vil'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 nearfor nine long miles through the near-er 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 pientiful. You may meet bears along the road, in the fall, and with all the ease in the world, even if the biggést 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 triumphal 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 aver. using the former for a cloak; indeed, the cooler 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 favorits 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. 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 secolded Pat, telling him that he



P. WHELAN'S CAMP.

My patient readers have heard the song of "The Preacher and the Bear," how a good colored paster in 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 rethe 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 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 police-

GENUINE HOSPITALITY. ell him d the when next I set out, it was not had the 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

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



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

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

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 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

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 bigory 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-eater" 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 recipied on 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 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 forated mickels. 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 But going through the woods has its hardships. I was easily consolied, when I remembered that the mencontributing had to face wind, hail, snow, and storm, day after day, and refuse themselves the crank's boon of complaining. Then it is a

pleasure to find yourself among hon

nand he made his first Holy Commu-nion. The old man shed tears of thankful foy, and I blessed God to think He had judged me worthy of being the humble instrument of His Grace.

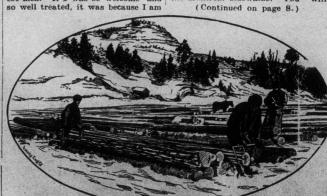
My readers must be tired of hear-ing from me in the first person with

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 troot

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 by was not a white learn neighbors, he was not a whit alarmed, even if one of the forest monarchs did dispute the right of 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 change my routes of travel for even and the Montreal sidewalks. (Continued on page 8.)



AT WORK ON THE RENOUS.

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, Lagauchetiere 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. Bibernian Cadet Corps in Uniform. The Ancient Order of Bibernians.

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

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

BAND

- The Congregation of St. Gabriel. (Not members of any Society)
- The St. Gabriel's Young Men's Society.
- The St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society.
- The St. Gabriel Total Abstinence & Benefit Society.
- Congregation of St. Anthony. The Congregation of St. Mary.
- (Not members of any Society)

BAND—BANNER

- 12. St. Mary's Young Men's Society.
- The Congregation of St. Ann. (Not members of any Society.)
- 14. St. Ann's Juvenile Temperance Society.

BAND-FLAG

15. St. Ann's Young Men's Soriety

BAND-BANNER

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

BAND—BANNER

- 17. Congregation of St. Batrick.
- (Not members of any Society.) 18. Boys of St, Patrick's Christian Brothers' School.

BAND—FLAG

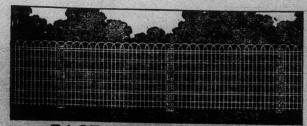
19. The Young Jrishmen's Literary and Benefit Association.

BAND—FATHER MATHEW BANNER

20. St. Patrick's Total Alstinence and Benefit Society.

BAND_BANNER

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



PAGE WHITE FENCES

Fage Pences wear Best-Styles for Lawns, Parks, Fárms and Ralfroads. 14,000 miles of Page Rences and 73,000 Page Cates now in use in Canada. Our 1910 Fences are better than ever. Page Gates for 1810 have Castraniced Frances. Get our latest prices and booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED

(The arrival of the French in Killala was the ocrasion of many an act of devotion te Ireland. One of the most notable was that of Father Conroy, P.P., of Adergole, 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. 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 tilent 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!

the land's awake!

" 'Twas William Burke that told me, as riding he went by, h letters for the Saxons in Cas-

tlebar—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: Awhile 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 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;

busy brain and pen
Must mark the way for Freedom
o'er bog and maintain lone, By many a path and togher 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 noonday sun

shines over Castlebar,
Triumphant through the country
rides Ruin near and far,
And on a scaffold proudly a priest
stands beund—'Tis he
Who rode him through the midnight

for Island's liberty.

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 wisht I was in Ireland the

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

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."

Liver Complaint Cured.

Cured.

Mr. J. B. Rusk Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been to complaint and trier Complaint and trier Complaint and trier om any different readies but obtained little or no benefit. A end advised me to give your Law Liver

medies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Fills a trial, but I to't him I had tried so many "cure alls" that I was tired paying sut 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 leastly about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the lest medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found."

Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price.

on receipt of price.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toro

Through Antrim Glens.

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 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 sandstore, 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. tish 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 rem-rant of O'Halloran's Castin, and re-calls the days when the Q'Celtic race predominated in the country, and the "Carrion Crows" and the race 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 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 Garron 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 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.

I spent some time in Glenariff Glen and the surrounding country. Abler pens have described the beauties of

Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky

Och! Corrymeela an' the low south

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

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 ould roof" to life in any Fplish 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.

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 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 1215, was my headquarters. Olderfleet Castle.

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 caillini 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

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,"

wi the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the
livelong day,
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra
take the wheat!

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 barefut child,

Here's hands so full o' money and

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; the girl she thought me wild,
Far Corrymeela, an' the low south wind.

o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a shaugh wid Andy Feelan here



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 April, who are interest. in County Antrim who are interested went in for even a little cam-paign of advertising in the Irish pa-pers that circulate largely on this side of the channel, hundreds of viside 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."

Oh, the duns and raths and cranaghs take a beauty as of yore, the misty "Celtic Twilight," when he hear the "seol sidhe"

And from the Tir-nan-oge the heroes come to tread their ancient the faerrie thoughts are clinging round the heart's slow-

throbbing beat; But take heed lest in the dreaming ye do not forget the true.

As to dream and yet be workers is the heritage of few.

Who will heal the bitter feelings and wipe out the bitter past?
Who will fill the empty cabins, and bring laughter to the lips?

There is need for every person, for the work is great and vast;
But the guerdon we are seeking shall the battle's pain eclipse?
Oh, be up and doing somethingnever mind however small;
Do not stand a gillout witness.

Do not stand a silent witness your suffering country's call.

—J. O'D. D., in Irish Weekly.

RHEUMATISM WEATHER THIS

But Dodd's Kidney Pills Always Cure Rheumatism.

What They Did for W. H. Craine, and Why They Always Cure Rheuma tism--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

"Yes, I know Dodd's Kidney Pills res, I know boods Kidney Fils cured my Rheumatism," Mr Craine states. "For after I started tak-ing them I used no other medicine. I never cease recommending Dodd's Kidney Pills to my friends." Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheuma-tism by withing the Kidney in son

tism 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 crystalize at the muscles and joints then come those tortures every rheu-matic knows only too well. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. The cured Kid-neys remove the cause of Rheuma-

No doubt those who know the poem but do not know Irish georaphy 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 Irisland. 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 joining a noble estate

joining a nobleman's well-cared-for estate.

The (English) Court Journal says that Malahide furnishes the unusually rare instance of a baronial state having continued for nearly seven centuries and a half in the heirs male of the ancestor on whom it had been originally conferred. Henry ingave the manor to Richard de Talbot, in 11.74, and his male descandants have resided at Malahide ever since, except for a brief period during Cromwell's time, when they were driven out for seven years.

The Court Journal also says that in the great hall at Malahide is a suit of armor with a gash in the side about which a romantic story is told. The wearer of this armor had just been marpied in Malahide church when there came a sudden call to arms, and though the bride-groom's side was successful, he himself fell in the fray. This is evidently the fray which forms the subject of Gerald Griffin's poem. The poet touchingly describes how the warrior is brought back from the battle "aloft on his shield" by his followers, and how the young wife

. "Sinks on the meadow, in one morning tide A wife and a widow, a maid and a bride."

But now comes the fact-grubber and knocks all the romance askew by telling us that the bride soon, however, consoled herself, for, he says, she was married twice after says, she was married twice after that tragic day, the first time six months afterward. By her second husband she had a son, Thomas Tal-bot, whom Edward IV. appointed lord admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining, a hereditary honor borne by successive heads of the fa. mily down to the present Lord Tal-bot de Malahide. The lady's third husband was John Cornwalshe, chief baron to Henry VI. Dying when more than eighty, she was buried at Malahide, where her tomb may

Oliver Goldsmith's Old Home.

Interesting Letter From Very Rev Dean Kelly, D.D.

At the meeting last week of the Westmeath County Council, Mr. Robert Downes, chairman, presiding, the following letter, addressed to Mr. J. T. Roche, Secretary of the Council, was read:

'St. Peter's, Athlone,
2nd Feb., 1910.

2nd Feb., 1910,

Dear Sir-I venture, through you, o draw the attention of the Co. Dear Sir—I venture, through you to draw the attention of the Co. Council of Westmeath to the present state of the ruined residence of the Rev. Chas. Goldsmith, the home of Oliver Goldsmith's childhood and boyhood, the village precher's 'mod est mansion," the house of Wake field's vicar at Lissory, "Sweet Au burn, loveliest village of the plain." burn, loveliest village of the pland-Opposite its gate is the ancien port or liss, from which it takes it name, of which Goldsmith wrote this brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson (Mr. Lalimb Hamostead Hill, the

'If I climb Hampstead

"If I climb Hampstead Hill, that where Nature never established more magnificent prospect. I confest fine, but then I had rather placed on the little mount befor Lissory gate, and there take in tene the most pleasing horizon in Nature." The old chimney, which seem standing some years ago, he Matic 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.

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 singing 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 the most please of the most please which there are photos, remove the old bace, it has extensive encircling the most please which there are photos, remove the oldest inhabited stronghold in Ireland. A most picturesque old place, it has extensive encircling the most please which there are photos, remove the old and safeguard the walls when there are photos, remove the old and safeguard the walls when there are photos, remove the old chimney and fireplace, which there are photos, remove the old chimney and safeguard the walls when the condition? It occurs to the poem but do not know the poem but do not k

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Monday of the imeets last We:
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Kavanagh, K. C.
dent, Mr. J. C.
President, W.
Tressurer, Mr. W.
conding Secretar ponding Secretary mingham; Resordi T. P. Tansey; Al cretary, Mr. M. I shal, Mr. B. Cam shal, Mr. P. Com

Synopsis of Canac HOMESTEAD F ANY even numbered aton Land in Man wan and Alberta, a not reserved, may be any person who is family, or any male

any person who is samily, or any male age, to the extent of tion of 180 acres, a Entry must be an the local land office in which the land i Entry by proxy a made on certain equiliber or sister of an steader.

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lish) Court Journal says the furnishes the unusual-tuce of a baronial escontinued for nearly so and a half in the heirs ancestor on whom it had lly conferred. Henry in anor to Richard de Talt, and his male descandsided at Malahide ever for a brief period dur. I's time, when they were by seven years.

or seven years.

Journal also says that hall at Malahide is a per with a gash in the which a romantic story e wearer of this armor married in Malahide there cames. wearer of this armor married in Malahide there came a sudden and though the bridewas successful, he him-e fray. This is evident-which forms the subject escribes how the warth back from the battle
s shield" by his followthe young wife

on the meadow, in one widow, a maid and

omes the fact-grubber all the romance askew that the bride soon, sooled herself, for, he isoled herself, for, he smarried twice after lay, the first time six ward. By her second had a son, Thomas Tal-Edward IV. appointed of Malahide and the grant leads of the fatther present leads. othe present Lord Tal-ide. The lady's third John Cornwalshe, chief ry VI. Dying when ghty, she was buried

oldsmith's Old Home.

etter From Very Rev n Kelly, D.D.

ing last week of ing last week of the unty Council, Mr. Rob-hairman, presiding, the er, addressed to Mr. J. er, addressed to Mr. cretary of the Coun

. Peter's, Athlone 2nd Feb., 1910, venture, through you, attention of the Co. attention of the Co.
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Hampstead Hill, the never established ent prospect. I confes ent I had rather but the little mount before the little mount bef and there take in the pleasing horizon is old chimney, which

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Synopsis of Canadian North-Wes

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Donasion Land in Manitoba, Sanka toba wan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26 not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of th

any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 13 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the sitter, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending home-steader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected there with under one of the following

plans:

(1) At least aix mountles remdemoapon and suitsvestion of the land in
such year for three years,

(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the
steinty of the land extered for, the

wieinity of the land entered for, the sequirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing satisfied by such person residence with the father or mother.

(8) If the settler has his peruntant residence upon farming lands award by him in the vicinity of his somestend the requirements as to residence upon said land.

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The Interloper.

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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-

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W

serves 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 "God 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 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 entitled the story of the s

tall leisurely repentance. But cer-tain it is that if Jack had only act-ed contrary to it the melancholy events I have to narrate would not have taken place.

