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The True Witness



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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 endorsement 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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 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

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 says: "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 opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

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 Sikkene) 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.

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 centre. 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."

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.

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:

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:

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.

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;

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;

There are no boys like the good old boys— When we were boys together! When the grass was sweet to the brown bare feet

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!

THE FRIENDLY WORD.

"The kindly word unspoken is a sin; Than hide it not, the music of the soul,

THE STRONG KNIGHT.

Seek not the tree of silkiest bark And balmiest bud, To carve her name while yet 'tis bark

NEVER YOU MIND.

Never you mind For the trouble an' sigh'n— One rose is born

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.

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 symptomatized just exactly as I feel. I believe I will try three bottles and see if it will make a new woman out of me."

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... BY A...

Dear Girls and Boys: Not many sent me an answer to the last issue. I am sure you all enjoyed the paper which told you how we are getting on. I have been thinking of which might encourage you to the corner regularly.

I presume that by this you are thinking that I have you; but no! I certainly was waiting to give you particulars about how I spent my day, so as to come your request of the last issue. I shall begin by telling you of the rest of the day, uncle's place and enjoy greatly. I am attending a college academy, and like it very much. I am studying English and French history, geography, and consequently have no time to spare. And my auntie, I shall conclude that my letter will not be the waste basket!

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

NEVER YOU MIND. Never you mind For the trouble an' sigh'n— One rose is born

USED MEN AT THE UP AND TIERED OUT. Every day in the every week in the women and children need up and tired out

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 I have been using them for several years, and I would not be without them if they cost as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: Not many sent me an account of how they spent St. Patrick's day. I am sure you all enjoyed last week's paper which told you how we celebrated the day in Montreal. Of course we are pretty lucky here, with full liberty to hold processions and demonstrations, which cannot be said of all the other cities and towns, still, I thought your different schools would have had some kind of a feast, in order to keep alive your spirit of patriotism and to bring to your minds all the great and glorious things which were done in order to keep the faith. I have been thinking of a plan which might encourage you to write to the corner regularly. Perhaps I will tell you about it next week, that is if you are interested. Those who are will write me. Let me tell you all again that your letters should be in not later than Monday morning in order to be published the week they are received.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I presume that by this time you are thinking that I have forgotten you; but no! I certainly have not, I was waiting to give you the particulars about how I spent St. Patrick's day, so as to comply with your request of the last edition. I shall begin by telling you I attended at Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. M. A. Meunier. I then spent the rest of the day at my uncle's place and enjoyed myself greatly. I am attending the village academy, and like it well; my professor is Mr. A. M. Dupuis. I study English and French grammar, history, geography, and arithmetic, and consequently have not much time to spare. And now, dear auntie, I shall conclude, trusting that my letter will not be put in the waste basket.

MAY. Sherrington, March 21, 1906.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

A boy can make the world more pure By kindly word and deed; As blossoms call for nature's light, So hearts love's sunshine need. A boy can make the world more pure By lips kept ever clean; Silence can influence shed as sure As speech—oft more doth mean. A boy can make the world more true By an exalted aim; Let one a given end pursue, Others will seek the same. Full simple things indeed, these three Thus stated in my rhyme; Yet, what, dear lad, could greater be— What grander, more sublime?

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the tasks of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age wear out the strongest systems, shatter the nerves and weaken the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

Indicated for all diseases arising from a weak and debilitated condition of the heart or of the nerve centres. Mrs. Thos. Hall, Kelson, Ont., writes: "For the past two or three years I have been troubled with nervousness and heart failure, and the doctors failed to give me any relief. I decided at last to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and I would not now be without them if they cost twice as much. I have recommended them to my neighbors and friends. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills 50 cents per box or \$1.00, all dealers, or The E. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

