

The True



Witness

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

Judge Grosscup Scores French Government.

In a scathing denunciation of the Government of France, Judge Peter S. Grosscup of the United States Court of Appeals, on Tuesday night, in Chicago, predicted that if this policy of state repudiation of contract were condoned, every church in the universe was threatened.

SPEAKS AS A PROTESTANT.

Judge Grosscup, who was the principal speaker at the celebration of Lincoln's birthday, held under the auspices of James Shields Council of Knights of Columbus, in Congress hall, Chicago, declared that he spoke on behalf of Protestants.

Through every phase Judge Grosscup traced the development of church and state in France and announced his belief that when the Protestants of America understood the principles involved in the deplorable controversy they would be unanimous in their arraignment of the policy of the government party.

"It is not as a Catholic, therefore, or a Protestant speaking to Catholics, that I chose to raise my voice against this invasion of the rights of the church, nor as a Protestant merely interested in seeing that the great sister church is not despoiled.

"I speak as a Protestant, and in the interest of Protestants, because if such things could be done outside of France the great Protestant Church to which I belong, secure now in the enjoyment of the property it has created, as the human interest through which it is working out its faith, would be no longer secure.

AS AN AMERICAN.

"I speak, too, as an American, who, though irrevocably opposed to a church controlled state, is as irrevocably opposed to a state controlled religion. I speak as a man to whom breach of faith is none the less odious because it may emerge from high altitudes. And I speak as a believer, who sees in what is transpiring in France an organized movement against belief in God after any faith.

"Happily what is transpiring there is not likely to transpire here. Republican America would not tolerate it. Protestant America would put herself against it. Liberty loving America would overwhelm it, or perish; for what France is doing to the Catholics of France, if accepted by the world as a thing rightly done, would be looked back to some day as the first great step towards the extinction not merely of the faith of men in God, but of liberty also as individual men.

"It is not alone the right of the Catholics of France to hold that which they have created that is on trial. The whole cause of individual property is on trial. Individual liberty of conscience is on trial. And on issues such as these the attitude of America ought not to be in doubt."

"But it is said that the repeal of the concordat is only putting into effect in France the principle of separation between church and

state that prevails in America. But what is there in the American principle that deprives the church of the right to hold the property that the church has from time to time created, or that justifies the taking by the public of that property without full compensation for the thing taken?

THE AMERICAN PRINCIPLE.

"Indeed, the American principle contemplates that the churches shall hold their own property, to be used according to their own interpretations of their religious duties; and it prohibits the state, by the solemnity of constitutional guarantees, from taking any property, either church or secular, except upon full compensation first made.

"As a final apology it is said that the act of separation still preserves to the people who reside in the vicinity of the individual churches taken, the continued enjoyment of such churches as houses of worship—that all these several communities have to do is to apply to the state for permission to use the church buildings, whereupon permission will be granted, as a matter of course, without charge.

"But do the people who offer this argument realize that under the French law as it now stands, three, five, a score of associations may be formed in the specific community surrounding the church edifice asked for—Catholic, Hebrew, Methodist, Mohammedan—whereupon each will be entitled to the use of the edifice, transforming it thus from a place consecrated to some concrete faith into a sort of town hall, where every character of faith will be housed.

CITES PARALLEL CASE.

"What would the Methodists, or the Lutherans, or the Jews, each perfectly tolerant of the Catholic Church as an organ of religion, think of it if our government were to compel them to stretch that toleration to the extent of dividing with that church the rights in the church edifices erected with their own hands and dedicated to their own faith?

"Besides, what assurance have the Catholics of France that a public that will seize without right what belongs to another and withdrawing without right from the arrangement under which that seizure for a century was condoned, will observe any later or less substantial promises that it will make?

"What assurance have the Catholics of France that step by step, as it is now going on, this process of elimination will not result in the end in the total elimination of the Catholic faith from the properties that their ancestors have created?"

"Indeed, every attempt at justifying acts of the French government dissolves the moment it is put under the lens of any honest applications of the axioms of law or morals—dissolves instantly when one applies to it that highest test of fair judgment. 'Have you done unto others what you would have them do unto you.'"