He and Sheela had been engaged

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 simple peasant lands. The boy had one redeeming quality—he was apt pupil. In a few seconds he 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

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 Corher" of the local weekly. Old stories that were told by the fireside he listed into shows and they took and they they took and they took and they took and they took and they took 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 and instructed 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

poasted of the fame and fortune he swinning in England, and the gentleman proudly lent them to literate and read them to the illiterate. When the news went round that he was about to publish his works in book form, the Lisna more folk were agreeably excite Writing stories and poetry for the papers was an ordinary affair—half a dozen youths and maidens in the 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-townsman, and hoped he would soon revisit home, so that they might make amends for their former ap-thy. Bellow, however, had little love for his native country, and was 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 gair-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

He had changed considerably. The 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 he been less vain and effeminate, no girl could have been blamed for falling in love with him at first sight.

After a while she felt more

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 laughin ly 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 realised. All night long she lay awake" with strange thoughts running through her mind.

Bellow Moore had received many invitations are selected.

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 onlu known he was coming they would have killed and cooked a course of the carbon was something they would have killed and cooked a course 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 tirely, 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 endeaved him to the old couple and

er at Molloy's caoh. His alrability endeared him to the old couple and as for Sheela, she neglected her fiance and devoted all her time and attention to the new-comer.

Jack Dwyer, however, was loath to complain. Moore's holidays would soon exprise and Sheela was

to complain. Moore's holidays would soon expire, and Sheela was in merely trying to make things pleas-ant 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 neigh-bor's farm one evening after night-fall he, quite unexpectedly, came across Moore and Sheela engaged in Their earnest conversation. Their backs were turned towards him, and they seemed unaware of his presence. No wishing to play the part of eaves dropper, he would have turned away but that he heard his own away out 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 can "be said and made a like the wife of a clod-hopper."

"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, hoarsel

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

der.

"Oh, I quite believe that," said Father Brophy apologetically, "and I'm sorry if my remarks have offended you. No doubt my fears are groundless. It's your welfare and Sheela's I have at heart—I want to see you both happy. I'll marry you on Sunday next, please God. It's sudden, rather sudden—but your vacation is nearly up, and I don't want to keep you from your work."

The marriage was very unpopular. The bride's parents were opposed to it, but were powerless to prevent it—Sheela had a will of her own, and was not slow in asserting it. They had always liked Dwyer, and although they had fallen under the spell of magnetism, they would have preferred to see their daughter led der.
"Oh, I quite believe that,"

preferred to see their dayghter to the altar by the young farmer.

The bridegroom's 'relations were equally dissatisfied. They thought it sheer madness for a rising author to wed an ignorant and penniless girl. But the rising author ignored their advantitions. their admonitions. The general pub-lic considered the marriage a scan-dal, and the interloper was denoundal, and the interloper was denou ced at every fireside in the parish.

Jack Dwyer himself seemed the 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.

pity.
On the day of the ceremony th 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 It was not until Sneela nad gone aways-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 naticing how charged he mot help noticing how changed he was. Before his misfortune he attended all the social gatherings in the neighborhood, and was always the gayest of the gay. Now he kept at home of a night; and inquirities as here as the social gathering in the neighborhood, and was always the gayest of the gay. Now he kept at home of a night; and inquirities as here as the social quisitive callers found him sitting dejectedly by the fire, and some-times with traces of tears in his eyes. In the fields he used to sing eyes. In the fields he used to sing as blithely as a blackbird. Now he as bitney 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 sumpathized more deeply with Jack than Michael Molloy. Be-

with Jack than Michael Molloy. Being nextdoor 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

The next time Jack made inquiries

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

Every day Michael walked to the post office, but the wished-for letter was not there.
"It was a black day when Bellow

Moore took her away from us," he would say with a sob.

People began to whisper that Sheela's married life was unhappy, that her husband was treating her badly and her ominous silence lent col.
or to the rumor.

Had Jack been sure that his best

love was contented, he might have overcome his disappointment. But the fear that she was unhappy kept his wound unhealed. It haubted him night and day. He seemed to see her in every dream, and her face was always pale and sorrowful. At work he could think only of her, and the crops and cattle suffered in

Finally, he sought forgetfulness in liquor he went into company, and was as gay and careless as ever. The neighbors, although glad to have him out amongst them again. greatly regretted his dissipation. To be an anchorite was bad, but to be

a drunkard was ten times worse.
"'Tis a terrible pity," they would say, "to see him takin' to the drink—him that was always so sober and

Father Brophy could scarcely believe his ears.

"Has Sheela really consented to marry you?" he asked.

"Certainly she has," Bellow Moore replied. "Surely, you don't think I'm jesting, Father."

"Oh, no. But it's. wanshed, and the grey hairs were making their appearance. Like its owner, the farm had altered for the worse. Jack had been noted for his industry and was looked upon as a model farmer. Now he seemed to take no interest in his work. The was much taller, and assumed a scholarly stoop. The rustic ruddiness had left his cheek. But he still retained most of his early good look, 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 lead to the result of the provided first honest heart. He was never lead to content himself with the lowest content himself with the lowest content himself with the lowest content himself with the lowest. But frankly, I can't She would make an ideal wife for a man like make an ideal wife for a man like of the parish shook their heads sadly, and predicted that Jack Dwyer, but I'm doubtful, very doubting with the lowest content himself with the lowest. The first dance over, Bellow Moore complained of fatigue, and led Sheels to a mosay bank, a short distance from the crowd. The girl was I need say," was the laconic rejoin-



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out for England, and Jack Dwyer, hope of attaining it he willingly dewas one of them. The others appeared to be remonstrating with

'We are used to the work, Jack 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 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 threatyear'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 1'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 help to get in the crops. My only hope is to go with you to England

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, But I'm going to come back and pay my debts, and—be what I used to be. We'll only be away six

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 un-

derstand—was treating them to a mixture of advice and warning.

"By gun! I'm not going to waste money on duffers," he shouted. "If you work well, I'll pay you well, but if I find you shirking, or slip-

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 hexpect you to be as well up as the others. You must drop your lazy Hirish habits. We work 'ere, mind you. Work—not shirk."

mind you. Work-not shirk. mind you. Work—not shirk.

Fortunately Jack did not grasp
the meaning of his words or
would probably have knocked
burly Saxon into a cocked hat. He
considered his country and his countrymen to be above criticism, but

trymen 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 Ligh harvester. Most of by the Irish harvester. Most of their English 'sflow-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 chelter them.

to shelter them.

A "Paddy-house" is to be found on many English farms. It is sually a wooden shed, containing only a few discarded cooking utensils, and sacks of straw for sleeping on and sacks of straw for sleeping on.
In this dismal abode the average
Irish harvester is obliged to live
during the summer and autumn.
Frem the time he goes home-generally in October-till his return the ally 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 would have them do unto him

Jack Dwyer proved to be a will-ing and skilful worker. Farmer Brown never praised any of his men —he considered it had policy to do —he considered it bad policy to do so—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 stree. But Jack remained alone in the hut. He had a grand object in view—the saving of his ancestral home—and in the

At last the longed-for day arrived At last the longed-for day arrived when Jack and his companions in toil were free to return home. It had been a prosperous season to Farmer Brown, and that gentleman was in a cheery mood as he handed each worker his hard-earned hire. Owing to his strict economy, Jack Owing to his strict economy, Jack had as much as twenty pounds to draw. He felt elated. The little heap of shining sovereigns that he had carefully wrapped in his hand-kerchief would give him a new start in life. As he partook of his dinner for the last time in the gloomy "Paddy-house"he had hardly a word to say—he was busy drawing up plans for the future. He resolved to work as hard on his own farm as he had done on Brown's, and to transform it from a wilderness to a veritable Eden. The little white-walled house should be renovated, and he would have a neat flower garden beside the door, same as all the English cottiers had. Never again would he touch the drink under any circumstances. He had shunned it now for six months, and felt younger and stronger in consequence. in life. As he partook of his dinner

er and stronger in consequence. His pleasant musing was

short by a call from Brown. He hurried out, and met his late employer in the yard.
"Look 'ere, Dwyer," the old farmer said, "I'm willing to give you a permanent job. I want a reliable man to look after the cattle during the winter. You won't need to work so hard as in summer, and, besides, I'll provide you with comfortable diggings in my own 'ouse.''

Jack politely declined to accept his offer, and explained the reason for deling so

his offer, and explained the reason for doing so.

"Oh! I wasn't aware you had a farm of your own," Brown said,
"I hope you'll get over your difficulty, and succeed as well as you hexpect. If you don't, come straight to me.— I'll give you a constant tack any time."

Having, thenked him, Jack injured.

Having thanked him, Jack joined his waiting comrades, and, with light hearts, they set out on their homeward journey. On reaching Liverpool, they found they had a few hours to spend before the boat sailthanked him, Jack joined ed. Jack arranged to meet his mates ed. Jack arranged to meet his mates at the pier at eight o'clock, and then went off with the intention of taking a ramble through the city. As he quitted Exchange Station his heart was beating wildly. At any moment he might meet Sheela. He

moment he might meet Sheela. He did not wish to speak to her; he merely longed to see her; to know if she looked happy or miserable. For an hour he walked up and down the bright, fashionable streets eagerly scanning the faces of the well-dressed folks who hurried along. He glanced through the window of every passing carriage, half expecting to catch a glance of Sheela and her husband. But every face was unfamiliar. Feeling fatigued, he took her husband. But every face was unfamiliar. Feeling fatigued, he took to the by-streets, where he could stroll leisurely, without being jostled by a selfish throng. He reached a third-rate music hall, and paused to watch the long queue of people patiently waiting for the doors to be opened. Half a dozen young women were improving the shining hour by hawking fruit and cakes. hour by hawking fruit and cakes.

hour by hawking fruit and cakes.

"Three oranges a penny—only a penny," one of them called out.

Jack started. There was something very familiar about that voice. He could detect the melodious roll of the Munster brogue. With his head awhirl, he crossed the street, and looked at the orange girl's countenance. His heart gave a great bound—it was Sheela!

He staggered against the wall and rubbed his eyes. Surely he must

rubbed his eyes. Surely he must be dreaming. He had expected to see her in a carriage, dressed in fine clothes. Could it be possible that she was really earning her livelihood in the gutter?

It was Sheela, undoubtedly, but how different from the girl he had loved and lost long years before. Her face was still beautiful, but it looked bold and cunning, and there was a strange light in her bir blue eyes. For fully five minutes Jack stood in the shadow of a doorway, with his eyes on the girl who, had almost ruined his life. Had he found her as he expected to find her—a

(Continued on page 6.7

In.

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TH WELL.—Matter intended for cation should reach us NOT RR than 5 o'clock Wednesday after-

idence intended for publicaorrespondence intended for publica-must have name of writer enclosed, necessarily for publication but as a k of good faith, otherwise it will not sublished. ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST :)L.

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

-Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archlishop 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,

showed us the fountains That rise in the Heart of the viour above!

There is not a saint in the bright courts of Heaven, More faithful than he to the land of his choice;

Oh! well may the nation to whom he was given.

In the feast of their own dear

Apostle rejoice! St. Patrick's Day! Ireland's day

of national triumph! St. Patrick's Ah! the name is familiar, and, thank God, it is; for the Irish would surrender everything dear to them outside of Heaven, raeverything ther than surrender their faith and creed, rather than surrender Irish claim to Irish blood!

We are celebrating the feast-day of our country's Apostle, St. Patrick, because we are proud of the saint God and His Church sent our peoples because we are grateful for the gift of Faith; and because we want world to know, in fifty thousand places, from the North to the South, and from East to West, that we are Irish and Catholic. We have survived, in spite of persecution and in spite of hell, and with the mar- other, Father Gerald McShane, is of our country, we can claim:

Faith of our Fathers, holy Faith, We'll be true to Thee till death!

We are Irish; thence our enthusiasm to-day. Let nations who must hang their banners in shame, fuse to spread them to the breeze Let the cold-blooded wonder, and the man without a standard but we have an unsullied flag a stainless banner; pure blood and honest sinews. We want the world to know we are Irish! want our enemies to know they have not crushed out our spirit! We want to make our enthusiasm conthat the world tagious, in order may have more of the sunshine of life, and less of its pangs and dis-

We're loved and we're hated: We're feared and we're trusted; To friend or to foe we can grant his

We're reckoned with e'er, ur steel never rusted-We're Irish! We're Irish! loved Isle

The older generations of men mber the celebrations of earlier days. Thousands of the "Old Tim-

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. The old Christian Brothers did the most of the work, but our priests presided over the destinies of the people. Both agencies produced marvelous results. Those who were the boys and girls of yesterday, and the day before, remember how Fathers James and Martin Callaghan were mindful of them and their concert, on each St. Patrick's Day. while the glorified soul of Fathe Dowd must assist, with the angels of God, in the sanctuary of Irish temple in Montreal on each successive St. Patrick's Day. St. Ann's, with its record of truth, faith and loyalty, must look on and victoriously smile with all the radiant joy of heartfelt comfort and enthusiasm.