Free Treatment for Sick Kidneys

WRITE FOR GIN PILLS

If you have suffered for years with kidney trouble—if you know your kidneys are sick, but have not been able to find anything that will help you—or if you suspect that you have kidney disease, write for a sample of GIN PILLS, the pills that cure. We don't ask you to spend a single penny, or promise to spend any. Simply take the box of pills which we send you free of charge. We leave it to you whether or not you will take any more after the sample box is gone. L. T. PORTAGE, October, 1905. I was troubled for about two years with kidney trouble, so common among railway men. I doctored in the regular way and took a great deal of medicine, but received no benefit. My friend recommended Gin Pills, and I am pleased to state that after taking the first box I got relief, and while I am not taking them regularly, I feel any indications of a return of the trouble, a few doses puts me all right again. CHAS. SIMMONS, C.P.R. Engineer. This letter is the experience of hundreds. They try doctors and drugs without relief, but they find the cure for their trouble in GIN PILLS. Take advantage of our generous offer. Mention in what paper you saw this, with your name and address, and we will send you, absolutely free of charge, a sample box of GIN PILLS. They are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. THE BOLD DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

on to the end. He let his arms fall and freed the kitten! How his heart beat! how his breast swelled as he sang, with two big tears ready to fall from his full eyes.

The organist had half turned, startled at the first note, but had continued playing, fearing the singer would stop when he did. The child, however, seemed unconscious of his surroundings, singing in his clear, sweet soprano through the last repetition: "A-ve-A-ve-Mar-i-a,"

and then stood motionless, hands clasped, eyes wet, behind the organist.

The man drew him toward him, and his own voice was not of the strongest as he asked who had taught him to sing.

"My mother, in Italy, before she died," Petro said, with a faint smile which touched the musician inexpressibly. He had picked up English quickly after his arrival in America, and now could speak it well, and he answered a few questions about his short life earnestly and quietly.

The organist was impressed strongly by his story, and ran his fingers over the keys of the organ for a few minutes without speaking, trying to think of some way to help him. He could not himself offer him a home, for his own household was already crowded; but he would take him back with him for the present, until some other plan could be determined on.

He had made up his mind already that Petro should sing at Easter.

It was when they started to leave the church that Petro remembered puss. In great distress he commenced an arduous search for her, and she was finally found at the foot of the pulpit fast asleep. The organist was much amused at this, and said he should tell the rector the effect of his pupil even upon dumb animals. He himself did not at first see the need of taking the kitten with them; but Petro wished it so strongly he consented. At the end of the aisle, where he had stood when he first entered the church, Petro paused. It must have been the simplicity of the window that attracted him. He had seen much more splendid ones in his own art-perfected country.

"That window is in memory of a little boy," said the organist—"a little boy like you. The Lord took him up in his arms, and his mother is left here alone, and she gave that window in memory of him."

Tears came into the child's eyes. "Has he him so?" he asked, pointing to the window, and then, without waiting for an answer, he added: "But Petro, he is alone, and his mother he has so." His fingers closed tightly about the hand of the organist, and they passed on, out through the porch.

Petro's new life was very strange to him; but he grew more and more accustomed to it, and tried to show his gratitude in a bashful, boyish way. He won the hearts of all the family; and the organist's wife even pleaded to keep him with them until he grew old enough to care for himself. He was one of those little souls a true woman loves to guide and foster. They had both watched him closely at first, for it was not a little dangerous, this taking a strange child into one's home; but the boy, in a short time disarmed them of all suspicion.

Every day he went with his new friend to the rehearsal, and made friends in a quiet, odd little way among the other choristers. So the few days before Easter passed quickly by. Rumors of his progress and his beautiful voice, the organist purposely started, hoping to

excite an interest which might lead to something; and in his heart he had an especial hope, of which, however, he said nothing. The day of the great feast came, with its music and flowers and gladness; and Petro thought he had never been so happy as he stood in his white robe, at the end of the first row of the choristers, ready to sing—alone. He was not frightened. The organist had trained him well, and the boy was unconscious of everything save the music. He was to sing the first of the special anthems, and the last of the preceding responses had been said. He watched for his signal, and when it came, he only clasped his hands a little tighter under his cotta, and lifted his head and sang.

There were many tearful eyes turned towards the little chorister when he had finished, and the organist gave a long sigh, and said, half aloud to himself, "Ah! that voice was not given to him for nothing."

His eye wandered over the crowd of familiar faces, all earnest and wondering now, toward a little woman who sat on one side, underneath the window where Petro once had stood.

She sat quite still, her eyes fixed longingly on the boy, who was standing, motionless as she, with his lips parted and his head thrown slightly back. She could see his little breast still heaving, while in her own ears and heart there seemed to ring again.