Rev. Father Lacombe Celebrating 80th Birthday.

Rev. Father Lacombe is to-day (Thursday) celebrating his 80th birthday anniversary at the Episcopal Palace, His Grace the Archbishop having placed the table at the pleasure of his old friend. A number of citizens are doing honor to the venerable pastor of the Canadian clergy in the Northwest.

Father Lacombe has spent more than half a century between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains. No one else has had so wide an experience in that country as the rev. father, and he certainly knows whereof he speaks.

"They can talk as they like," he said, "about a foreign invasion, but the English-Canadian element will always predominate in those provinces, and the British flag, the protector of us all, will never be hauled down. I am a French-Canadian, as you know, and these are my sentiments. I cannot begin to describe to you the truly wonderful transformation that is going on in Alberta and Saskatchewan."

"And the future?" "Well, Americans, Germans, Galicians, French-Canadians are coming in rapidly; but as I have just told you, the English-speaking Canadian element will prevail over all the rest, and their influence will be all powerful."

The aged Oblate was then questioned regarding the loss of French influence in these provinces, and he replied quite frankly. "We missionaries," said he, "as you are aware, brought a good many of our people into the western country, and they are doing well, but I will go back a good many years if you want to know the whole truth. I foresaw what the West would be, and my dream was to induce my compatriots to go and take up the fertile lands of the Northwest. But do you remember Mr. Tardival, of La Verite, who wrote against my project, frightened the parish priests, and we see the result to-day."

However, Father Lacombe says the Catholics have nothing to complain of in the new provinces, and everything is going along very well. The Protestants, he adds, are exceedingly generous in their dealings with the Catholic minority. Catholics and Protestants, he says, understand each other's aspirations and respect each other; hence the bonne entente all along the line.

He then referred to the great project of establishing the University of Alberta at Strathcona, just over the river from Edmonton, the capital, and they have invited the Roman Catholics to found their college there also, with a view, no doubt, to affiliation, as is the case in Winnipeg.

As a further evidence of the good feeling between Catholics and their separated brethren in the West, Father Lacombe told of the decision of the people of Regina to erect an hospital, and they asked the Catholic religious authorities to secure sisters for its direction. This is one of the reasons of his visit eastward. He believed, however, that no community of nuns could be induced to take hold of an institution of that kind without securing pretty general control. Would the promoters of the hospital give the sisters the desired control? That was the question.

Father Lacombe felt the death of Sir William Hingston very deeply. They had been very good friends. The Rev. Father touchingly related instances of the large-hearted philanthropy and kindness of Sir William, which had come under his observation.

THE GENUFLEXION.

San Francisco, Feb. 1.

Editor Leader: What is a genuflection? Non-Catholic.

Answer—Something very seldom properly performed by many Catholics on entering a church. In reality a genuflection is bending the knee in adoration before the blessed sacrament. As executed by some persons it is an exhibition of rheumatic twinges in the knee cap.—San Francisco Leader.

DEATH OF MOTHER M. ASSUMPTION.

Mother M. Assumption O'Keefe died Saturday morning, February 16, at St. Joachim's hospital, Watertown, N.Y. She was born at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, October 22, 1868, entered the Order of Mercy at Hogsburg, N.Y., in 1891, and was professed there January 4, 1895. The greater part of her religious life was spent at Sanitarium Gabriels, where she held the office of postmistress at Gabriels, and was telegraph operator for the sanitarium. Two weeks ago she came to St. Joachim's for treatment.

The funeral took place Monday morning at St. Patrick's Church. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Burke, Dr. Kenney, of the Holy Family acted as deacon, Dr. Zimmerman of the Sacred Heart Church as sub-deacon, and Father Lehan as master of ceremonies. Father Glynn preached a very impressive sermon on the text, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Because thou hast been faithful over few things I will place thee over many." In affecting language he spoke of the life of the departed sister as a life consecrated and sanctified for God. Mrs. Whearty sang the Profession hymn, and the hymn "Let the Dead and the Beautiful Sleep."