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

"We"ve heard our faults a hundred times,

The new ones and the old: In songs and speeches, rants and rhymes

Increased full fifty fold; But take them all, the great and small.

And this we've got to say; We're still, for Ireland, dear old Ireland.

Ireland, boys, hurrah!"

St. Patrick's Day! Ah! the name shall ever be familiar! We intend to remain Irish and Catholic to the We cherish our cream of creed, and we value our Catholic blood. We have no lessons to teach the Pope or the Church! Our hands and our arms, our souls and hearts, are our God's, and the belonging of His Church. We are Catholic to-day, and shall be Catholic, loyal to St. Patrick, unto the conummation of ages!

THE IRISH PRIESTS OF MONT-REAL.

No people or no community loved their priests more than the Irish Catholics of Montreal love theirs. And, with reason, thank God, it is. The Irish priests Montreal live in the very hearts those under their sacred care There was Father Dowd, charge. and there were Fathers Quinlivan, Toupin, James Callaghan, Hogan, Strubbe, O'Donnell,-all dead! loved them, and, even if they were not all our kith and kin, we respect the claim of the altar beyond the exaction of flag and hearth. Irish priests we have: French and Belgian priests we have, and love them all. Those who do share our blood, still are sharing our struggles of earth and for Hea-Our good diocesan priests are with us; the sons of Ignatius, of Alphonsus, and of the gentle saint of Assisi are working for us; while the truly efficient and hardworking Fathers of the Holy Cross have, with the immortal Jesuits and the eminent Sulpicians, prepared hundreds of our young men for the honpositions in Church orable State they now occupy. We have named the Sulpicians last, for love to remember the debt we Irish of Montreal owe them. The dean of our Irish clergy, Father Martin Callaghan, is one of their number; anpastor of our oldest parish. could we ever attempt to repay the Redemptorists of St. Ann's, grand old fortress of our faith and flag. Our diocesan priests are all of our own household. We know them, and, thank God, we love and revere them, just because we know They are an honor to us,

could turn the hearts of Montreal Irishmen from their priests. OUR IRISH PARTY.

inhabitants thereof, before

and a glory to our families. You

might swear away the earth and the

them.

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. They have fought for their rights, Butt, Parnell, and Redmond, with John Dillon, Edward Blake, the Devlins, Sexton, Biggar, Justin Mc-Carthy and the immortal Michael Davitt among the leaders and chieftains. They are a grand, a noble party. The Irish "Factionists," der strange William O'Brien and ridiculous Timothy Healey, may find a majority, made up of strange eleents, to elect them; but they

reaping the scorn of the Irish, people, from Vinegar Hill and Banks of the Barrow, to the motest 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.

We have all reason to be proud of Redmond. He is the greatest Parliamentary tactician in the world, and his lieutenants are the glory of our people. 'Among them there is the true and faithful John Dillon, who, unlike William O'Brien, sacrificed self for the good of his coun-Edward Blake is no longer with them in the flesh, but his heart and his soul are Irish. Dillion and Let there be memorials of men such as these in our next College Green! The True Witness, and the Irishmen of Montreal, shall ever be loyal to Redmond and the Nationalists, in spite of faction, dissension, pride, anger, envy, insanity,

THE WORK OF OUR PAPER.

The True Witness has long been battling for the rights of Englishspeaking Catholics. Many an article has appeared in its columns in defence of our sacred traditions 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, Truly brilliant writers have worked with the paper; some of our former editors were giants among their kindred of the pen; and their hearts and their intellect were ever with the Church and with Motherland.

To-day we are endeavoring to do our best. We are endeavoring to battle with all the fire of which we can dispose, and are resolved keep up the sacred warfare, in the name of God and for the benefit of our people. The encouragement of friends is a source of buoyancy for us; but, were many more to second us and our efforts, we could multiply our zeal and results a thousandfold. Catholic societies we look to for support; we can depend upon our clergy, and they are willing to help Our English-speaking Catholic business men could lend us financial help, as well, and Catholics of all classes would find the True Witness a stronger friend and vindicator if they would only do their share more fully and more thoroughly. The thousands, however, wno are with us, and who have always been with us, have also earned our heart's

best thankfulness. In the future, as in the past, the True Witness will be faithful to Church and Motherland. The authority of God's appointed shepherds, the Pope, the Apostolic Delegate, His Grace the Archbishop, together with all the clergy, shall always be sacredly respected and obeyed by those answerable for our paper, and when the last drop water in the ocean shall have dried up, then, and then only, shall our love for Ireland either cease or "Pro aris et focis"-the altar and the hearth-this our aspiration, and Fidelity our motto and

OUR IRISH TEACHERS OF MON-TREAL.

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. Many names come up before us, as we write: names of brilliant Christian Brothers, of gentle nuns, of men and women of the world. But one is dearest to us all and dearest of them all-that of the late lamented Brother Arnold, for years the revered and thoroughly efficient director St. Ann's School.

They were great and good men, those old Christian Brothers, now dead, who taught the older among us. Great men, too, were the cherished schoolmasters, nearly all of them born in Ireland. Great and gently good those nuns of the earlier day. And the Brothers, and the Sisters, and the secular teachers of to-day, who teach and train our boys and girls, are worthy of

immortal pioneers. How they taught us, those old teachers, to love Ireland, to the war-songs and melodies of our people, and to believe and hope God with the fulness of love's thril-Countless the souls they saved! But, again, their mantle has fallen upon worthy should-Sweet the memories of old St. Ann's and of St. Patrick's, and undying the tribute of our heart's best thanks. If the faith is so strong in the souls of our men, and if our daughters are as chaste as the soft-

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 thanks and loyalty to our Irish tea chers of to-day in Montreal. shall ever be proud of them.

THE "OLD TIMERS."

Sad to say, our good "Old Timers" are fast going down in grave; they are nearly all gone. They are the honest, stout-hearted, cleansouled old Irish grandpas and grandmas. They are going, and a lot of their virtue is going with them. We of to-day, too many of us, look upon their ideals of piety and good living as unsuited to the times. Perhaps we are right, after all.

old Irish respect for God's minister, and the old Irish regard for moral stainlessness may be unwelcome guests in the household of modern refinement. More than one ment of upstarts among Catholic young men do not quite see why they should salute the priest, take a spiritual wash more than once a year.

What Catholics those "Old Timers" were! What men, every inch of it! How honest they were with 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 fron. With Abraham, they could hope against hope itself, their trust being founded in the Lord God of their people. No hearts were warmer than theirs, and no souls truer to God or to a friend. But they are going, they are leaving us without our being better men, or as good, as they were

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 loving as the very virgins of the martyr-arenas of Rome. Let us go back fully and heartily to the ideals of Motherland. We know we are Irish, and we are proud of it, -too. God be with the "Old Timers" !

THE LOYAL IRISH PROTEST-

We do not forget them, those noble Irish Protestants who have stood by us, and who have shared 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. And Grattan and Curran and Flood! They were true, they were good men all of them; and we love them, and their praise shall be ever on tongue. Parnell, Biggar, Blake! Three glorious names these again. They were not born into the house hold of the Faith; and yet, what Irishmen! Nor do we forget the Irish Protestant stalwarts of day, who, regardless of gain, and in spite of derision, are there to man, true and loyal to our nation's leader, the great John Redmond. And Isaac Butt! No; we could not forget him, and would not if could; and, when the sun shall have ceased to cast its lustre on earth, shall me grow unmindful John Mitchell and Smith O'Brien! The greatest of them all was Grattan, or, perhaps, Robert Emmett but so great are the others, that their glory can never pale. Thanks, then, and the hand heart of a brother's friendship to the loyal Protestant champions of the Little Green Isle, and her undying traditions. Other Protestants there are, and have been, in Ireland, but they are not of our kith and kin, nor are they brothers in blood of Grattan or Emmett or Charles Stewart Parnell. Our common cause needs no outcast offspring.

THINGS IRISHMEN SHOULD REMEMBER

On St. Patrick's Day, more than on any other day of the year, fact is brought home to us that we are of Irish blood. That is an old truth, and, yet, it is ever new We are Irish, thank God, and are proud of it! But duties we to God and to the Old Land. have must not forget the altar for which our fathers fought and bled, and we must not forget the Blood that flowed in the veins of our nation's martyrs. As strong as our love is for our country, our first and conquering boast is that we are tholics, children of Holy M Through storm and cloud, in spite of vampires and scorpions, we have remained faithful to the old Faith, and Ireland never wavered in her alegiance to the Holy See. We preferred famine and exile, the sword and the scaffold, rather than betray the trust committed to our father

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by St. Patrick, in the name and Religious Pictures people," says O'Connell, "would not erect a splendid shrine even to Liberty, on the ruins of the Temple."

After centuries of injustice and persecuttion, and while yet the rod of tyrant threatened her, Ireland heard whisper of a country that beyond the sea." of United States of America, of Canada, of Australia, of other free countries; and millions fled from land and the home, in which persecutors had made them strangers and Tens of thousands had gone aliens. to the countries of the Continent before them. Many of them rose power and to promise in Italy, Spain, Germany, and Australia; and, ccording to Abbe MacGeoghegan, chaplain, in France, to the Irish Brigade, "from the arrival of the Irish troops, in 1691, to 1745, the year of the Battle of Fontenoy, more than four hundred and fifty thousand Irishmen died in the service of France! Wherever they went, they remained Irish and Catholic, and we the children of the exiled Gael, must remain faithful to God and Motherland, with all the courage of our fathers! Let there be no traitors among us, no weaklings: but let us be Irish through and through, and as fully Catholic as our blood should make us. The Church and Ireland, forever!

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.

O happy saint! O marvelously blest, At whose last hour, as watchers, self-appointed, The Virgin saw thee sinking to thy rest,

And God's Anointed.

And thou didst rise, from clinging flesh unbounded,

In placid sleep, unto the throne eternal. Didst take thy flight, and by God's

hand wert crowned With palms supernal. So unto thee, O reigning Saint, we

pray, Assist us in our needs; be thy voice given

For our salvation, that at last we may See thee in heaven.

We lift our voice in love, we honor Thee,

O heavenly Ruler, crowning with Thy glory Thy faithful servant, in his praises

But sing thy story.

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

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

Unfortunately, in these latter days of sin and greed, the world is losing the great gospelsight of figures attendant on the sacred person of the Saviour Himself. accursed wave of religious rebellion sought to set aside the glory God's valiant; a world little occ ed with the things that save, tened to the evil lesson taught, until even many Catholics, nowadays deas and concepts that they question even his right to honor hose for the sacred work of guard nship over His own eternal

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Oh, the pettiness of it all! What materialism! What serfdom to Mammon in the vaunted name of Jehovah! Oh, the dearth and sinfulness of creed that is mindless Heaven's princes and the leaders in the household of the God of glory and immaculate renown!

But the Catholic Church is above the bottom of the tide. She honors the saints of God. She blesses the name of Mary Immaculate and cherishes a love deep and heartfelt for her meek and gentle spouse, St. Joseph. As well might our enemies attempt to swear away the earth and the heavens as endeavor to weaken the love and devotion of Mother Church for the saint who her patron and protector.

Let us, however, kindle anew within our hearts the old affection we felt so strongly, and yet so tenderly, for St. Joseph in the days of our youth! Where is the old society of which we once were members? Gone, alas! like many another good thing! But our hearts still mean to be stout, and our souls fervent. So, then, back to the old ideals! Back to the faith and hope and charity of childhood! Just as St. Joseph watched over the Child Jesus, the Son of the Living God, so shall he watch over us, if, trusting, we pray to him and seek protection and patronage under the folds of his gently shrouding mantle. In spite of the world and a world of demons, let us be devout Heaven's tender saint!

A NOS AMIS LES CANADIENS-FRANCAIS.

C'est avec une joie vraiment sincère que nous vous saluons, vaillants Français du Canada, en la fête de notre patron à nous, saint Patrice, apôtre de l'Irlande; car nous nous faisons une gloire que c'est la France qui nous l'a donné, ce saint que nous aimons tant et dont nous célébrons la fête avec un enthousiasme que comprennent les races biennées, telles que la vôtre.