"Sacrificed for us, for us, for me," she added—"sacrificed for me. Let us keep the feast—the feast—ah! how?" she asked, and drew the heavy black veil she wore over her face, and sank down upon her knees.

After service question after question was asked and answered about Petro, and the organist was content, and waited.

The next morning's mail brought him a letter which he seemed to have expected; it was a square envelope with a small black seal upon it.

"From Mrs. Holland," he said, in answer to his wife's look of inquiry, and hastily reading, added: "It is as I hoped."

In a few moments more he started to go out. His wife helped him on with his coat.

"I am so glad," she said, "and so happy. You're always helping some one, and me most of all, you dear boy!" She was leaning up to fasten the top button of his coat; he bent down and interrupted her. Then he laughed.

"Boy! pretty old boy, at forty-two. What'll I be at eighty?" "Still a boy; always a boy to me."

Late the same day, he and Petro went into the library by themselves and there he asked the little fellow how he would like to live with a dear, kind lady, who would care for him and love him as if she were his own mother.

"Does she sell flowers?" Petro asked.

"No," answered the organist, smilingly; "but she buys them. She is not poor; she lives in a large house with beautiful things about her; a piano"—The boy's eyes were sparkling.

"Oh!" he exclaimed—then suddenly his eyes grew sorrowful—"would I have to leave you?"

His friend explained to him how it was impossible for them to have him with them always, although they wished to, and should always love him. But this lady was kind and good; she had lost a little boy like Petro, and was lonely; she had heard him sing, and had seen him, and she wanted him to come and live with her, and try to love her.

Petro finally consented. He bade the family a rather tearful good-bye and left them, for remembrance, the one thing of his own he had been fond of, his only possession, the kitten.

"This is your little Italian singer," said the organist to Mrs. Holland; and then he went away and left them, together.

Returning later, and going in unannounced, as he had been asked to do, he instinctively stopped a moment in the doorway of the room where he had left his charge.

"My other mother sang them to me," Petro was saying slowly and sweetly, "and now Petro will sing them to you." And listening his friend heard him singing some Italian flower songs; they were the same as he had sung to the kitten that day he wandered into the church. He stood by the lady as he sang, leaning against the side of her chair; and when he had finished, she clasped him in her arms, and he, standing up on tip-toe, reached his little hands about her neck and laid his cheek against hers.

The organist turned and went out, closing the door softly behind him

MY GRANDMAMMA.

Grandmamma wears a soft gray gown, It's silky when I smooth it down. I hope I'll wear a soft gray gown, When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's hair is snowy white, It almost sparkles in the light, I hope my hair will be as bright When I am old like her.

Grandmamma's smile is very sweet; My papa says it "can't be beat." I hope my smile will be as sweet When I am old like her.

Grandmamma knows I love her well, I love her more than I can tell. I hope little girls will love me well When I am old like her.

THE EMPTY BARREL.

"What shall we play at this morning, Dolly?" inquired Billy. He and his little twin sister had just run out into the garden after their mother had washed their faces and dressed them up neatly.

"Oh, I don't know," exclaimed Dolly. "Suppose we play touch wood!"

"No; that's only a kid's game!" cried Billy, who feels quite grown up when he has his hands in his pockets, like papa. "Let's try jumping instead. See me jump right into that barrel. You couldn't do it, because you are only a girl, and girls don't count when there's any jumping to be done."

"Don't they, though!" exclaimed his sister. "I'll jump into that empty tub quicker than you will, so there!"

One-two-three! Splash! Down came Dolly right in the middle of the tub, but, oh, what a surprise was there! Instead of being empty, as it was the day before, the tub was now full of tar—that horrid, black, sticky stuff which spoils pretty dresses and gets you into trouble. You know what tar is, don't you? Well, so does Dolly—now!

GAME OF CASTLE KING.

Choose your king by some counting out rhyme. Then he must stand on a high place and shout defiance to his foes. He taunts them with abusive epithets as: "I'm the king of the castle; Get down, you cowardly rascal! He is then assaulted by the other players, every one a claimant for his position of eminence, and alone he must try to maintain it.

Fair pulls and pushes are allowed, but the clothes must not be pulled under penalty of being set aside as a prisoner of war, which really means expulsion from the game.

