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# The Globe and Witness



Vol. LV., No. 38 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1906. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## EDUCATION QUESTION IN ENGLAND.

Pastoral of Archbishop of Westminster.

Catholic Schools, Catholic Teachers, and Effective Catholic Oversight

The Lenten Pastoral Letter of the Archbishop of Westminster says: The present Ministry declare that it is their earnest desire to arrive at a definite, permanent and just settlement of the difficulties which have hampered and retarded the educational progress of the country for so many years, and to redress and remove all grievances connected therewith. It is a noble and most praiseworthy object, and we heartily welcome these declarations. We Catholics have, in proportion to our numbers and resources, made more sacrifices than any other body in order to provide adequately for the education of our children. It is our most earnest desire, as it is our duty, to facilitate by every means in our power a permanent and just settlement of this much-discussed question, and we shall approach the proposals of the Ministry in no captious or distrustful spirit. We are prepared to consider them dispassionately, with no thought of mere party politics, with no need to party advantages or disadvantages. As we said two years ago, and as we have repeated more than once recently, and notably in connection with the general election—"The Catholic Church has no alliance with any purely political party—she stands outside them all. From all alike she incessantly demands fair treatment and justice, and liberty to do her divine work. In return she offers to them all, without exception, her fullest and heartiest co-operation in all those things which conduce to the moral advancement and the social well-being of the nation and of mankind." We are prepared to further in every way a lasting settlement of the education difficulty, in so far as we can do so consistently with those sacred principles which we can never surrender, because they belong to God, and are not ours to give. It is those principles which we must again declare to-day. We claim that, because they are equal in all things to their fellow-countrymen, as ratepayers, as citizens, as subjects of the same Sovereign, as sharing all the privileges and burdens of the same nationality, Catholic parents possess the right in justice "to have their children educated in the Elementary Schools of the country in conformity with their conscientious religious convictions." Primary education is by law compulsory, and free from cost to the parent. It must not in its compulsion, or by the threat of abolishing its freedom of cost, violate the conscience of any. We are told that there are many English parents, the large majority, it is alleged, of the nation, who are well content with what is called "simple Bible teaching," imparted during a portion of school hours, as part of the school curriculum, without reference to the actual belief of the teacher who conveys it. Some there are who would think it necessary that this teaching should be supplemented by more definite instruction on the Sunday, or at some other convenient time outside the school curriculum. Many, however, would be satisfied with the teaching given in the school, and would regard it as conveying, in connection with the secular subjects taught, an education in conformity with their conscientious religious convictions. On this account, because such teaching is regarded as satisfying the average Englishman, we understand that it is now suggested that it should be imposed by statute on all the public Elementary Schools in the country; in other words, that it should be permanently established and endowed. In the eyes of Catholics this would be the establishment and endowment of Protestantism in its simplest form, and would constitute an education not in conformity with but in direct antagonism to their conscientious religious convictions. Such an arrangement, if left to stand alone, will certainly not effect a permanent settlement of the question at issue. We have no desire to interfere with the right of parents to have such a system of education

stand on the same ground before the law. Where very few children of one religious belief are to be found, it would be obviously impossible to provide an efficient school for them, and it would be necessary that their own pastor, priest or clergyman should see that adequate provision is made for the religious instruction of the very small minority. But in all large centres where a number of children too great for individual religious care out of school is to be found, I maintain that for such children schools should be provided and maintained at the public cost, where in they shall receive an education in accordance with the religious convictions of their parents, at the hands of teachers who are recognized as fit and capable for their task by the religious body to which they belong." This, the Pastoral proceeds, is our full claim. If, in answer, we are told that our fellow-taxpayers and ratepayers are to receive an education not at variance with their conscientious convictions, at the cost of the nation, while we must continue to pay, as heretofore, an additional tax for the privilege of educational religious freedom, and must help the nation to provide sites and buildings and teachers for our schools, we shall be prepared, to the extent of our power, to continue the struggles of the past, rather than sacrifice our children; but let no man venture to say, then, that even-handed justice has been done to all alike. . . . And most assuredly a day will come, when the eternal principles of justice will rise up, and overthrow, and destroy, those who disregard them now, and who venture to ride roughshod over the conscientious convictions of those who regard definite religious teaching as an essential part of education. For, although on this occasion, speaking as we are to our own flock, we only allude to our Catholic schools, we do not forget that there are others who attach the same importance as we do to religious education. Taking into account the exceptional sacrifices which we have made, we might, perhaps, claim special consideration. We have not done so; we have no thought of doing so. "What we ask for ourselves we ask for all those who claim it on the same grounds. . . . We are warned by some that, if we press our claims too far, we shall drive the country, from sheer desperation, into the deplorable system of purely secular schools. God forbid! But what does this warning mean? Surely nothing less than that there are some who are so intolerant, so rabid in their intolerance, so hostile to any religious influence except that of their own small surroundings, that they are prepared to jeopardize the Christianity of the country, in order to cry victory over those to whom they are opposed.

### John Redmond's Epoch Marking Speech.

A special cable despatch to the N. Y. Evening Post reads as follows: Unquestionably Mr. John Redmond's speech at Manchester this week is the most noteworthy event in Irish history since the death of Parnell, not so much for its conciliatory spirit, which we British might reasonably expect, nor for the remarkable testimony which he gave regarding the unprecedented tranquility of Ireland; but we miss for the first time in many years the familiar note of distrust. He spoke without qualification and without reserve of his friendly attitude toward the British Government. As an Irishman he was not impatient nor timorous lest, after all, as has happened so many times to his unfortunate country, its confident hopes should once more be frustrated. His description of the present condition of his country was striking. "Ireland to-day is peaceful," he said. "There is no political rancor, there is no political disturbance." That there should be no criminal record of the judges at the recent spring assizes, is a fact without parallel. All over the west and south of Ireland the judges have been presented with white gloves. Mr. William O'Brien's speech to his own party urging conciliation is a similar sign of the times, as was Professor Butcher's speech in Par-

lament on Thursday. Professor Butcher is the Unionist member for Cambridge University, and speaking on Irish education he maintained that any educational policy which did not commend itself to the Roman Catholic Bishops was foolish and useless. Trinity College, however excellent it might be as an institution, and however high its standard of learning, could not meet the national need while it did not satisfy the religious and patriotic sentiment of the greater part of the population of Ireland.

### "Preach Solid, Simple Sermons," Says Pius X.

On Friday morning the Pontiff, together with the Sacred College and several members of the Papal court, were present at the first Lenten sermon preached in the Papal Chapel by Father Pacifico da Seggiano, who is one of the body of preachers appointed to preach in Rome during Lent, says the special correspondent of the Catholic Standard and Times. In connection with this, we think an account of the instructions given the other day by Pius X. to this body as to their preaching will be of interest. We have it from one of the preachers appointed—an aged Irish Redemptorist, who passed the morning and noon of his life in active missionary work in Ireland, and is now as vigorous as ever in Rome. "His Holiness," said this grand old priest, "entered the hall beaming with delight at seeing so many priests about him. 'I am going to say two words to you,' said the Pope, holding up his forefingers. 'Preach the Gospel—Preach the Gospel. Preach solid, simple sermons. Preach on the fundamental truths of our holy religion, on prayer, on the sacraments, and, above all, preach on hell. Yes, preach on hell as our Lord preached upon it. Let the people understand every word you say. Don't have sermons to tickle the ear; have sermons that will enlighten the ignorant, for this is truly an age of ignorance. Have sermons that will move the will. Preach on death, judgment, heaven, hell. Don't talk of atheists or irreligious people. What good would be in it! Address yourself to the congregations before you, and mind them alone.' "The heavenly, straightforward manner of Pius X.," added the Redemptorist Father, "carried us away and delighted us. He then gave each of us his blessing, and all was over."

### A French Souvenir of St. Patrick

In the Castellane place on the River Loire is situated the ancient Church of St. Patrick, which, for hundreds of years past, has been at Christmas time the bourne of innumerable pilgrimages on the part of pious Catholics from the Emerald Isle. The legend is that the patron saint of Ireland came to teach the gospel in Brittany and the west of France, and found himself obliged to swim across the River Loire, as there was no other means of crossing the stream. He landed near a hawthorn bush, on which he spread his mantle to dry. Since then the bush, which used only to flower in the summer, breaks out again in lavish blossoms every Christmas, on the anniversary of the Saint's crossing, no matter what the conditions of the weather, nor how cold and cruel the winter. Transplanted cuttings of the bush only come out in flower in the normal season. Efforts have been made to explain this peculiarity of the bush by the presence of a warm spring passing near the roots. But digging and research have failed to discover it. The bush blossomed as usual last Christmas, and the ancient Church of St. Patrick, close by, was visited as usual by a number of pilgrims from Ireland.—Marquise de Fontenoy, in the Chicago Tribune.

### CROSS OF MARQUETTE?

A silver cross, believed once to have been the property of Father Marquette, has been unearthed on the bank of the St. Joseph River, just below Elkhart, Ind.