The only surviving members of Mother Assumption's family are her sister, Sr. M. Bernard of Brasher Falls, and her brother, Mr. Charles M. O'Keefe, of Jersey City, who were present at the funeral. Besides the Sisters of her community, the Sisters of St. Joseph and Rev. Fathers Zimmerman and Kenney accompanied the remains to Glenwood cemetery. The body was placed beside that of her sister, Mother M. Vincent, who died in Watertown in February, 1891. Newfoundland papers please copy.

Third Order of St. Francis.

At St. Patrick's Fraternity of the Third Order of St. Francis meeting last Sunday, Rev. Father Ethelbert preached, very eloquently, in part as follows:

"To-day's Gospel sets before us a very beautiful mystery, a lesson for human hearts and human lives. Our Saviour took Peter, John and James into the high mountain with Him. As they were to be witnesses of the opprobrium, agony, sorrows, which were to befall Him, the three apostles should witness His divinity in order to help them in their hour of trouble. In a few days the Church will celebrate the Holy Passion. Step by step she will follow Him on the road to Calvary, and at last witness the consummation of His sacrifice. Our Saviour was a model of every virtue. Compassion was the divinest trait in the God-made man. His life was one long record of compassion. Those He cured from sickness, those whose sins He forgave, those whom He raised from the dead, bear witness to His compassion.

"The lesson of the Transfiguration teaches that our vocation must be a life of triumph, communing with God. Though the world would like to see the name of Christ erased from it, yet in the annals of the world's history the name of Christ is written forever—written with the pen of His precious blood. The efforts of the impious are doomed to eternal failure. Ungodliness and the powers of hell will not prevail. France was fighting a lost battle. Christ is yesterday, to-day, the same forever."

Referring to the demise of the late Father Hilary, whose death occurred whilst the preacher was away in St. John, N.B., he paid a glowing tribute to the life of the saintly religious whose work for God was great and whose death was a triumph into a glorious transfiguration which puts the crown and seal on every work.

After the sermon four postulants received the cord and scapular, the ceremony being performed by the director, Rev. Father Ethelbert. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was imparted by Rev. Father Wolstan.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

The Sisters of Misericorde.

"Having made use of Abbey's Salt for some time in our Hospital, we are pleased to say that it is a very good medicine in cases of indigestion."

Ireland's Envoy.

Mr. T. M. Kettle, member of the British House of Commons, who is touring the United States in the interest of the Irish Parliamentary Party, is meeting with great success. In Kansas City recently he delivered a brilliant address on the Irish cause.

Sir, said he, it is in truth possible that our hopes may vanish like snow in the desert. It is possible that what seems to us the paeon of victory may pass by some malign transformation into the wail of defeat. The cup that Ireland now raises as a festal and triumphal cup may change in the mere passage to her lips to a chalice of agony. The doors that seem to open may close sharply against us; and Ireland, the Mater Dolorosa of the nations, may be doomed to take once more the flinty and wounding path marked by the broken lives and the broken fortunes of so many of the children who died full of despair in the midnight. It may be the selfish interpretation of Irish-American sentiment will prove to be the right interpretation, and that Ireland will be stripped of your succor in her sharpest need.

Let that be as it will be, but of two things be sure. We ask you as Irishmen and as freemen to help us in our fight for Ireland and freedom; but we ask charity of no man. And be just as sure, too, that if you were to-morrow to abandon us in weariness and disgust, this battle would still go on. The flag under which we are marshalled has come down to us soiled, it is true, with the blood and mire of many defeats; marked here and there with blacker stains of treachery and weakness; but it is, when all is said, a flag of honor and of courage. It is the symbol of un speakable labor and bloody travail; of bones that lie white along the path by which our people have come out from their darkest bondage; of heroic and baffled generations who died without seeing the redemption.

