



Jennie Wren's Birthday.

It was Jennie Wren's birthday— As fair a May day As one could wish for, I'll venture to say; And all of the birds Came bringing good wishes And plenty of cheer. "Good morning, Miss Jennie! Good morning!" said they; "We bring you kind greeting On this your birthday."

The yellowbird brought her Some lettuce leaves sweet, And Mr. Bob White Some plump kernels of wheat. The blackbird came early And brought her some corn, He'd found in a corn crib That very same morn. "Good morning, Miss Jennie! Good morning!" said they; "We bring you good cheer For your happy birthday."

The oriole came with A wisp of bright hay, To weave in her nest in Some intricate way; The bluejay and kingbird, Though easily miffed, Each brought from his storehouse A nice little gift. "Good-morning, Miss Jennie! Good morning!" said they; "We wish you full many Returns of the day."

The brown thrush brought with him His very best song; And young Robin Redbreast Came hopping along, A plump little worm Tightly held in his bill, To give to Miss Jennie With hearty good will. "Good morning, Miss Jennie! Good morning!" said they; "We wish you good health On each happy birthday."

No bird was found missing From Jennie's that day, Each one was good-natured And cheerful, they say. And ere the sun set in The beautiful west, Each one said good-night and Flew home to his nest. "Good night!" said Miss Jennie, "Good-night, birds dear! I hope you will come to My birthday next year!" —Effie Wells Loucks.

A Few Conundrums.

Which would you rather, that a lion ate you or a tiger. Why, you would rather that the lion ate the tiger, of course. When does a leopard change his spots? When he moves from one spot to another. What is the most wonderful animal in the farmyard? A pig, because he is killed and then cured. What did the seven wise men of Greece do when they met the sage of Hindoostan? Eight saw sages (ate saasages). Why is the last conundrum like a monkey? Because it is far fetched and full of nonsense. What is the most wonderful acrobatic feat? For a man to revolve in his mind. What invitation would be dangerous and disloyal to a soldier? (One asking him to dinner and dessert.)

Two Boys' Careers.

Twenty years ago there were two boys in my school class, bright, lively fellows, who interested me very much; only one of them made me sometimes feel anxious, I often found him out evenings in company with young rowdies. When I asked him how it happened, he used to say he was only out on an errand; the boys spoke to him, and he could not help speaking, he was sure. Perhaps that was so, still it made me uneasy. I once said to his mother: "Is not Willie out of nights too much?" "Willie out nights! Oh, no; Willie does not go out nights." The other boy, whose name was Arthur, I never met among the rowdies. His evenings, I am sure, were spent at home. I always found him studying his lessons, or reading with his sister, or amusing himself at home. That was twenty years ago. Both boys had begun to show which way they were leaning, and how their tastes inclined them. Twenty years will show it plainer. The other day I heard of Willie. Somebody met him in Chicago. "What is he?" I asked. "A good-for-nothing, certainly, if not worse," was the answer. "A shabby, idle, drinking fellow, whom nobody wants to employ." "Oh, I'm sorry to hear it,"—sorry, but not surprised. I wonder where Arthur is! "Arthur! Why, don't you know, he has just been taken into partnership with that old firm he served his time? They could not spare him, so they had to take him in."

"Good!" I said. "It is just what I should have expected. He learned right."

Do You Know

That bats sleep all through the winter. That corncrakes are so very shy that few people have ever seen one? That black-cap cock birds will sometimes sit on the nest and help to hatch the eggs, singing all the time? That in the Indian Ocean there is a kind of seaweed which stings like a nettle? That the half-wild dogs in Siberia are expert in catching fish? That rats will kill all the frogs they can find?

For Father's Sake.

Myrtle had stepped off the train with the air of expecting the worst. But as she looked about her an expression of bewilderment overshadowed the other. The train moved out, leaving on the platform a good sized trunk and a girl with a puzzled face. At the other end of the platform stood a broad-shouldered youth, and, in default of anything better to do, Myrtle approached him. "I want," she explained in a voice that would be a little forlorn, in spite of its effort at dignity, "I want to go to Silver Springs." "You take the ferry," said the boy, and nodded toward the river. "The ferry?" Myrtle repeated, "Why, I don't understand." "Strain her eyes as she might, there was no sign of a ferryboat. And then it struck her that the river looked shallow and stony. The country youth seemed to understand her perplexity and pointed with a big brown forefinger. "There 'tis."

"What? That? Why, it's only a little boat!" "It's the ferry, all right. Say, Bess!" The young fellow lifted up his voice. "Here's a passenger for you." A girl climbed the slope, a girl so tanned that her blue eyes looked curiously light, contrasted with the dark skin. Myrtle realized with a fresh accession of bewilderment that this was the ferryman. "I-I've got a trunk," she said faintly. "I see you have. Help me with it, Joe."

The broad-shouldered youth moved forward to give his aid. Myrtle stared as she walked behind them. The girl carried her share of the load well, one shapely arm outstretched to keep her balance. The trunk was placed in the stern of the ferryboat, and Myrtle was assisted to the bow, where she had an excellent view of the ferrygirl's back. Suddenly the girl turned her head, and smiled a smile so full of spontaneous amusement that involuntarily, Myrtle found herself returning it.

"I guess," the girl said, resting on her oars for a moment, "I guess you are not used to seeing girls playing ferryman. You look as if you were so astonished that you couldn't get over it." "Do you do it all the time?" Myrtle asked, unexpectedly interested. "Oh, no! But I've been doing it since father was hurt. Father's the regular ferryman, you know. At first he didn't think I could do it."

"It must be awfully hard," Myrtle said, pityingly. "The ferry-girl was rowing again. "Oh, no," she said over her shoulder; "at least it doesn't seem hard. Nothing seems hard, you know, when you are doing it for your father." She was looking the other way, and did not see the curious expression that came over Myrtle's face. For Myrtle was doing something for her father, and it did seem hard. All the year she had been counting on spending the summer at the seashore where she had gone for several years and, at the last moment, her father had told her that he could not afford it. Business had been bad all year. If she wanted a change she might go to a family hotel he knew of at a place called Silver Springs. That was all he would promise.

Myrtle had received the news with tears. She had gone away at last with the air of an exile. Somehow as she looked at the broad-shouldered girl pulling the ferryboat across the river and thought how she had said, "Nothing seems hard when you are doing it for your father," Myrtle's cheeks grew hot and red. The next day Myrtle's father received a letter from his daughter. For some reason he did not seem in a hurry to open it. But when at length he found courage to break the seal, he had a pleasant surprise. It ran as follows: "Dearest papa: I'm just sending you a line to-night to let you know I arrived safely. It is a beautiful place, and I am sure it will be my own fault if I don't have a happy summer here. Forgive me for being so unreasonable the last few days."

Your loving Myrtle. Myrtle had discovered that she was not the only girl who sometimes had hard things to bear. And she had resolved to bear them bravely for father's sake.

What is Best For Children.

James went to the door of the kitchen and said, "Cook, give me a glass of something to drink. Why, Cook, you don't stir, say, what do you think!" "Indeed, Master James," was the Cook's right reply, "To answer such language I feel rather shy; I hear you quite plainly, but wait till you choose. To civilly ask, when I shall not refuse."

What a pity young boys should indulge in this way. Whilst knowing so well what is proper to say; As if civil words, in a well-mannered tone, Were learn'd to be us'd in the parlor alone!

How Grandpa Got His Clothes.

How delighted he had been with that first pair of pantaloons! And mamma had been so particular, when she made them, to put in a tiny hip pocket, "just like papa's." But now, sad to relate, a very little hole was trying to make itself seen in the knee. "Next time I have a suit, I'm going to have store clothes!" exclaimed Willie radiantly. "Papa says I may, and that I can go with him down to Banner Clothing Store to pick them out."

"Store clothes!" laughed grandpa slyly. "Why, I thought no clothes in the world could ever come up to the suit you're wearing, and mamma made those; no store clothes about them!" "But—bat—grandpa," replied Willie, hesitatingly, "I'm older now, and it's time I had pantaloons bought like papa's. See, I'm 'most as tall as he is now!"

"When I was a boy," continued grandpa, "they had no such things as store clothes." "Didn't!" exclaimed Willie, with wide-open eyes. "Why, where did they get them?" "Right at home," replied grandpa, amused at the expression on Willie's face. "They were all home-made!"

"When they got big, real big, like brother Ned and papa and you, they had not to have their mothers make their clothes, did they?" "No, not always their mothers," replied grandpa, smiling. "When I was a boy there used to be tailors and tailresses, whose business it was to go about the country, from place to place, to cut and make enough clothes to last the men-folk a year. They always carried with them their own needles and shears, and tailors' goose, which was larger than an ordinary flatiron. This was used for pressing the large seams, and was called a tailor's goose because of its goose-like form. Sometimes a tailor remained at one house three or four weeks before he got his work done."

"Did they board themselves?" asked Willie, curiously. "No, they boarded in the family and often took meat, beans, and vegetables in payment for their work, for in those days money was scarce in farmers' families." "But where did they get their cloth, grandpa?" "The cloth, too, was raised on the farm. That is, we raised the flax, and kept sheep. After the flax got ripe, it was pulled and spread on the grass, where it was kept for some time, till it decayed or 'rotted' enough for the vegetable fibre to be separated. Then it was gathered up and kept till cold weather when it was made ready to use. "The rough and fine tow were always separated. The rough was usually woven into coarse towels, while the finer sort was spun, and woven into very good cloth, some of which was made into men's shirts."

"After the sheep were sheared the wool was washed and made ready to be manufactured into the cloth for our garments." "The cloth was also colored at home. That for every-day use was usually blue and white, or else a reddish brown. That for our Sabbath suits was for the most part gray. So you see our clothes were home-made, through and through." "But you had store shoes—didn't you, grandpa?" "No more than were our clothes. Many families prepared their own leather, and cobblers, just like tailors, went about from house to house every fall and fitted each member of the family to shoes. We didn't have as many pairs as you

do. We had but one pair a year, and these we had to make last. "But didn't you ever get tired of having everything home-made?" asked Willie, curiously. "No, indeed!" laughed grandpa, gaily; "for when I was a boy we didn't know anything different."

POET'S CORNER

IN APPLE BLOOM.

Oh, the glory of the orchard when the apple is in bloom, And a million swinging censers are spilling their perfume! When the maples stand a-quake in their frills of tender green, And the busy robins building in their branches may be seen; When the dogwoods light the fringes of the woodland turning gray, With the buds that swell to bursting at the airy touch of May, And the wheat holds endless riot in the bladed ranks that run O'er the hillsides and the valleys, in the shadow and the sun. While the lark is in the clover, and the crimson-throated throng Are pouring all their melodies in sweetest strains of song.

The lindsens fling their banners out, the poplars laugh and play, And the willows take a glory from the coming of the May, While the fleecy clouds above us with trailing shadows pass Across the woven carpet of the soft, enameled grass; While the killdeer calls his mistress where the meadow runnels flow, Where the cowslips edge the shadows and the watercresses grow, While the marsh-frogs in the hollows and the blackbirds on the hills Are alive with all the rapture the heart of nature thrills, And the braided bow of promise lightens every cloud of gloom. For earth has never gladder time than 'mid the apple-bloom.

What airy grace of greening things the rolling landscape fills, With plume and tuft of tender leaves a-feathering the hills! And far and wide the buttercups are mining all their gold, While dandelions star the grass with beauty as of old; And forth the wild birds pour at morn the sweetest wine of song, As if the world had never known a jarring note of wrong; For surly storms of winter again have flown away, And earth is all transfigured in the glory of the May, With her being full of rapture and a songful beat of rhyme. What is there like her gladness in the apple-blooming time? —Benjamin F. Leggett.

ALL AT ONCE.

All at once the leaves have opened, All at once the flowers have bloomed, All at once has Nature spoken, And earth's breath is sweet perfumed.

All at once the birds are mating— See them in each leafy tree Eagerly the home nests building, Singing roundelay and glee.

Flora and her flowers fairies Revel now in each parterre, Elfins' sylvan haunts are laden With wild blossoms rich and rare, Grass grows in the sunshine mel-low, Children romp now, wild and free; Spring shines in their laughing faces Spring is beautiful to see!

Courage, sad hearts! Winter's over, Joys may with the spring be born, Let no dark, no doubting shadow Mar God's bright Spring days with scorn.

All at once, like inspiration, Let this thought give perfect rest: He who wisely rules the seasons, For our welfare knoweth best.

THE WORK OF GOD.

Write on my grave when I am dead, Whatever road I trod, That I admired and honored The wondrous works of God; That all the days and years I had, The longest and the least, Ever with grateful heart and glad I sat me to a feast. That not alone for body's meat, Which takes the lowest place, I gave him thanks when I did eat, And with a shining face, But for the spirit filled and fed, That else must waste and die, With sun and stars for daily bread, And dew and evening sky. The beauty of the hills and seas Were in her drinking cup, And when she went by fields and trees, Her eyes were lifted up. Lay me in the green grass and say, "Below this velvet sod Lies one who praised through all her day The wondrous works of God." —Katherine Tynan.