### The Poplin Industry of Ireland

(John Byrne, in Boston Pilot.) A few words concerning the poplin industry of Dublin may be of interest. Introduced into Ireland from France by a number of Huguenots in the middle of the seventeenth century, the manufacture of hand-woven poplin has come to be a distinctly Dublin trade. In the eighteenth century there were said to be thousands of silk weavers in Dublin. As in London there were whole localities populated by them, and in some cases named after London districts. Their "Weaver's Hall," upon the Coombe, decorated with a statue of King George II., still exists, though now turned into a storehouse. There is a tradition among old weavers that when King George came to visit Ireland the silk weavers' company spread silk under his feet in place of carpets. At present I am told poplin is largely in demand for vestments, ecclesiastical robes, banners and dresses; also, owing to its beauty and durability, for neckties, in which there is a large and increasing trade. Going through a silk factory, I was struck with the fact that, as of old, only hand looms are used in making poplin. On asking the reason why steam power had not been substituted, it was pointed out to me that to substitute "power" for "hand" in poplin weaving meant sacrificing quality, beauty and durability of the product for quantity. Power may be used in ordinary silk weaving, but poplin is not by any means ordinary silk. I saw some beautiful Celtic scroll work designs, some especially for vestments, others for neckties. I was shown a sample of sash worn by the Irish National Foresters, and am told that every branch of the organization has to buy its sashes in Ireland. I am told the poplin industry in Dublin gives employment to 500 people, all of whom are steadily occupied. In this factory in Dublin a large quantity of material is turned out for the manufacture of vestments, the latter work being done by a number of independent firms. One of the newest of these associations, and so far as I could ascertain, the largest and most important, was especially recommended by the Most Rev. William J. Walsh, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin, for all manner of church work, embroidery, etc. It is that known as the "Dalkey Co-operative Irish Art and Embroidery Association." This association was organized by the Countess of Aberdeen some years ago, but not meeting with success, was taken in hands by the nuns of Loretto Abbey, Dalkey. They reorganized it, providing both teachers and a work room, for which they generously refused any compensation whatever. The notion so prevalent that regards convent schools as a sort of charity institution in no way attaches to this concern. This is a commercial association. Each member is a paid up shareholder. Each shareholder must, to qualify, be a thoroughly competent workman. Otherwise there is no possible chance of admission to the association. The profits of the association go to the members, none of whom are nuns. I go into all these details because I had the objection made to convent industries "that they pauperized the Irish people," and that objection was made by an Irish priest in Massachusetts when I was urging upon him the buying of Irish-made vestments. I am also authorized to say that not a penny is taken by the nuns of Loretto from their young workers. I have seen photographs of some of the work done for foreign countries, splendid specimens of handicraft, as anyone who knows anything about Celtic interlaced work must admit, for the fame of this association has gone abroad. The Hibernian Society of Napier, N.Z., ordered through Michael Davitt a green poplin banner. In the centre was the Irish harp in gold satin. The cords were gold thread and were surrounded by shamrocks. In each corner were the arms of an ancient Irish kingdom. Both sides had the same devices. Another banner of "St. Patrick's blue," with harp having the figure of a woman on it, embroidered in

gold thread entirely, was ordered from Cape Town. An embroidered cope of Celtic design, made by the Association, was presented to St. Mary's Cathedral, Halifax, N.S., by the Governor-General of Canada, in memory of Sir John Thompson, premier of Canada, whose memorial service was held in St. Mary's Cathedral.

A set of High Mass vestments of Celtic design was made to the order of the Rev. Gerald B. Coghlan, rector of the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, Philadelphia, Pa. The association numbers about 30 members, who make a respectable living. In going around amongst these industrial associations, I was confronted with the fact, unpalatable though it was, that all of them that I have seen so far depend for their orders upon England. Orders from Ireland or English colonies or America are not given. Yet we in Ireland buy Waltham watches, sewing machines and other products of America. Yet when we want any vestments, we turn to France, with its tariff against foreigners.

### Protestant Decay and Catholic Growth

(From the Catholic Universe.) The sermons in which the pastor of Plymouth Congregational Church discussed the reasons for his resignation last Sunday forms a very suggestive and illuminating commentary on the failure of the Protestant Church in general as a vital and permanent religious force. Plymouth Church is generally recognized as one of the strongest and most representative Protestant churches in Cleveland, yet Dr. Temple declared that its total regular membership had dwindled to 100, feebly enforced by fifty more who are occasional attendants. . . . This is a pathetic confession of failure, and does not lose its pathos because the pastor and his scattering flock are so blind to its real causes. A comparison of the hundred survivors of a large congregation with the thousands who flock every Sunday to the Catholic churches in the vicinity, a number so increasing that new churches are filled each year without any appreciable falling-off in the attendance of the old, ought to suggest to Dr. Temple that there are more fundamental reasons than the outward growth of the city for the condition he confronts so hopelessly. A religious system that assumes no authority, that offers nothing more satisfying to hungry souls than song services and neutral discussions of moral philosophy, and nothing more final to inquiring minds than doctrinal negotiations can hardly expect to secure a strong hold upon the hearts of men. If a dying Protestantism helps to establish the claim of Catholicism to be the only living Church, it is surely the part of wisdom for the watchers at the death-bed to investigate the sources of the abundant and inexhaustible vitality of that older faith which is ever building bigger walls to enclose its adherents.

### Archbishops (With a Difference) on the Rosary.

(From the Canadian Month.) The late Protestant Archbishop Benson wondered how the Roman Church with her noble liturgical office could descend to this "starved Rosary." Yet many holy souls undreamt of by him have used with great profit this prayer. His Catholic predecessor, St. Edmund, six hundred years before, might, however, be heard as suggesting how the Rosary might be profitably said in general: "A hundred thousand persons are deceived in multiplying prayers. I would rather say five words devoutly with my heart than five thousand which my soul does not relish with affection and understanding. Sing to the Lord wisely. What a man repeats by his mouth, that let him feel in his soul." Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure; it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There is nothing which tends to lengthen the life of a good street suit so definitely as taking it off as soon as you come in, brushing it and putting it away on its hanger. Lounging, as you are bound to do in a measure in your home, plays havoc with tailored clothes. It is rather a temptation to sink into an easy chair when you come in, just tired enough to enjoy the prospect of idling for a little while, but those very times take the life out of the cloth that tailors well and probably lays fine creases which result in incorrigible muzzing. It's rather a temptation, too, to hang it up and delay the brushing and putting it away properly to a later time when you are more rested, but it pays to do it at the time, for dust should be got rid of before it has time to settle into the cloth and give it that dingy look which mars so many otherwise good looking suits, and careful hanging prevents the forming of bad lines.

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READING MATTER FOR CHILDREN.

In an article on the nursery, we have already touched upon the subject of Child-Literature; have seen how important it is to people the eager, little mind with beautiful thoughts and images, since these first impressions will have far greater influence over the child than anything he may read in later life. Hence one can not be too careful in selecting the first books that are placed in the tiny, outstretched hands. Of course, they must be children's books, even baby-books, but let the subject-matter, the language, the pictures and the binding be of the best. It is a mistaken idea to think that anything is good enough for small children.

Nature stories, simple biographies and good, correct verse may early be included in the child's library. The greater number of children enjoy fairy stories, though, to some matter-of-fact little ones, the conviction that they did not "really and truly" happen spoils the pleasure. They have their place in the development of the imaginations and there are certain classics among them without which childhood would scarcely be complete. Some of our best writers now, both Catholic and secular, are devoting their talents to juvenile literature, so there is little excuse for giving children the cheap, miserably gotten up toy books with which the ten cent stores are flooded. It were also well to substitute the pranks of Brownies or something equally harmless for the "funny paper" which has become quite a part of the small boy's Sunday programme as the huge Sunday edition is of his father's. Shocking freedom is allowed the children in many homes in regard to their reading matter which ranges all the way from a detailed account of the last murder or suicide to the most popular society novel, and in case of boys, even some times the dime novel. The best remedy against this is to cultivate a taste for good, wholesome literature by giving something that is good and interesting; and if the discipline of the home is what it ought to be, the child will not read everything that falls into its hands without the permission of an older person.—E. R. P., in Western Watchman.

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THE SEASON'S EMBROIDERY.

The eyelet embroidery which was revived last year bids fair to be more popular than ever this season, and, as it is very simple, any woman with deft fingers can have a wide range of beautiful garments, which, if bought in the shops, would come very high.

The daintiest underwear has more or less handwork on it and the possibilities along this line are endless. There is also a wide variety of the most exquisite lingerie waists to which both eyelets and shadow embroidery are well adapted and eyelet work will form the principal trimming on the linen dresses.

The embroidered hats which were worn with shirt waist suits last year come in elaborate designs and will be used for every occasion, even real-dress. Many will be combined with maline in white or some delicate color, harmonizing with the

flowers which are banked on the bandeau in the back, the delicate color of the maline showing through the embroidery with exquisite effect.

SECRET OF LAUNDERING LINEN LINGERIE WAISTS.

All trades and professions have secrets all their own, and in these very secrets lies the reason for that particular success which rewards the efforts of the specialists in any one branch. Blame can not be visited upon one who is reticent in revealing those tricks which have aided him on and which are, after all, his particular stock in trade. However, some secrets are to be guessed at.

Into a bowl of tepid (milk warm) water lather a sufficient quantity of pure white soap. To this foaming surf add a good, generous pinch, say a teaspoonful, of borax. Submerge the waist, and proceed to wash until perfectly clean. Rinse until all particles of soap have disappeared, adding to each rinsing water a pinch of borax. Flap out and hang in the bright sunshine to partially dry and bleach. Over an ample tablespoonful and a half of crystallized gum arabic pour a pint of boiling water. When dissolved strain through a coarse cloth. Put the liquid into an open bowl, placing the half-dried waist into it, being most careful to rub the dissolved gum arabic well into the material. Flap out and press between dry towels until some of the moisture has been absorbed. Spread out upon a clean ironing board and proceed to iron with rather hot irons, on the wrong side of the waist. When thoroughly gone over on the wrong side, reverse and finish pressing on the right side. This done, hang in the sun. Any girl who has mastered this simple, practical task has an independent means of livelihood opened to her in these days of fine, befrilled waists, expensive laundresses and collapsed pocketbooks.—American Tribune.