We ask charity of no man. Forget the people from whom you have come; forget the breasts of your mothers; cover with derision the hope of Ireland and leave her lonely in the conflict. But of this be sure; that this old flag will still flutter in the front of a nation's battle so long as there is one Irish arm left to hold it aloft. And that battle will end only when the last soldier of Freedom shall have died, as Cuchullin died, "standing, and with his face to the war" or—and God grant the happier issue—when labor is swallowed up in victory, and the old flag waves above the capitol of an Irish Assembly dedicated to Nationality, to Democracy, and to Justice.

Desecrating the French Churches.

In the London Saturday Review the following communication appears:

According to the Journal Officiel, 1252 of the churches and chapels in France, which a few years ago belonged to religious communities, military and civil hospitals, colleges and schools, etc., have already been desecrated and turned to profane purposes.

The chapel of the Invalides, which only a month ago was used as a parish church and had a large congregation, is now, by order of General Picquart, minister of war, closed to the public for divine service, and as recently as last week, when the Spanish ambassador inquired whether the baptism of a well-known officer's child, to which the King of Spain intended to be a sponsor, might take place in the chapel, he was informed "on no account."

The magnificent chapel of the Marist Brothers, of Plaisance, 46 Rue Pernety, Paris, one of the finest modern Gothic churches in France, built by that community and with the aid of private subscriptions in 1899 at a cost of 600,000 francs, has been recently sold for 180,000 francs to an old tradesman, who is allowing it to be turned into a cinematograph show and questionable cafe chantant of the Montmartre type, having cabinet particulars in the erstwhile side chapels. The high altar now supports the stage upon which probably blasphemous and indecent songs will be sung, and "sensational" pictures shown for the benefit of a very mixed audience. The chapel of the Blessed Sacrament is to become a supper room which will be the resort of the lowest class of demi-mondaines, and so on. This is what the paternal government of Messrs. Clemenceau and Briand allows God's house to be turned into.

Requiem Mass For Sir William Hingston.

On Wednesday morning, at the Chapel of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, a solemn mass of requiem was chanted for the repose of the soul of the late Sir William Hingston. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev. Gerald McShane, assisted by Rev. Fathers Bernard and Lafontaine as deacon and sub-deacon. There were present in the sanctuary Very Rev. Abbe LeCoq, Superior of St. Sulpice; Abbe Lelandais, Rector of the Grand Seminary; Rev. N. Troie, pastor of Notre Dame, and the director of Montreal College. The choir of the Sisters rendered Perrault's Mass, the chapel being heavily draped for the occasion, and hundreds of lighted tapers surrounding the large catafalque. The memorial service was offered by the Sisters of Notre Dame to the bereaved family of the deceased, as a graceful tribute of recognition of the eminent services rendered on various occasions to the Order of Notre Dame by the late Sir William. The family, a large gathering of relatives and friends, the Sisters of the Congregation, and the pupils of the Normal School were in attendance.

Father Carney Takes His Congregation to Task.

Fredericton, N.B., Feb. 26.—At St. Dunstan's Church on Sunday, Father Carney made some very pointed remarks to the congregation relative to the observance of the Lenten season. His remarks especially referred to the reception on Thursday evening in connection with the New Brunswick Forestry Convention. He told the congregation that they were not supposed to go to places of amusement during the Lenten season. There were some people who caused other members of the congregation to hold their heads in shame by going to public dance halls and taking part in dancing, while others sat in the galleries and looked on at dancers in a "semi-nude" condition.

He was glad that a number of the members of the church who attended were not permanent members of the parish, and he felt that their departure from the city when the time for it came would not be any great loss to the Catholic community.

Those referred to in the latter sentence are taken to include several members of the Legislature.

C.O.F. OF ONTARIO.

Corwall, Feb. 27.—The meeting of the Provincial Court, Catholic Order of Foresters of Ontario opened here yesterday afternoon. In the past year ten new courts have been established in Ontario, and the membership, which is now 8,397, has been increased over 500.