Our Immigrants. A Correspondent Gives Views on Dangers Which Beset New Settlers.

The following letter we reprint from the New Freeman, (St. John, N.B.) bearing upon a very important issue of the moment.

Mr. Editor—For the past three years I have been a constant reader of your paper. The New Freeman and I must say that the managers deserve the thanks and congratulations of the Catholics of this Western World for the fund of general information contained in it, and also for the learned manner so many articles deal with. The paper, although still in its infancy, has caught the popular fancy, and there is no doubt but a large field of usefulness is before it.

However, it is not to tell you, Mr. Editor, what good work you are doing that I write, because that fact is apparent to all, but to say a word or two in favor of a movement that has lately been inaugurated by your paper, the importance of which strikes me very forcibly, and if the lines laid down by you be followed, the manifold blessings to be derived cannot be estimated. I allude to the Catholic "Immigration Movement." Why such a length of time should be allowed to pass, without some such steps having been taken for the safeguarding of so many thousands of Catholics coming into the Dominion yearly, is something that I cannot understand. However, there is no use in finding fault with the past. It is the present and the future that concerns us and now that you have instituted this work, I would say, let particulars of it be sent broadcast so that ere long the "chain of communication" shall extend from St. John to Vancouver. I have no figures at hand now to show the great number of people who came west during the past fifty years. I cannot attempt to make an estimate, but certainly the exodus from the Old World hither was enormous.

A very large percentage was Catholic, which, through our shortsightedness, was allowed to come and settle "ad libitum" in any place that chance threw in their way, without any attention whatever being paid to the class or condition of people these pioneer Catholics went amongst. We cannot say how many of these, especially the young, fell victims to the agencies of other denominations, ever on the alert. Let us hope the number is small, but this is a great deal to expect where so many temptations and allurements are to be met with on every side, and the dangers should be at once removed. There is always the fear of the youth drifting into non-Catholic centres, and becoming lukewarm, or perhaps losing the faith altogether.

So under these conditions it is time for us to be up and doing. The example is given us by other denominations who are always on the watch. No time should be lost in linking up the "Chain of communication" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and thus forming a protecting agency for the Catholic immigrant. In order for this movement to take a practical shape, I think agencies should be established in every seaport town, on the other side of the Atlantic, which agencies would be in constant communication with similar ones on this side. The immigrant, say leaving Liverpool, would have his instructions to meet the agent at St. John, who would give him all the necessary directions. What a relief this would be to the stranger to know that he was coming among friends, to be assured that religious consolation was to be met with everywhere en route and to feel that his employment and surroundings would not be injurious to his faith. This matter should be taken hold of by every Catholic society on the continent, and both collectively and individually the members should leave no stone unturned to make it a success. The immediate direction and control should be left to the clergy, with whom the societies should co-operate. Our associations are composed of men in many cases of wealth and position in the country, and I would here remind these gentlemen that some of the influence they possess should be enrolled towards obtaining suitable employment for the Catholic immigrant. They, from their position in the social and industrial world, could very easily do this, thereby tending towards the moral and material progress of desirable citizens and thus also do a little toward Empire building by furthering that great imperial policy that is to-day the admiration of the world.

All our societies were instituted for moral and material advancement and we should not be content with being "Turkey carpet warriors" who sit around club room fires." There is some other aim in life besides pandering to our own comfort and enjoyment, and now is very opportune time to exert ourselves, and thus leave "footprints on the sands of time." Another way that the movement may be helped out is by the circulation of Catholic papers and books. This business should be done in a business-like way. There is no occasion to do it in the dark, nothing about it to be ashamed of. Nothing in it to hide. Get out your advertisements. Let our societies get active and have deputations from them meet the immigrant and supply him with good wholesome literature. Place your railway car on street car and hotel from Halifax to Victoria, and let the world know

that the "Catholic chain of communications" is complete. Too long has a matter of such importance to us been allowed to go by. If you like—allow others the monopoly of this business. Let us now open our eyes to the immigrant question, and take the place that is ours by right. No reason at all why we should be brushed aside or lion a second place on this question. We are not of yesterday, and certainly will be there when that ruins of London Bridge, and our aim now should be to further the "Catholic Immigration Movement." READER.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE SUMMER COMPLAINTS

Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in every home where there are infants and young children, and at first sign of illness during the hot summer months they should be given to the little one. At no time of the year is baby in such danger as in summer. Summer complaint comes on so quickly that unless prompt aid is at hand the little one may be beyond help in a few hours. The Tablets never fail to relieve the sick child, and if occasionally given to the well child they will keep him well. Mrs. P. Laroche, Les Fonds, Que., says: "Last summer my baby suffered terribly from stomach and bowel troubles, but the prompt use of Baby's Own Tablets saved his medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bird's Take Refuge at St. Bernard's Monastery.

Never, probably, in all their history did the "pious monks of St. Bernard" have so numerous and so strange a company of guests in their famous ashpit as they had in short time ago, when thousands of swallows on their way north for the summer were met by a violent snow-storm. The birds settled upon the hospice and flocked by thousands into its guest chambers, the monks' cells, the kitchen, and even the chapel, remaining there until the storm had subsided, when they resumed their flight. Some of the monks were shocked at seeing the chapel altar converted into a resting place for birds, but memories of St. Francis of Assisi induced complacence and assent.

The Scapular and the Medal.

(Southern Messenger.) The permission for the wearing of a medal as a substitute for a scapular, which we announced last week, has occasioned inquiry in some quarters as to the value and meaning of the scapular. There are, it appears, some ill-informed people—let us hope they are few—who imagine that the wearing of a scapular, or a medal replacing it, will save them from sudden death and even save their souls, as it were, by mechanical process, and independently of the dispositions in which they may be when they die. No good Catholic holds such an opinion as this. It is not in any such ill-founded trust that the true value of the scapular lies; nor even, perhaps, is it chiefly to be esteemed as a means of gaining many indulgences, though these, of course, are by no means to be despised.

Its truest value, for some of us, at least, may lie in this: that it may serve us as a reminder, now of the day of death and of judgment toward which we are hastening; and then of happy days, perchance long gone by, of days when our love of Mary was yet fresh and tender; a reminder that in the intercession of Mary, the Refuge of Sinners, there is yet hope for us, however widely we may have wandered astray in the meanwhile. But, please God, we may not need in that last hour to look back over an interval of squandered years; there may be no such break of continuity in our lives; it may be we shall not need that reminder at the hour of death; and that we may not need it then, it is well that our scapular or medal should serve as a daily reminder to us now, to make the intervening years a fitting preparation for that hour.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.

There is a man and woman losing sleep at night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and soothing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbances, worry or nervousness, lead to this state, and the nervous system, that it cannot be helped.

Miss Calvin Clark, Ramoth, Ont., writes: "About two years ago I began to be troubled with a sleepless condition at night, when I would lie down, I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my eyes, they would become so much. My doctor said my heart and nerves were out of order, and he gave me a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and in ten days I was able to sleep again. I have since used them several times, and they have always done me good. I have since used them several times, and they have always done me good. I have since used them several times, and they have always done me good."

Com St. Gabri

For all who movement exer... the Academy of the senior grad... limited pleasur... The stage was ed, and never... cluster round av... this occasion. The students admirably of the but of course al... terested in the read essays whic... composition and thing to be des... bouquets present... reading testified of their friends. The choruses, and "The Grad... well sustained... training. Each music was an ex... of expression and ish rarely displa... still more se... The reading of reflected much cr... on the young ried out the eloq... satisfactorily. T... sent may well b... girls. The Minims hel... raptures as they to the gay musi... tainly "A Joy" w... were enchanted singing and spea... the "sweet girl... they addressed an... offered their rich... Graduating hon... and crowns were M. Collins, of M... Hayes, of Los... Miss J. Gordon... commercial diplo... Laurent College t... Diplomats for penn... ed by the A. N... following young... Collins, K. Hayes... O'Brien, A. Merri... Gordon and H. M... and certificates of... minion College of... fered on Misses J... Carthy, A. Arnst... and F. Miller. At the close of Very Rev. Canon... mented the pupil... ful programme, a... a pleasant vatic... clergy present w... Canon O'Meara, R... Rev. A. Cullen, R... Rev. M. P. Reid;... Hubert and Sever... promoters of educ... Most beautiful a... were donated by O'Meara, Rev. Th... A. Conroy, Dr... Agric, physician, O'Grady, coal m... Hayes, lawyer; W... O'Brien, J. Rodm... Dr. Cameron, New... lon, Plattsburg. THE HONO... Prize for Christi... sented by Rev. Car... tained by Miss J... mention, Miss M... Prize for excellen... Mr. E. O'Grady, a... Collins. Prize for lady-like... sented by Dr. B... day to Miss K. Hay... Commercial prize... J. Redmond, awar... O'Brien. First prize for... by W. M. Hayes, a... J. Gordon. Prize for penman... presented by Mr... awarded to Miss A... Prize for history... Mr. W. J. Hinphy, M. Collins, Honorab... K. Hayes. Prize for general... sented by Mr. J... ed to Miss M. Himp... Prize for science... B. J. A. Bombard... K. Hayes, Honorab... J. Gordon. Prize for arithm... presented by Dr. C... to Miss M. Collins... Gold medal present... lon, awarded to... for instrumental m... Prize for rhetoric... awarded to Miss K... able mention, Miss... Prize for domestic... mented, Miss M. H... mention, Miss M. H... Prize for reading... awarded to Miss S... able mention, Miss... Prize for book-keep... Miss M. Hinphy. SEVENTH... Prize for Christi... Church History, pr... Canon O'Meara, a... Gibbon, Honorab... N. O'Brien. Prize for excellen... friend, awarded to... Prize for lady-like... ed by teachers and... Mullins. Prize for book-keep... Miss N. O'Brien. Prize for French... H. McGarvey. Miss A. Armstrong. Prize for music... Miss J. Knox. Miss K. Mullins. Prize for... Prize for...

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 ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST NOT
 ACCEPTED.

**IN vain will you build churches,
 give missions, found schools—
 all your works, all your efforts will
 be destroyed if you are not able to
 wield the defensive and offensive
 weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
 olic press.**

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage
 this excellent work.

PAUL,
 Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1910.

FRENCH CANADA'S DAY.

Last Friday was the feast of St. John the Baptist, and, as usual, our French-Canadian friends celebrated that national holiday of theirs with an enthusiasm which only a nation or nationality of honest men and women is capable.

What a difference between France and French Canada! The former a long-suffering nation ruled by demon-souled madmen; the latter strong, earnest, vigorous, virtuous, ambitious, with a tomorrow all of hope and glorious triumph awaiting it. And still there are good men and women, millions of them, in France. With all her faults and weaknesses she can still give the Church and the world its best missionaries and the fullest purse for work in fields remote from comfort and enjoyment. May she fully rise again, and may she yet lead the world again! France gave America the French-Canadians, and that is another reason why we must pray for her, and for the early triumph of the Church within its confines—as in the days of old.

Where are the peers of the French-Canadians in the world? Has America a purer, truer, stronger and more earnest people? Their ideals have made them what they are, and it is no wonder the devil is urging on the frenzied zealots who wish to pervert them. But all in vain, however! The French-Canadians cannot be won from God and the truth, for they are a moral people for whom the Sixth Commandment is utterly sacred.

Not theirs, in very truth, the wicked ideals of divorce and race suicide. They are giving Canada big families and strong of mind and body. Such a people shall never be kept in abeyance to vice and dereliction; they shall spread over the land and become the rulers thereof.

At times elements of discord—human elements—give rise to little differences of policy between us and our French-Canadian brethren; but, in spite of a thousand such differences we cannot afford to be disunited. Let us sally our Catholic ranks, stand as a unit for our religious rights, and trample all petty trifles under our heel. May French Canada continue strong and successful for the greater glory of God and religion.

THE BORROMEO ENCYCLICAL.

It is dangerous to speak of rope, or even of twine, in the presence of a hanged one's son or fourth cousin. Thus, when, the other day, the Holy Father alluded in his latest encyclical to the errors of Modernism, and the pernicious influence on nowa-

days life of those arch-hypocrites who revolted against the Church in Germany of the sixteenth century, the Protestants in the German House nearly went crazy. The great, or number of them are infidels the rest of the year. As bad as Luther was, he believed in the existence of his Supreme Judge, but those pagans of the Reichstag have got beyond that, Lutheranism, and even Methodism.