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HOW TO WASH CHAMOIS GLOVES

To wash chamois gloves make a strong suds with white castile soap or any other kind of good white soap and to two quarts of suds add one teaspoonful of borax dissolved in half a pint of hot water, says the Philadelphia Bulletin. When the suds are cold put the gloves on the hands and wash them slowly and gently, as if washing the hands. Rinse in the same manner in clear water; then draw off gently and hang in a shady place to dry, drawing them into shape when they are almost dry. When perfectly dry rub between the hands to soften them.

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TIMELY HINTS.

Clotheslines and pegs will keep in good condition much longer, says the Chicago News, if they are boiled for ten minutes before using.

Mildew or stains of any kind may safely be removed from leather with a little pure vaseline. Rub in the vaseline till absorbed and then polish with a chamois leather.

For dandruff an excellent preparation is made of two ounces of powdered borax, an ounce of powdered camphor and two quarts of boiling water.

Before boiling milk or making any sauce with milk always rinse out the saucepan in cold water.

Washing red flannels is quite easy if you have a good lather of soap, to which is added a teaspoonful of

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

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Moland, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (His notice is: "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I purchased a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and in my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.50. Can be procured at all druggists or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Can. Do not accept a cheaper substitute but buy and get "Doan's."

CURED HIS WIFE of LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

"My wife took La Grippe when she was in Ottawa," says R. N. Dafoe of Northfield Farm, Que., in an interview. "She got a bottle of Psychine and after using it for a few days she was quite well. I took a cold and am using it and am getting all right. I think Psychine is one of the best tonics on the market to-day."

PSYCHINE

(Pronounced Si-keen) 50c. Per Bottle Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

powdered borax. Rub only with the hands, and rinse in warm water. Press very dry between a cloth, and shake well before hanging in a shady place to dry. A black felt hat may be cleaned with ammonia and warm water, but light hats must be cleaned with oatmeal, heated and applied with a brush. A white felt hat is cleaned with equal parts of powdered pipe-clay and flour. Rub the powder over every part of the hat and then brush thoroughly. There is nothing better for cleaning light colored felt hats which are only slightly soiled than dry cornmeal rubbed on with a piece of clean flannel.

RECIPES.

Vegetable Cutlets—Boil six good-sized potatoes and mash them fine, adding a spoonful of butter, seasoning and hot milk sufficient to moisten slightly. Chop fine one medium sized onion and fry until golden-brown in one teaspoonful of butter, boil separately three medium-sized carrots and two white turnips, chop them and add the browned onion to the potato. Season very highly with salt and pepper, add one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and set away until cold. Shape into small cutlets one inch thick, dip into slightly beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and immerse in smoking fat until golden brown. Drain and serve with any good brown sauce.

Stuffed Biscuits—Beat two eggs add one pint of warm milk, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-half of a yeast cake dissolved in two tablespoonfuls of butter, and sufficient sifted flour to mix to a soft dough. Knead for five minutes, return to the bowl, set in a pan of warm water, cover closely and put aside until very light. Soak one pound of prunes in water for twenty-four hours drain and cut into small pieces. When the dough is very light take off pieces the size of an egg, make a hollow in the center, put in about a tablespoonful of the prepared prunes and work the dough completely over the fruit. Arrange the biscuits close together in a greased pan, brush the top with warm milk, and when very light bake in a warm oven. The filling may be varied by using any kind of soaked dried fruit or firm preserves.

Little Caramel Puddings—Into a dry frying pan put half a cup of granulated sugar and set on the side of the fire where it will melt slowly. No water is to be added, and by the time the sugar is entirely melted the syrup should be of a clear, golden brown color. If the fire is too hot the syrup will be too dark and burnt and the flavor will be too pronounced. Have ready some small cups or timbale molds. Pour a little of the caramel in each, turning them round and round in order to coat the sides and bottom as evenly as possible. The amount given should be sufficient for five or six small cups. In a bowl break four eggs, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and beat enough to mix well. Add one pint of milk and one tablespoonful of vanilla and stir occasionally until the sugar is dissolved. Then fill the molds, set in a moderate oven until they are firm in the center. If baked too fast they will be full of bubbles. The caramel uniting with a portion of the water in the milk, serves to form the sauce. Serve cold.

FUNNY SAYINGS

The conversation turned on the effect produced on the emotions by pictorial art, when a man remarked: "I remember one picture that brought tears to my eyes." "A pathetic subject, I presume?" "No, sir; it was a fruit painting. I was sitting close under it when it dropped on my head."

MISDIRECTED MOURNING.

While exploring the grounds about the tomb of Washington a gentleman happened to see a lady of mature years who, bathed in tears, was kneeling before an edifice some distance from the monument. Thinking she was in some sort of distress the gentleman offered assistance. "No, sir, thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcame me when I gazed upon the tomb of the Father of his Country." "Quite so," the gentleman replied tenderly. "I thoroughly understand. But, my dear madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington; this is an ice-house."

NOT FOR HIM.

A quiet and retiring citizen occupied a seat near the door of a crowded car when a masterful stout woman entered. Having no newspaper behind which to hide he was fixed and subjugated by her glittering eyes. He rose and offered his place to her. Seating herself—without thanking him—she exclaimed in tones that reached the farthest end of the car: "What do you want to stand up there for? Come here and sit on my lap." "Madam," gasped the man, as his face became scarlet. "I beg your pardon. I— I—" "What do you mean?" shrieked the woman. "You know very well I was speaking to my niece there behind you."

A REMARKABLE CHOIR.

An old farmer and his wife were attending church services one hot Sabbath day. The windows were open and the noisy chorus of the crickets was distinctly audible. In due course the choir sang an anthem, and the old man, a music-lover, listened enraptured. At its conclusion he turned to his wife and whispered: "Ain't that glorious and divine, Mirandy?" "Yes," she answered, "and to think that they do it all with their hind legs."

"Did you hear Kubelik play? They say he has a Stradivarius." "Mercy! Has he? Where did he get it?" "In Europe, I believe." "Too bad! And can't the doctors do anything for it?"

HEALTH IN SPRING.

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid; you may have twinges of rheumatism or neuralgia, occasional headaches, a variable appetite, pimples or eruptions of the skin, or a pale, pasty complexion. These are sure signs that the blood is out of order. A tonic is needed to give new energy. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best tonic in all the world. They make new, rich, blood—your greatest need in the spring. They clear the skin, drive out disease and make tired, depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Mrs. Chas. Masson, Yamacache, Que., proves the great value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in building up people who have become weakened and run down. She says:—"In the winter of 1905 I was very much run down and lost flesh rapidly. My blood was poor. I suffered from indigestion, severe headaches and general debility. In this condition I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and thanks to this valuable medicine I am again enjoying perfect health."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the ailments due to poor blood or shattered nerves. That is why they cure anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney trouble, indigestion and the secret ailments of women and girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE POET'S CORNER

OLD TIMES, OLD FRIENDS, OLD LOVE.

There are no days like the good old days, The days when we were youthful! When humankind were pure of mind, And speech and deeds were truthful; Before a love for sordid gold Became man's ruling passion, And before each dame and maid became Slave of the tyrant Fashion!

There are no girls like the good old girls— Against the world I'd stake 'em! As buxom and smart, and clean of heart As the Lord knows how to make 'em; They were rich in spirit and common sense, And plety all supportin'; They could bake and brew, and had taught school, too, And they made such likely courtin'!

There are no boys like the good old boys— When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet That dimpled the laughing hether; When the pewee sang to the summer dawn Or down by the mill the whip-poor-will Echoed his night song over,

There is no love like the good old love— The love that mother gave us! We are old, old men, yet we pine For that previous grace—God save us! So we dream and dream on the good old times, And our hearts grow tenderer, fonder, As those dear old dreams bring soothing gleams Of heaven away off yonder. —Eugene Field.

THE STRONG KNIGHT.

Seek not the tree of silkiest bark And balmiest bud, To carve her name while yet 'tis bark Upon the wood! The world is full of noble tasks And wreaths hard won; Each work demands strong hearts, Strong hands, Till day is done.

Sing not that violet-veined skin, That cheek's pale roses The lily of that form wherein Her soul reposes! Forth to the fight true man! true knight! The clash of arms Shall more prevail than whispered tale, To win her charms.

The warrior for the True, the Right, Fights in Love's name; The love that lures thee from that fight Lures thee to shame;

American Gem for the Pope

The Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart at Los Angeles, Cal., have received, for presentation to Pope Pius X., a beautiful cut tourmaline, weighing four and one-half carats. The stone is a gift from the Mesa Grande Tourmaline and Gem Company of Los Angeles, and was taken from their mine at Mesa Grande San Diego County, Cal. It is to be used as His Holiness may elect. He may wear it or place it in the museum of the Vatican.

This summer will occur the seventh centenary of "the Vocation of St. Francis of Assisi, and will be festively celebrated. At Bologna, Italy, the celebration will be under the auspices of His Eminence Cardinal Svampa.

Documents that ought to be of interest to the Irish in the United States are the "Letters of O'Higgins to Don Jose Toribio," now being published serially in the "Revista Catolica" (Catholic Review) of Chile, South America. O'Higgins was an Irishman, and one of Chile's heroes of the old days.