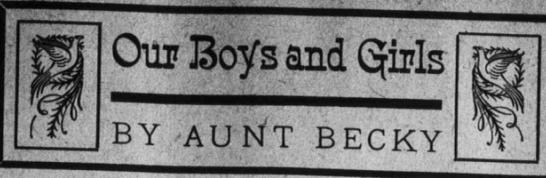
SAVED BABY'S LIFE

There are many mothers throughout Canada who do not hesitate to say that Baby's Own Tablets have saved the lives of their little ones. One of these is Mrs. John Shortill, Georgetown, Ont., who says: "I have no hesitation in saying that I believe that Baby's Own Tablets saved my little girl's life. From the time my little girl was three months old she cried all the time with indigestion. She was frail and puny; her food did her no good, and I was literally worn out taking care of her. The doctor treated her for some time, and finally told us he could do no more for her, and we did not expect she would get better. It was then I learned of Baby's Own Tablets and decided to try them. Before I had given her a box of the

Tablets there was a great improvement. Her digestion was much improved, and her bowels, which had been terribly constipated, moved regularly. From that time she began to thrive splendidly, and is now as healthy a child as you could wish to see. We are now never without a box of the Tablets in the house."

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly cure all minor ailments of babies and young children, and the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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The Secret of the Silver Lake

By Henry Frith, Author of "Under Bayard's Banner," "For King and Queen," etc.

CHAPTER I.—A SUDDEN SUMMONS.—A VOYAGE AND A WRECK.—CAPTURED!

"I say, Stephen," said Ernest Belton to his eldest brother, "have you heard the news that father's had?"

"No," said Stephen, who was just then practising some new conjuring tricks in the school-room; "tell it at once: we have so seldom anything funny here."

"It is not very 'funny,'" replied his brother, as he watched the conjuring; "it is rather serious!"

Stephen immediately stopped, and looked at the speaker anxiously.

"Father has not met with an accident? You don't mean that, Ernest?" he said gravely.

"No, no: we are all right. You remember Uncle Manton, who went out to New Zealand some time ago?"

"Yes, on some wild-goose chase, after a silver mine or a silver lake. What of him? Has he turned Maori?"

"No; but he has turned up some buried secret," said Ernest. "More than that, he has written to father to go out—what do you think of that, King?"

Stephen was often called "King" by his brothers and sisters, he being the oldest, and Stephen a king's name.

"And is father going? What shall we do here all by ourselves? This is serious, Ernest: you are right. Have you told Amy?"

"Amy is with father in the study. I don't think we shall be left behind, King!" was the joyful reply.

Stephen stared at his brother as if he were a natural curiosity, and then gasped out—

"Are we to go too? To New Zealand? Is it Australia? I forget. Those places somehow get mixed up. But seriously—"

"Seriously, Stephen: grave as a judge, father sent me to tell you that he wanted you—and—"

"Why didn't you say so before?" cried Stephen as he rushed away, leaving his conjuring box and his brother to amuse each other.

Stephen found his father and sister in the study. Mr. Belton was a tall fine man, about fifty-four years old, hale and hearty. Amy was a pretty dark child, about thirteen, tall and well-grown for her age. She was brave and fond of all sports, but was an excellent cook and house-keeper. Since her mother's death, eighteen months before, Amy had assisted her father; and having been well-trained and being very energetic she quickly mastered the routine work. She also found time to learn lessons and to practise, and so set an excellent example to her brothers in early rising and punctuality. Stephen was almost a "young man," very fond of his sister, and, with his brothers, used to ride and fish and shoot, though Robin, the youngest boy, did not shoot yet. He was only eight. His true name was Robert, but he was always called "Robin" because he had such fat red cheeks. Ernest was ten, and clever as a carpenter; very "handy" and quick in learning.

Hardly had Stephen entered the study when Ernest sidled in, and listened to what his father was saying.

"Your uncle has sent me this letter," continued Mr. Belton, looking over his glasses at the children. "He says:—'You laughed at me, Bob, for going up country and searching for the hidden lake—but I am convinced that I am on the track! Some Maoris have told me the legend—an old story which agrees with my own information. Now I have a proposition to make. Come out to me and Dick; bring the boys, if you like, the elder ones certainly, and I think it will do you all good instead of moping in your mouldy old Grange in a wet winter. Let your house; send Amy and the little lad to school; and do something out here. You and I will surely find the Silver Lake.'"