Allons, la main dans la main, efforçons-nous de nous aimer et nous mieux comprendre pour la commune gloire de notre sainte Eglise! Le "True Witness" saura toujours défendre nos droits sacrés, se fera un devoir de reconnaître vos grandes et légitimes aspirations, et de les rêvendiquer avec vous dans son humble sphère.

Nous admirons votre foi virile et les combats que vous livrez pour la sfense de votre langue et de traditions. Les grandes familles qui sont vôtres uous préparent un ave nir en ce monde nouveau qui doit, à

Sachez, amis français, que le vrai cœur irlandais vous aime et partage vos luttes. Prions ensemble pour le salut de la France éprouvée.

Echoes and

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of civilization.

More children ha through shameless pi world can imagine from the theatres ha untold evil. We are spector intends to co tively. Montreal along without any bad theatricals purve

The police might b ed rounding up bad St. Lawrence Main s p.m. How is it you igirls are permitted to sidewalks so freely cernedly after dark? that so many questio ply their busy method security, in the sa

The death is annou frid Wilberforce, an En 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 l pages of the Catholic Five additional clerk

added to the clerical Prussian Ministry of W der to accommodate th to withdraw from the The number of such with now reached the extraor of 800 a day. England have shared a like fat

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CANADIENS-

ie vraiment sinus saluons, vailanada en la fâte ous, saint Patoire que c'est la donné, ce saint nt et dont nous ec un enthousit les races bien-

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s, que le vrai me et partage emble pour le ouvée.

Are. You Poisoning Yourself?

HURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1910.

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.

Abbeys

Echoes and Remarks.

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

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

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

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

\$33,000,000,000,000 125,000 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 allcalm, dwell on our "modern civiliza-

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

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 Inalong 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 igirls 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, iof the Dominicans, and a nephew marriage of Cardinal Manning. Wilis a good name, especially and 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 bee 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 800 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 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 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 history aright? Ask a Jewish, Chi- Christian sermons of their preachers nese, Japanese, or Hindu scholar, ask any independent witness of worth and learning, and what shall denied in what are supposed to be he say? It is dreadful to hear a Christian pulpits. Then little uniowned by 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 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 cto 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-Wolgast battle, the former's blood, preachers should non-Catholics. Malthusianism fries-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 For-The novel cannot eigner." 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 newspaper. We have no fight with the Weekly Star, but we regret and resent its insult to Catholics.

The United States is going give the Philippines a divorce court. That is one of our Anglo-Saxon appendages of civilization. In 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 di-

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

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 Respectable Protestants ought to be ashamed of recognizing the accessions! Newman, Manning, Allies, Faber, Maturin, Benson, Sargent, etc., etc., with Chiniquy, Slattery, Bartoli, etc., on the other side!

An Anglican minister in England drecca'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 books and pamphlets the preachers offer for sale and reading.

Parson Amaron is, perhaps, guileless poor soul, after all. He really believes that Chiniquy's prooffer the hand and heart of frie paganda 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 preacher does not want to see dollars from honest sources cut off. He is no friend of the Catholic colleges, and believes we are living a tion or standard. the resolution would never have been 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, many staunch Protestants in Canada are growing disgusted with the anti-Preachers even are rebuking preach-It is too bad to see Christ versity 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 The universities, with their thing." philosophy, are unchurching false hundreds to-day. A neutral university is no place for a Catholic 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 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 ite 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, would soon earn his "graduation"

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 with both "sluggers" covered with parts, what they are among the in any more jeremiads. The Jef- 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 racesuicide and perdition. But, 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 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

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 has borrowed illustrations for his and thankful for the ready hand they book against the Church, from Po- are giving us and are always pleas ed to give us on each St. Patrick's Day.

We remember that France proved Ireland's friend, and we are thankthinking men. Protestantism has ful. We remember the kind-heartalready lost millions on account of edness of the truly Catholic French the anti-Catholic methods of war-fare adopted by preachers. Even in spend our thanks. We know that Montreal, there are many unchurched Protestants who lost faith in have stood for Ireland's right to Christ by reading the anti-Catholic 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. Spain and to Italy and to Austria, 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 can have on the bread. The good ly proved a friend to the "dear Litone thousand times! It has suretle Isle" of our mothers and fathers. Nor are we forgetful of our fellow-Canadians, of whatever sta-

Irish-Canadians mean to 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 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 respected and always will, ways 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 na-We have always shared Ireland's trials and are willing to rejoice with her in all her triumphs. To our city did 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, undyingly, unswervingly pledged the ranks of Redmond. Sein-Feinism is synonymous, with us, 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 ge-uinely Catholic." The words cheeris ed and encouraged us. We mean to spector intends to control them effectively. Montreal can easily get pitying the Mexicans and Spaniards club and family outside the Pale. words faithfully tell what Mantreal Irishmen are, and have always been.

Let us, then, continue in the sure path of true nationalism; but 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 Catholies in the world. There is nothing in the way to hinder us from de serving the name. Loyalty, then, to Motherland, with unswerving devotion to Holy Mother, unflinching submission to those in authority

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 today 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 thralled 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 win-

dows,
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 hea-The storm to my voice has come; I have shown my might and now in affright

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 sireland Were o'erturned by greedy foe. That brave sons were born to mo

ther, Rich but with the wealth of grace Wealth that's richer than all other: With it nothing's bought that's

Called those sons were by their Maker
For the priest of God's career,

To be sharer and partaker 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 a

vance; Pupilled by the world's best teachers 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 be-

fore. Priests of God they'd been annoint-

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;
On the altar quaint 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; reason for the priests of sireland To enjoy the light of day! Hunted down as felons dreaded: Marked their head for traitor's fee Even tortured, burnt, beh

Thus the land from priests to free! Priestly heroes ne'er can falter: Ne'er can share a coward's sha 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!

Oft by sin-stained spies detected, While they helped the dying poor, (For such hell-bred preyers hovered Round each wood and fen and

Seized with savage greed and fury; Hanged and drawn and quartered, too; too; Without cause or judge or jury; Just as cannibals would do!

In the golden courts of Heaven, In the City of the Blest, Taste they joy that knows no leav-

THE BEST FLOUR **—— 18** — Self Haising 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 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 can't to the state of the supplementations and the saint Francis can't to the repurposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis can't to the saint Fran or other purposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis, and to do that may be necessary to that end and authorizing municipalities to make arrangements with the

pany to take water from it.
BEAUHARNOIS LIGHT, HEAT POWER COMPANY.

By FLEET, FALCONER, OUGHTRED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS &
BOVEY. Its Attorneys.

Montreal, 22rd 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 Fames

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" h Keep that faith, the faith of heroes:

For it priests and laymen died;
It has vanquished countless Neroes;
All their taunts and threats defied.
(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY.
St. Patrick's Day, 1910.

A story told last week at Irish Fellowship Club in Chicago, helps, in a humorous way, to fasten our recollection of a catechism teach-

ing:
"Father Healy, of Little Bray, and a Protestant minister, Dr. Peacock, both started for the same cock, 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 Healy. But the watch was slow, and when they reached the depot atter 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." But the watch was slow

Luther made "justification by faith alone" one of the main doctrines of his revolt. The topic 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 use Fireproof everything in the line of Fire-proof Building Materials for Building Materials for Materials Catalogue for the asking. PEDLAR People of Oshawa

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 spears, the blood-stained swords;
With the strength the foe they baffled
Which the help of God affords!

Mentreal Toronty Hallfax, St. John, Whith Past Week's issue will be published full reports

St. Patrick's of St. Patrick's Day sermons.

A Protestant Minister on Catholic Ireland.

(N. Y. Irish World.)

the following article. It appeared in the N. Y. Irish World a year or two ago, and is a personal appreciation of the Irish peopre, from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Collison, colergyman, of the Episcopal church, but who is by no means a birch. by no means a bigot.

Dr. Collison tells in the pre-

his book that five years of London as a minister, five woke up to the consciousness that "his nerves had been shattered, and his memory all but gone." His medi as memory all but gone." His medi-eal man counseled complete change, and this led to his tour as a public entertainer through the principal towns of Ireland. The first portion of the volume he has published is taken up with his diary and his ad-ventures in the various towns he visited.

HIS THANKS TO THE CATHO-LICS.

Dr. Collison's diary shows that there were occasions when exception was taken to some of the items on his programme as being anti-Irish He disputes this at length and devotes several pages of his book to an appreciation of the Irish-Ireland movement. His note or recital given at Ballinasloe concludes with the following paragraph: "I cannot speak sufficiently gratefully of all the courtesy that was shown to me all through my tour by the Catholic clergy." Perhaps the most valuable nortions of his book tasks. able portions of his book to the Irish reader are his impressions on the religion of Ireland, Home Rule, and the Gaelic League. In view of the writings of apostate members of that Church, we give the views of Dr. Collison—a man eminently fitted by education and opportunity to form correct opinions—fuller scope than they might have otherwise received. Here is what he

"There is a society known as
"The Irish Church Missions." The
mere fact of its existence is a blot
on the fair face of the Emerald Isle. on the fair face of the Emerald Isie. on the fair face of the Emerald Isie. Its very name—a misnomer, I believe—is a standing insult to the majority of the Irish people. Possibly the reason that its mistaken, though no doubt, well meant labors, are not they vigorously resented than they are, is that the very people for whose benefit the work of the society is intended, in their heart of hearts, pity its members for their ignorance. I use the word 'ignorance' in no contemptuous manner, for, after all, we cannot all know everything, and some of the best edu-cated people in the land are often ignorant with regard to some one question or another. Ignorance of what? Ignorance of the fact that the vast majority of the Catholics of Ireland are infinitely better taught and far more intimate with the fundamentals of 'The Faith.' than the very people who are trying to 'convert' them.

SEVEN CENTURIES OF OPPRES-SION HAS LEFT THE FAITH STRONGER THAN EVER.

'The Faith of the Irish nation is beautiful, something for the world to admire, something, yes, for the very angels of heaven to marvel at. Seven centuries of English misgov-ernment have rolled away and left the lath of the Irish nation strong-er than ever. I do not write as one who is ignorant of Ireland, but as one who was born in Ireland, and whose parents, grandparents, great-grandparents, etc., were in ireland, too; as one who lived there for thirty-three years; one whose mother's name was O'Callag-han; one whose grandfather, because he was a Catholic, could not keep in his possession a horse, the value of which was more than thirty pounds; and this, too, under a gov-ernment that was professedly Protestant and tolerant.

"I can hardly be called a West Leaguer, can I? Upon returning to Briton by the most sturdy Gaelic Ireland after an absence of eight wears. I saw the old love of called years, I saw burning as bright if not brighter than ever. Wherever I chanced to be on Sunday or holyday, whenever the bells rang out for early Mass, the street of the village or country town resounded with the footsteps of an earnest and devout throng pressing eagerly forward to worship their eagerly forward to worship their Lord and Saviour, present in His Holy Sacrament. How can any man seek to take away from the Irish people that which in all their po-verty makes them rich? Yet there are such people. There are people who abuse their clergy. Do these people ever calmly consider what a power for good in the land the Caof Ireland have been

IRELAND'S PURITY THE BRIGHTEST JEWEL IN HER CROWN.

"The purity of Ireland—to whom may we turn in deepest gratitude for this, the brightest jewel in Ireland's crown? To the clergy, who, by the gentle sway of Sacramental confession—a power for good in every community, though sometimes, but very seldom, abused—have influenced Ireland's sons and daughters to such an extent that they stand conspicuous amongst the nations of the world, as the very purest of all in thought, word and deed "have meddled in politics." Why shouldn't they? Were cruelty, injustice and wrong rampant who, I ask, should be foremost in the fray.

have been requested to publish ollowing article. It appeared in V. Y. Irish World a year or two and is a personal appreciation Irish peoore, from the pen of Rev. Dr. Collison, a clergyman, e Episcopal church, but who is o means a bigot. the Education Bill of 1906? Were the landlords of Ireland conspicuous for their kindness and justice to their tenants? No living man could truthfully say that they were.

'When a large number of the land-lords of days not so long since gone by, sought by every means in their power to grind the unfortunate long-suffering people of Ireland un-derfoot, to squeeze every available long-suffering people of Ireland un-derfoot, to squeeze every available farthing out of them and then to spend their ill-gotten gains in Eng-land and on the continent, taking little or no interest in the magnificent men and women who we ing and dying for their si who, I ask, were foremost in battle for liberty and right? were the best friends of the Irish tenant? nant? Who but the priests? Can anyone deny this? I think not. Had they anything to gain by their en-deavors? Nothing whatever, but trouble, abuse, misrepresentation and in many cases incarceration and other kinds of punishment.