That love which lifts the heart, yet leaves The spirit free—

That love, or none, is fit for one Man-shaped like thee. —Aubrey De Vere.

OLD DREAMS COME TRUE.

The green on the meadow was faint and new, And the air was soft, and the skies wore blue; And a brown bird sang in an apple tree, And her notes held joy—and a prophesy. Old, old dreams come true. A zephyr stole out of the South to woo A wee, shrinking flower of azure hue And the brown bird croon'd in her tiny nest, As she snuggled wee birdies to her breast— Old, old dreams come true.

The summer had fled, and the fields were bare; And each shrub and tree wore a listless air; And the brown bird gazed at an empty nest, While the wind swept boldly out of the West; And the wee, shy flower, of azure hue, Lay forgotten, and dead—when dreams came true, When old dreams came true. —Mary M. Redmond, in Donahoe's for March.

THE FRIENDLY WORD.

"The kindly word unspoken is a sin; Than hide it not, the music of the soul, Dear symphony, expressed with kindly voice, But let it like a shining river roll To deserts dry, to hearts that would rejoice.

Oh, let the symphony of kindly words Sound for the poor, the friendless and the weak; And He will bless you, He who struck these chords Will strike another when in turn you seek. —John Boyle O'Reilly.

NEVER YOU MIND.

Never you mind For the trouble an' sighn'— One rose is born While another is dyin'; Star unto star To the heavens replyin'; Never you mind, my dear! Never you mind— Though the way may be long, Mornin' is breakin' In sunlight an' song; Right is God's smile On the pathway of Wrong— Never you mind, my dear! —F. L. Stanton.

THE OLD MAN KNEW BEST.

"I took three bottles of your medicine, and I feel just like a new woman," read the testimonial. "John," she said in a shrill, piping voice, "I think this is exactly what I need. I have been feeling bad for quite a spell back, and the lady was symptomated just exactly as I feel. I believe I will try three bottles and see if it will make a new woman out of me." "Not much, Maria," said John, with tremendous earnestness. "Not if I know it. I don't mind spending three dollars on you if you feel bad, but I ain't a-goin' to have you made into any of these here new women, gaddin' about the city to women's clubs and savin' the country that don't need savin'. You jest mix up some sulphur and molasses and take it, and you will feel better, but don't let me hear no more of this new-woman nonsense!"

The merits of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a sure remedy for coughs and colds are attested by scores who know its power in giving almost instant relief when the throat is sore with coughing and the whole pulmonary region disordered in consequence. A bottle of this world-famed syrup will save doctor's bills and a great deal of suffering. Price 35 cents, at all dealers.

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: Not many sent me an how they spent St. Patrick's Day. I am sure you all enjoyed paper which told you how we are pretty lull with full liberty to hold and demonstrations, which said of all the other cities, still, I thought your schools would have had of a feast, in order to keep your spirit of patriotism bring to your minds all and glorious things which in order to keep the faith I have been thinking of which might encourage you to the corner regularly. will tell you about it that is if you are interested who are will write me. I you all again that you should be in not later the morning in order to be the week they are received Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I presume that by this are thinking that I have you; but no! I certainly I was waiting to give you particulars about how I spent rick's day, so as to come your request of the last I shall begin by telling tended at Mass, which was wted by Rev. M. A. Meur spent the rest of the day uncle's place and enjoyed greatly. I am attending lage academy, and like it professor is Mr. A. M. Du study English and French history, geography, and consequently have n time to spare And n auntie, I shall conclude that my letter will not be the waste basket! Sherrington, March 21.

WHAT A BOY CAN A boy can make the world By kindly word and deed As blossoms call for nature So hearts love's sunshine

A boy can make the world By lips kept ever clean; Silence can influence shed As speech—oft more doth

Full simple things indeed, Thus stated in my rhyme; Yet, what, dear lad, could be— What grander, more subli

USED MEN AT THE UP AND AND TIRED OUT

Every day in the every week in the women and children need up and tired out The strain of bus care of home and and the task of study cause terring from heart and nerve troubl offers put forth to keep up to the "high pressure" mode of life in even wear out the strongest chatters the nerves and weakens Thousands find life a burden on an early grave. The strain on the nervous system, palpitation of nervous prostration, sleeplessness and dizzy spells, skip beats, irregular pulse, smothering and spells, etc. The blood becomes watery and eventually causes deol

Milburn's Heart and Nerve PILLS

new indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nervous system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are made of the most valuable ingredients and are the only pills that will give you relief in two or three days. I have been with nervousness and heart failure for several years. I have decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would be without them if they cost as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are for sale for \$1.25, all dealers. E. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Can.



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NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.

THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1906.

AN ILL-MANNERED EXHIBITION.

This world is full of trouble for some of our Ontario contemporaries. They have plunged themselves once again into the depths of affliction and mortification over the conversion of the Princess Ena.

In view of the prominent part taken by King Edward in the ceremonies connected with the engagement of Princess Ena, it would have been at least a concealment of inherent malignity for the journalistic champions of Protestantism in the press of this country to spare their insolent comments upon the public message of the young Princess to the Holy Father.

"At the moment of entering the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church I desire humbly to thank your Holiness for all your fatherly goodness towards me, and I also wish to offer myself with all my heart as your devoted and loyal daughter.

The Catholic people throughout the world will devoutly join with the Spanish nation in wishing the future Queen of Spain every heavenly favor.

BELIEF OR UNBELIEF.

Which of these two is best suited to the nature of the human mind? If the question be put in another way, which has the greatest number of votaries, belief or unbelief, it is not difficult to answer.

AUSTRALIA PETITIONS FOR IRELAND.

A Parliamentary paper has been issued in London containing the text of the resolutions passed last year by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Australian Commonwealth in favor of granting Home Rule to Ireland.

lieve their stern reality and their transcendent influence upon human history? Surely it is to believe. If we take the contrary stand, and claim that these great movements involving the relations between God and man are only dreams and myths of a shadowy past, how did we ever come to dream them?

BRITISH EMPIRE CENSUS.

An interesting Blue Book has been issued dealing with the census of the British Empire. It appears that at the time of the census of 1861 the British Empire comprised in round numbers eight and a half millions of square miles.

As far as can be ascertained, the population of the British Empire in 1861, inclusive of the Indian Feudatory States, was about 259 millions, in 1871 it had risen to nearly 283 millions, in 1881 to nearly 310 millions, in 1891, largely through acquisition of territory, to more than 381 millions, and at or about the date of the census of 1901 (exclusive of the population of North-Western Rhodesia, for which no estimate could be obtained) it had reached a total of about 400 millions.

For the whole Empire the aggregate rate of increase of population showed a great decline in the last decennium, and the report states that a large factor connected with the fall in the increase of the population is continued depression of the birth-rate, which has now become general in nearly all countries.

Excluding London, the most populous city in the British Empire at the present time is Calcutta, the population of which has grown from ten or twelve thousand in 1710 to nearly 848,000 in 1901.

A total of fifty-seven and a half millions may be taken as a rough estimate of the number of persons in the Empire professing one form or other of the Christian religion.

EDUCATION BILL IN ENGLAND.

The Catholic Education Council, a body representative of the sixteen Catholic Dioceses of England and Wales, has issued a statement, in view of impending legislation in the present session of Parliament, in which it is pointed out that no settlement of the education question can be accepted by Catholics which takes away from Catholic parents their right to have for their children Catholic schools, in which teachers shall be Catholics, and shall give definite religious instruction under Catholic control during school hours, and to have new Catholic schools recognized and maintained, and the enlargement of existing schools sanctioned where the needs of the Catholic population so demand; that no settlement can be accepted which does not safeguard the Catholic character of Catholic schools, either by retaining the existing proportion and powers of foundation managers or by some equally effectual means; that no settlement can be accepted which does not provide for the continuance and maintenance of existing Catholic Training Colleges and Catholic pupil teachers' centres, and which does not grant facilities for extending the means of giving Catholic training to Catholic teachers; that any proposal to lease, rent or assign Catholic schools to the local education authority cannot but be viewed with grave anxiety, and that any such proposal which conflicts with their Catholic character must be rejected.

The statement is signed by the Duke of Norfolk as chairman, and by the Secretary of the Council.



BREAD is never better than the flour it is made of. Often it is not nearly so good, but that is the fault of the bread-maker.

Royal Household Flour



is supreme. It represents the best that is in the wheat, ground to a snowy whiteness and purified by electricity.

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CARDINAL LOGUE IN ROME.

Cardinal Logue, of Armagh, during his present stay in Rome, is especially devoting his attention to the complicated work connected with canonization of his martyred predecessor, the Venerable Oliver Plunkett.

The Holy Father to Spanish Catholics.

In the Catholic Times, of London, we find a translation of an important letter addressed by the Holy Father, on February 28 last, laying down directions with regard to public action by Catholics.

Referring to "certain disputes which within recent months greatly sharpened old party conflicts," His Holiness says that an examination of the questions involved shows that there is "no reason why people's minds should become so excited."

"Let all bear in mind that in danger religion or the State is in danger no one should indulge in lethargy. Now, those who are endeavoring to destroy religion or society aim chiefly at getting possession, if they can, of the public administration, and becoming members of legislative bodies. It is, therefore, necessary that Catholics should guard against that danger with all earnestness; and accordingly, putting aside party interests, they should work strenuously for the safety of religion and country and choose the candidates who, considering the conditions of each election and the circumstances of time and place, are likely to render the best service to faith and fatherland."

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle and see if it does not please you.