"There is a great deal more," said Mr. Belton, after a pause, "but I need not read it. Now, boys, and Amy, my child, we have never been parted since darling mother's death." He passed his hand over his eyes and went on—"You hear what your uncle says. I have full confidence in you all. Shall we leave our house and go away, as he

suggests, or remain in the Grange all winter? Stephen, you are the eldest: what do you say?"

"Let us go, father. We are getting rather moped. We hardly meet anyone. But we should all go."

"That is Ernest's opinion also," said Mr. Belton, smiling. "We can't do without our housekeeper," he continued, looking down at his little daughter, and kissing her fondly, as she nestled to his side.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed both lads. "We can't leave Amy. We should be quite desolate then!"

The boys, you see, valued their sister, though they often teased her. She was, however, very active and good-tempered with them; so no wonder they were fond of her. She was never cross or petulant, and they loved her dearly.

"Then we shall decide to think of it," said Mr. Belton. "Let me see. The mail goes on Thursday. We have two clear days to consider the question. Uncle Manton will be delighted if we do go—and suppose we do find this mysterious lake! Eh?"

"Oh, that will be something like an adventure!" cried Ernest. "But how did uncle hear of the place?"

"From an old settler who had come to England. This man showed him a Maori tradition of a hidden cave and a silver lake, which legend he had translated; and, with his cousin Dick, Uncle Manton went out, after darling mother's death. Now you know as much as you need know. Run away, I want to think this over."

The children, thus dismissed, slowly quitted the room. It was in July, and the day was lovely, but very hot.

"What shall we do?" asked Stephen.

"Let us get the Cyclopaedia and read all about New Zealand," suggested Amy, "I am not certain about it. It is not the same as Tasmania, is it?"

"Of course not!" Ernest cried. "Tasmania is Van Diemen's Land, the convict place—New Zealand is two islands. But I am not sure what kind of a place it is."

"Perhaps there are serpents there, and alligators," said Amy.

"And wild beasts, too!" cried Ernest. "Fancy meeting a laughing Jackass!"

"But it is a bird," corrected Amy. "I saw a picture of it: it is not a quadruped, Ernest."

"Then it can't be a donkey. I suspect we shall find things rather topsy-turvy in New Zealand. Here's our Robin. Well, Bob, would you like to go to New Zealand?"

"Where is that?" asked chubby Robin; "is it where Cousin Mary lives?"

"No, you little silly, it is underneath the world: right under our feet. If we turned round we should be there," cried Ernest.

"Standing on our heads, Ernest! How funny! I am sure I should like that! Shall we drive there? Is it far?"

"As far as Australia, where Uncle Manton is," said Amy, kissing the child. "A beautiful place, Robin; far across the sea in a big ship!"

"Are you going too, sissy?" asked the child.

"Yes, dear, if father goes—and you and the boys."

"And Collie, and Tip, and the cocks and hens?"

"No, we must leave all the animals. We may take Neptune, perhaps, and Bandy. We cannot take the cows and fowls, you know."

"It will be fun!" cried Stephen. "We will write our adventures! We shall be a Family Belton Robinson; quite a new idea: an English Swiss Family Robinson."

"How can an English family be Swiss, you silly thing!" cried Ernest scornfully. "But we have not made up our minds yet."

"I have," said Amy. "I think we shall go, and I hope we shall. It will cheer father up, and do us all good."

"Well done, Amy! If you say so it will be all right. I suspect we shall be in New Zealand by Christmas! Hurray! Three cheers for the Silver Lake and Uncle Manton! Hurray! Hurray! Hurray!"

"Don't make so much noise, Ernest," cried Stephen. "We have no plans made yet—and who knows what may happen?—you may sing a

different tune some day."

"All right, King—only if Amy says we shall go, I expect we shall, that's all!"

Two days passed, and Ernest's faith in Amy's prediction was quite justified. Before Wednesday night the family had determined to go abroad; and the Grange was advertised to be let within a few days after. The servants agreed to remain for the year, or eighteen months that the family expected to be away. But more than two years elapsed before the Beltons returned home again, as we shall see.