Sometimes the king is permitted to have an ally, who merely stands by to see fair play and to capture any one breaking the rules.

The odds against the king are so great that he does not long retain his position, and the one who de-thrones him takes his place and possession of the "castle."

KEYS THAT OPEN HEARTS.

Many of our young readers have seen the little verse that runs: "Hearts, like doors, open with ease, To very, very little keys; And don't forget that two are these; 'I thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

Now, there is a great deal of truth in these four lines, as we will all acknowledge, if we but stop to consider a moment. The little key that unlocks our doors, an instrument scarcely more than three inches long, is a wonderfully ingenious contrivance. And how much we rely upon it! But is its accomplishment any more to be admired than that of the keys that are suggested in the poem for opening hearts? No brass, no iron, only a little courtesy and love.

"I thank you, sir"—that means appreciation of services rendered or of some kind word or deed. Appreciation of kindness goes far toward opening the hearts of others, but there are many who acknowledge a courtesy only by cool words or by the curt monosyllable, "Thanks." There are even some who make no acknowledgment at all of the little kindnesses of every-day life. It requires effort and watch-care to render acknowledgments, but we are all human, and a cordial "I thank you" expressing appreciation of what has been done, brings a pleasant sensation of warmth to the heart and causes it to open towards the one who speaks the gracious words. More than this, a cold acknowledgment checks further acts of courtesy on the part of the one thus treated.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba on the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land as each year for three years. (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother. (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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."



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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THE DEATH OF CARDINAL CALLEGARI.

The death of Cardinal Callegari recalls the long friendship between him and Pius X. When Cardinal Callegari was Bishop of Treviso, in 1880, he had as his Chancellor the Abbe Sarto.

ONE TRIAL OF MOTHER GRAVES' WORM EXTERMINATOR.

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.

AT A RECENT AUDIENCE WITH THE HOLY FATHER.

At a recent audience with the Holy Father Father Bann, the Administrator of the Incorporated Society of the Crusade of Rescue, laid before His Holiness a detailed statement of the progress of the work.

CHARITY IS PRODUCTIVE OF NO REWARDS.

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.

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 such thoughts as these 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 G 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 S 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 The song finished, we w 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. A pair of "bones, eld" them so well that the poor one laughed that ha 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.

It was a magnificent edition of Shakespeare. I seen amateurs put the into so difficult a work college boys did. The S a masterpiece for one so Portia was as sweet in the words of the "q mercy." Each and ev these actors seemed to with the: "The quality of mer strain'd, It droppeth as the gentl heaven Upon the place beneath; blest; It blesteth him that give that takes."

These young men are actors. It was with a scene draw to a close welcome the first opportunity on their college s lights and scenery. Fro have seen there would appointment. There was now an utter running through of big mainly follow, overstrutted out. He swung thorn and wore an o "stove-pipe." His appearance of fun. He kept men and women roaring splitting delivery of. (I dubbed it) a "funny A song, "Sing Me to F very sweetly, and with

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.

The song finished, we were hurried from the sorrowful to the blithe some by a jig done to the tune of the "Irish Washerwoman."

It was a magnificent played rendition of Shakespeare. Never have I seen amateurs put the expression into so difficult a work as these college boys did.

There was now an unmistakable titter running through every one. A big manly fellow, over six feet, strutted out.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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."

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 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.

The members have made steady and marked progress in lines literary, musical and dramatic.

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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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 "Cuir an Strothain Bhuideh" 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 dheidh an Athar!"

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 Lagouchetiere 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.

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. Duke..... 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.

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.

better made of. rily so fault of. , good matter andled. l must well as taste. bread riment, OUR nts the 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 a regard to pub- lica. The words not only to Spain, but to in every land. certain disputes months greatly conflicts." His an examination olved shows that on why people's ne so excited." d desire," con- "that the dissen- sion, and which g time too much tively cease. We clous for this ces- a need for unity is greater now maind that when ate is in danger ulge in lethargy. endeavoring to society aim chief- sion, if they administration, ers of legislative eference, 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." ••• mer Graves' Worm convince you that a worm medicine. ee if it does not H COLUMBUS p Seton lectured e before Cardinal rimate of Ireland, ed audience on ica." He spoke d power they ex- atating 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- tically 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 pieces to 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 simple, safe and costs only about 15 cents per hour to operate. Full instructions accompany each machine. It is an amusing, instructive and educational for both old and young. HOLTON FIRE PEX CO. TORONTO

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.