Let us hear Doctor Lambert, in the N.Y. Freeman's Journal: "As we go to press the text of the latest Encyclical from Pius X, dated May 26, comes to hand. As there is no time to translate it for this issue, we give a summary of it which appears in Osservatore Romano of May 26. The Holy Father begins with a synthesis of the acts of his Pontificate. After stating that he took for his motto: 'The restoration of all things in Christ,' he points out that in other encyclicals on the Immaculate Virgin, on Saint Gregory the Great, on Saint Chrysostom, and on Saint Anselm, he called attention to models illustrating how 'the restoration of all things in Christ' could be accomplished. He adds that on the present occasion he presents for consideration the example of Saint Charles Borromeo, who is a model of a true reformer battling against the false reformation of the sixteenth century. As a vigilant guardian of the faith, he displayed great zeal for the religious instruction of the faithful, employing for this purpose competent teachers of the most able and able preachers; as an energetic and effective restorer of discipline, he recommended frequent recourse to the sacraments; in his character of an apostle, he displayed unbounded charity for the faithful, looking after their spiritual as well as temporal interests; finally, in the same character, he maintained a respectful but firm attitude during the persecutions waged by the civil authorities. 'The Encyclical then adds that Catholics and their bishops will earn the eulogy bestowed upon Saint Charles Borromeo, if they hold themselves aloof alike from those who promote rebellion and riots, and from those who with abject servility receive as sacrosanct the legal enactments of men openly impious and perverse who, under the false name of liberty, are imposing tyranny of the most oppressive kind, and are travelling on the road that leads to anarchy. Hence it comes that before the whole world the powers of darkness have trampled under foot the rights of the sons of the Church and have extinguished in the rulers all sentiments of generosity, of nobility and of faith—and this too, in a country the sons of which formerly gloried in these sentiments. Wherever hatred of God and of the Church gains the upper hand, there is a complete retrogression and society tends to revert to the species of barbarism which existed under that form of liberty known to the ancients, which in reality was the cruel yoke of serfdom from which mankind was liberated only by the Church and her teachings.

"Other important passages in the Encyclical are a comparison between the reformers of the 16th century and the latter day Modernists who are to be combated by using similar means to those adopted by Saint Charles Borromeo; a protest against laicised or Godless schools; the importance and necessity of confession and communion as aids for the leading of a good moral life; a renewal of the recommendation in regard to frequent communions."

LEST WE FORGET.

Montrealers know all the good wrought by the Catholic Sailors' Club at our own port. Those who presided at its institution placed the seal of predestination on their brow and soul and heart. We forget, however, how keenly old Quebec was interested in the welfare of the seamen that came to its port, in the prosperous shipping days long gone—notwithstanding the stories about "crimping" that appeared in a local daily ten years since.

And so, many, very many moons ago, they had picturesque little Diamond Harbor Chapel in the very heart of Quebec's port, and among the truest-hearted portion of an Irish parish (St. Patrick's) that it has ever been Canada's luck to possess. Those were days of hope, days of prosperity, days that give Quebec a new romance altogether different from the things that went before, but that have caused her to be known in every part of the world and to be tenderly remembered by ten times two million hearts.

For years did Father McCarthy, C.S.S.R., now dead, have charge of that good old chapel; while skippers in number as good as ever faced a storm, and sailors as gallant as ever crossed the sea, hundreds of them, assisted at Holy Mass on summer Sundays in Diamond Harbor, returning for the week's work, endurance and temptations better men and stronger.

The Anglicans, too, attended to their own good people. Their little Mariners' Chapel is there yet, to tell Quebec of better days gone (and to come), and to haunt the people, or the returned exile, with memories of the past that are hushed but after some tears. Old Canon Richardson was its incumbent for a long time, a good, pious, gentle, and edifying

clergyman. He is dead, too, and one would have to think more kindly of Anglicanism with its failures for having known him.

Legions of Swedish and Norwegian sailors saw Quebec—and did not die! They went home and are to be thanked by the government, for having done its best work along the lines of advertisement. They, too, had a church, the "Scandinaviske Kertke," the best building of the three. As they were Lutherans, they of course did not bother very much with religion. Their church is now the Sarsfield A.A. Hall. Let us hope Ireland will secure Scandinavia for the Church in the bargain.

They did not forget the sailors' interests of soul in Old Quebec. The late Mr. McNamee, who gave Montreal its Catholic Sailors' Club, was once a Quebecer.

FELICITATIONS.

We heartily felicitate His Worship the Mayor and the Board of Control for the determined action they have taken in the matter of that dreadful sacrilege in St. Michael's Church. Then it is with pleasure we praise Division No. 2, A.O.H., Board of Erin, for the serious work they are doing along the same lines.

It is a matter of blood-honor for the Irish Catholics of Montreal to run the criminal or criminals, down. As we said last week, let us leave no stone unturned until we find the demons connected with the outrage! Let there be organization, and let us see to it that the whole territory be thoroughly covered and controlled!

It will never do to let the fiends escape the just punishment due them. The Board of Control had just reason to feel surprised, and so had the Mayor, that so little had been done to secure the guilty parties to a week or more since.

Again let us hope the sacrilegious scamp, or scamps, will get all human justice can give them! No. 2, A.O.H., Board of Erin, deserves the greatest credit.

BY WHAT RIGHT?

The Bandsmen of the 48th Highlanders' Regiment in Toronto have already, and in uniform, helped the Orangemen to celebrate the Glorious Twelfth! But by what right may they do so? Paragraph 875 of the "King's Regulations and Orders for the Canadian Militia," plainly says: "Bandsmen, when in uniform, are forbidden to institute or take part in meetings, demonstrations, or processions for party or political purposes." Is there one rule for the Bandsmen of the 48th Highlanders and another for the rest of the men? If the Orange Order is not a party, and Canada's most pestilential one, what then is it?

Paragraph 1294 is there, too. It says: "The wearing of any unauthorized ornament or emblem, when in uniform, is forbidden, unless express permission has been granted. The wearing of a sprig of shamrock in the headdress by Irishmen of all ranks, on St. Patrick's Day, is authorized." Did the Bandsmen of the 48th always live up to that order? Are they going to play "Kick the Pope" this year again, in full and open disgrace to the Highland costume?

"THE NATIONAL CHURCH"

"Anglo-Roman" wants the editor of this paper to believe the Anglican sect is Canada's National Church; but before he could succeed in that we should have to lose our mind, become a Baptist, or waste a dollar a year on the Presbyterian Record, not to speak of taking the Methodists seriously.

True, we are aware of the fact that, as Dr. L. Silliman Ives (himself once an Episcopal bishop, and later a convert to the Catholic Church) says, "by Act of Parliament the religious belief of every Englishman was laid at the king's feet"; and yet we hold a certain sincere and abiding respect for Anglicanism. We could not help respecting such thorough Christian gentlemen as Archbishop Hamilton, Bishops Farthing, Dunn, Baldwin, Richardson, and His Missionary Lordship of Moosonee. We cannot see any sense, however, in the claim Anglicans lay to the title of "Canada's National Church."

To begin with, Anglicanism no longer rules in England. Were it disestablished to-morrow, it could not hold even third place, with effect; and, then, in Canada what a tale of grief! Anglicanism is high dead in the Maritime Provinces; it exercises no real influence in either Quebec or Ontario; while, even if it is making efforts in the remote West, it is too far behind in the sectarian race to effect anything very drastic or even truly serious.

Anglicanism is too cultured to compete with the allegedly evangeli-

cal bodies. It is harmed from within by a certain Low element, whose Pope is the ridiculous Sam Blake, and the result is that hundreds are thus led, by lanes and cross-roads, into the meanest paths and passes of the joke-sects. No missionary spirit, either.

We were truly grieved to see what scant respect Bishop Dunn's synod paid him in the matter of choosing a co-adjutor for him. If the laymen of that Synod really believed in the efficacy of prayer to the Holy Ghost, as contained, for instance, in the opening "Veni Creator," they would not have acted as they did. Anglicanism is a weak structure; it holds too many elements of disintegration (e.g., the makeup of its synods), to ever be able to aspire to the title of National Church in any free country.

UTTER DISCOMFITURE.

What do Ritualistic Anglican ministers think of the Accession Oath? They have to admit that England's king is head of their church, in one way or the other. Any excuse from the necessity of this rule would not hold good even in the case of American Episcopalians.

Now many, even hundreds, of these Ritualists believe in what they call the Real Presence, which presupposes the fact of Transubstantiation, and yet the head of their church declares such belief idolatrous! Where is their logic, their common honesty with themselves? Do they not see, as Cardinals Newman and Manning, Faber, Benson, Father Paul, Sargent, etc. (ad inf.) saw, that, in view of such blatant contradiction, Anglicanism is an absurd system?

If the head of the Anglican communion were really God's appointed representative in church matters, and did he owe his prerogatives to the Holy Spirit of God, how could he blaspheme what those Ritualists deem utterly sacred? If they are sincere, how can they cling to such ignoble contradictions. The spiritual head of their church is, likewise, the spiritual head of an altogether different sect, Presbyterianism, an Anglican in England and a champion of the Kirk, when in Scotland! Oh, the insolent folly of it all! Where does Anglican logic come in?

Furthermore, those good Ritualists pray to the Mother of God and to the other saints, a practice declared as damnable by the head of their church, by the Book of Common Prayer, and in many a pious Anglican homily and treatise (attempts at) of theology, which all combined, likewise, blaspheme Holy Mass! And they call themselves Catholics; they hold requiem celebrations of the Holy Eucharist (?) and declare they are a living branch of Catholicism.

As commonplace as the Baptists surely are, they are not the victims of such utter contradiction. We cannot, for the life of us, see how a Ritualist may logically reason out his situation of conscience to himself. It is not surprising that hundreds of Anglican ministers have come over to the Church especially in the last seventy-five years. Logic is the worst foe of Anglicanism. Nor is it any wonder that so many Church of England ministers are mere Agnostics. They are utterly at bay. They do not know what to believe, and so, they believe in nothing.

LITTLE APRONS IN THE AIR.

Our friends, the four score and sixteen little men of "La Loge de l'Emancipation" are in sorry straits just now, for a certain Mr. Lemieux is surrendering them into public holding and confidence. As another result of Mr. Lemieux's book with its revelations there are rumors of lawsuits which will not, in any likelihood, come to maturity. It is pretty hard on a brood of snakes, if you undertake to banish them from their nest, and "les émancipés" cannot be expected to look an honest man straight in the face.

Just why any individuals should want to give us the ideals of Freemasonic France, we fail to understand, unless we return to the old explanation whose philosophy begins with violations of the Sixth Commandment. Mr. Lemieux is seemingly well armed with documents, proofs, and illustrations, and some puny hypocrites know that killing evidence is awaiting the public. One of the noble brethren, a doctor, openly declares his membership in the ugly Lodge, and his confession neither adds to, nor subtracts from, the idea and opinion we had already formed of both himself and his progress.

But there are those in "La Loge" who have used honest appearances to screen their evil deeds. They feel a load is going to crush them, with the wonted results as far as our nostrils are concerned. The trouble

with most of them is over-swelling of the head. They are not men, and never knew what manhood could mean. They marched around college yards with their hands in their pockets, but were never good adepts at the honest games that go to build up a man's body and keep him faithful to the principles of brute morality at least. Then, those fellows, as a rule, are taken too seriously by people who should know better. Most of "les émancipés" do not want either logic or reason; they want to be considered free-thinkers by men of renown, and be spoken of as men of deep study; but if all such free-thinkers once agreed to keep the Sixth Commandment, their free thought would vanish into thin air. They are too well encouraged! They should not be admitted to any self-respecting institution.

We hope Mr. Lemieux will do all the honest damage he possibly can do "les émancipés." Hundreds of our readers will do well to buy his book. We shall give it notice in due time, and deal with "La Loge de l'Emancipation."

THEY MUST HAVE CARRION.

Some of the dailies, even in Canada, are now serving up gross tales of alleged immorality in the Russian monasteries of the Greek Orthodox Church; but the salacious morsels receive such comment and careful handling from the author of them. "Kajetan Dunbar," that many non-Catholics will be led to believe he is dealing with institutions under the direction of our own Church.

We hold no brief for the Czar's schism, and yet we venture to say that "Kajetan Dunbar" has called upon his depraved imagination to help him in his mean work. Meanwhile, certain dailies are pleased to have half a chance of insulting Catholics and of casting their slime on monasteries and nunneries. There are thousands of people in the world who, in spite of a little intellectual training, lead base, dishonest and immoral lives. Depraved as they are they cannot understand how decent men and women can lead holy lives of willing celibacy for God's sake, in religious institutions. A buzzard may feed on carrion, but other birds are more particular!

Again we say that we hold no brief for the institutions of the Greek Orthodox Church, and yet "Kajetan Dunbar's" tales are simply another manifestation of slander against Russia, slander got up by the Jews and helped on by the Associated Press.

The Greek Orthodox Church, like Protestantism, may be said by some to be a branch of Christianity, but it still remains true that branches hardly thrive, when away from the trunk of the tree, for a long time. They soon, under conditions like that, become very uncomfortable both for the palate and the nostrils. Even if what "Kajetan Dunbar" says were true, what good purpose can foul dailies see in offering dingy reading-matter to their subscribers? The only reason the most intelligent ones among their editors can have, is to shed slime on the Church in an indirect way; for as the vast majority of Protestants know nothing about true Christianity, the editors know that such people can easily be led to believe that what is said of the Czar's schism is true of Christ's One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

TORONTO INFIDELS.