IRISHMAN WITH COLUMBUS

Titular Archbishop Seton lectured in the Irish College before Cardinal Michael Logue, Primate of Ireland, and a distinguished audience on "The Irish in America." He spoke of the influence and power they exercise there, intimating that St. Brendan of Clonfert in the sixth century was the first European to visit the American continent, and recalling that a monk named Bailey, who landed with Columbus, was an Irishman, and the first to celebrate Mass in America; Cardinal Logue warmly congratulated the lecturer.

Charity is productive of no rewards to him who does not make it a practical part of his daily living. Like steel, it remains bright only so long as it is constantly used. Laid away, it rusts and disintegrates.

Obeys from day to day, the obedience of each day is our true daily bread.—Fenslon.

St. Laurent College At Hospital for I

A Lesson of Charity and Judgment of what our Doing Both Religiously and Education for our Young

Have you ever visited for incurables? If so, do leave its doors weighed the thought of how utterly the poor bed-ridden inmates flow the busy world run its race, thinking only of stopping so seldom to be sent vessels that can run on driving to the Hospital curables on the afternoon 18th.

A kindly nun met me. Like to visit us? Very fortunate you are. Our nuns are to have an entertainment afternoon. Of course you for it. Plenty of time for building after."

Only too glad I was to entertainers who would 1 day to give a moment to those who lead a life Following the nun up came to a sort of hall. those who would walk no more! The blind and ed! The consumptive and cious. Yet not one seemed rowful. On all sides beaming with an eager that would melt the heart. "Who are to give the ment, Sister?" I questioned. I was seated.

"College boys from St. They are here with Father hall, who directs their direction, I believe."

I intended another question some one had begun to speak Mavourneen." A mainly voice it was. Wh environment, the poor help about me, or the mood made it so, I know not, very much inclined to drop an old lady near me was from the sorrowful to some by a jig done to the "Irish Washerwoman" stepped out it was, and applauded that the Rever with the boys persuaded man to come forth again. dead, was another surprise. "bones, died" them so well that the poor one laughed that has so for months.

A sweet, touching violin followed by the song "A Earth," sung very pathos. Then a young man stepped sang with a vim that put in accord with the "They're Proud of the Irish." A little break at this point a touch of curiosity to know now, Sister?" I asked.

"I think they are going scene from the Merchant the court scene."

Could it be possible? I was the kind of philanth reaches. Shakespeare! I too! and in an hospital I could hardly find a gaud—"Sister, to have n would have been a sin." one is not in a position yet wishes to, what a pleasing than to stand the needy receive.

St. Laurent College Boys At Hospital for Incurables.

A Lesson of Charity and an Acknowledgment of what our Friends are Doing Both Religiously and in Higher Education for our Young Men.

Have you ever visited a hospital for incurables? If so, did you not leave its doors weighed down with the thought of how utterly forgotten the poor bed-ridden inmates are?

A kindly nun met me. "You would like to visit us? Very well! How fortunate you are. Our poor people are to have an entertainment this afternoon. Of course you will stay for it. Plenty of time to visit the building after."

Only too glad I was to see these entertainers who would lose a Sunday to give a moment of pleasure to those who lead a life of pain.

Following the nun upstairs we came to a sort of hall. Here were those who would walk God's earth no more! The blind and the maimed! The consumptive and the cancerous. Yet not one seemed sorrowful. On all sides were faces beaming with an eager expectancy that would melt the hardest heart.

"Who are to give the entertainment, Sister?" I questioned after I was seated. "College boys from St. Laurent. They are here with Father Broughall, who directs their dramatic association, I believe."

I intended another question, but some one had begun to sing "Kathleen Mavourneen." A magnificent, manly voice it was. Whether the environment, the poor helpless souls about me, or the mood I was in made it so, I know not, but I felt very much inclined to drop tears as an old lady near me was doing.

The song finished, we were hurried from the sorrowful to the blithesome by a jig done to the tune of the "Irish Washerwoman." Well stepped out it was, and so heartily applauded that the Reverend Father with the boys persuaded the young man to come forth again. Here, indeed, was another surprise. Producing a pair of "bones," he "rattled" them so well that many a poor one laughed that had not done so for months.

A sweet, touching violin solo was followed by the song "A Handful of Earth," sung very pathetically. Then a young man stepping forth sang with a vim that put everyone in accord with the sentiment, "They're Proud of the Irish Now."

A little break at this point added a touch of curiosity to me. "What now, Sister?" I asked. "I think they are going to play a scene from the Merchant of Venice—the court scene."

was joined in by all the boys. This ended the performance. Oh! if the smiles of gladness on every withered and distorted countenance; if the looks of unmistakable pleasure could reach our would-be "philanthropists," would they not too, following their priests, as these talented college boys did, enter our hospitals to find there the place for their millions; that it is there the wail of unpeppable suffering comes from, that there alone can they help those from whom it comes by better and loftier things than cold libraries and schools with the donors' names in bronze over the portals.

"Well, Sister, this has been an enjoyable afternoon. Those college chaps are grand. How your poor people have enjoyed it." "But this is not all," was the reply, "you must come to the chapel. They will sing Benediction."

It was there I heard again my singer of "Kathleen Mavourneen" in the awe-inspiring words of "O Salutaris." The pathetic voice of "A Handful of Earth" floated out in Gounod's beautiful and difficult "Ave Maria."

It seemed to me that Jesus and Mary were smiling sweetly from their thrones, side by side, on these young men in their efforts to please Him. After the last strains of the "Ave" faded away, the boys sang inspiringly "Tantum Ergo," and as the Sacred Host was raised on high, it seemed to need but a "touch of nature to make us all akin."

Benediction over, they sang "Faith of our Fathers." It was evident memories of St. Patrick's Day were still with them. Many a visitor resolved on leaving the chapel to herald the praises of these worthy young men and the priests who train them.

When, on leaving, I heard the strains of old college songs floating through the corridors, while those who could get no further than their doors hummed slowly to themselves, memories of such days long ago welled up in my heart; and feeling a suspicious lump in my throat I bade the Sister a hasty farewell, wishing I were a college boy once again and one among such as the boys of St. Laurent.

Assuredly did they go back to their halls thrice blest. For God, who is all mercy, can not fail to bless those who imitate Him. JUST A VISITOR.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

AT VILLA MA'RIA. His Grace Archbishop Bruschi presided on Sunday afternoon at a reception into the Sodality of the Children of Mary at Villa Maria Convent.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Sunday, 25th March, 1906: The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 157; French, 57; English, 11; other nationalities, 7. Total, 232.

REOPENING OF CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES ANGES. The Church of Notre Dame des Anges, corner of Lagachetiere and Chenneville streets, which had been closed ever since the fire which took place there a few months ago, has been thoroughly renovated and will again be open for worship on the first Sunday after Easter.

BLESSING OF CHAPEL AT TERMINAL PARK. On Sunday last the blessing took place of the new chapel built at Terminal Park, on a lot given by the St. Lawrence Construction Company for the erection of a church, school and presbytery in that new centre. The district was in gala attire, with flags flying, and decorations of hunting. The Rev. Abbe Lecours, parish priest of Longue Pointe, celebrated Mass. There are about 52 families at Terminal Park, and every Sunday there will be Mass at 8.30 o'clock.

BISHOP BERNARD VISITS HIS NATIVE PARISH. On Saturday last Mgr. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, paid a visit to Beloeil, his native parish. His Lordship called at the different educational and religious institutions of the village, and on Sunday officiated in the parish church. After the service he was presented with an address by the citizens. In the afternoon His Lordship visited the old homestead in which his father still lives, and also called on his brothers and other relatives living in the parish.

The Poor Little Orphan Lad

(Written for the True Witness, by Cecile Murphy.) Shall happiness come, or shall it stay away; A loving friend be close to me some day, To dry my eyes, to press my parched lips, And place a loving hand upon my finger tips.

I often sit and gaze upon the deep, And sigh and sigh and sigh myself to sleep; To dream those flowery dreams of sweet content, Upon whose light my aching heart's so often bent.

But only then to wake and weep again; To spill those precious tears, to call in vain For those I love, for those I wish to see; For those lost ones that never, never call to me.

I often wander through the woodland still, And listen to the nightingale's sad thrill, I often stop and watch the brooklet flow, Whose dancing playful moods bring to my soul but woe.

I have no home, I have no friends at all, I've often slept within the prison walls, No one will smile at me when I am sad, For everybody knows I'm but an orphan lad.

My mother died when I was little yet, My father left without the least regret, His only child for other pleasures dear; He left me, heartless father, left without a tear.

I have no sister to be kind to me, No brother still to whistle merrily into my ears and with me gaily talk, Asside by side and arm in arm like friends we walk.

No none of those sweet joys shall e'er be mine, I'll live and die with woe's cruel arms entwined, Around my heart, and no one will be sad, Or e'er regret the little ragged orphan lad.

Entertainment at St. Laurent College.

On Friday evening the members of St. Patrick's Literary Association of St. Laurent College gave a very interesting and quite instructive entertainment before a large and choice audience.

The following programme was executed: Overture—"All Hail to Our Idol".... Orchestra. Tableau—"The Harp Unstrung".... A. C. Griffin. Address—Daniel O'Connell..... F. A. Lamar.

Selection—"The Kerry Dance"..... F. McKeon. Song—"Ireland, I Love You"..... C. A. Maher. Address—John Boyle O'Reilly..... F. X. Asselin. Song—"A Handful of Earth"..... T. A. Murphy. Declamation—"The Irish Philosopher"..... T. J. Broderick. Song—"They're Proud of the Irish Now"..... S. Gallagher. Medley of Irish Airs—College Band.

Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice. Shylock..... T. A. Murphy. Duke..... D. Regan. Antonio..... J. Dolan. Portia..... F. Baker. Bassanio..... H. Meglaughlin. Nerissa..... F. McKeon. Gratiano..... C. A. Maher. Salerino..... P. Griffin. Clerks—G. J. Hafford, J. Mulcair.

The addresses were highly creditable, as were also the other numbers of the programme, and elicited deserved applause. In the trial scene from the Merchant of Venice, Mr. Thomas Murphy, as Shylock, sustained his reputation as an amateur actor of ability; the others who took part did well.

The St. Patrick's Literary Society has much to be proud of this year's record. Under the able guidance of Rev. L. A. Broughall, C.S.C., the members have made steady and marked progress in lines literary, musical and dramatic.

Among those present at the entertainment were: Rev. Andrew Morrissey, C.S.C., representing the Very Rev. Gilbert Francis, C.S.C., who by reason of his many occupations, was prevented from attending; the

Rev. B. Lecavalier, C.S.C., President of Cote des Neiges School; the Rev. Edward Mahan, C.S.C., vice-president of St. Laurent, and many other distinguished friends of the institution. The members of St. Patrick's Society offer their sincere thanks to their Moderator, the Rev. L. A. Broughall, C.S.C., and to Father Clement for their many acts of kindness, whereby the success of the entertainment was assured.

St. Patrick's Day in Buckingham

The morning of March 17 dawned bright and clear. Under fair skies and a mild atmosphere, the sons of the Gael, stirred to patriotic action by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, turned out to do honor to their great patron saint.

Promptly at 9.15 a.m., the members of the A.O.H., escorted by representatives from the different French and Catholic societies, marched to the church where seats had been reserved for them in the main aisle. The sacred edifice was beautifully decorated for the occasion, Ireland's green banner and streamers of green being everywhere in evidence. The statue of St. Patrick standing at the sanctuary entrance, banked with flowers and shamrocks and garlanded with green drew many a word of praise from the Catholics of all nationalities who had flocked with their Irish fellow-citizens to do honor to Erin's glorious Apostle.

Rev. Father Croteau, P.P., officiated as celebrant at the solemn High Mass, being assisted by his curates, Fathers Desrosiers and Chenier, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. A special musical mass had been prepared and was executed with great success, and both before and after Mass the young ladies of St. Lawrence Convent and the boys of St. Michael's College sang with telling effect the national and sacred hymns which every Irishman delights in hearing and without which no St. Patrick's day celebration would seem complete.

Rev. Father Cox, of Loyola College, Montreal, was the preacher for the occasion. Taking for his text the words of Tobias: "Speak not so. For we are the children of saints and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from him," he showed how this had ever been Ireland's answer to the foes who would have torn her from her allegiance to the God whom St. Patrick had taught her to trust and love. The Rev. gentleman concluded his interesting address by a stirring exhortation to the Hibernians to continue with ever increasing zeal the good work they had inaugurated, and while remaining staunch sons of Ireland ever to look to the life which God will give to those who never change their faith from Him.

In the evening, at the Alexandra Hotel, the members of Division No. 1, A.O.H., tendered a reception and banquet to the clergy of Buckingham parish, to the representatives of the French Catholic societies, to the fathers of the members and to the early Irish settlers of the district. The hotel, more particularly the dining hall, was tastefully decorated for the occasion; no effort was spared by the proprietors, Messrs. Cunningham and Bernardin, to make their guests feel as if they were at home in dear old Ireland for the evening. The meal was a triumph of culinary skill, the menu and toast card being especially artistic and appropriate to the occasion.

When justice had been done to the excellent dinner provided, toastmaster J. L. O'Neill, in a few tactful and neat remarks, dwelt for a moment on the object of the banquet, and of the observance of St. Patrick's day, and then proceeded to propose the various toasts in the order in which they appear on the appended list: The Sea of Peter, responded to by F. M. Gorman; The Day We Celebrate, J. H. Farnand; The Sorrows of Ireland, R. J. Cameron; Our Fair Dominion, M. H. Martin; The Glories of Ireland, D. B. Lahey; The Ancient Order of Hibernians, H. F. McGurn; Foggarth Aroon, Rev. Father Cox; Our Guests, Dr. Costello and Mr. Lamontagne.

The answers to these gave excellent proof of the fact that every Irishman is a born orator, and that in this respect the Buckingham Irishman is not a whit behind his countrymen of more pretentious towns. Messrs. Farnand, Cameron, Martin, Lahey, McGurn, Lamontagne and Dr. Costello deserve special mention for the painstaking and able way in which they acquitted themselves of the difficult tasks allotted to them, while Rev. Father Croteau was particularly happy in his remarks about the Irish members of his flock.

BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths, SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

After the singing of that grand old ballad, God Save Ireland, the gathering repaired to the parlor, where a pleasant hour was spent in music, song and story, after which the Hibernians and their guests dispersed for home with the feeling of a day well spent. The observance of the day was an unqualified success, and reflects much credit on the gentlemen who so devotedly and generously undertook to make it worthy of St. Patrick and the dear old Emerald Isle. "OWEN ROE."

Since the Catholic Teachers Were Driven Out.

An article in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," by George Goyan, describes the condition of the Government schools in France since the Catholic teachers have been driven out. The rules of attendance are not enforced; there is a steady decline in numbers, and many pupils leave without knowing their alphabet, so that illiteracy, which was almost unknown in France, is now becoming common. The teachers are inferior and are not respected. As they are not exempt from military service, the supply is inadequate. Of those who are employed, many are used as electioneering agents, their promotion depending upon their anti-Catholic zeal. The teachers have lately formed a union for an increase of salary, which will mean an additional burden of forty-four million francs, besides the extra expense to which the Government is put by the suppression of the religious schools. Many of the teachers are regarded as Anarchists.

FRENCH NUNS IN BROOKLYN.

A branch of the Catholic Order of the Infant Jesus, hitherto confined to France, will soon be established in Brooklyn with the approval of Bishop McDonnell. Five months ago three nuns of the order arrived in Brooklyn, and have since been stopping with the Little Sisters of the Poor in their home in Bushwick avenue. The brownstone house at 266 Clinton street has been rented as the headquarters of the order, and in a few weeks a dozen or more of the nuns expelled from France will be settled there. They will devote themselves exclusively to nursing the sick poor.

A Famous Gaelic Poet Dead

Colm Wallace, the patriarchal Connemara Gaelic poet, died Feb. 28. He was born in Lettermullen, on May 2, 1796. He distinctly remembered hearing the news of the battle of Waterloo; whilst the election of O'Connell for Clare was in his reminiscences a comparatively recent event. Colm was a child of two when the French landed at Killala, in '98; a bare-headed gossoon of seven when Robert Emmet sailed from the depot in Marshalsea lane; a man of 31 when Catholic Emancipation was achieved; already past the prime of life in the Famine year; well past the three score and ten limit in the Fenian days; an aged man on the verge of a century when the Gaelic League was founded. Of all these movements ripples found their way into his placid life, and more than one of them finds an echo in his poetry.

The funeral of Colm Wallace took place on March 1, from the parish church, Oughterard. The local members of the League selected and purchased a suitable plot for a grave in the local churchyard, acting under instructions from Mr. P. H. Pearse, B.L., the Editor of An Claidheamh Soluis, who holds the balance of the fund collected a few years ago.

An Claidheamh Soluis says:—"We shall always remember with pride and gratitude the spirited answer of our readers to the appeal which we made three years ago for a small fund for the support of Colm. For nearly two years he found a home with a good Gael in Uachtar Ard. About twelve months ago it was felt that he should receive hospital treatment. He was accordingly removed to the hospital of the Oughterard Union, the editor of An Claidheamh, arranging with the Union authorities that he should not be treated as an ordinary pauper. Nor will his grave be a pauper's one; for there still remains enough of the little fund collected three years ago to pay for the modest funeral obsequies of the singer of "Cuirt an Strothain Bhuide" and "Amhran an Tae." Neighbor's hands will lay him in the grave; in time, perhaps, a simple stone will mark his resting place.

"Go b-faictimid uile e ar dhéas an Athar!" A thought we live by, however simple, a desire which fills the heart, however humble, is enough to make life rich and fair.—Bishop Spalding.

OBITUARY.

MASTER WILLIAM DUNNIGAN.

An unexpected death occurred in this parish on March 13th, the victim of the stern reaper being the son of James Dunnigan, William, whose age was but fourteen. The little fellow was apprised of his danger in due time to make preparation for death. He was sustained in his last moments with all the consolations that our Divine Saviour has left us in the rites of holy religion for the soul about to take its departure for the realms beyond the grave. His life, though short, had been an exemplary one; though young, the vacant place by the fireside will oftentimes be noticed by those who are left behind, and the willing hand to help in many ways will call up sorrowful recollections to those at home; above all his little schoolmates will miss his companionship. He was an altar boy and will be missed from the number. His funeral was an unusually large one. The family have our sympathy and with them we will pray that God be merciful to his departed soul. The circle is broken, one seat is forsaken, One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken, One heart from among us no longer shall thrill With the spirit of gladness, or darkness with ill. Mayo, March 26, 1906.

TO THE SHAMROCK

Far dearer than gold are my treasures, They have come from my home in the west, And were planted by Patrick and nourished With blood from young liberty's breast.