Montreal, March 6th, 1906. J. M. LAMOTHE, Deputy Prothonotary.

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 13 1/2c. Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 23c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrades are more plentiful and are offered at 20c to 21c 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 Portier, 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

SOIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1808; 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.F.; 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. McGillivray, 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.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices. Doan's Kidney Pills, 50c. Ferro-China, 50c. Little Liver Pills, 50c. Belladonna Tonic, 50c. Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills, 50c. Ely's Fontaine's Syringe, 1.25. St. J. Plastic Cream, 1.00. Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills, 1.00.

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SO BY

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 pl three months. It arou ruling emotion in his he for Ruth at the sight of oently living before him, old slumbering passion, dangerous effect on his for many a month after

CHAPTER XV RUTH.

While the years were tumultuous fight for F woman was enjoying in peace of heart none the ed 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 impos but that the battle had and won long before the paration, when it had plain to her that she coept the Catholic faith. agreed that to marry un-cumstances would be Ruth was as convinced a would be a violation of cience to permit her chought up in any other her own. She was ver, announcing her determi Florian, because the scene ryday been enacted in many times, but after h she fought a new battle self, winning quietly and a life of gentle calm t seemed able to disturb. had supposed, her strict-ness had swept from every vestige of himself she once had for him. ance to-morrow in Clay- or without a wife, would pleasure to her, not an regret and expectation, have been for him. Ho into that ridiculous pos a rejected lover finds it assume, that of the trus the woman he would ha wife. Often she visited the hill, and wept bitter this one sorrow of her ed so hard to believe dead. The whole scene with her presence. Her the earliest laugh to spring, and hers 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 th of the girl? and who called the back, Linda, smile of God, even if t power?

The report which read that Ruth had devoted literary effort was true, she began to reap so m and profit from her vent new idea had been vent by an outsider for which took her fancy ve relative and her husband Clayburg the previous urged on Ruth the proping to New York durin ter, or at any time th convenience, and makin acquaintance of the literat 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 pro be 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."

"Very much," said Ruth, and Mr. Buck resumed his smile and deepened it into a laugh, which he pretended was for baby.

The stage came along at that moment, and stopped at the door. Mrs. Winifred had been invited to accompany Ruth on her journey, and after excusing herself to her family, put on her wraps and departed.

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."

cellars, and hunt up little minds, and see the great people too. "Them fine writers an' thinkers," said Scott seriously, "have a mighty high opinion o' themselves, an' look at a religion pretty often in queer ways. They kind o' handle it as a jeweler handles a watch. They've got the secret o' the thing, an' don't think much of it. They give ye a doubt about it sometimes, unless ye get the 'umble ones that thinks more o' their neighbor than they do o' themselves. I've met some o' 'em fishin', an' they were too green for anything. They didn't like to be told so, either."



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.

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"Well, I'll follow your advice"—the hermit had not given any, and looked at her—"and go. I'll avoid Florian, and see the great and the little minds of the great city, and pick up, perhaps, some grace that's lying for me there like money in a bank."

"No," she interrupted loudly, and with such indignation that Mrs. Winifred uttered a faint cry. "Do not accuse me of that, Scott—never, never accuse me of that."

"Yes," said Scott, looking at her with an expression of severe reproach in his eyes, which puzzled Ruth, "beaux?"

"Do you think my presence, Scott, would annoy Florian?" "I do," said the hermit, as if he had been expecting the question. "I think he never got over losin' you, an' it would kind o' stir him up to see you agin!"

"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 know he's kind o' hoped agin' hope that ye'd come to him some time, as he'd like, an' make up. It's been a help to him a long time, an' kept him out o' harm perhaps, or leas'twise from gettin' away from the right. Politicians," he added, seeing that her look suggested a doubt as to Florian's getting off the path an inch, "get right an' wrong so mixed up with their own likin's, that they don't allus do right even when they mean to. When he finds out ye're not in love with him any more, there won't be any holdin' to him. God only knows when he'll stop."

"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."

Vertical text on the left margin containing various notices and advertisements.