Through the daily press,—they air all their follies and doctrines in public,—we learn that clerical professors in Toronto Methodist and Baptist seminaries are publicly declared to be teachers of rampant infidelity, by men of their own cloth; while the Christianity of a Presbyterian preacher and professor was nearly assailed at the Halifax General Assembly. And yet these are the people who want to curse Quebec with a false Gospel? The preachers saved the fellows' necks in each of the three cases, and then they have the uncommon hardihood to declare themselves of Christ! What hypocrisy and what wanton cheek! But, evidently, their hearers, as Mr. Barnum would say, want to be humbugged. Especially is this true of rich congregations. A preacher is no longer looked upon as worthy of admiration in fashionable Protestant circles, unless he can write a book of semi-infidelistic cast and teaching compiled and fully gathered from translations of the leading German rationalists. Let the Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians use their noses in their own Augean Stables before they profess to pervert Quebec. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia gave the Presbyterians a sound lesson in Halifax. They deserved it, too. It will teach the local assembly of Presbyterians not to criticize the Governor again.

And, in fact, our readers will remember that last fall the Presbyterians of the Maritime Provinces, through their delegates, and through the funny preacher Pringle, particularly, undertook to regulate meals in the Nova Scotia Government House. They spent their theology discussing keyhole morality, and reporting on the way guests of the Lieutenant-Governor had fared. Pringle, who has a grievance against the Liberals, made himself peculiarly bothersome. Readers had to wallow through columns at a time in their dailies to avoid gossip-trash of the kind to which we refer. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia was glad to get a whack in return at all the glorious Fathers of Presbyterianism in Canada. He hit the right nail square on the head, when, in full assembly, he told them that laymen—they are all laymen, however,—were sick and tired listening to "Higher Crickets" in the pulpit. Give us the Gospel, he said; but we are afraid that, as a result of the Assembly, the Governor will have to listen to more tommy-rot sermons. Preachers make poor Bible scholars.

THE POLICE.

Leaders among that class of United States people whose descendants believe in race suicide, were wont in their day to pity the Irish for the number of policemen they could show; but Wendell Phillips was forced to declare his respect for a people who could provide safe and stalwart guardians for a city while its citizens slept. Each one is welcome to buy his own turpentine!

The other day, in New York, two thousand brainy and brave policemen marched down Fifth Avenue, and into St. Patrick's Cathedral, to assist at the memorial service for the departed heroes of the police force. They were nearly all men of Irish blood, and God bless the race morality that can show such men of sane minds and strong body; while others must buy ribbons for poodles or content themselves with a stunted soldiery!

New York is a big place and, in sections, a bad place, the Bowery by no means the worst; but New York has a police force, a true, real, efficient police force.

Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's, struck the right note in his welcome to the men: "We recognize in you the guardians of the peace, order, and prosperity of our city. If you are conscientious, you are doing work along the same lines as the Church. . . . You reach those who turn a deaf ear to our appeal—who transgress so seriously that they are a menace to the community and to the state. Your duty is fraught with pain yet rife with practical Christianity."

Those are noble words of Monsignor Lavelle, and the New York policemen in numbers deserve them. But we have good policemen, too; not enough, however, and not sufficiently paid for their work. Our dailies injure them by ridiculing them, but nine-tenths of them are good men, in spite of the dailies.

For the life of us, we cannot understand why the policemen of the United States and of Canada, notwithstanding their organizations, are so patient with those dailies that are continually publishing caricatures of their person and uniform. Have they no fighting blood in their veins? Those dailies are continually insulting policemen, the chiefs meet, and the same state of affairs continues. Perhaps some chiefs are glad to see their men ridiculed. It may help discipline of a kind. That is an old view in other departments of service as well. Wake up!

Mexico has agreed to submit to arbitration the Chamizal Zone controversy, which arose over the boundary between the United States and Mexico, at El Paso, Texas. The details of the arbitration agreement will be formulated by Secretary Knox and Senor de la Barra in the near future. A Canadian jurist whose name is now widely mentioned, will, it is said, be the arbitrator. The dispute resulted from the shifting of the Rio Grande, leaving a large zone known as El Chamizal on the American side of the river, which Mexico claimed on the ground that it formerly belonged to that country. The Zone takes in the southern portion of the city of El Paso and contains about five thousand American inhabitants, who are hardly eager to become Mexicans. Its value has been estimated at \$5,000,000,—a small sum, were it for mercenary purposes in the foreign field.

The United Irish League in Toronto disgraced itself by being represented at Goldwin Smith's funeral. For goodness' sake, get sense!

Echoes

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Echoes and Remarks.

No wonder Rev. Atlas spoke of "Holy Donkeys." Look at how many asses he haltered—and they took him for a lion!

Constant Reader.—No; Rev. Jeffries's whiskers are longer than Dr. Sproule's, but are simply good in comedy; they are not available for the purposes of angling.

A judge in Minnesota has decided that one man libels another if he says that he wouldn't touch him with a ten-foot pole, and labels him, we suppose, with a shillelagh.

Sugar-coated Catholicism could never give us a Newman, a Manning, a Faber, a Marshall—they were strong-minded, even if sparks are pretty and are the flowers of the chimney.

Whenever you hear a young man devoid of mustache express opinions savoring of irreligion, impiety, or "Higher Cricketism," get him to keep the Sixth Commandment, and he will admire the schoolmen.

A big Esperanto conference is to be held at Washington shortly. Esperanto is up against this difficulty, that while its disciples are, in the main, faithful, they invariably backslide into Anglo-Saxon when putting up the stovepipes.

"European Jacobins, revolutionists," says Brownson, "conspiring openly or secretly against all legitimate authority, whether in Church or State, have no lot or part in the victory of the American people." Some Canadians deny that, but they are not representative.

"The most useful man in society is he who neither curses bad, nor jolly prays for good fortune, but who proceeds with a resolute heart and a determined will to make his way to success."—C. Donovan, M. A.

Neither France, Spain, nor Italy could ever have been meant to be run by parliaments. It is not in them. The three of them should be ruled by czars with a million Labrador whips at their disposal—entirely reserved for home enjoyment.

They will hardly have another circus in New York this summer: the Teddy Roosevelt reception was too "glorious!" We wonder if Roosevelt, in his lucid moments, ever realizes the truth of his ways and doings. Don Quixote is now only second-rate.

Money, money, money, money! Those sects are always talking money for their foreign missions, etc! Money is not religion. Money, money, money, money! Money to damn the Ruthenians, pervert the Italians, slander the Church, and upset governments!

The Japs are beginning to find out that the Methodists and Presbyterian mercenaries who are preaching the Gospel in Korea all for the greater glory of Uncle Sam, are simply fuss-makers. The Japs are intelligent. Why did they not see a right years ago? Can't they know a fraud when they see one?

This Rev. Speer, the Protestant preacher who is slandering the South American Catholics, will, in all likelihood, end his mercenary endeavors after a fashion somewhat akin to the apotheosis of "Holy Donkey" Atlas. How do these preachers expect to see God face to face during all eternity—those of them like Speer?

Big resolutions will not suffice. Nor shall any Catholic organization lay claim to leadership, while hundreds of its members in other parts do not attend to their Easter duty. All is not done either when the clergy are royally roasted at smoking and gossip sessions. If we want to crush such snakes as "les emancipés," for instance, we shall have to use our feet.

Judge Lindsay, of the Juvenile court scheme, means to care for children of all ages. He has accused the Chancellor of Denver University of granting degrees at the dictation of political bosses. This procedure may explain why there are so many ignorant B.A.'s abroad, and such a legion of D.D.'s!

Hearst's papers are accusing Roosevelt in all ways and manners; William Randolph says that Theodore Uristas has too much cheek. The same is true of every bear, and, then, Hearst himself has as much cheek as there was in the jawbone of the ass with which Samson slew the Philistines.

While reading some of the words pronounced in a funeral eulogy over a faithful Anglican's life and death,

we again noticed that learned Anglican ministers cannot help implicitly admitting the truth of Purgatory. If "purification" and prayers for another's welfare with God signify anything at all,—and, of course, they do—they plainly hint at the Minister's belief in something like Purgatory.

A few doughty evangelical (?) champions among the small number of Protestant deputies in the German House want the German representative at the Vatican called home because the Holy Father, in his encyclical on St. Charles Borromeo, said that Luther had sapped the foundations of the Christian religion. Let them read history and then hunt for snails!

We wonder how it is that nothing complimentary is said about either Editor Hocken, his Sentinel, or the Orangemen in general at either a Methodist conference or a Presbyterian General Assembly. Are the ministers ashamed of their church brethren? Strange, too, that Dr. Sproule, Col. Sam Hughes, and Ed-

"If people wish to escape from the secularized pulpit," says the Sacred Heart Review, "they will have to come into the Catholic Church. The average Protestant preacher finds it very difficult to refrain from preaching politics, or economics, or estheticism, or culture, or any other old thing, so long as it is not the Gospel." Things are a little better in Canada, but in New York! New York! Any man who would go to one-half of the United States Protestant churches to hear the Gospel, would go astray.

Our modern physicians, freak-professors, and scientists, are going from bad to worse, as could be expected. One of them is frank, at least, and gives us a hint as to how the University of Chicago (and others) are winning fame. Thus, just as we are recovering from the comet scare, Dr. C. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Michigan, starts Boston with the prediction that, in 265 years, the whole world will be one vast lunatic asylum! Why 265, rather than 250 or 275 may be explained when the full text of the speech is published.

Why say the Germans are at a new game on the score of preparedness for war? The Kaiser is being slandered by the British press. In 1860, that is fifty years ago, this very month, Napoleon III. was very much annoyed by Prussia's evident determination of getting ready for war, and as long as all nations are busy at that kind of work, there shall be but few wars. Irritated by the selfsame policy of Prussia, and the consequent demand of nearly \$7,000,000 for military purposes, made of Prussia's legislators and people, the French Government sent a note to Berlin requesting explanations. The answer was delayed until 1870.

Montreal is not obliged to borrow heroes. Our readers of the city and our citizens in general, remember—it was only a few days since—how earnestly Fathers Martin and Elliott worked and sacrificed themselves in the hours of the Herald disaster. That was a very good sermon the courageous priests preached; but do not expect our local dailies to properly notice any heroism on the part of a priest! Where were the zealous preachers of the sects? At any rate, our priests do not work for men. Again, we are willing to find flaws in our firemen, but we are blind to their merits. It is a good job for us that some of our citizens have heroic blood.

It is too bad that so many of Roosevelt's admirers so easily forget his preachments on race suicide, infidelity, the need of religion, justice, and what not. Of course, error and folly have at their service prejudice, the passions, the grand conspiracy of the eighteenth century sophists, and the distrust and misunderstandings which came in the train of a revolution as deep in thought as in fact. With all his faults Roosevelt believes in Christ and His Gospel—and that is more than we can say of some of the ministers who praised him to the skies over his lack of good breeding while in Rome. Both Roosevelt and Fairbanks will put hornets' nests in Methodist prayer-clothes yet.

A preacher—not Jasper Johnson—thinks it clever to cast little aspersions on the Church just because a number of criminals sentenced to death join the Church. Now, if ever that good man gets a call to grace the scaffold, he, too, will understand that, in the dreadful hour of capital punishment, a man feels the want of some serious religious help and succor. For the time being,

that preacher might recall the fact that our Saviour made a Catholic out of the dying thief at his right. For a change, too, let him read the Gospels, and ask himself why our Lord came upon earth at all. We hope that even the preacher himself will not die before we get a chance of converting him to the Gospel.

OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY.

Mr. W. W. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration for the Dominion of Canada, has written us requesting us to deal editorially with certain phases of the immigration question as it affects the attitude taken by the Canadian Government in the matter. The action on Mr. Scott's part, under the Government, is a further proof for us that the Laurier administration means to govern Canada intelligently and constitutionally. Czars do not like advice, but countries or communities ruled by czars are weak and tottering.

"I would consider it a favor," says Mr. Scott, "if you would deal editorially in your paper with the two regulations above referred to, so that your opinion may be used in placing the consensus of Canadian opinion on this question before the reading public of the British Isles."

The two regulations our honorable correspondent refers to are plainly set forth in the first paragraph of his letter, which reads as follows: "Numerous items appearing in the press of the British Isles, or cabled from there to the press of Canada, commenting unfavorably upon the present Canadian immigration regulations, have, doubtless, come to your notice, and you will have observed that criticism is being directed almost exclusively to two regulations; the first requiring immigrants coming to employment other than farm work, or in the case of females, to domestic service, to have in their possession at time of landing the sum of \$25.00, in addition to railway transportation to ultimate destination; the second providing that the consent to emigrate to Canada (required by law to be granted by the Assistant Superintendent of Emigration for Canada, in London, England, to such charity-aided emigrants as he considers suited to the country) shall be given only to such as are suited for, willing to accept, and have assured employment at farm work."

Now, let us remark that we are not at all surprised that there is strife, anger, and vexation in the British Isles. Up to a few years ago, many of the English judges considered Canada a good dumping-ground for criminals. We had welcomed hundreds of villains and scoundrels during years, when, under the Laurier administration, suddenly awakening to the fact that we are a nation (even if within a nation), we blantly told England to keep her good-for-nothings at home; while we made it plain to the rest of the world, as well, that we had decided to deal no longer in flesh and soul decayed. And here let us state that we are bound by the shackles of no political school, even if we know a gold medal when we see it.