THE "YOKE" OF THE IRISH PRIESTS

"In the face of all this, there are people to-day who would ask people of Ireland to throw off what they call 'the yoke of the priests.' To go no further, I would call this inciting a nation to be guilty of the basest ingratitude, but I will add something more and say, that as not only have the priests been the people's leaders against the tyran-nies of landlordism, but also against every form of injustice and oppresevery form of injustice and oppres-sion which England has heaped upon Ireland during more than seven long centuries, it would be a folly of centuries, it which I cannot believe the Irish peo-ple to be possessors, to throw off that sweet and gentle 'yoke' which has been so instrumental in bringing to them whatever they possess of liberty, honor, prosperity and inde-

pendence."
Writing of "the Church of Ire-land," of which he is a member, Dr Collison strongly censures those responsible for the bigotry shown wards their Catholic brethren Catholic under the Roman obedience," he says, "believes in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Three persons in one God. So do I. Should Roman brothers believes it? A Catholic under the Roman obedience believes in the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. So do I. Should I fly from this doctrine merely because my Roman brother holds or defines it more explicitly than we do! A Catholic under Roman obedience believes in the Communion of Saints and the Forgiveness of Sins. Are these profound mysteries to be abhorred Roman merely because they are held by Ca-tholics? No! Until this bigoted optholics? No! Until this bigoted opposition to everything distinctly Catholic dies down, the Irish Church must suffer from the result of warped, cramped and narrow teaching but the harm that is being done meanwhile to the clergy, as a body, by the laity, is being reflected upon the laity of all time by the clergy.

IRELAND'S RELIGION MORE PRODUCTIVE OF FRUIT. PRODUCTIVE OF FRUIT.

Dealing with the question of Home
Rule, Dr. Collison believes that
come it surely will. "Ireland," he
says, "was taken from the Irish.
England did all in her power to trample underfoot the pride of the Irish. The pedigrees of the old Irish families were destroyed to break the spirit of the conquered race. Religious persecution was allowed run riot for centuries, yet with all these indignities the Irish are as proud, nay, prouder and more inde-pendent than ever. The religion of Ireland—though everything was done by England to make it impossible-is more alive now than ever an w than ever and of fruit perhaps more alive now than ever more productive than the religion of any other country in Christendom."

The Gaelic League he considers one

The Gaelic League he considers one of the most important movements that has ever spring up in Ireland. "Never," he says, "so far as Ireland is concerned, has there been a stronger political force called into existence than the Gaelic League, I relate to say is proving itself to rejoice to say, is proving itself be. Home Rule is coming and no-thing is calculated to assure and ac-celerate its arrival so undoubtedly as this wonderful organization, which is at once firm, determined, attractively romantic, but subtle beyond description.'

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Secular Education in France.

An Anglican View.

Strenuous fighters for religious education in England (says Church Times, in its leading columns) are sometimes warned if they cannot come to an agreement among themselves, the country will fall back in disgust upon secular education, and so find peace. The sumption is that only the rival advocates of different kinds of religious instruction are combative: they are told to find some common Uhristion platform, and so to make peace with one another: otherwise peace will be imposed upon them without. This notion, that from without. can be secured by a purely secular system of schools, has an interesting light thrown upon it by recent events in France.

In France there is that single and uniform system of State schools which appeals so strongly to the doctrinaire mind, and the schools are rigidly secularized. It is true that the law tolerates other schools, écoles libres, and there are passion ate advocates of State supremacy who deplore this weakness; but it has not been found possible to dra-goon all parents into conformity, or to drive all children, at the point of the bayonet, into the public schools The free schools exist, the works vigorously to found and maintain them, and many parents prefer them. There are communes where a public school is maintained works maintain only as a mere form, the children all frequenting an école libre, sent, the law completel cole libre. At pre completely ignores schools; they receive no sup-from the public funds, they are these by public officials they have no privileges, and are subject to no disabilities.

Here, then, would seem to be the Here, then, would seem to be the elements of peace. In point of fact, there is acute conflict. And why? Disturbances arise from two sides. On the one hand, the fanatical ene-mies of religion are in arms against the free schools, proposing either forcible suppression or a more subtle attack by means of privileges for those who attend the State. those who attend the State schools.
On the other hand, the parents of
the children attending the State schools have in many places opened a regular campaign against the tea chers on religious grounds. T schools are declared by law to neither religious nor irreligious, neither Christian nor anti-Christian. This rule is said to violated by certain teachers speak more or less openly against the beliefs and practices of the Church, and by the use of certain manuals of history or of moral instruction which offend in the The attack has been delivery wo ways. Individual particular sense. The attack has been deliver-ed in two ways. Individual par-ents have sued teachers at law for undermining the faith of their chil-dren, and have in some cases secur-ed verdicts. The Bishops collectively have denounced the objectionable manuals, and have exhorted parents hdraw their children where they are used. to withdraw

The former attack has been by a characteristic move on the part of the Government. The teachers have been relieved, by an amendmave been relieved, by an amendment of the law, from all responsibility to the parents. They have been endowed with the inviolability of the functionary—so great a thing in French administrative law—and put under the protection of the Prefect. Henceforth it is only against fect. Henceforth it is only against that stupendous personage that an aggrieved parent can proceed, and he is perfectly well aware that he may as well save his time and his money. The other attack is causing more difficulty. To most Frenchmen it seems a terrible thing, a cataclysmal event, when Bishops assail any part of the public administration. istration. They have been brought up under the system of the concor-dat, which made the Bishops themdat, which made the Bishops themselves a part of the administrative machine, and kept them in the strictest subordination. Consequently, the Bishops are being assailed as if their circular about the school offense against the droit administra-tif. But the Premier knows better. He was himself the author of the law abrogating the Concordat, and he knows perfectly well that in stripping the Churck of all the pri-vileges secured to it be the stripping the Churck of all the privileges secured to it by the previous law, he was also giving to the Bishops a freedom which they had never before enjoyed. He has pressed this fact upon the angry *hamber. He has shown that the Bishops have the programme of an all the ordinary liberties of all the ordinary libertie He has shown that the Bishops have all the ordinary liberties of an unofficial citizen, and complete freedom to criticize the administration. He objects to their procedure. Being a man who studies fairness, he admits that the manuals may in some cases offend against the law of neutrality; but the Bishops ought to have approached the Minister of Education with friendly remonstrances, and their complaints Education with friendly re-monstrances, and their complaints would have been investigated. He shows how, in the Department of the Nord, the teachers themselves had met parents in amicable discussion, settling the difficulty. An excellent example! But M. Briand omits the obvious representations. excellent example! But M. Briand omits the obvious remark that in the Nord the Church is socially and politically far stronger than in most parts of France. In those other parts, conciliation does not seem to be the order of the day, and the contest will be fought out, probably not without influence on the elections

On the whole, the establishment of a purely secular system does not seem to secure complete and abiding peace in the schools.

OBITUARY.

MISS MARY WOODS.

Miss Woods, for many years a devoted member of St. Mary's Star of the Sea Church, Brooklyn, N.Y., died at her home, 173 Luqueer st., on Monday, Feb. 7, after a few hours' illness, the suddenness of which were agreed sheet to have a great shee which was a great shock to nany friends. The funeral

The funeral took place Thursday, Feb. 10, from St. Mary's Church, and was largely attended. Interment and was largely accended.

took place at deceased's plot, Hol Cross, Flat Bush. Rev. 1. Cross, Flat Bush. Rev. 1. Cross, Flat Bush. Rev. 1. Cross, Flat Bush. Rev. 1.

grave.

Deceased is survived by one sister, Mrs. A McNally, of Stanstead, Que who was unable to attend on a van was unable to attend on account of illness. One nephew, Mr. James W. McNally, Stanstead, two nieces. Miss Annie McNally, Stanstead, Mrs. Logan and Mr. Logan, Newport, Vt., were present at the funeral. May her soul rest in peace.

MISS KATHLEEN E. O'FLAHER-

A very sad bereavement took place recently when Miss Kathleen Elearecently when Miss Kathleen Elea-nor, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. O'Flaherty, 56 Ontario street west, was called away at the early age of eighteen years. Deceas-ed was as bright and winning in disposition as in appearance, and during a painful illness she showed great strength and resignation.

Kathleen had been educated at St. Patrick's Academy, from which she graduated in June, 1908, with highest honors. A clever and diligent pupil, she was rightly ambitious, and always had high standing in her classes. During the last years at school she took a prominent part in all entertainments. With teachers and companions her amiable manner made her a favorite and her earnes piety won their respect and admira tion. The bereaved parents and other members of her family have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in their loss.

Irish Peasants Resent Charges Made Against Priest.

The well-known Irish novelist, Ste-The Well-kin will list in the well-kin will have being a literary light is also a member of parliament for Galway, has stirred up considerable acrimonious discussion in Ireland by stating in his new historical novel "Robert Emthat Emmet's failure was due to the action of a priest who "re-vealed to Dublin castle the plans of the patriot leaders which the priest obtained from one of Emmet's followers in the confessional.

Mr. Gwynn, (who,by the way, the son of a Protestant minist Rev. John Gwynn of Trinity College), gives no data to corroborate his surprising statement., and he is the first Irish writer who has dealt with the tragic story of Emmet make such a statement. The Irish people know better than any other people on earth how sacred and in-violate the priesthood hold the conessional, and it is only natural that they should call on Mr. Gwynn a speedy "show down" as to he got his facts.

The great biographer of the Unit-Irishmen, Dr. R. R. Madden, in S "Life of Robert Emmet," makes it quite clear by documentary evidence that the first information the government received of Emmet's plans was when the private papers of his cousin, St. John Henry Mason, were seized in a hotel in Dublin. week before the intended insurrection St. John Henry Mason, a Kerry ma of prominent family, whose aunt wa met's mother, arrived in Dublin h a string of fine horses which with a string of fine horses which were to be used by Emmet and his officers. Mason stayed at a hotel which had become conspicuous in "98" as a resort of the patriot leaders. During Mason's absence leaders. During Mason's absence from the hotel, the agents of Dublin castle seized his baggage and found private papers which gave the cas-tle authorities the first intimation that a dangerous revolt was plan-

son's indiscretion in taking with him to a place under suspicion such important papers caused him to be severely censured, though there is no whatever he did so innocent-

No More Torture From Eczema Relief quick and cure certain when DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT is used.

There is no form of itching skin lisease which can defy the extraordnary curative powers of hase's Ointment,

Chase's Ointment,
This is a strong statement and is only made after years of experience with the use of this preparation in the most horrible cases of eczema which you could imagine.

Relief from the terrible itching comes with the first few applications, and then it is a question of patiently applying the ointment and watching the natural process of healing which is set in operation by this great healer.

watching the natural process of healing which is set in operation by this great healer.

There are lots of cures to refer to, but what you want is actual trial in your own case, when you will soon realize that there is no disputing the wondeful healing power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

If you have Eczema or any form of itching skin disease don't let an hour pass before sending for this treatment. 60 cts. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Terento.

Hymns to St. Joseph.

The two following hymns are translated from the office for the feast of St. Joseph, March 19, in the Roman Breviary. The hymns were probably written by Pope Urban VIII., who reigned from 1623 to 1644. Translated by Daniel J. Donahoe.

VESPER HYMN. Te, Joseph, Celebrent Agmina Coeli-

The hosts of heaven, Joseph, honor

And in thy praise all Christian choirs resound,
Chaste spouse of the All-chaste, thy name shall be In holiness renowned.

When thou in doubt didst look upon thy bride, Great with the Holy One of God, behold!

A blessed angel standing at thy side The heavenly wonder told.

Thou as a tender sire didst rule thy Lord. Saving by flight his life in early years; Found'st in the temple Him whom all

adored, Mingling thy joy with tears.

Others are raised by happy death,

but thou

Wert born to wear on earth a crown of grace;

Comrade of God in life, thou dwellest now In marvelous blessedness.

Most holy Trinity, to us who kneel Before Thy throne, through Jo-seph's merits raise souls unto the stars, that we may feel

And fitly sing Thy praise.

FOR MATINS.

Coelitum Joseph Decus.

O Joseph, joy among the saints and Po guide us through the world, thou

pillar bright Upholding earth, we lift glad songs to thee, Let them ascend unto thy sacred height.

The Shaper of the skies selected thee His stainless Virgin's holy spouse to be, The foster Sire of Christ, and min-

ister Of that salvation that hath made us

Thou sawest in the manger born thy Lord,
Of whom the prophets sang, the sacred Word;

cred Word;
The vision gave thee joy; thy
prostrate soul
The tender Babe, as living God,
adored.