DOES YOUR HEAD Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though A Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from indigestion, no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by purifying the system. Dr. J. C. Burdock, Buffalo, N.Y. writes: "I have used it many times, and my patients liked me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I now feel like a new man and I get the best of it, and find it to be an excellent blood purifier. You may see my name in the papers and other places where the wonderful merits of Burdock's Blood Bitters are mentioned."

At Wholesale Prices: 50c, 1.00, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

(To be continued.)

The Cause of French Decline

If we inquire into the cause—and they are not a few—which have brought French Catholicism to its present low estate, we shall find that one of the principal has been the neglect of the clergy and laity to adequately utilize the press as a weapon of religious defense.

In France especially freethinkers and atheists have long used the newspaper as an effective instrument for their attacks on the Catholic Church, and as a ready vehicle for the propagation of doctrines pernicious to faith and subversive of morality.

Though Father McCallen has been in charge of the Cathedral public ceremonials almost uninterruptedly for nearly 35 years, he was loth to talk about his splendid work. He declared the ceremonial for the centenary would be along the lines usually followed upon such occasions.

Should the weather prove unfavorable for the procession, as arranged, the meeting of the bishops, clergy, etc., will take place in the Cathedral School Hall.

In considering the role of the press we should do well to remember that the pulpit has long ceased to be a power in France; it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that it is not even an influence.

cial or religious importance? Through the press, and through the press only. Every workman and every peasant reads his newspaper. He fashions his opinions, religious and other, after those of his favorite journal.

Centenary of St. Mary's Cathedral, Baltimore

On April 29 and 30, ceremonies in honor of the centenary of the Cathedral will take place. The various committees appointed to look after the arrangements and the hospitality of the hundreds of visiting prelates are hard at work.

Father McCallen is an expert in another line. He has for many years been a superintendent over ceremonies at the Cathedral. Every little detail connected with processions in the Catholic Church is well known to him, and with this end of the programme in his hands, Cardinal Gibbons realizes that it will be well cared for.

Though Father McCallen has been in charge of the Cathedral public ceremonials almost uninterruptedly for nearly 35 years, he was loth to talk about his splendid work.

His Eminence will occupy his throne in the Cathedral, vested in cappa magna. Directly opposite, also occupying a throne, will be his Excellency, Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate, similarly vested.

The solemn pontifical mass will be sung by His Grace, Most Rev. J. M. Farley, D.D., of New York. After the Gospel His Grace, Venerable Archbishop P. J. Ryan, D.D., of Philadelphia, will preach.

In the evening the procession will start from the Cardinal's residence, and will keep within the Cathedral grounds. Solemn pontifical Vespers will be sung at 8 p.m. by his Grace Most Rev. S. G. Messmer, D.D., Archbishop of Milwaukee.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., have a painless constitutional remedy for Cancer and Tumors that has cured many very critical cases.

LITIGATION: ITS EVIL SIDE.

Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, has issued a powerful pastoral against the Irish peasant's love of litigation. Commenting on the document, the Freeman's Journal says: "The land hunger seems to engender this litigious spirit."

Both sides rush to the courts. Lawyers are engaged at fees which it straitens the food supplies of the family to pay. Multitudes of witnesses are produced on both sides to swear to contrary statements.

Tradition tells that the origin of a great series of faction fights, in which, generation after generation, innumerable skulls were cracked, was a simple, easily settled dispute—whether a heifer was two years old or three.

There is a good demand from all directions for mill feed, but the lightness of the available supplies keeps the volume of business down to a great extent. Prices are firm and steady.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

March 28. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$3.90 to \$4 in wood; in bags, \$1.85 to \$1.90.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Reduced Fares.

Until April 7. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND \$48.90

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10:30 p.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof.

FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

CITY TICKET OFFICE: 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Beauaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES.

FROM MONTREAL Vancouver B.C. Victoria... \$48.90 Seattle... " " Tacoma... " " Portland... " " (Ors.)

2nd Class until April 7th, 1906. Proportional to rates for California, Montana, Washington, Oregon, etc.

Tourist Sleeping Cars For Chicago, the North West & Pacific Coast

City Ticket Office: 139 St. James St. Next Post Office.

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

Chalices, Ciboria, Ostensoria. Gold and Silver Plating and Engraving of all Altar Vessels at very reasonable prices. Write for quotations.