They are Shamrocks, dear Shamrocks, from Erin; Culled from her bright sunny soil; My heart's every pulse will caress them Sharing to-day my exile.

How oft thro' the green fields I wandered, Radiant with childish glee, In search of the dear little Shamrock, The Shamrock to-day has sought me.

Then, speak, little pilgrim from Erin, And tell me in my native land, Do thy oft wait a prayer o'er the ocean, A prayer for their wandering band?

Are her sons as chivalrous as ever, As true and as ready to stand, As her sires of old, who shed true and bold, Their blood for that dear old land?

For thy sake, then, my country, I'll cherish Those emblems of my native shore, On my heart they will lie till they perish, Erin, can I do aught more?

And I'll wear them to-day and forever, I pray that kind Heaven may smile, And shower choicest blessings upon thee, Mavourneen, my own green isle. P. McE.

A thought we live by, however simple, a desire which fills the heart, however humble, is enough to make life rich and fair.—Bishop Spalding.

better made of, early so fault of, good matter handled, must well as taste, bread, riment, OUR, wheat, nitenss ity, that is and best gilvie's to be, Lid., contains some never or can tall, r to Spanish ics., mes, of London, n of an import- ed by the Holy 28 last, laying regard to pub- lica. The words Spain, but to in every land. certain disputes months greatly conflicts," His an examination olved shows that on why people's e so excited," d desire," con- "that the dissen- sion, and which g time too much tively cease. We dous for this ces- a need for unity is greater now, main that when ate is in danger ulge in lethargy, endeavoring to society aim chief- sion, if they administration, ers of legislative efore, necessary uld guard against e earnestness; and aside party in- work strenuous- religion and coun- e the candidates e conditions of e circumstances are likely to ren- ce to faith and venerable bro- the other Bishops advise and exhort effect, and should nently put down atholics." • •

FRANCIS COLUMBUS

p Seton lectured e before Cardinal rimate of Ireland, ed audience on "rica." He spoke d power they ex- tating that St. e in the sixth cen- European to visit nent, and recall- amed Bailey, who mbus, was as first to celebrate Cardinal Logus ted the lecturer.

ive of no rewards ot make it a prac- ally living. Like bright only so stantly used. Laid disintegrate. o day; the obedi- is our true daily

A GREAT GARLIC BOOK.

"The Tain Bo Cualnge."

This great book has been just brought out by Professor Ernst Windisch, of Leipzig, Germany. Nothing so immense or so elaborate has ever been printed in or about the Irish language, for half the book is Irish. It is a translation into German of the longest, most important, and most curious historical romance in the Irish language, namely, "The Tain Bo Cualnge," or "Cattle Spoil of Cooley."

Professor Windisch's "Tain Bo Cualnge" is undoubtedly the greatest and most voluminous book ever published about the Irish language. It contains eleven hundred pages, and gives the full text of the "Tain" from the Book of Leinster. The story of the Tain is found generally in an imperfect state in four or five other manuscripts; but Professor Windisch has given every word and sentence in the other manuscripts that differ from the text of the Book of Leinster.

Baby's Own Tablets are equally good for little babies or big children. If a child is suffering from any of the minor ills of childhood a few doses of the Tablets will cure it. An occasional dose to the well child will prevent sickness.

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies. They were engaged in examining with great interest the statue of a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words, "Executed in terra-cotta."

be of equal value. But among Aillil's cattle was a splendid bull, superior to any in the herds of Maeve. She was in a fix because her husband had a finer bull than any she possessed. She consulted her chief herdsman, and he told her there was a wealthy man in Cualnge (now Cooley), in the present County Louth, who had a finer bull than Aillil's, and who would be only too glad to give her the loan of him.

Queen Maeve was then in a greater fix than ever, but she was determined to have the bull, although she knew that taking him by force would involve her in war with her enemies, the Ulstermen; for in these days Louth was part of Ulster. It would appear that there was some sort of epidemic in Ulster at the time, and warriors, except Cuchullin, were unable to defend their province.

Maeve ravaged Ulster and got the bull, but he was a dear bull to her, for he killed many of her soldiers, and was the cause of her defeat by the Ulstermen in two battles—Dear as Mr. Windisch's book is, every Irishman who is interested in the ancient and noteworthy literature of his country should have it, for it is well worth its price.—T. O. R., in Irish World.

HEALTH IN THE HOME.

Baby's Own Tablets are equally good for little babies or big children. If a child is suffering from any of the minor ills of childhood a few doses of the Tablets will cure it. An occasional dose to the well child will prevent sickness.

Among the visitors to a fine art exhibition were two old ladies. They were engaged in examining with great interest the statue of a young Greek, underneath which were inscribed the words, "Executed in terra-cotta."

The Rock of Cashel To-day

The Scriptural vision of cattle grazing on a thousand hills is a living reality on the slopes of the mountains which wall in the Golden Vale. Cattle are feeding on the grass-grown side of the Rock itself—feeding luxuriantly, too, since they do not leave their grazing from day to day through a dry summer to seek water after their kind.

The traditional "Prophecy of Lasarian of Cashel" ran thus: "The Church of Rome shall surely fall when the Catholic faith is overthrown in Ireland." There is a firm belief in another tradition of the place: "Ireland will be free when the lamp of the sanctuary swings once more before the shrine of St. Cormac on the Rock of Cashel."

Jackdaws wing their flight in great black circles around the unroofed cathedral, its majestic walls and lofty arches standing with sovereign patience, like a dethroned monarch, awaiting the restoration of his crown. The smaller and more ancient church of tradition and prophecy still wears its seemingly imperishable roof of stone, King Cormac's chapel, built for the King of Kings, is royally ready for the fulfilment of the hope of ages.—Honor Walsh, in Donahoe's.

THERE IS NOW A MASS OF PROOF

That Lumbago is Always Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Quebec Man Cured his Kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and his Lumbago Vanished.

Quebec, P.Q., March 26—(Special)—John Ball, a bricklayer, residing at 57 Little Champlain street, this city, has added his statement to the great mass of proof that Lumbago is caused by disordered Kidneys, and consequently easily cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was troubled with Lumbago for two years. I could not work. I had to get up at night to urinate, so often that my rest was broken. I read of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills and made up my mind to try them. After the first box I could see and feel a change. Three boxes cured me completely."

Lumbago, like rheumatism, is caused by uric acid in the blood. Uric acid cannot stay in the blood if the Kidneys are working right. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the kidneys work right.

The Irish as Missionaries

(From the Missionary.) Next in the Irish church to St. Patrick, who is the missionary father of the race, comes doubtlessly St. Columba, the Irish missionary father of the Scotch. After his death and burial in Iona, his holy remains were removed to his native land and buried in the same tomb with St. Patrick and St. Brigid. After him no Irish Saint outranks St. Columbanus, an apostle of half of Europe. And then what a host of others. For the Irish at home trained generations of missionaries, and sent them everywhere among the pagan idolaters, from Greenland to far-off Scythia, so that the Irish, during the golden age of their religious history, were divided into missionaries to unbelievers. Some Irish priests of our day think their countrymen are not quite worthy of their ancestors in this respect.

BILLY MADE A GUESS AT IT.

Having arranged with his wife to make a long-promised call a faithful husband arrived home in the afternoon only to find his better half out and no message left to explain her absence.

Finally the husband enquired of their trusted handy man. "Oh, Billy," he said, "can you tell me anything of my wife's whereabouts?"

"Well, I don't know, sir," said Billy, "but I suppose they're in the wash."

A Medicine Chest in Itself—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

OBSTINATE COUGHS AND COLDS.

The Kind That Sticks. The Kind That Turns To BRONCHITIS. The Kind That Ends In CONSUMPTION.

Do not give a cold the chance to settle on your lungs, but on the first sign of it go to your druggist and get a bottle of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Inflammation of the Throat or Lungs, Whooping Cough, etc. It is a wonderful medicine, it is so healing and soothing to a distressing cough. We are never without a bottle of it in the house.

Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a paper wrapper, three place over the trade mark, and price 25 cents, of all druggists.

Reported Resignation of Rev. J. J. Wynne without foundation.

The Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., has not resigned from the Board of Editors of The Catholic Encyclopedia, and has no thought of doing so. Some months ago he resigned as Associate Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, and took occasion to warn Catholics against the use of his name by the agents of that work. Many persons who did not know of Father Wynne's connection with the Americana, erroneously concluded that he had ceased to be an editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia. He considers it necessary to correct this error and to say that on the contrary, one of his motives in retiring from the Americana was to be free to devote his time and labor exclusively, to the Catholic Encyclopedia.

A Successful Medicine.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond expectations. The endorsement of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfil everything claimed for it.

Angie invited her young man to supper. Everything passed off harmoniously until the seven-year-old brother broke the blissful silence by saying:

"Oh, ma, yer oughter seen Mr. — the other night when he called to take Angie to the drill. He looked so nice sittin' longside of her with his arm—"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Yer oughter seen him," continued the persistent informant after gaining his breath. "He had his arm—"

"Fred!" shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempt to reach the boy's arcular appendage, she upset the contents of the teapot.

"I was only going to say," the half-frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whine, "he had his arm—"

"Fred," thundered the father, "leave the table!"

And the boy did so, exclaiming as he went, "I was only going to say Me. — had his army clothes on and I leave it to him if he didn't."