The Lord of Heaven and earth, the King of Kings, Whose will is law that prone be-

dience brings,
Whose light the deamons fear;
whose word they fly,
Made himself subject to thy questionings.

All praise unto the heavenly Trinity, Bringing bright Saint, thine honors unto thee: Grant, through thy merits and thy

pitying prayers, we the joys of blessed life may

The Work of Cancelled Postage Stamps For the Ransom of Slaves in Africa.

The Work of Cancelled Postage Stamps, though apparently an hum-ble one, is in fact a source of a one, is in fact a source or cone, is in fact a source or good in the African ions, for the ransom of slaves cons, for the ransom of slaves missions, for the ransom of slaves.
The White Fathers, established in Quebec for recruiting missionaries for the Evangelization of the Dark Continent, are making an urgent appeal to their readers, in their monthly Magazine The African Missions, begging them to collect the postage stamps and send them to their adstamps and send them to their address in Quebec, in as large quantities as possible. The proceeds they derive from these stamps go to their missions in Africa, and are devoted towards the freeing of slaves.

An illustration of the good they are the such as humble as

An illustration of the good they accomplish by such an humble means, is the fact that during the past year, thirty-one (81) slaves, boys and girls, were ransomed with resources exclusively derived from the cancelled postage stamps. This representd 14 or 15 million stamps collected during the year. Who will collected during the year. representd 14 or 15 million stamps collected during the year. Who will refuse to contribute to such a good work, when the means is within the reach of everybody? Our readers will be glad to help the White Fathers in their ransom work, by saving their own cancelled stamps and collecting some from others, and send them to the Rev. Father Director of the African Missions, 37 Ramparts St., Quebec, Can. The postage rate is one cent per ounce. Larger quantities should be sent by Express or Freight. In either case shipment in sacks is preferred.

The Interloper.

(Continued from page 3.)

great lady, in the company of her husband—he would have gone away with a contented mind. But he could not leave here here, poor and defenceless.

had not noticed him, and

THROAT, CATARRE, DIPERTY rized Cresolene stops the parezy

Cresalene is a powerful germ as a curative and a preventi diseases. Cresolene's best re its thirty years of successful us

Cresolene Antiseptic
Throat Tablets, simple
and southing for the
irritated throat, 10c.
Leeping M.



kept walking up and down trying to kept walking up and down trying to sell her wares. Her loss of modesty-pained Jack more than her apparent poverty. He heard her laugh recklessly at a ribald remark one of the waiting youths.

He walked over and placed a trembling hand on her shoulder eavies.

bling hand on her shoulder, saying:
"Sheela, is it here you are?"
Her face turned white as a sheet.
"My God! It's Jack," she cried

noarsely.

The other girls were giggling. She wheeled round fiercely and they

"Jack," she shouldn't stand talking to the likes of me—basket-girls are not—angels."

"Let us go to some quitter." 'Let us go to some quiet where we can talk without being overheard," Jack said.

overheard, Jack said.

For a few moments she hesitated.

Then she lifted her basket from thepavement and accompanied him up

the street.
"Sheela," he said, "where is your husband?"

Again her voice rank out in a reckless laugh.
"My husband!" she said scornfully. "A fine husband he is. Before ly. A line nusband he is. Before we were a month in Liverpool he was ashamed of his ignorant wife. Every night he went to theatres and parties, and left me at home, heart-sick and lonesome. When his stylparties, and left me at home, I sick and lonesome. When his ish friends called he made me in the kitchen and pretend I only a servant. I stood it at a servant. I stood it at Then I followed as I could. about and let everybody know I was his wife. One morning he left the house in a rage, and I haven't seen him since."

Where is he now?" Jack asked,

and his fists clenched unconsciously,
"I don't know and I don't care,"
was the bitter reply. "I heard he
went to London, and that he is
writing for the papers under an assumed name He had no ne take the trouble of hiding the greatest and He had no need If he was the greatest and richest man in the world I wouldn't darken his door; I'm better off as I am."

They were silent for a minute or If he was

two. "Sheela," said Jack quietly, "do

you never think of Lisnamore?"
The tears rose in her eyes, she made no reply.
"Your father and mother are always fretting," Jack went on; "a few lines of a letter from you would be more welcome than a

He was glad to see her tears. A woman who wept at the mention of her parents could not be devoid of

"I'll leave you now, Jack," she said, and offered him her hand. "If you like you can tell them you saw me, and that I am well."

He took her hand in his and held it firmly the same hand in his and held.

it firmly. "Sheela," he cried, "you ought to "Sheela," he cried, you ought to go home to Lisnamore. They would treat you like a queen over there. I can lend you a little money—twenty pounds. Some of the neighbors that have been working over here are going home to-night, and they will The boat sails

keep you company. The boat sails at eight, and you'll have time to buy some new clothes before then."

"Oh. Jack," she said, "I wish I could go home. I'm sick and tired the sails of the life of the "Oh. Jack," she said, "I wish I could go home. I'm sick and tired of this life I'm living now. But how could I take money from you? You are the last man in the world I should look to for help."

"Don't talk like that, Sheela," said Jack. "I won't miss the money at all. You see, my circumstance have charged for the hetter

ney at all. You see, my circumstance have changed for the better I've parted—I'm parting with the old farm, and have a splendid situation in Yorkshire. I'm going there to-morrow morning."

The boat was about to start when they reached the pier.
"All aboard," one of the sailors

"All aboard," one of the sand-was shouting.
"You're anot" c man's wife, Sheela, and it wouldn't be right for me to kiss you," Jack whispered. "But we'll never meet again. God be with you, Sheela," he cried.—F. N. Mo-Manus, in the New World.

ST. ANN'S CHORAL UNION.

What promises to be a treat for the Catholic English-speaking people will be the grand "Musica Spiritualis" sacred concert. to be given by St. Ann's Choral Union, when they will render Dubois' "Seven Last Words of Christ," in St. Ann's Church, Good Friday, March 25th. at 8 o'clock. Rev. Edm. Flynn, C. SS.R., will prelude each word with a short discourse on the text.

The seven last words of Christ, by Th. Dubois, is considered a materpiece, and it will be the first time in this city that the English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics have had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics had the primity of hearing it in English-sreaking Catholics had the primity of hearing it in English ha

by Char many," by Char M.A., (Oxon.) one shilling net. King street, Cov er B. Herder, St This book may Willoy's Book street, Montreal. ESS. THE ARMY

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a very writes Fa special hall was b meetings, and this quently been fol Munich, in 1895, capable of holding the municipal beer converted into a cost of some £2,0 in the following meetings had to b sections. Yet Dor Precession 1 town. otestant town, the time the large ny. At Mannho workmen's meetin four halls simulta which held 9,000 halle, specially bu Jubilee Conbress, posing building, and men. Neberth halls had to be for accommodate the the meetings after the meetings after procession. The el was specially buil-gress (1908), at gress (1908), at ed all its prede upon an admirable purpose by the mucost considerably

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Province of Quebec. PUBLIC PUBLIC NOTICE by J. EMILE VAI neer, of the City of THUR ST. LAURI

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J. EMIL ARTHUR



OUGES, BRONCEITES, CATARRE, DIPERTED

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ORAL UNION.

to be a treat for ish-speaking people "Musica Spiritua-t, to be given by Unión, when they vois' "Seven Last," in St. Ann's day, March 25th, w. Edm. Flynn, C. le each word with on the text. words of Christ, considered a maswill be the first that the Englishshave had the aring it in Engres of the Choral g most arduously McCaffrey, oral director.

THE : ... BOOXLOVER'S



A Review.

"Catholic Social Work in Germany," by Charles D. Plater, S.J., M.A., (Oxon.) Brochure; 135 pp., one shilling net. Sands & Co., 15 King street, Covent Garden, London er B. Herder, St. Louis, Mo., U.S.A. This book may be ordered through Milloy's Book Store, St. Catherine street, Montreal.

ESSAY III.

THE ARMY IN ACTION.
According to official figures, there are in Germany to-day 22, C94, 492 staunch Catholics; while the Protestants now number only 37,646,852. Moreover, the rate of Catholic birth is 20 per cent. greater that that of all others combined. The Catholics are augmenting by leaps and bounds. all others combined. The Catholics are augmenting by leaps and bounds. It is because the organized Army of the Catholics, described in our two preceding papers, has been strongly and successfully at work. While France is withering away, the stalwarts beyond the Rhine are augmenting day after day. Let us hope that another Franco-Prussian war is not imminent, for the sake of the poor unorganised Catholics of cance.

the German Catholic "Army yes, the German Catholic May a Action" is working wonders. The will of the people has been aroused. In union there is strength, and our co-religionists of the Fatherland are giving us a proof of the dictum. Catholics, like all other men, must catholics, like all other men, must Catholics, like all other men, must feel that they are working and strivening and succeeding with a multitude. The Congresses have made the German Catholics what they are, "Practically every one who attends them belongs to some or more of the multitudinous Catholic societies which cover Germany as with a net, and suffer no

Catholic societies which cover dermany as with a net, and suffer no fish to escape."

During recent years the numbers attending the Congresses have thrillingly increased. The question of providing accommodation has become the compact of the compa a very serious one. "At Treves, in a 1887." writes Father Plater, "a special hall was built for the general meetings, and this precedent has frequently been followed since. At Munich, in 1895, the only building Munich, in 1895, the only outside capable of holding the visitors was the municipal beer store; this was converted into a public hall at a cost of some £2,000. At Dortmund, in the following year, the public meetings had to be divided into two very local transport of the control of the contr Yet Dortmund is mainly a Protestant town, and possessed at the time the largest hall in Germany. At Mannheim, in 1902, the workmen's meetings were held in four halls simultaneously, one of which held 9,000 people. The Fest-halle, specially built for the Cologne Jubilee Conbress, was a really imposing building, holding ten thousand men. Nebertheless, seven otner halls had to be found in order to accommodate the crowds attending the meetings after the workmen's pr otestant town, and possessed at the meetings after the workmen's pr the meetings after the workmen's procession. The elaborate hall which was specially built for the last Congress (1908), at Dusseldorf, eclipsed all its predecessors. It stood upon an admirable site, lent for the purpose by the municipality, and it cost considerably over £3,000 to

erect. The Congress frequently sacrifices an opportunity of temporary tri-umph in favor of the general wellbeing; sometimes Catholic needs must be looked to, rather than mere outward splendor. The very na-ture, scope, work and endeavors of an organization as the man Catholic Congress makes it a man catholic Congress makes it a mecessity to spread its influence in the sections most adverse to its aims. This was the case, for example, at Neisse, in Silesia, (1899), a town of but 20,000 where the elaborate exting borate setting which would have been supplied at Cologne or Munster was lacking. But what is true of a Congress along social lines, would be impossible in the case of a Eu-charistic congress, for instance. Only a great city, with numerous Catho-

The visitors to the Congress clude, as we have seen, men from every position in life. Clergy and

Province of Quebec, District of Quebec. PUBLIC NOTICE.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by J. EMILE VANIER, Civil Engi-PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given by J. EMILE VANIER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; ARTHUR ST. LAURENT, Deputy Minister of Public Works of Canada, of the City of Ottawa; ERNEST BELANGER, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Civil Engineer, of the City of Montreal; SIR GEORGE GARNEAU, Civil Engineer of Provincial and Federal Surveyor, of the City of Montreal, all in the Dominion of Canada; that they will petition the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to constitute them and others under the name of "THE ASSOCIATION OF POST GRADUATES OF THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL, Montreal," with power to develop friendly and scientific relations between the Post Graduates of said school; to admit temporary and permanent members, to acquire properties, both real and personal, and for other purposes.

Montreal, March 1st, 1910.

J. EMILE VANIER,

ARTHUR ST. LAURENT ERREST BELANGER,

SIT GEORGE GARNEAU.

PIERRE CHARTON.

laity, professions and trades. poliricis, art, literature, all are represented. Catholics from all of Europe and America are there. At Mannheim it was calculated that ninety thousand visitors came into town on a single day.