MISSIONS supplied with Religious goods. Write for catalogue and quotations. Long distance phone M. 2758.

J. J. M. LANDY, 416 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO

Honey—White clover in combs, 18c to 14c per one pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6 1/2c to 7c.

Eggs—New laid, 17c per dozen; storage and limed, 18c, nominal. Butter—Choicest creamery, 22c to 22 1/2c; undergrades, 20c to 21c; dairy, 19c to 20c.

Cheese—Ontario, 13c; Quebec, 13 1/2c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.10; seconds, \$4.60 to \$4.65; third, \$3.70; first pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60.

GRAIN MARKETS.

Spring wheat grades are steady and moderately active, and there is a growing export trade in Ontario flours.

Cornmeal is steady under a dull demand. We quote \$1.30 to \$1.40 per bag.

Oats are in moderate demand and prices hold steady at 39c per bushel for No. 2 white extra-stone; 38c for No. 3, and 37c for No. 4.

There is a good demand from all directions for mill feed, but the lightness of the available supplies keeps the volume of business down to a great extent.

Baled hay is quite and unchanged on account of a dull enquiry and large offerings.

SNOWFALL WORTH MILLIONS.

The snowfall which visited Upper and Lower Canada on Monday and Tuesday last was a Godsend to the farmers of Ontario and Quebec, and must prove of inestimable value to the farming community, as not only will it afford the much needed moisture, but it will enrich the soil with its phosphate sediment, which is considered the best of manures.

CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—so cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

Store closes at 5:30 daily. THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1906.

Here Are the Coats of Spring

Besides finding out what coat to wear, what the smart dressers of Paris, New York, London and Berlin are wearing, it's good knowledge to get if you find out where the largest style variety is offered.

Every design in this great gathering of Ladies' Coats for Spring is in perfect harmony with the dictates of fashion:—

STYLISH 7-8 LENGTH COATS, made up of beautiful quality all wool Shepherd plaid, full belted back, collar and cuffs are trimmed with inlays of rich green velvet. Price..... \$15.75

SPRING COAT of fine quality all wool broadcloth, in pretty shade of fawn, Empire style, trimmed with stylish silk braid applique, Perfect fitting. Price..... \$10.00

LADIES' SPRING COAT of fine quality all wool tweed, fine pearl gray shade, full belted back, finished with self strappings, satin pipings and fancy buttons. Lined to waist. Extra fine value at..... \$11.25

Extraordinary Sale of Hosiery and Underwear

Enormous Purchases Brought Prices Low. As a result of some of the greatest purchases of Hosiery and Underwear in the history of retail trade, we will inaugurate a sale to-morrow that will attract crowds of shoppers from all parts of the city. The values speak for themselves.

25c Cotton Hose 18c 20c Ribbed Cotton Vests 15c

100 dozen of fine COTTON HOSE, full fashioned, in spring shades of tan. Regular 25c values. Special sale price, pair..... 18c

30c Black Cashmere Hose 23c Ladies' fine white ribbed COTTON VESTS, lace trimmed, draw string, short sleeves, long sleeves or without. Regular 20c, for..... 15c

Ladies' fine black CASHMERE HOSE, seamless feet, well-shaped. Regularly 30c. Extra fine value at..... 23c

35c Fine Cashmere Hose 25c Ladies' fine quality CASHMERE HOSE, seamless feet; spring shades of tan. 35c values. Sale price..... 25c

75c Black Wool Vests 50c Special lot of 20 dozen BLACK WOOL VESTS, lace trimmed, draw string, long sleeves, spring weight. Regularly 75c. Sale price..... 50c

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

disappear under the powerful rays of old Sol. Late snows are always welcome in country districts as one of the poets of the Glangarry county very appropriately sings: Late snows presage good times with heavy yield.

An old Glangarry farmer who was in the city a few days ago made the statement that he remembers a heavy fall of snow in the beginning of May attended by good sleighing, and in another year on the 21st of May, a great snowstorm was experienced, and in both those years farmers reaped big crops.—Trade Bulletin.

The egg market is rather lacking in strength these days. Receipts fell off considerably during the recent cold spell, but the present soft weather will bring the production up to the average again.