There has to be some law and order plainly defined and strictly enforced in the matter of immigration as well as in all others. Every man is not admitted to a religious order, every man is not accepted for the work of the ministry; an employer does not give his work to the first comer, and even the humblest society of men will exact conditions of membership on the part of aspirants. Why, then, should there not be rule and law in so important a matter as immigration to our country? We want Canada a strong, sturdy, healthy, winning country, and so, we are only too glad when our government unmercifully refuses the spoiled remains of Europe admission to our fields and streets. Mistakes have been made, but we willingly believe that our Immigration department is not a party to either fraud, failure or tomfoolery.

But let us enumerate our remarks: 1. We believe the \$25.00 law is a good one even for the immigrant himself; 2. The farm-work idea of the Government is a good one. A visit to some of Montreal's down-town parks will convince anyone that it is; 3. The general run of immigrants who, in spite of their poverty, want the city, and not the country, have proved failures;

4. We want all criminals debarred 5. Canada cannot afford to be either a vast asylum for the insane or an hospital for the infirm, at Europe's or England's service; 6. The supposed converts of certain church organizations are, in vast number, only wily tricksters; 7. England has added considerably to our list of murderers;

8. A big fraction of the immigrants admitted to our shores, through false ideas of good nature, have proved a bane and curse for Canada; 9. We have too many unemployed

already in our own cities; 10. Even in England they are surprised to see how good natured we are on the score of immigration; 11. The general run of those who do not want farm work under Canadian conditions as to themselves and the country, are aimless and are eager for liquor and a good time only; 12. Any honest tradesman in England, if he is sober and industrious, can very easily fulfil the \$25.00 regulation.

We could add still more, but let us say that we are in practical agreement with the Government as to the policy it has adopted affecting the two points contested. Elsewhere in his letter Mr. Scott says: "A strong agitation is being carried on to have these regulations, which we consider necessary for the prevention of an influx of pauper immigration, abolished or altered."

Well, then, notwithstanding our thorough loyalty, we are the masters of our land and shores. It is Canada's right and duty to say who shall mingle with our citizens and share our existence. Just as we want no aimless fellows,—murderers, or other adepts in the European fine arts, from the Continent, so Canada must make it plain for the British Isles that we open or shut our doors just as we see fit, ever with justice and always with enlightened charity.

A BASE FORGERY.

Rome.—The indignation aroused among German Protestants by the recent encyclical issued by the Pope on the occasion of the tercentennial of the canonization of St. Charles Borromeo has led to the publication by clerical newspapers here of assertions that the text of the encyclical published in Germany was purposely falsified and differs greatly from the original."

Above is the text of a special cablegram to the New York Sun. It speaks for itself. Had it been sent to one of our Montreal papers its dress would have been altered. "When the conspirators against the truth," remarks Doctor Lambert, "the conspirators who have their headquarters in Rome, have the hardihood to falsify an encyclical it can readily be imagined how little scruple they will have in distorting ordinary Catholic news, in cases where their lies cannot be exposed so easily as can their latest attempt to make Pius X. say what he never thought of saying." Satan is the father of liars, and since lying is the argument used by the Church's enemies in every rank and department, it is plain we are on the side of truth. The warfare will continue, but the gates of Hell shall not prevail against the Church of Christ.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT.

Readers of the Star have often been privileged to read exquisite poems from the pen of Canon Frederick George Scott, rector of St. Matthew's Anglican Church, Quebec. We remember his excellent verses on the Wayside Crosses in the old French Province, as well as that noble tribute to Catholic nun-life, contained in his "Sister of Charity." "What is better, we have met Canon Scott face to face, and with us was Venerable Archdeacon Balfour. Two good men, those Anglican clergymen we name, rest assured.

We notice that lately the Star has been given us well chiselled little stones of precious value from the treasure-mine of St. Matthew's. The following is not the best of three we have seen, but it speaks a tongue which being translated voices the confession of an honest, clean and loving heart:

LOVE'S ETERNITY.
Between the stars the light waves
and on
Roll from the scenes of earth's
past history
Unto the margins of eternity.
No day is lost of all that ever shone
Each with its story into space hath
gone.
So that, to-night, some distant
world may see
Looking at earth, the Cross of
Calvary,
Or the green plain and camps at
Marathon.
Dear heart, whose life is woven into
mine,
Who art the light and music of my
days,
We move towards death, yet let us
have no fear;
If nothing dies, not even light's
faintest rays,
Sure that vast love which links my
soul with thine
Marks for eternity our union here.
Canon Scott is not at his best, by any means, in that poem, and yet just as it is, it is plain that he is not a "Della-Criscan," not even a

writer of Jubilee jingles. We do not rank Canon Scott with that vast school—university-of-nonsensical (when not infidelistic) preachers. No; for Canon Scott, Archdeacon Balfour, Dr. Robert Campbell, Dr. Sedgewick, Tatamagouche, N.S., Canon Ellegood, Rev. Arthur French, etc., we entertain but feelings of respect. We are sorry, however, that they are not of the household.

The poet-canon of St. Matthew's has strongly defined notions on ritualism; he is High with the Highest, and his congregation, like St. John the Evangelist's, here in Montreal, is a credit to himself and to the Church of England at his best. Father Sargent, now a convert, once preached a mission in the Canon's church.

To conclude, we must confess that Frederick George Scott ranks with our best Canadian writers of verse. Ad multos!

TESTIMONY THAT COUNTS.

When Arthur O'Connor left the Nationalists, thousands lost faith in him. It was publicly whispered that Britain's gold had allured him, and that there was nothing more of any good account to be expected of him.

Now, we admit that, as a rule, those milk-and-water sons of Ireland who become more British than Squire Bull himself, are a measly, good-for-nothing lot; but, in the case of Mr. O'Connor, there were hopes left of repentance. He has proved there were. A Royal Commission is considering in England the advisability of granting the County Courts jurisdiction in divorce cases.

It is long since Henry VIII. made England famous, and something must be done in the interests of modern religious development. His Honor, Arthur O'Connor, Judge of the Durham County Court, was examined, and answered as follows: The Chairman—What is your view in regard to the proposed jurisdiction in some local form? Judge O'Connor—I do not believe there is such a thing as divorce. I am a Catholic.

To Judge Tindal Atkinson, Judge O'Connor replied: "If an Act of Parliament was passed conferring on me jurisdiction to declare dissolved a marriage once validly contracted, I should regard it as I would an Act purporting to repeal the ten commandments.

Judge Atkinson—You do not recognize the right of all classes to get the benefit of the Act of 1857? Judge O'Connor—I do not recognize either the right of anybody to get a divorce or of any Parliament to enable a tribunal to decree it.

The Chairman—I should like to know the foundation of your view of the indissolubility of marriage. Judge O'Connor—The foundation of my view is, that marriage was instituted from the beginning to be indissoluble—before man fell.

The Chairman—Whence do you derive that view? Judge O'Connor—That is like asking me where I learned my A.B.C.

The Chairman—It is important for us to know a layman's view as to whence that idea is derived. Judge O'Connor—I should prefer to leave the theological point to a theologian. The view rests on the primary institution of matrimony in the Garden of Eden.

A testimony, glorious to Judge O'Connor, enlightening to the Commission,—for the Anglican Archbishop of York, who persists in sitting on the Commission, was it a reproach or merely a piece of sound instruction?

As those English judges on the Divorce Commission are not cheap political machines, they must have admired Mr. O'Connor's courage, and have admitted to themselves that there is something in the Catholic Church after all. The Archbishop of Canterbury was sitting on the Commission as well. What were his thoughts concerning the origin of Anglicanism after Arthur O'Connor had been heard? We are sure that if he had preached on the "Claims of Anglicanism" to his fellow-commissioners a half-hour after His Honor from Durham had been heard, they would have called upon the hills to cover them.

Divorce with all its accompanying disgrace is one of the gifts the Reformation made the world. The revolt of the Reformers began with contempt for good morals, and they knew they could appeal to some men's lust by doing away with the rules of ordinary animal righteousness. Henry VIII. was lust incarnate, and Luther made of moral wickedness a wholesome boast. The Reformation, the French Revolution, and all other upheavals are the outcome of lust. Had the Reformers kept the Sixth Commandment they would have finally gone to heaven.

Mr. A. E. Brown, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have had a very bad cough every winter for a number of years which I was afraid would turn into consumption. I tried a great many remedies but only received temporary relief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two bottles my cough was cured. I am never without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the foundation of all throat and lung complaints, relieving or curing all Croup, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be imposed upon by selling anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three stars on the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Millar Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE BEST FLOUR BROTHERS Self-Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

MENEVEY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 WATER ST., TORONTO, CANADA. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELL SCHOOL BELL BELL.

Church Bells Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Emperor William to Abbot of Beuron.

On the occasion of the presentation of the beautiful bronze "Crucifixion" donated last month by Emperor William to the Arch-Abbey of Beuron, Prince von Fürstenberg, the Emperor's representative, handed to the Arch-Abbot the following autograph letter: "Right Reverend Lord Abbot: To give you and the Benedictine community a new proof of my regard and esteem, I have been moved graciously to have cast an heroic bronze, 'Christ on the Cross,' which I have entrusted to my Court Marshal, Prince von Fürstenberg, for presentation to your Arch-Abbey of Beuron. I trust my choice of a gift will bring you special pleasure; it is, after all, an image to which those who believe as you do as well as those who believe as I, equally look up to with reverence representing as it does Him from whom measureless blessings flow out upon mankind. May the cross, erected in your Arch-Abbey, be a source of rich blessing, and may it bring to the faithful, who humble in prayer bend their knee before it, strength and comfort from heaven. I remain, yours sincerely, William I. R." The Imperial gift is three meters in height and a work of art. It has been placed in the vestibule of the Abbey Church.

Cardinal Vanutelli at Summer School.

It is announced that His Eminence Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli, who is to represent Pope Pius in the Eucharistic Congress in this city, is to be a visitor at the nineteenth annual session of the Catholic Summer School, which will open shortly at Cliff Haven, on Lake Champlain. The Right Rev. Mgr. McMahon, president of the summer school, has been in Rome for some time, and before leaving that city for the Passion Play at Oberammergau, and a subsequent trip through Ireland he extended to Cardinal Vanutelli an invitation to the summer school which was accepted.

Had a Bad Cough FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. WAS AFRAID IT WOULD TURN INTO Consumption.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately or serious results may follow. Thousands have filled a consumptive grave through neglect. Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

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Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles PEDLAR People of Oshawa

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



To feel strongly that you are right, and to act on that feeling, is better than to seek the advice of a philosopher, even if you make a mistake.

Read This, Girls.

Lord Chesterfield advised his son to marry a woman who "is wise as well as rich, for," says he, "thou wilt find there is nothing more fulsome than a she fool."

Mother.

Orison Sweet Marden declared in Success that it is a strange fact that our mothers, the molders of the world, should get so little credit and should be so seldom mentioned among the world's achievers.

Exit Brown Paper Parcel.

The constitutional aversion of the average woman toward carrying a brown paper bundle has brought into being the elaborate and expensive delivery system in the stores to-day.

To-day the drygoods merchant has very nearly solved the problem. In some sections of the country, when a member of the ultra-aesthetic class goes shopping, some such conversation as this takes place:

The first time she has ever carried a parcel, but then the package is so artistic! It is a lovely shade of blue, and matches her costume perfectly. The measure of success thus far attained has encouraged the merchant to further scheming.

Gilt Cleaning.

Summer is hard on gilt frames, moldings and mirrors. The humidity in the air, excessive dust and flies quickly work havoc.

The Fight Against Moths.

The time has come to again face a yearly war on moths. It makes spring a torment, but knowledge and system lighten work.

Such luxurious equipment is for the few; the many will content themselves with cedar chests, made with springs lock and projecting ledge that covers all cracks.

In part of the rooms are lengthwise poles over which curtains or hangings can be placed.

Though cedar supposedly frightens moths, most women supplement it by the use of lump camphor scattered among the papers.

Layers of newspapers used between clothes is an extra safeguard. Papers should also be tucked in well under the lid.

When garments are hung in closets done up in paper bags, scrub out, dust thoroughly, and wash off the woodwork and painted walls with kerosene or gasoline, both excellent moth exterminators.

When there is an extra closet the woolen clothes that may be needed at intervals during the summer can safely hang unpacked if the floor is washed out with gasoline every ten days.

When carpets are not taken up in hot weather the edges should be lifted and the woodwork underneath painted with naphtha, gasoline or kerosene.

in boxes or made into sachets. of coarse cheese cloth.

When the moth has once taken hold more strenuous methods are necessary.

Woolen garments that have moths in them should be wrapped in thin cloths, then covered with wet Turkish towels, and put in the oven to steam.

Sponging an infected surface with naphtha or gasoline is also good. On a carpet wet the surface that is not moth eaten first, so the moths will not escape into it.

In using naphtha or gasoline care must be taken not to have a light near the room for several days afterward, or until the naphtha fumes have disappeared.

An early enough start in the spring is imperative in moth fighting. Let the millers once make headway and clothes may as well be thrown away.

The Latest Belts.

Belts this season are soft in effect. They are shown in soft silks, satins, metal mesh and metallic finished fabrics, and they tightly girdle the figure.