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

That was a rare honor which Cardinal Satolli, as Prefect of the Congregation of Studies, conferred the other day upon Krogh-Tonning, the celebrated writer and pulpit orator of Christiania, Norway, when he declared him a doctor of divinity. In Rome the theological attainments of this Norwegian convert are spoken of much as were those of John Henry Newman when he entered the Church. The distinction that has come to Dr. Krogh-Tonning is unique, inasmuch as he is a layman and neophyte in the faith.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION

IN AID OF

St. Michael's Parish, Montreal.

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

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to

REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

(All contributions acknowledged.)

Pyrography COMPLETE INSTRUMENT with two points, only \$1.00 post paid. This is not a toy but a practical working instrument. It is a simple, safe and easily used instrument. It is a simple, safe and easily used instrument. It is a simple, safe and easily used instrument.

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal. In the Superior Court, No. 2503. Frothingham & Workman (Limited), a corporation having its principal place of business in the City and District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. Maxime Langlois, of Gaspé, District of Gaspé, Defendant. The defendant is hereby ordered to appear within one month.

2. No. 3 are quoted at 88c; No. 4 at 87c.

DAIRY PRODUCE. The cheese market is steady under a fair demand, and prices are unchanged at 13c to 13½c. Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 22½c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrades are more plentiful and are offered at 20½c to 21½c per pound. Dairy is steady at 18c to 20c with a fair demand reported.

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

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

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. A Medicine Chest in Itself—Only the well-to-do can afford to possess a medicine chest, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which is a medicine chest in itself, being a remedy for rheumatism, lumbago, sore throat, colds, coughs, asthma and a potent healer for wounds, cuts, bruises, sprains, etc., is within the reach of the poorest, owing to its cheapness. It should be in every house.

SOEITY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, F.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. F. Kearney; 2nd Vice, H. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crows; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tannay.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Kilbride; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall (Ingle Building) 2381 St. Catherine street. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 825 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hestonstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. B. Stevens, D. J. McGillie, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Merrill and Dr. H. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION. We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison. Enter any time. No vacations. Central Business College. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

CHURCH BELLS. Church Bells. Memorial Bells a Specialty. Meneilly Bell Company. 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

MENEILLY BELL COMPANY. TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS. SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

PRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR. Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY ST., MONTREAL.

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THE F. E. KARN Co. Limited. Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House. 132-134 Victoria St., Dept. W, TORONTO. Send for large Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free.

SO BY CHAPTER XV—C

These were the only play which have any the story. Except for tal resemblance of these to living characters, and scene to his own home, nothing in the play the any knowledge on Paul Clayburg and its people play had a bad effect on watched its continuance interest afterwards, smiled when, at the close act, the delighted audience the author and heaped their mighty applause. ever visit the theatre though the successful plus three months. It aroused ruling emotion in his for Ruth at the sight of old slumbering passion, dangerous effect on his for many a month after

CHAPTER XV RUTH.

While the years were tumultuous fight for woman was enjoying in peace of heart none the and real that it had after much suffering. Went Ruth had found the presence a very keen, a durable pain. She would have found it impossible but that the battle had and won long before the separation, when it had plain to her that she could not accept the Catholic faith. Ruth was as convinced as would be a violation of science to permit her to be brought up in any other her own. She was very announcing her determination. Florian, because the scenery had been enacted in many times, but after he sought a new battle self, winning quietly and a life of gentle calm seemed able to disturb. Had supposed, her strictness had swept from every vestige of himself she once had for him. ance to-morrow in Clayburg or without a wife, would pleasure to her, not an regret and expectation, have been for him. He into that ridiculous position a rejected lover finds it assume, that of the trust the woman he would have wife. Often she visited the hill, and wept bitterly this one sorrow of her dead so hard to believe dead. The whole scene with her presence. Her the earliest laugh to spring, and here the first bewailed the death of the the coming of the long winter. Even when she dead two years many said odd that Linda Wallace to see this or do that; ways first and always g it hurt Ruth the more. would have disturbed the of the girl? and who called the back, Linda, smile of God, even if it power?

The report which reached that Ruth had devoted literary effort was true, she began to reap some and profit from her vent new idea had been vent by an outsider for which took her fancy relative and her husband Clayburg the previous urged on Ruth the proping to New York during ter, or at any time that convenience, and making acquaintance of the literate of the day. "We have them all tions," said Mrs. Merric are so gratified to hear of you in terms of high will receive an ovation of the pleasure and pride to you to hold sw with them. "Well, Barbara," said thought her relative's little silly notion, "ye tempting and I shall con

SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

These were the only incidents of the play which have any bearing on the story. Except for the accidental resemblance of these two persons to living characters, and of the first scene to his own home, there was nothing in the play that indicated any knowledge on Paul's part of Clayburg and its people.

CHAPTER XVI.

RUTH.

While the years were passing with tumultuous flight for Florian, one woman was enjoying in Clayburg a peace of heart none the less assured and real that it had been won after much suffering. When Florian went Ruth had found the loss of his presence a very keen, almost unendurable pain.

ing the winter. But I could not think of leaving Clayburg at present. Next year, perhaps, I may go down and hold "sweet" converse with your literary stars.

And Mrs. Merrion perceived from the unnecessary emphasis on the "sweet" that Ruth was laughing at her. However, Ruth thought deeply on the matter and finally proposed it to her father, who was delighted with the idea of being in Florian's neighborhood for a time, and suggested shutting up house at once and setting off on their journey.

Ruth suggested the advisability of consulting some of their friends, and the squire was for consulting the whole city, so that she found it necessary to name Mr. Wallace and Pere Rougevin as a council of advice.

"That's it," said the squire. "I'll arrange a whist-party for this afternoon and invite them over."

A party of that description was a dreadful trial for Ruth, who had the hardest part of the work to perform and was not enamored of its pleasures, whereupon she announced her intention at dinner of making some calls during the remainder of the day, and of leaving the management of the party to the squire. He was relieved perhaps, for his congenial soul often went a little beyond the limits of prudence, and the mild reproach in Ruth's eyes was hard for him to endure.



FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC Was In Untold Misery. I should have written before now about that precious Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, but I thought I would first see what effect it would have.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free.

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada: THE LYMAN BROS. & CO. LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

could not help himself, not rushing with uplifted axe on his brother-in-law nor making any scenes. She had named her boy Florian in honor of him, and thought what a pity it was with his fine talents he should be so bound by his religion.

"So are you, my dear," answered Mrs. Buck gently; "and you are no judge."

"Seemingly Mr. Buck wished to insinuate—" began Mrs. Winifred. "He shouldn't insinuate, seemingly," said Sara.

"I never could understand," said Sara, "how it just ended between Florian and you, Ruth?"

"Just so," Sara replied, impressed with such a compliment and desirous of letting Mr. Buck see her indifference. "Florian was a good judge, too. I always feel sorry I acted so cross with him. I think it wore on him."

"I am going to visit the hermit. Usually I bring father with me, but he was engaged this afternoon," Ruth explained.

Mrs. Winifred grew uneasy and fidgety for some moments after this announcement, but soon recovered and expressed her willingness to favor Ruth similarly at any time. It was a bitter cold day, and the open sleigh in which they were seated afforded a fine view of the vast stretches of ice that lay away from them for miles.

light in the window. It was a cloudy and gloomy day, and Scott was at home, with a bright fire burning in the chimney-place and his solitary candle lit, while Izaak Walton lay open at a well-thumbed page that brought back a fresher memory of the brightness and sweetness of what had once been before the gloomy winter.

Ruth was in the habit of calling on him as often as she thought her presence would not be too intrusive, but she had never disturbed his retreat during the winter, and perhaps he thought this visit a mere freak of inquisitiveness.

"It's a fine place, New York," he said, quietly; "but why need all the blood rush to the heart?"

"You see," said Ruth, "I would not go to stay, but only to make a few friends among the great thinkers and writers and poets. It would be something to know them, would it not?"

"You were never in a great city," said she, and repented of the words immediately, for she did not see how much like a question it was until it was uttered.

"I understand," said she. "I know to what you refer. Well, I have prayed and prayed, and yet light will not come. I have tried to be content with Methodism and I can't, nor can I find rest in any other faith."

"It's a time of doubt with you," said the hermit, "and that means change. I dunno as great minds will help you much; mostly it's the little minds do God's work, an' bring peace and rest."

For Homes, Stores, Hotels, etc. Metal Walls and Ceilings are, by far, the most durable, most economical, most artistic and most sanitary of all wall coverings. Once in place, they are practically indestructible and will remain in perfect condition until the house is torn down.



SURPRISE PURE SOAP You Can Use "SURPRISE" Soap in any and every way, but we recommend a trial of the "SURPRISE" way, without boiling or scalding the clothes.

cellars, and hunt up little minds, and see the great people too.

"Then, would you say go, Scott?" she persisted. "Would I say go? Well, if great minds is the only trouble, an' religion, why, yes, go."

Somehow she was not so satisfied with his answer, and sat staring into the fire. Was there anything else that should trouble her save religion and the great minds?

"From what I've heard of big cities," said she, "seemingly nothing troubles the girls there but their dress and beaux."

"Do you think my presence, Scott, would annoy Florian?" "I do," said the hermit, as if he had been expecting the question.

"Not if ye care nothin' for him," And seeing she did not perceive what injury her presence could be to Florian, he went on a little hurriedly, as if it annoyed him to speak of these things.

"I don't think you're quite correct in that," said Mrs. Winifred, with a boldness that frightened herself. "Florian, seemingly, was always one of the strict kind."

"How do you know I'll refuse?" said Ruth, saucily. "That's so," smiled Scott. "You can't know a woman two minutes at a time, an' I'm no wiser than other men."

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(To be continued.)