"We cannot fail to be struck," continues Father Plater, "by the increased prominence of workingmen at these gatherings during recent years. A procession and mass meeting of Catholic workmen now ushers in every Congress. At Neisse, the procession numbered five thousand men (and it a town of only 20,000 people). At Mannheim 20,000, representing a hundred and seventy workmen's associations. At Cologne, the "Black Parade," as it has come to be called, was particu-larly striking. The streets were de-corated and spanned by triumphal arches, and Cardinal Fischer stood on the steps of the archiepiscopal palace and received the salutes of seemingly endless line of men, repre-senting three hundred and forty workmen's associations.

iron-bound solidarity between clerand laity. No other religion social organization could show such gathering and celebration as car Catholics of Germany, not ever

the loud-mouthed Social Democrats.
A Central Committee was instituted in 1868. During the Kulturkampf, the work was entrusted to a Commissary-General, that genius of administrative ability, Prince Lowenstein, who is now a Dominican. "He was a man who had his finger on the pulse of the nation, and could detect the slightest symptoms of coming trouble in any part of the country. . . As soon as on meeting was over, he was hard a work upon the details of the next.

The Congress usually lasts for five days (Sunday to Thursday), and opens with Solemn High Mass. The Most Blessed Virgin is the Pat-roness of the gathering. The presidents open each meeting with salutation "Praised be Jesus Christ" and at the end of the last meeting the Te Deum is sung in thundering German accents. Addresses of loyal-ty are sent to the Pope, the Emand the Sovereign of the State in which the Congress pens to be held. Speeches may not be read, save for special reasons, and with leave of the President. They are limited to thirty minutes in the general meetings, and ten minutes in the members' meetings. Another of the most striking features of the Congress is the absence of hap-haz-ard speaking. (My readers, I am sure, appreciate a rule of that kind) The special circumstances of the time are carefully considered by the Local Committee in conjunction with the Central Committee, who deter-mine upon a dominant idea which shall make itself felt from the first to last—a "Leitmotiv" which shall recur throughout. A publication, recur throughout. A publication, the current "Verhandlungen," which may be bought for a few shi!lings, and is presented gratis to the members, contains all the news of the

Although the most of the work is conducted and done by laymen, it is well to remark that the bishops of Germany have expressed their enthose laymen. No Catholic laymen can do effective Catholic work, unless they are entirely submissive to less they are entirely successful authority. The Catholics of Germany have come to see that their religion has many ramifications; that it is not a mere matter of Sunday Mass and Friday abstinance, but a domain as wide as life To perpetuate the work the Congresses, there is the grand "Volksverein," the most successful association ever devised for the promotion of social sense among a peo-

"Volksverein" was Wind-t's legacy to the world. Oh! The "Y make such a gathering a success.
This is plain to any man who stops a minute and a half to think of it.

The still a success of France could only find a Windstoner of the Social Demo-crats on the field aggressive. The Germans believe in being courageous. They are not eternally frightened with the trembling of cowards as to "But what will the Protestants say?" They are honest towards their Protestant brethren, not sheep, not "sugar-coated" Catholics; they believe in accuracy when it is no believe in aggression when it is ne-cessary. That is why they are the kind of Catholics we know they are. The "Volksverein" has taught the

Catholic Germans to justify their "Weltanschuung," the faith and social policy within them. The brain of the whole association is at Munof the whole association is at mun-chen-Gladbach, and is known as the Zentralstelle. Through a series of publications, lectures, conferences, etc., it has taught the German peo-ple to be Catholics instructed in

their faith and social duties.

Book Notes.

"Père Jean and Other Stories," by Aileen Hingston, Burns & Oates, 28 Orchard street, London, W., Eng.; 78 pp. cloth bound, price 2 shill-net. (This book may be prdered through Milloy's Bookstore, St. Ca-therine street. therine street.

Hingston is a hallowed name for Montrealers, and, indeed, for all Ca-nadians, regardless of creed or na-tionality. Aileen Hingston, who tionality. Aileen Hingston, who wrote the neat little volume des-cribed above, was the beloved daugh-ter of the late eminent Dr. William ter of the late eminent Dr. William Hales Hingston, one of the greatest practitioners America has ever called her own, and a Catholic whose piety was as tender and as genuine as that of a gentle nun within the holyprecincts of the cloister; even if the Doctor could show, when occasion demanded it (as once at a banquet in this city), that his faith was very virile and that the blood of very virile, and that the blood martyrs flowed in his veins Our readers remember the pathetic story of his gentle daughter's death. We shall not rehearse it.

"Père Jean" is a little jewel of goodly worth. It deals with scenes and glimpses of French-Canadian rural life, and its portrayals are true to life. Miss Hingston knew the French-Canadian peasant, and could appreciate the sculescripts in the second scenes. appreciate the soul-saving influence of Quebec's admirable French priests.
She saw, knew, felt, and had to admire. "Pére Jean" is the titlestory, but there are three others as well, in the little book; namely, "Le Croche," "When It Came," and A Christmas Story of To-day Preceding is a "Memoir," deal with the life-story of Hingston and more especially with that of his brilliant daughter Aileen. A poem, too, there is from the trained and loving pen of Miss Mary Hingston: it is "A Memory" of the young authoress of "Père Jean" who, alas! but too soon, was taken away from her loved ones of earth, by God's gentle angels. A little book like Miss Hingston's makes the children of mankind better men and vomen. Many of our readers with wind with words were a copy of "Père Jean"

SPRING REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Raw, Damp Weather Starts the Pain, But the Trouble Lies in the Blood.

Changeable spring weather, often raw, cold and damp, is pretty sure to bring a time of misery to peo-ple who suffer from rheumatism. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism, the trouble is in the blood-the damp, changeable in the blood—the damp, changeaue weather merely starts the aches and often almost unbearable pains going. The trouble must be reached through the blood, and the point and the point of the sonous rheumatic acids driven out This is a medical truth every rheu-matic sufferer should realize. Linimatic sufferer should realize.

nents, outward applications an

called electric appliances, never and never can, cure rheumatism The sufferer is only wasting valuable time and money with this sort of treatment, and all the time the trouble is becoming more firmly rooted—and harder to cure. There is just one sure way to cure theu-matism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills They act directly on tweak, acid tainted blood. on the impure rify and strengthen it and sorooe out the cause of rheumatism. Mr. John Finsamore, Marysville, N.B., says:—'I was laid up with rheuma-tic fever for a year, and for eight months of that time I could not go about. My blood had seemed to turn to water, and the pain I enturn to water, and the pain I en-dured was at times almost unendur-Notwithstanding I was under the doctor's care I was not regaining my strength and I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I took altogether nine boxes and they simply worked wonders bringing back my lost strength. still take the Pills occasionally as

am working in a saw mill where the work is pretty heavy."

Not only rheumatic sufferers, but all who have any trouble due to weak, watery blood, will find a cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is because of their direct action on the blood that these Pills cure such troubles as anaemia, indigestion, general weakly weakly such costs and the neral weakness, neuralgia, and the aches, pains and secret troubles women folk alone know. Give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, they will not disappoint you. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes. \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The Emerald Isle.

Brightly figure thy shores upon his tory's pages,
Where names dear to fame and to science long known,
Like unsetting stars through the lapse of long ages,
From the sea girded isle of Hibernia have shown.

Fair island, thy vales are embalmed in the story Which history telleth of ages gone

by, een Ossian's proud heroes strode When onward to glory
And oceans wave answered their loud battle-cry.
The wild vine is creeping, the sham-

rock is closing.
Its foliage o'er many a dimly seen ere, entombed on the fields of their fame are reposing

The proud, peerless chiefs of the Emerald Isle. And in far later years, with the pur-

and in har later years, with the purest devotion

To the high cause of freedom, full many a son

Of the green isles of Erin, the Gemof the ocean, Fair evergreen laurels of glory has

won, The martyred O'Neal and the galland Fitzgerald
On the bright list of glory forever shall stand,

And fame circle Emmet, the eloquent herald, Who wakened the spirit and pride of his land.

They are gone, they are gone, but their memories that linger, On the shores where they perished no wretch shall revile; No slave of a tyrant shall dare point

the finger at those sons of the Emerald Isle

Hibernia, though tyrants may seek to degrade thee, Yet proud sons of science acknow-ledge their birth

On thy sea girded shores, whose high genius has made thee The Gem of the Ocean, the wonder

of earth, ng, long has the halo of glory surrounded The heart touching strains of Coro-

lan and Moore.
Oh, soon may the banner of freedom wave o'er thee, Green Island of Erin! May Liberty's

smile To the lustre of primitive ages restore thee The Gem of the Ocean-the Emerald

-John Greenleaf Whittier

Ancient Relic Found in Fermanagh. interest has been made in the North Referest has been made in the North of Ireland. The discaverer is Owen Reilly, a farmer residing on Grubb Island, near Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh. The island is a large one, situated in Upper Lough Erne, quite close to Galloon Island, on which is a very arright compten. which is a very ancient cemetery with ecclesiastical ruins and several mutilated Celtic crosses. A short time ago Mr. Reilly was digging a hole at the brink of the lake on a spot which was formerly covered under the waters, when he felt the spade strike a hard metallic sub-stance some 18 inches under the surface. On digging around this he uncovered a bronze vessel, some-what of the shape of a preserving pan, which was placed mouth downwards.

On lifting out this vessel he found underneath a bronze pot, shaped like the ordinary metal pots used in farmers' houses, which are hung upwards, and had been covered over and down to about half its depth by the other vessel, which, being wiin der, went down over it. The Derry Journal says: "As to the contents Journal says: "As to the contents of the pot, Mr. Reilly is reticent. He mentions, however, an oblong solid piece of stone, metal, or some other substance, with smooth flat sides, which rested across the mouth of the pot. He took this out and laid it aside, but states that it disappeared in a most mysterious manner during the time that he was examining the pot, and although be and ing the pot, and although he made a most careful search, he was unable to find it." It is added that an ogham inscription appears on pot under one of its two "ears."

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

be their faith and social duties.

Why do our Catholic societies not take up such books as Father Plater's "Catholic Social Work in Germany," and see for themselves how Germans can organize all efforts. What we want is life, vigor, determination, willingness, to perspire at the work! Surely Catholic efforts are not confined to the pipe and to-bacco with a few newspapers, plenty of gossip, and a half-dozen magazines two years old.

Again we repeat that we hope thousands of Father Plater's brochure will be bought by our readers. Next week we shall deal with Father Plater's fourth, and last, estable and make quick time. Each special train will have colonist cars attached, the berths in which will be free.

Settlers' Special Irains to the Canadian Northwest.

No matter whether baby is sick or well. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the home always. They not only cure the minor troubles to which badoy and childhood is mess offers, will run special colonist trains to the Canadian Northwest. The Canadian Pacific during March and April, provided sufficient business offers, will run special colonist trains to the Canadian Northwest. The Canadian Pacific during March and April, provided sufficient business offers, will run special colonist trains to the Canadian Northwest. These trains will leave Smith Falls every Tuesday.

The Canadian Pacific during March and shetyhood and childhood is which badoy of the most valuable aids in eliminating disease and building up the which colonist trains to the Canadian Northwest.

The Canadian Pacific during March and April, provided sufficient business offers, will run special colonist trains to the Canadian Northwest.

The Canadian Pacific during March whether baby is cick or well. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the home always. They not only cure the minor troubles to which badoy on the babyhood and childhood is abstincted and batinence and mortification are determination, while prevent them con the prevent them con the prevent them con the prevent them con the prevent them

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Montreal.



Sale of exhibition grounds of the former "Compagnie Industrielle et Agricole de Saint-Jean," P.Q.

NOTICE. The Quebec Government has decided to sell the above mentioned exhibition grounds, situate in the town of Saint Johns, P.Q., containing about 24 arpents in superficies—with the buildings thereon erected.

The Minister of Agriculture invites

The Minister of Agriculture invites all those desirous of becoming proprietors of such grounds, to visit same and transmit him their offers. Information may be had concerning the description of the said grounds and also the charges and conditions of the sale, by applying to the government office, at Montreal, 9 St. James street, the registrar's office, at St. Johns, P.Q., and the Department of Abriculture at

and the Department of Abriculture at Quebec.

Tenders for the purchase of the said immoveable must be addressed to the Minister of Agriculture, at Quebec, on or before the 15th of

April next. The government does not bind itself to accept any of the tenders.

By order.
B MIGHAUD, Secretary of the Minister of Agriculture. Quebec, 21st February, 1910.

Lent and the Doctors.

Physicians used to tell us that in winter time, through comparative inactivity and heavy feeling, the blood becomes thick and the circulation stagnant, hence, when the warm spring weather comes upon us, lighter food and some cooling and blood-thinning medicine is indicated.

They recognize, too—those whose information is not limited to pills, powders and appendicitis operations—the real hygienic importance of the regimen prescribed by the Catholic

regimen prescribed by the Catholic Church for its faithful members dur-Church for its faithful members dur-ing the season of Lent. Some of these doctors, with undeveloped re-ligious humps, have the impression that long ago, perhaps when Galen was occupying the limelight of medical assurance, their predecessors had been called in to prognose the re-quirements of humanity and the Church acting upon their suggestion formulated the regulations of Lent.