There is a somewhat easier feeling ruling on the market for beans, and some good sized lots have changed hands at a small reduction on last week's prices.

There is a scarcity of good boiling peas on this market and dealers are asking from \$1.10 to \$1.15 for the best grades.

Honey is steady on a moderate demand and prices are unchanged at 13c to 14c per pound section of white clover honey in the comb, white extracted is worth 8c to 9c, and buckwheat is worth 6c.

The situation on the local market for dairy produce is unchanged. Cheese is quiet owing to light stocks and the market is firm and steady at the nominal quotations of 13c for white and 13 1/2c for colored.

Butter is firm on a fairly active local demand, from 22c to 22 1/2c is asked for fresh made and for fancy held stock, which latter grade is

not at all plentiful, and from 20c to 21c for medium and under-finest grades. Dairy butter in rolls is wanted at 19c to 19 1/2c, and packages of western and Manitoba butters bring 16c to 18c per pound.

At the Chapel of the Motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Nazareth, Kalamazoo County, Michigan, on the feast of their Patron, March 19th, Sister M. Theodosia and Sister M. Adelaide, made their vows and Miss Mary Karm and Miss Alice Murphy received the holy habit of the Sisters of St. Joseph, and hereafter will be known as Sister Matilda and Sister Imilda. The occasion was honored with the presence of the distinguished Rt. Rev. Bishop Muldoon, D.D., of Chicago, who also delivered an eloquent discourse on the occasion, filled with solemn thought, couched in beautiful language, affording his hearers much pleasure. A large number of clergymen assisted, on the occasion. The tastefully decorated chapel was filled with friends of the newly made Sisters, and the music was elaborate and beautiful.

The reception into the Catholic Church of Sir Cyril Stanley Rose, Bart., is of peculiar interest to Ireland, from the fact that the young baronet—he is not much over thirty—is a direct descendant of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the patriots of 1798. His grandmother was a Temple Emmet, the wife of his grandfather, the first baronet, who was an eminent Canadian lawyer and statesman.

When, about these days, of Mahomet, pursued conditions of his race, had the obedience of the Koran sword every nation outside of the Old World, that bent in profane homage and his prophet fathers of Hercules to the dad, and the proud Sultan ed to feed his war horses oats of the Vatican ga altars of St. Peter's.

Was it not a priest, Peter the Hermit, who, ding of another success Sherman, Urban II, churches and cathedrals ring with the thunders of enthusiastic al reached to the very heart and chivalry from the Rhine to cross over lands and dangerous as the sepulchre where the Lord had been laid, a once more the religion, tion, and the liberties of

And so on down to They would notice that discourse he did not at Holy Mother, the Church a divine institution founded Lord Jesus Christ for of souls.

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Vol. LV., No. 39

THE TOR

In a recent address the John Gallagher, D.D., of Australia, told in the following and forcible words Church has done for civil

The Catholic Church is a mere antique, not meriting the respect of old age—strong as she was in the of the Hegira, when M from Mecca to Medina, renewed her youth like went forth with all the her pristine vigor, carryi with the cross of the Sa the Book of His Gospel, ten thousand instrument ence and enlightenment limits of the world.

Hardly had she appeared when all at once, before of her teaching vanished clouds of Grecian and Roman theology enshrouded the were by the fancy of though art had illumined countless forms of beaut the pen of the historian them into the records of tries which were loved so it was that dashed from tals those idols, which and lies had allowed t part of mankind to fo their Creator.

Having shown how the coeplers were vanquished simple teachings of J. Bishop Gallagher said th first three centuries of h the Roman emperors had the strength of their thir striven to extinguish the teaching in the blood of tyrants, ignorant as they w ready on one of their sev Vatican, a humble fisher tablished a throne, and this throne his successor all ages, rule over an extent, more docile more steadfast in its lo had ever been subject of Imperial Rome.

When the eagles of the tired below, and a blade fused to grow before th Attila and his Huns, wa successor of the fisher the Great—worthy prede namesake of the still gr who had just been take—whose calm dignity and very stayed the progress barian and saved from b be the seed-plants of ne progress, the last relics piring civilization? Le their fingers down the tory for six centuries mo to the year 1000

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ITS CURED LEIBIG'S FITCURE. If you, your friends or relatives suffer with this, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEMMO CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.