Dainty Dutch Neck.

Now that square Dutch necks are so popular with schoolgirls, a finish that is very pretty may be cut from a small dainty handkerchief displaying a neat border.

It can be applied to the top of the frock, arranged so the border is sewn all around the square, the inner edge being hemmed and trimmed with a lace tucker, or the handkerchief may be cut into four strips and arranged so the border comes on the inner edge.

Again the square may be placed diamond wise around, being cut to fit the neck and the handkerchief cut through at the back closing.

"Bill paying day is my horror," said a wealthy young woman one day. "I have the money waiting to meet all accounts but I loathe the trouble of making out the checks and sending them off, and often put off the payday for a whole month."

No wonder, therefore, that tradespeople dislike opening accounts with women, for they know that with the majority it will be "watch and wait and pray" for payment.

Dressmakers whose patrons are all women suffer most, perhaps, from this form of dishonesty, and such of their patrons as pay promptly suffer for it, too, for the dressmakers have to charge high prices, they say, because their bills are paid so slowly.

Some women let months roll into a year before they settle even the first and smallest accounts of the season, but they make a grand rumpus if a gown is not sent home when promised.

Easy Way to Exterminate Moths.

Prepare a solution containing a teaspoonful of formaldehyde to a cup of water, add a little sugar, and place around the room in saucers. A quarter of an inch deep is sufficient.

Flies, attracted to the mixture, drink some die in the water, others fall dead near the place. The solution is not dangerous.

Crystallized Flower Decorations For Cake.

If you desire a beautiful decoration for a white cake, secure fresh violets from your garden or the florist. Make a syrup of sugar and water. Dip the violets carefully into this and put aside on a platter to harden.

The Power in the Home.

Wherever a true wife comes the home is always round her. The stars only may be overhead; the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet; but home is yet wherever she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far round her, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless.—Ruskin.

What is Worn in London.

London, June 20, 1910.

I am giving this week a description of a remarkably neat tailor-made seen in the atelier of a fashionable modiste, destined for a yacht which is already in commission and is going to be joined by its lucky owners next week.

The teacher was expounding to the best of his ability the difference between an atom and a molecule. "An atom," he explained, "is the smallest particle of an element that can take part in a chemical combination."

Elsie Ferguson, the theatrical star relates that one day she passed the house of an actor friend and found his limp of a small boy sitting on the front steps weeping bitterly.

"I understand that you called on the plaintiff. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the witness.

"What did he say?" "The attorney for the defence jumped to his feet and objected that the conversation could not be admitted in evidence. A half hour's argument followed, and the judges retired to their private room to consider the point."

Little Nephew—"Auntie, did you marry an Indian?" Aunt—"Why do you ask such silly questions, Freddie?"

"More than 5000 elephants a year go to make your piano keys," remarked the student, boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes in a patent medicine almanac.

"For the land's sake!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: "Surprise Soap is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use."

Advertisement for Funny Sayings, featuring a box with the text "NO REST FOR HER."

Convert Celebrates Mass. Following his ordination to the Catholic priesthood by Archbishop John N. Farley, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, Yonkers, the Rev. James Paul Watson, founder of the Episcopalian monastery at Graymoor on the Hudson, celebrated his first mass Saturday.

Senator Murphy Foster, at a dinner in Washington, said of a certain retraction: "It was a retraction without value. It recalls the Nola Chucky scandal."

Can Find New Health in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Anaemia is simply a lack of blood. It therefore follows that the correct treatment for anaemia is one that increases the blood supply.

DELAYS OF THE LAW. "I understand that you called on the plaintiff. Is that so?" "Yes," replied the witness.

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Vertical sidebar containing various advertisements including "M. J. Morrison", "KAVANAGH", "BROSSARD", "Lawyer", "ST. PATRICK'S", "Synopsis of Canada", "HOMESTEAD", "ANAEMIA'S VICTIMS", "SELF RAISING BRODIE'S CELESTINE", and "Attacks of cholera".



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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committees meet last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Very Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Birmingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. P. Lloyd; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:
(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon leasing lands owned by him at the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by real estate upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.
W. W. COOBY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
R.S.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Warts are unsightly blemishes and corns are painful growths. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them.
SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour
is the Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.
10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

Attacks of cholera and dysentery come quickly, there seldom being any warning of the visit. Remedial action must be taken just as quickly. If the patient is to be spared great suffering and permanent injury to the lining membrane of the bowels, the remedial preparation for the purpose is Dr. J. B. Keegan's Dysentery Cordial. It can be got at a small cost at any drug store or general dealer's, and it will afford relief before a doctor can be called.

A WEIGHTY MATTER

(By Evelyn Grogan, in "Ladies Field.")

Jack Mansfield was changing a fly, and Kathleen stood watching the preparations for luring the wily trout. Billy, her small brother, lay on the bank amusing himself with buckshot and a catapult, potting a rock lying in mid-stream. Jack wore a stubborn look. "Surely, Kathleen," he said, "you are coming in my car to the races to-morrow?"

"It's no use, Jack, I can't. Claud Myles is taking me in his. He offered to include Aunt Jane and Billy, and I could not refuse." "My car only holds two, so let him take the family and you come with me." "My dear Jack, be reasonable. Do you suppose he craves for Auntie and Billy?" "Fretted you have already promised me."

"Oh!" said Kathleen, virtuously, "that would be acting a lie." "Talk of the there he is!" exclaimed Jack. "I never saw him fishing here before." Claud Myles looked up sharply. Sudden Jack bethought himself of a wicked ruse, and instead of acting a lie deliberately uttered one. "What time did you say I had better bring the car to-morrow?" he asked, blandly.

Kathleen raised her expressive eyes quickly to his and still more swiftly cast them to the ground. "Whenever you like," she replied. "But I don't want to lose the first race." Claud Myles looked up sharply from the fly-book over which he was poring. "I think you have forgotten, Miss Stewart, that it was arranged I was to fetch you."

"Can there be a mistake?" said Jack. "Surely you promised to come with me!" "On the contrary," said Myles, hotly, "Miss Stewart, her aunt and Billy have all settled to go in my car." "Then we both claim you," cried Jack. "So make your choice now." "This is too absurd," and Kathleen looked first at one and then at the other. "I must have made a most foolish mistake. Did I really accept your kind invitation, Mr. Myles?"

"Of course, over ten days ago." "Then I must have forgotten." Jack, can it be possible I thought of coming with you?" "Yes," he replied, sulkily, "I am quite sure you did." "What shall I do? In any case it appears I must break a promise." "Draw lots," suggested Billy from his bed in the grass. "Good idea, then neither of you can be offended."

She stretched out her hand to take two clover stalks offered by Billy. "Whoever draws the longest shall be my chauffeur to-morrow," she continued gaily. "No," said Jack, "if chance must decide let us have a little skill thrown in. We will fish for the pleasure of your company, and whoever catches the heaviest basket of trout shall claim you." "Agreed," said Myles. "Agreed," said Kathleen, "and when you return I will weigh the fish in your presence. A time for leaving off having been decided upon the fisherman got to work.

"I won't stay and watch," said Kathleen, turning away, but will leave you to your own devices. Au revoir till weighing-in time. Billy, I suppose you are not coming with me." Billy shook his head. "I'll watch Jack," he said, and Kathleen felt that Billy knew where her inclinations lay. In silence the boy hovered beside the fisherman of his choice till a sudden tightening of the line and a cheerful little screech of the reel gave evidence that a trout had met its fate. Billy removed it from the hook. "That's one to the good," he remarked. "I'm frightfully keen for you to beat that other chap." "Why?" "Because Katie wants to come with you. Wouldn't it be sport to see his face if he loses and has to cart Auntie and me to the races without her?" "How brutal you are in your ideas of sport, young man," said Jack, casting his line once more. "I simply roared with laughter inside," continued Billy, "when you and Katie were humbugging him. She wouldn't have done that if she hadn't wanted to go in your car." "Well, it all depends on the fish, Billy. Hit here's another to swell my bag. Oh, rot, it's only about three inches long." "Better than nothing," said Billy, philosophically, "an ounce may make all the difference in the long run."

A Difficulty for George V.

When Japan banished all Catholics from its shores it granted the Dutch a privilege of very restricted trade, and lest any Catholic should share in this, so histories tell us, to trample on the Crucifix. Dutchmen and Englishmen, too, having just finished half a century or so of Crucifix-trampling in Europe, found in the East; for Englishmen occasionally managed to buy at the appointed price a little bit of the Japan trade. Nevertheless, the ceremony, as a preliminary to huckstering, is so revolting to any decent mind that modern Englishmen and Dutchmen call the fact in question, doing their utmost to show it to be a fiction of malignant Spaniards and Portuguese.

The Shoguns thought lightly of salt-encrusted, sea-battered mariners who would deny their God for a little gain; and one can conceive them exacting the ceremony and despising its performers. Could they, on their side, have understood a Christian nation requiring a similar ceremony from its sovereigns? Yet the Declaration against Transubstantiation imposed upon its sovereigns by the British Parliament, is an analogue of the Crucifix-trampling of the Shoguns. These said to the merchants: "As some of you may be secretly Christians,—to these peripatetic princes Christian and Catholic were one and the same—"

"Prove you are not by insulting what Christians most revere." Parliament, as Mr. Gairdner the historian observes, says to the king: "You may be a secret Catholic. Prove you are not by outraging what Catholics hold most sacred, the Blessed Virgin Mary and the Saints, transubstantiation, and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Be good enough to say plumply that with regard to all these Catholics are idolaters." The traders obeyed Parliament. And traders and kings found, no doubt, a common justification; they were simply making their own teaching and practice of Protestantism. This holds the Crucifix to be an idol no less than the Host, or the Blessed Virgin as venerated in the Catholic Church; and the trader manifested by his act that abhorrence of idolatry the king expressed in words. They, then, who are forced by a sense of decency to take from the memory of dead traders the stain of Crucifix-trampling, should be compelled by the same sense of decency to free a living king from the obligation of reviling Catholic faith and worship.

Parliament goes further than the Shoguns did, and requires the king to declare that he has no dispensation from the Pope to lie. The Japanese intellect is acute. Had this ingenious device to secure absolute candor been suggested to a Shogun, he would possibly have answered: "To limit the possibility of such a dispensation could be to nullify the test. If the Pope can permit his servants first to lie and then to violate their religion that men may believe the lie, he can also give them permission to lie about such a dispensation and to deny its existence. I decline to stultify myself. Either the test alone or no test at all." Should one have insisted that the English demand such an assurance from their king, the answer would have been to the point: "Only barbarians could accept one capable of lying as their king; only a barbarian could wear a crown after such humiliation: only fools could believe a suspected liar assuring them that he does not lie."

The shameful test and still more shameful guarantee originated in the reign of Charles II. He was secretly a Catholic, his brother and heir, the Duke of York, was such openly. The Protestantism of the country took alarm. The Test Act passed in 1673 required from every public officer the oath of royal supremacy and a declaration against transubstantiation, as pledges of his renunciation of the Catholic religion and of its visible head. The Duke had to resign his office of Grand High Admiral. His enemies were able to procure his temporary banishment. But they could not touch the royal dignity. Strong as they were, Parliament and the country would allow them neither to exclude the Duke from the succession, nor to impose the test upon the crown with a view to taking it on succeeding to the throne.

Two years later the first outrageous story of Popish plots, De Luzancy's, fell to the ground. But in 1678 Titus Oates appeared, and, supported by Shaftesbury, kept the people for three years on the verge of insanity with his absurd perjuries of plots, murders and Papal dispensations. To this vile wretch's calumnies is due the offensive wording of the royal declaration which, when the Revolution had degraded the majesty of the crown, was introduced into the Bill of Rights and incorporated in the Act of Settlement of 1701; and has since been uttered by every English sovereign. Catholic relief bills have abolished the oath and declaration for subjects generally, and the situation to-day is the exact reverse of what it was at the accession of James II. Then every subject in office had to take the Test; the sovereign was exempt. Now virtually every subject is exempt; only the king and one or two officers of the crown intimately connected with his official person have to take it.

Why does it survive? This is not an easy question to answer. We have shown that, if the theory it involves be true, it is absolutely worthless. On the other hand, the Act of Settlement, which requires the king to be a Protestant, and forbids him and his heirs to embrace the Catholic faith or to marry a Catholic, under penalty of deposition in one case, of exclusion in the other, amply guarantees the Protestant succession. Its language, offensive and absolutely unwarranted as every reasonable person knows, is a scandal to the Catholics of the Empire. It is an insult to the king, making him a liar by putting into his mouth words that are not true; for what ever Catholic worship may be it is not idolatrous, as Dr. Johnson sanely observed more than a hundred years ago. It is a further insult to the king inasmuch as it compels him to declare solemnly that he is not a liar, and to stultify himself by offering his word as the only guarantee of his truth. There are a few madmen who still think it a bulwark against Rome. But its Protestant supporters generally, English, Scotch and Irish, objecting not only to its abrogation but also to any change in its terms, do so, we believe, through their inherited dislike of Catholicism. They have a vague notion that, though many Catholics of their acquaintance are good fellows, their religion as such is getting to be too cumbersome. It ought to recognize its inferiority to Protestantism; but instead of this it asserts its superiority. They would not make conditions more onerous for us; but when there is question of relief on its own merits that notion produces the adverse vote. And so all efforts made during the last reign for a moderating of the language of the declaration were fruitless. When Mr. Redmond's Bill was withdrawn last year because the narrow majority of ten by which it was referred to Committee could not be depended on to carry it through, the minority contained men of the best families of the three kingdoms, Liberal as well as Conservative, who, if asked why they had voted against the Bill, would have found it hard to give a reasonable answer.