It will be, of course, a cause for astonishment when we inform modern Galens that the restrictive fare of Lent is an allopathic method of dealing with spiritual diseases, and if the physical man is accident-ally improved, so much the better. Self-denial and mortification of the Self-denial and mortification of the senses are taught by the Church text-book—the Bible. These very necessary virtues for a truly Christian life are not recognized outside of the Church, though they have been insisted upon by the Saviour Himself and His apostles as a practice obligatory upon all. "Unless ye do penance ye shall perish."

The medical fraternity, formerly promulgated the notion that the Lenten observance was opposed to good health and that religion generally had deleterious effects upon nervous persons. Dr. Walsh of Fordham University.

persons. Dr. Walsh of Fordham Unipersons. Dr. Walsh of Fordham University contributes in the February number of the Catholic World magazine an article dealing with this subject and showing that the former opinion of medical men has been supplanted by a conviction founded upon experience that self-denial and abstinence and mortification are among the most valuable aids in eliminating disease and building up the general health.

NORTHERN



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NOTICE is hereby given that "The Art Association of Montreal" will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session

(a) The passing of an act to rem

(a) The passing of an act to remove doubts which have arisen as to the powers to alienate property bequeathed to it under the will the late Beniah (81b):

(b) For the passing of an act tegmend the Act under which said "Art Association of Montreal" was incorporated (33 Victoria, chapter 13) so as to extend its powers enabling it to acquire, hold and alienate re-

(c) For the passing of an act to amend its said Act of Incorporation to enable the City Council to

empt it from taxation.
FLEET,FALCONER, OUGHTRED. PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVEY.
Attorneys for "The Art Association
of Montreal".
Nontreal, 23rd February, 1910.

sions. Self-denial, abstinence from certain foods and amusements, mortification and retirement are the modicines that always brought about this desirable result.

Catholics who take their religious obligations seriously recall the words of St. Paul: "I chastise my body and bring it under subjection: lest perhaps, when I have preached to others, I myself should become a castaway." (I Cor., ix., 27.)—Catholic Advance.

Ancient and Historic Dublin.

Ptolemy, who flourished in 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 first mention of Duinhlinn any Irish chronicle is found in "Annals of the (Four Masters," under date of 291, where the name which in English signifies a black pool, is quoted as that of a river pool, is quoted as that of a river on the banks of which a battle was fought by the King of Ireland against the Leinstermen, says the Catholic Encyclopedia. A river still ampties into the Liffey at Dublin, now known as the Poddle River, but formerly designated the Pool or Pole, clearly a survival of the earlier Black Pool. The natives distinguish the locality as Ath-Cliath. Fole, clearly a survival of the earlier Black Pool. The natives distinguish the locality as Ath-Cliath,
i. e., "The Ford of Hurdles," from
the wicker bridge or ford by which
the great road from Tara was conducted across the Liffey into Cualann
(South County Dublin and Wicklow).

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 con-fluence of the Duibhlinn with the Liffey, a site now occupied by Dub-lin Castle. This fortress, taking its name from the river over which it stood, was called in Scandinavian byflin. In Anglo-Norman charters of the time of Henry II. it became Duvelina; the legal scribes of King John brought it nearer to the name Dublin, which it has ever since retained. The fortress once established, there is no difficulty. ed, there is no difficulty in imagining a town or city growing up and clustering around it, which after some time was furnished with a defensive wall, some remnants of which are yet visible.

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 Christic agreements. Christian communities, Teach-Renan (Tigroney), and Donard in County Wicklow, with Ceill-Finne in Coun-ty Kildare. When the death of Palwas known at Rome in 431 Patrick was immediately selected and consecrated bishop for this Irish mission. To him, therefore, thenceforth, regarded as the Apostle of Ireland, the See of Dublin looks as to its founder. His first visit after brief landings, at Wicklow, Malahide, and Holmpatrick, was to his old slavemaster in the northern part of the country. But so soon as he was able to gain the sanction of Leoghaire, King of Ireland, to preach the Gospel throughout the land, he visited every part of the consecrated bishop for this Irish misland, he visited every part of the island and made innumerable converts. At Kflcullen, in the Dublin Diocese, he established a bishop, and another at Lusk; while there are few parishes in the diocese that do not lay claim to a visit from him.

EACH TRIBE HAD ITS OWN MO-NASTIC ESTABLISHMENT.

Soon after his death in 492, the monastic system, which Patrick had himself partly initiated, became the settled form of esclesiastical organization in Ireland. The number tribes into which the country was divided, and the fierce inter-tribal jealousy that prevailed at all times, dered this system the more able. Each tribe had its monastic establishment with a por-tion of the tribe lands set apart for its endowment, and in most of these centres a bishop was to be found, frequently, but not necessarily) the ruler of the community. It was such establishments that the ecc such establishments that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction was centered. In this way we meet mention from time to time of bishops at Kilcullen, Lusk Swords, Fingals, Glendalough, Taney, Clondalkin, Castledermot, and Bray. We have no existing records and but scant traditions of any monastic establishment known as Duibhlinn; but a tribe did lie scattered along the valley of the Coombe, which may have taken its name, as did the Danish fortress later on did the Danish fortress later on, from the Duibhlinn which meandered through its midst.
The old church-edifications,

were certainly Celtic, of Patrick, Bridget, Kevin, and Mac-Taill, in this very neighborhood, would point to such a conclusion. Such a tribe rould undoubtedly have had monastery with its resident bishop. If this surmise be correct, it would help to eyplain a list of bishops given in Harris' edition of Ware's "Antiquities of Ireland," and described as Bishops of Dublin; whilst from the invariable practice they all seem to have adopted, of embarking in some foreign missionary enterprise, they can scarcely be rearried as diocesan bishops in the accepted sense of the term, i.e. as preery with its resident bishe tanily Irish born, and is reputed to have adopted, of embarking in some foreign missionary enterprise, they can scarcely be regarded as diocesan bishops in the accepted sense of the term, i.e. as prelates wedded to their sees. wedded to their sees.

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. To him succeeded Disibod, who being driven out went to Germany, and after forty years' labor, in the neighborhood of Disiboden-berg, named after him, died. He emulated the example of Livinus and passed over into Gaul. There, at the request of Pepin of Heristal, he

The Legend of Inch Abbey, County Down

(Cahal Bradley, in the Belfast Irish
— Weekly.)
An April morn, and bright and clear
the day, 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 And ruins stand where yesterday

had been
The temples of a God.

A rolling noise—then everything is

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

river pray they may ever in the water That

That they may even 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

Against invaders of their Father-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 The bells have tolled from their wat-

ery grave,
'Tis said a warning to the Church they gave
When Garibaldi rose.

Beautiful Kilkenny.

Beautiful Kilkenny, rose-garden of that isle
Where mountain, lake and valley re-

Where mountain, lake and valley re-joice in pature'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!

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 iradiating all!

In many a cottage garden in rich profusion grows
That sweetest flower of summer, the

fair and fragrant rose; 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 Slievnamon,"
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 na-

ture's bounteous breast,
Where birds and bees and blossoms
the happy chorus swell,
To praise the greators gracious Giver, things well." -Angelique DeLande.

established himself about the year 700 at Roermond in Holland, where a portion of his relics is preserved under the high altar of the cathedral dedicated to him. St. Gualafer is mentioned as bishop in the eighth century, but of him nothing is known except that he baptized and instructed his successor, who figures more conspicuously. St. Mumold was certainly Irish born, and is reputed to have been some time Bishop of Dubestablished himself about the

Having had occasion to rebuke certain public sinners, he met at their hands the longed-for martyrdom. He is the patron of Mechlin, whose splendid cathedral is dedicated to him, and his relics are preserved there in a silver shrine. St. Sedulius who died in 785, is given by some writers as "Bishop of Dublin," by others as "Abbot of Dublin," In all probability he filled both offices. In or about 890 there is mention of Cormac, as bishop. Ware could learn nothing about him. D'Alton says he was hishop when Gregory, King of Scotland, besieged and captured Bublin.

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.

of hammers riveting the plates on a ship's side, close by the Boyne; the streets were busy thoroughfares, where comfortably dressed country people 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 English ports 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. You might as well be on the lonely quay of Clonnel or New Ross. Steamers still come and go, but their cargoes are light, and their passenger lists slender.

der.

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 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 pelucid waters that one is sometimes in doubt as to where the meadows end and the streams begin. Round about and 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. circling fairy hosts

circling fairy hosts.

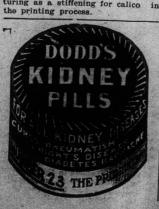
You ask the driver to walk his horse amid these scenes, where nature's hand has been so lavish, and where once upon a time the cannon roared, and sabres flashed between the orange and the green. It has been said "when Irishmen lead Irishmen in battle victory crowns the day; but when foreigners lead them 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 abandonhis fortunes, but whom he abandon-ed when the tide of battle threaten-

Irish Moss a Profitable Industry.

Consul Samuel S. Knabenshue, of Belfast, writes concerning the gath-ering and preparation of Irish moss for market:

The plant called Irish moss (Chrondrus crispus) is one of the algae and is found in abundance on the Atlantic coast of Ireland and Attantic 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. ed 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 valutable. Colon is also a factor. is the controlling factor in price; the larger the plant the more valu-able. 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. buy the mor

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 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 tally preparations are made from it. jelly preparations are made from it for the use of invalids. It is some-times used in cookery in place of prepared gelatin in making desserts, etc. It is used in medicine as a deetc. It is used in medicine as a demuleent 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.



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

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 medica men have not thought of building a 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 sanitarium in the forests of 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 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 sea-son, 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 age 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 and another successful cook across a master of his art, and, as a and another successful cook, across in the South branch of the river could teach many a baker how bake bread.

I had met with trials on entering the woods, but Cracky and myself had to face three feet of snow on 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 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 reached home, safe and sound, and disposed to give Cracky the rubbins

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 Mi-

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

I am a wandering minstrel man,
And Love's my only theme,
L've strayed beside the pleasant

, Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've piped and played to wife and
maid
Suir and Nore,

But never met a maiden yet Like Brighdin Ban Mo Stor

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,
'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 horeast
A heart of purest core.
Whose pulse alone to me is known,
Mo Brighdin Ban Mo Stor.

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

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

Dear Land! thou art still my And I hear in the church bell's chim

ing
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

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 Ch And pausing beside the door

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

can see them again a vision That is ever, aye ever near And the welcoming words

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 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 H 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" 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 con-tributed to the Dublin Nation.)

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, anguish I go,
To toil for the dark-livered, coldhearted foe,
Who mocks me, and hates me, and
calls me a slave,
An allen, a savage—all names but a

knave.

But blessed be Mary!
My sweet, holy Mary!
The bodach, he never dare call me sknave.

From my mother's mud sheeling an

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!

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and dished at 816 Last west, Mostreal Plumiett Magazin.

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

The land that I fly from is fertile 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 conversa-tion with a young man on his way to reap the harvest in England.

Vol. LIX., 1

Sponta

Enormo

The day was to sunshine counted was frost, too, it to color the chee to color the chee happy, so what it wind as one st cessionists pass there is little or rick's Church is different societies 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 wison. As many great numbers we sion. As many in as could be accomed in the central having the seafront of the sand J. Kavanagh, K.

REV. GERAI Pastor of St

Patrick's Society Doherty.
As the Chancel the vestry they it patronal hymn. procession formed and visiting clerg turn followed by bishop Bruchesi. Very imposing in emn passing thro The color schem was effectively was electively sanctuary. Bostoj tistically drapė white lights on tionce of refinement good taste. On ee trance to the san sive brass bowls

Rev. J. E. Donne Anthony's, assista L. Shea, and Rev. Rev. J. McCron Singleton, deacon office. The follo seats in the sanc thers O'Neill, O.F thers O'Neill, O.F C.SS.R., T. F. H Condon, C.S.C., lege, Polan, R. E. Reid, Pennafort, O.F.M., and other The uniformed F H. looked remark ed eclat to the c Just before the

Just before the Gerald McShane, lew words to His his parishioners' presence of His G and then introdu Walsh, O.1 Priory, Dublin, w

THE S "And I, brethre you, I came not i or of wisdom, deel testimony of Chriand my preachipersussive words but in shewing of power that your stand on the wisdon the power of I Cor. 2.

Very Reverend Fy brethren in Ch The festival of t with the holiest of our national re