There is some talk of a change before George V. meets Parliament. They say he desires it. Certainly Catholics demand it. Lawyers find constitutional difficulties. A change requires an Act of Parliament. An Act is effective only when it has received royal assent. The king cannot give the assent before he has made the declaration. This, however, has to be proved, and we think it will not be hard to find examples since the Revolution, of sovereigns exercising analogous constitutional functions before making the declaration. Anyhow, it is impossible to solve a constitutional difficulty. The Revolution and Pitt's Regency Bill are examples. Parliament is about to reassemble. Will anything be done? We can answer only in words which have become classical: "Wait and see."—Henry Woods, S.J., in America.

THE WORLD LOOKS DARK

To the Dyspeptic. How to Make it Bright.
Father Morrissey, the learned priest-physician, realized that many of the difficulties and troubles of this world are due to indigestion. He believed that to get a proper mental and spiritual attitude, a normal digestive apparatus is very helpful. The good Father therefore gave much study to the important question of the stomach. His famous prescription, "No. 11," for dyspepsia and indigestion, consists of simple tablets cleverly compounded from the materials in Nature's laboratory. Each tablet will perfectly digest a full meal of 1 1/2 pounds of food. Father Morrissey's "No. 11" has brought ease and continued health to thousands of sufferers who had previously tried other remedies in vain. It instantly relieves and in due time restores the stomach to full vigor. If you suffer at times or regularly from a sick, sour, dyspeptic stomach, try No. 11, and see how quickly you can again enjoy hearty meals, and how bright the world looks once more. In convenient flat boxes at 50c. each. Get a box from your dealer, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 91

ment which requires the king to be a Protestant, and forbids him and his heirs to embrace the Catholic faith or to marry a Catholic, under penalty of deposition in one case, of exclusion in the other, amply guarantees the Protestant succession. Its language, offensive and absolutely unwarranted as every reasonable person knows, is a scandal to the Catholics of the Empire. It is an insult to the king, making him a liar by putting into his mouth words that are not true; for what ever Catholic worship may be it is not idolatrous, as Dr. Johnson sanely observed more than a hundred years ago. It is a further insult to the king inasmuch as it compels him to declare solemnly that he is not a liar, and to stultify himself by offering his word as the only guarantee of his truth. There are a few madmen who still think it a bulwark against Rome. But its Protestant supporters generally, English, Scotch and Irish, objecting not only to its abrogation but also to any change in its terms, do so, we believe, through their inherited dislike of Catholicism. They have a vague notion that, though many Catholics of their acquaintance are good fellows, their religion as such is getting to be too cumbersome. It ought to recognize its inferiority to Protestantism; but instead of this it asserts its superiority. They would not make conditions more onerous for us; but when there is question of relief on its own merits that notion produces the adverse vote. And so all efforts made during the last reign for a moderating of the language of the declaration were fruitless. When Mr. Redmond's Bill was withdrawn last year because the narrow majority of ten by which it was referred to Committee could not be depended on to carry it through, the minority contained men of the best families of the three kingdoms, Liberal as well as Conservative, who, if asked why they had voted against the Bill, would have found it hard to give a reasonable answer.

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Sweden's Sobriety Vote.
The result of the plebiscite organized by the Swedish temperance societies on the question of total and permanent prohibition in Sweden is overwhelmingly in favor of prohibition. Every man and woman was entitled to vote, and the figures were: For prohibition, 1,846,249, or 54 per cent of the population, against, 16,471.

The Doukhobors.

The Doukhobors, a strange religious sect, who caused no end of trouble a couple of years ago by insisting on parading around the province of Saskatchewan in the garb of Adam, have settled down on a large tract of land near Kamloops, British Columbia, and bid fair to become one of the most valuable and prosperous communities in Canada. They are clearing nearly three thousand acres of forest land and placing it under cultivation, and a correspondent of the London Chronicle, who recently visited the settlement, speaks highly of their industry and success thus far. He writes: "No meat is eaten by the Doukhobors. Cows are kept for milk, which is consumed in place of tea and coffee. There is not a dog, a gun, a doctor, a dentist or a lawyer in the whole community, although when a case requires surgical assistance a doctor is sent for, one such case occurring during the last twelve months. It need hardly be said there is no slaughterhouse, brewery, distillery or cigar factory, whole meal bread, vegetables, fruits, jams and honey being the staple diet with a vegetable butter made from oil expressed from sunflower seeds. The community's principle is very strongly in evidence. No purchase of any amount would be made with out calling a meeting and discussing the pros and cons, and every one present has an equal right to speak and vote."

Do You Need More Blood

To restore health, vigor and energy—Then turn to DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.
Are the lips and gums pale? Does the inner side of the eyelids lack blood? Are you pale, weak and easily fatigued? This is the test you should apply, and if blood is lacking in quantity or quality, you can be sure that Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will be of greatest possible assistance to you. While put up in pill form, this medicine is more like a food because it supplies to the system in concentrated form the very elements which go to create rich, red, invigorating blood. A few weeks' use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for any person who is pale, weak and anemic. It is sometimes spoken of as particularly a woman's medicine, because so many women are subject to anaemia and general weakness arising from lack of rich red blood. With the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food vigor and energy are restored, the complexion improves, the form is rounded out. 50 cts a box, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Had Weak Back.

Would Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Himself.
Mrs. Ann Schure, Black Point, N.B. writes:—"For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties. I had doctors attending me without avail and tried liniments and plasters, but nothing seemed to do me any good. I was about to give up in despair when my husband induced me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after using two boxes I am now well and able to do my work. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all that you claim for them, and I would advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick, permanent relief, without any after effects. A medicine that will stimulate your kidneys and all forms of kidney and bladder disease.
Price, 50 cents per box, or 2 for \$1.00, at all dealers or The T. Milliken Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont. In ordering specify "Doan's."

LOYOLA COLLEGE.

Successful Students Receive Their Awards.

At the closing exercises of Loyola College held in the College Assembly Hall, on Tuesday, June 21 inst., degrees, prizes and honors were awarded to the following students:

GRADUATING CLASS.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Donald A. Macdonald, Andrew J. Kavanagh, John Galligan, Gerald T. Griffith, Paul S. Conroy.

HONOR LIST.

FIRST TERM EXAMINATIONS

First Class Honors.—Philosophy, Second Year.—Donald A. Macdonald; Rhetoric, Charles Smith; Second Grammar, Edward Desbarats; Third Grammar, Eugene Chabot; Rudiments "A", Wilfrid Noonan.

PRIZE LIST.

Good Conduct.—Senior section, gold medal, presented by Mrs. W. B. Wallace in memory of the late Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J., Thos. Brady. Honorable mention, Hubert Gillies, Fraser Macdonald, Vincent Cooke.

PHILOSOPHY, SECOND YEAR. GENERAL PROFICIENCY.

The Governor-General's Silver Medal, Donald A. Macdonald. The Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal, Andrew J. Kavanagh.

PHILOSOPHY, FIRST YEAR.

Class Standing—The Lieut-Governor's Silver Medal awarded to John Masson; next in merit, Mercier Gouin.

RHETORIC.

The Prizes have been given by a Friend.) Class Standing—Scholarship, presented by the Loyola College Old Boys' Association, awarded to Chas. Smith; next in merit, Henry de Varennes.

Religious Instruction—Prize, Chas. Smith; honorable mention, Bernard McCullough.

HUMANITIES.

Class Standing—Prize, James Freeland; hon. mention, Edmund Coughlin, Alexander Charlton.

FIRST GRAMMAR.

Class Standing—First prize, John Vanier; second, John Hearn; hon. mention, John McDermott, Leo Burns, James Carlin.

SECOND GRAMMAR.

Class Standing—First prize, Edward Desbarats; second, John A.

Ford; third, Henry Panet; hon. mention, Adrian Clement, Charles Logue, Victor Walsh.

THIRD GRAMMAR.

Class Standing—First prize, Eugene Chabot; second, George Dubois, third, William McDonald; fourth, L. Martin; hon. mention, John M. Coughlin, John Wilkins, Thomas Bracken, John D. Kearney.

LATIN RUDIMENTS "A."

Class Standing—First prize, Wilfrid Noonan; second, Alan Magann; hon. mention, Maurice Versailles, J. Borbridge, Harold Doyle.

LATIN RUDIMENTS "B."

Class Standing—First prize, Burrows Kelly; second, Edward Cochran; hon. mention, Emery Benni.

FIRST PREPARATORY.

Class Standing—First Prize, Stanley Sutcliffe; second, Lewis Carrier; hon. mention, William Cochran, Eugene Audet.

SECOND PREPARATORY.

First Section: Class Standing—First prize, Arthur Smith; second, Thomas McKenna; hon. mention, F. McNamee, Ivan Lyons. Second Section: Class standing—Prize, Cornelius Coughlin; honorable mention, Vincent Murphy.

Third Section: Class Standing—Prize, Errol Coughlin; hon. mention, Joseph Lapointe.

Local and Diocesan News.

ST. ANN'S Y.M.S. PASS RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the sister of our esteemed fellow member and brother, "Pier, Mr. Daniel O'Neil, thus inflicting upon him and his family the greatest sorrow borne by the children of man;

Be it therefore resolved, That we, the officers and members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, being in Council assembled, individually and collectively tender our sympathies to Mr. O'Neil and family, and we earnestly pray that the all powerful God, who is also a merciful God, will apply to their hearts a soothing balm, and enable them to bow with Christian resignation to His holy will, and be it

Further resolved, that this resolution be entered in the minutes of our society, and a copy forwarded to Mr. O'Neil and family and to the press for publication.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself our esteemed fellow member, Mr. A. Hartford, thus inflicting upon his family the greatest sorrow borne by the children of man;

Be it therefore resolved, that we, the officers and members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, being in Council assembled, tender our sympathies to the family of Mr. Hartford, and we earnestly pray that the all powerful God, who is also a merciful God, will apply to their hearts a soothing balm, and enable them to bow with Christian resignation to His Holy Will, and be it

Further resolved, that this resolution be entered in the minutes of our society, and a copy forwarded to the family of the deceased and to the press for publication.

DELIGHTFUL OUTING TO MORRISBURG.—A very happy crowd filled the several cars which pulled out from Bonaventure station promptly at 7.30 o'clock last Sunday morning, bound for Morrisburg. It was the annual outing of St. Patrick's choir, sanctuary boys and chancel singers. Father McShane, who had arranged the day's programme, left nothing undone to ensure for each one unlimited pleasure.

A large crowd was at the station to bid the excursionists adieu when they left at 7.30 o'clock, arriving in the city shortly after ten, and each one voted the day the most pleasant they had ever spent.

The sanctuary boys were under the care of Rev. Brother Urbain, while Rev. Brother Gregory looked after the boys of the chancel choir. Rev. Fathers Singleton and Reid also accompanied the excursionists.

A Humorist at Vatican.

An Impression of Pope Pius X. by John Kendrick Bangs.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

A slight gesture from the master of ceremonies bade us all kneel, and the long awaited figure entered—a sad-faced man arrayed in a simple white robe, expressionless of feature, but giving a striking impression of sweetness and intense weariness combined. He walked slowly along the line, holding out to each pilgrim as he passed a listless hand, on the fourth finger of which was the ring of St. Peter.

One longed to be able to rise up and give more affectionate and no less reverent salute than the cold formal greeting to the golden signet prescribed by the etiquette of the ceremony. I pressed his hand with a sincere and earnest feeling of reverence for his office and of respect for the man, and was surprised to find, as a little lump manifested itself in my throat, and suspicious moisture dimmed my eyes for the moment, that I had awakened rather into an intensity of sympathy for the prisoner of the Vatican than of awed reverence for the successor of the apostle.

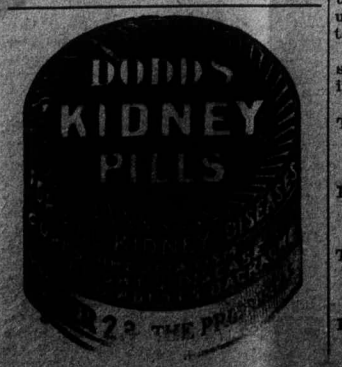
It was altogether most affecting, and when, at the close of the greetings, the Holy Father raised his hand to bless us, I felt, "according to their need and intention," I went down upon my knees not because I rose up and went silently back to the noisy city I felt that the blessing asked had been received, for I was happy and the world seemed sweeter and brighter for the existence of such a man as Pius X.

The Pope an Early Riser.

The Pope has become stouter than he was and less inclined to physical exertion, but altogether he is more robust and finds mental labor less of a burden. Of one thing he is proud, as he says, namely, that he is the earliest riser in the whole Apostolic palace, as it is his constant practice to get up at dawn, a habit which he himself says dates from his early childhood, when he was obliged to get up with the sun in order to have time to do his lessons and to cover, barefooted, the several miles which separated him from the nearest school.

The excellent state of his health makes people wonder whether the life which the head of the Roman Church has imposed upon himself since the fall of the temporal power, that is to say of remaining always within the Vatican, is not conducive to longevity. In fact, while in the past the average duration of a Pontificate was from four to five years, since 1870 we have had the longest reigns known among the occupants of the chair of St. Peter: Pius IX. was the first to surpass St. Peter's in length, while Leo XIII., who was elected chiefly because he was supposed to be so feeble that his life would be a short one, remained Pope for twenty-five years, and Pius X. has already worn the Fisherman's Ring for seven years.

Of course there is a prediction that the present Pope will not outlive the nine years of Pontificate, because he was nine years a parish priest, nine years a bishop, and nine years Patriarch of Venice. However, whenever he has read in the papers, which he peruses carefully every day, that he is also expected not to be more than nine years Pope, he has exclaimed laughingly: "This time I am going to disappoint them!"—Rome correspondence London Standard.



General News

The Central Catholic Association has sent to Premier Canolajas a protest against the decree authorizing the edifice of non-Catholic religious societies to display the insignia for public worship and against other anti-clerical measures, including those regulating the religious orders. The protest declares that the extension of the public school system is contrary to the religion of the State and the aspirations of the immense majority of the Spanish people. It points out that there are fewer religious orders in Spain than in Belgium, England and Germany, and cites the liberty which they enjoy in America.

Upon the proposal of the Consistorial Congregation, the Pope has ratified the appointment of the Rev. Charles W. Currier, of Baltimore, Md., as Bishop of Zamboanga, of the Rev. M. P. Foley, of Boston, as Bishop of Tuguegarao. Both dioceses are in the Philippines.

Electric power is furnished at Helsingor, Denmark, from Sweden by means of a cable which runs under the narrow sea separating the two countries. The power is generated at a three-hundred foot fall of the Laga River in Sweden, and is conducted to the coast by means of a cable, where it connects with a submarine cable three miles long.

Holy Family Polish Catholic Church at Sugar Notch, Pa., was struck by lightning and the fire that followed destroyed the edifice. Father Drier, the pastor, entered the burning building and removed the host and sacred vessels from the altar. The loss is estimated at \$30,000.

It is estimated that Chicago spent half a million dollars one day last week for "cooling beverages." A prominent manufacturer of ice cream said that on a hot day more than \$200,000 is spent for ice cream and ices. More than \$200,000 is paid out for beer and other intoxicants, and another \$100,000 for lemonade and soft drinks.

The Pope has sanctioned a decree recognizing the heroic virtues of the venerable Margaret Bourgeois, who founded the Sisterhood of Our Lady for mission work in Canada in the seventeenth century.

On the list of the annual prize-winners of the French Academy may be noted the name of the Abbe Felix Klein, who takes one thousand francs of the Prix Sorbier-Arnold for his book on "L'Amérique de Demain." The French priest's admiration for the people of the United States is well known, and has been expressed in several previous volumes, of which the most popular, perhaps, is "Au Pays de la Vie Intense" ("The Land of the Strenuous Life.")

In the last twenty years ending March, 1910, owing to the absence of crime in the country, twelve prisons have been closed in Ireland, namely, Downpatrick, Drogheda, Carrick on Shannon, Ennis, Enniskillen, Grangegorman, Mullingar, Omagh, Wexford, Wicklow, Limerick (female) and Kilmainham.

The second annual session of the Summer School will open at Antigonish, on Wednesday, July 15, and will continue for five full weeks. The work to be done will include chemistry, physics, botany and nature work, Latin, English, French and mathematics.

Distinguished Soldier.

General Sir William Butler, a famous soldier of the British Army, who died in London on June 7, was an Irishman by birth, a native of County Tipperary, where he first saw the light in 1838. He saw active service in many lands from the time he entered the army at the age of 20, and was distinguished for bravery as well as tactical ability.

He was a Catholic, as was also his wife, a famous painter, Elizabeth Thompson, whom he married in 1877.

The year after his marriage he was serving in the Zulu war, and when the Sudan trouble came to a head in 1894, and the sacrifice of Gordon sent a thrill through the Empire, Sir W. Butler did splendid work organizing the Nile flotilla, and in command of his brigade. His work in Africa, where he held the Cape command prior to the outbreak of the Boer War, has been more questioned than any other part of his career, and it was thought at the time that his sympathies leaned rather more to the Boer side in the anti-war controversy than was necessary or desirable for one in his position. He had his answer, however, for all his critics, and his recitude and patriotism remained as unshaken as his valor and military skill.

He was a prolific writer on many subjects, and took an active interest in educational affairs in Ireland.

They stopped the clock the hour he died, And they quenched the candle's flame, But the dawn came up the earth's steep side, And the hours run on the same. They stopped the clock, they quenched the light, And into the house the mourners came, How could they know two died that night? And the hours run on the same.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 70 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 7th day of June, 1910, incorporating Patrick McCrory, coal merchant, Patrick Joseph McCrory, clerk, Francis Joseph Curran and Louis Edward Curran, advocates, and Florence Nightingale Swanston, stenographer, all of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec, for the following purposes, viz:—(a) To buy, sell, import, export, manufacture, search for, get, work, mine, raise, make merchantable and deal generally in coal, wood, oil, coke, and all kinds of fuel, all kinds of gas, metals, minerals and all other substances, whether of a like nature or not; (b) To acquire and take over the assets, liabilities and good will of the business heretofore and now being carried on at the City of Montreal, by the said Patrick McCrory, as a coal merchant, and all rights, privileges, interest and ownership of the said Patrick McCrory, in any docks, wharves, elevators or other things for loading and unloading coal and in general shipping facilities, and to pay the said Patrick McCrory for the said business, assets, good will, rights, privileges, interests and ownership, in full paid-up shares of the capital stock of the company; (c) To carry on a general lumber business; (d) To acquire, hold, buy, sell, exchange, convey and deal with, in any manner whatsoever, all movable and immovable property, rights, privileges and interests which may be necessary, useful and advantageous for the carrying on of the business and undertaking of the company; (e) To carry on a general cartage, transportation and storage business; (f) To act as agent of any other company or companies carrying on business of a nature similar to that of the undertaking and business of this company; (g) To acquire and take over the whole or any part of the business, property, assets or liabilities of any person, partnership or company, carrying on business, with objects similar in whole or in part to those of this company, or possessed of properties and rights useful and advantageous for the purposes of the company; (h) To acquire, purchase or obtain and own shares of the capital stock, bonds or other securities of any other company, individual, partnership or corporation carrying on any business similar to any business which this company is empowered to carry on, and to acquire and hold or dispose of such shares, bonds or securities, notwithstanding the provisions of section 44 of The Companies Act; (i) To acquire, build, own, charter, operate and lease all kinds of steam, sailing boats, tugs, barges and other kinds of vessels, docks, wharves, sheds, elevators, warehouses, freight sheds and other buildings necessary or convenient for the purposes of the company; (j) To build, construct, purchase, lease or otherwise acquire and to operate, plants or works for the production and disposal by sale, lease or otherwise of steam, pneumatic, hydraulic, electric and any other power or force, and to use, buy, sell and generally deal, in all such kinds of power or force; provided any such rights, privileges and powers hereby conferred upon the company in this paragraph as to the acquisition, use and disposal of electricity or other power when exercised outside the property of the company shall be subject to the laws and regulations of the local, provincial and municipal authorities in that regard; (k) To acquire, use, lease or otherwise dispose of any patents of invention, processes or improvements, trade marks, trade designs and trade rights, as may be incidental, useful and pertain to the purposes and business of the company and to pay for the said trade marks and rights in cash or in shares of the company, if deemed advantageous for the carrying on of the business of the company; (l) To make any agreement or arrangement for the sharing of profits, union of interests, co-operation, joint undertaking or adventure with any person, partnership or company carrying on any kind of business that this company is authorized to carry on, or to amalgamate with any other such company; (m) To raise and assist in raising money by way of loan, promise, endorsement, bonus, guarantee of bonds, debentures, or other securities or otherwise to aid any other person, partnership, company or corporation and to guarantee the performance of contracts by any such persons or bodies with whom the company may have business relations or commercial interests; (n) To invest any moneys of the company that is not immediately required for use in carrying on the undertaking of the company in such manner as may from time to time be determined; (o) To pay or distribute among or to the shareholders of the company in kind, any assets or property of the company and in particular any shares, bonds, debentures or securities of any other company or companies which may have acquired or taken over, either in whole or in part, the property, assets and liabilities of this company; (p) To sell or exchange or otherwise dispose of the rights and undertakings of the company in whole or in part, for such consideration as the company may deem fit and in particular, for shares or securities of any other company, having objects similar in whole or in part to those of this company, and upon such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon; (q) To issue paid up shares, bonds or debentures or other securities for the payment in whole or in part, of any real or personal property, rights, claims, privileges, concessions or other advantages which the company may acquire and to issue such paid up shares or other securities in payment in whole or in part, or in

DOMINION DAY—REDUCED FARES.

Quebec..... \$4.50 Hamilton..... \$2.50
Montreal..... 3.50 London..... 1.00
St. John's..... 5.00 Toronto..... 1.00
Ottawa..... 3.00 Kingston..... 1.00
And all other points in Canada and returns at
SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE. Going Dates,
June 25th, July 1st. Return Limit, July 4th, 1910.
Train leaving Montreal at 5:15 a.m. and
train arriving here at 6:45 p.m., will stop at Ot-
terburn Park on Dominion Day.

N.E.A. CONVENTION, BOSTON.
Single fare for the round trip Convention
plan. Tickets on sale p.m. train June 29, July
1, 2, 3, 4. Tickets good to return leaving Bos-
ton not earlier than July 4 nor later than July
13. Extension of return limit to Sept. 15, 1910, on
payment of one dollar, and fulfillment of certain
conditions.

4 Trains for the West Daily
International Ltd., The Fast Night Express
9.00 A.M. Express train 7.30 p.m. 10.30 P.M.
International Limited
CANADA'S FINEST AND FASTEST
TRAIN

has through Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Car,
Library, Cafe Car, and also Grand Trunk Parlor
to Toronto and Detroit. Meals and refresh-
ments en route.
Pullman Sleeping Cars on night trains.

CITY TICKET OFFICES,
130 St. James St., Phone 614 605, 608
607, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

DOMINION DAY
Round Trip Tickets will be sold at
SINGLE FARE.

to all points in Canada, Fort Wil-
liam and East. Good going June
30th and July 1st. Good for return
until July 4th, 1910.

Montreal-Portland-Old Orchard-
Kennebunkport.
VIA THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.
The Scenic Route to the Maine
Coast.

Through Sleeping Car service has
been resumed, leaving Windsor Street
Station at 7.45 p.m., daily.
Through Parlor car service has been
resumed, leaving Montreal at 9.00
a.m. daily, except Sunday.

N. E. A. Convention, Boston.
Single fare for the round trip on
Convention plan. Tickets on sale
June 30, July 1, 2, 3, 4. Return
limit, July 13, 1910.

City Ticket Office
130 St. James Street, near Post Office,
Telephones: Main 373-3733, or Place Viger
and Windsor Street Stations.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT
DOMINION DAY
RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FARE.
Good going June 30th and July 1st. I
Returning until July 4th, 1910.

Summer Schedule

IN EFFECT JUNE 15TH
MARITIME EXPRESS
8.15 a.m. Daily For St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville,
Levis, Quebec, Riv. Ouelle, Mur-
ray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Little
Metis, Campbellton.
8.15 a.m. Except Saturday For the above-named Sta-
tions: also Moncton, St. John
and Halifax.
4 p.m. Except Sun. EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe,
Drummondville, St. Leonard, Nic-
olet and intermediate stations.

OCEAN LINED

For St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Que-
bec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup,
Bic, Little Metis, Metapedia,
Campbellton, Moncton, St. John,
Halifax, and Sydney.
Through connections for Prince Edward
and Newfoundland.

11.45 p.m. For St. Hyacinthe, Drummond-
ville, Levis and Quebec.
City Ticket Office:
130 St. James Street. Tel. Bell 6-11
H. A. PRICE, GEO. STRUBBS,
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

PATENTS

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exchange for the shares, bonds, de-
bentures or other securities of any
other company carrying on business
with objects similar in whole or in
part to the business of this company.
(r) To buy, sell and deal generally
in all kinds of goods, wares and mer-
chandise and to do all such other
acts and things as may be deemed
by the company to enhance the value
or render profitable any of the rights,
privileges or properties of the com-
pany. The operations of the com-
pany to be carried on throughout the
Dominion of Canada and else-
where by the name of "The P. M.
Grey Coal Company, Limited,"
with a capital stock of thirty thou-
sand dollars, divided into three
hundred shares of one hundred dol-
lars each, of which the chief part
business of the said company to be
at the City of Montreal, in the Pro-
vince of Quebec, Canada.