There is no need to tell you all about the preparations, the packing up, the "good-byes" to the cows, the pigs, the poultry, the dogs and the donkey. For several days all the animals had treats; and then one morning the Beltons quitted the old Grange and started for London, where they found the ship Kiwi, in which they had secured berths. All their heavy luggage had already been forwarded on board, so they had not much trouble.

The Kiwi was a fine trader, and was bound for New Plymouth. There were some other passengers on board, and a full cargo. The weather was fine, and everything tended to ensure a pleasant trip. All went well during the voyage until the Monday when land was sighted. On that evening some of the passengers had a service of thanksgiving in the cabin, and afterwards Mr. Belton and his children, except Robin, went on deck. The wind was fair; the night was clear.

"What is that bright light over there?" asked Amy. "Is it a light-house?"

"Yes," replied one of the ship's officers, "it is the Sandspit Beacon, down Nelson way."

"We shall soon be ashore, then," cried Ernest.

"I hope not," laughed the mate. "Rather an unpleasant experience for all of us!"

"What! Going ashore unpleasant!" cried Stephen. "I don't want to be rude, Mr. Morgan, but I am awfully tired of this voyage!"

"No, I meant running ashore—not going ashore in the usual way," said the mate, smiling at the notion. "And this is New Zealand at last!" said Stephen. "Well, perhaps we shall enjoy it. Are we near Nelson?"

"I can't say," replied his father, "but we shall surely reach our port to-morrow; so Amy dear, and you too, my lads, had better turn in. It is past ten o'clock; to-morrow we may have a stiff breeze. I expect we are only about sixty or seventy miles from our destination."

The young people bade their father "good night" and went down below. In the saloon they stayed for a few minutes chatting, and Stephen said—

"I will just look after my traps, for we may reach Nelson very early. I want to see the place. Shall I call you, Amy?"

"Yes, please, King," she said; "quite early, before sunrise, mind!"

They parted, and Mr. Belton paced the deck, thinking of his past and picturing the future. The red light of the beacon flashed in his eyes as he turned away to go down, when at that moment he received a shock which nearly sent him head foremost down the stairs to the cabin.

Instantly the alarm flew through the ship:—"We are ashore!" "We are wrecked!" "All hands on deck!"

Such a terrible scene ensued. Ladies and young people came rushing out of the cabins, half dressed, some carrying useful things, some holding the first article they could snatch up.

"Steady, all of you!" cried the captain. "We are only aground. We shall get off. Gently there! Don't launch that boat. Steady, men!"

The captain was quite quiet and calm; but the passengers—Amy amongst them—implored him to save them. Mr. Belton quickly resumed his presence of mind and said—

"Amy, Stephen, do not be so cowardly! Come here. The sea is calm and still. We are in no danger yet. Have faith in Providence. Be firm and brave, Amy; you generally have pluck enough. There, my dear ones; let us stay together and pray for preservation."

The children were soothed, and after a while Stephen and Ernest assisted in sending up rockets, and the gun was fired. Some of the crew were sent away in a boat to seek help.

"I wish they would give us a boat," said Ernest; "we might reach land, father."

"Wait until daylight," said Mr. Belton. "Be as quiet as you can." The passengers had calmed down a little, but when daydawn came everyone looked pale and haggard. Stephen had armed himself with a revolver, and put some favorite conjuring things in his pockets; Ernest

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had packed up a bundle for Amy, who was dressed and well wrapped up. All this time the Kiwi was bumping on the sands, and by degrees the sea rose and the wind got stronger. The motion of the vessel was very unpleasant, and made some people quite ill.

"What shall we do, father?" asked Amy. "Shall we be lost? It will be terrible if we are wrecked; really wrecked!"

"Yes, my dear, but we must have patience; help will come," replied her father.

"But all day no help came. The boat with the second mate and the four men did not return. The wind became very boisterous, and the sea was high. At length, after another terribly anxious night, the captain told the sailors to get their boats launched. This was no easy task,

and, unfortunately, two lives were lost; one passenger and a sailor fell into the rushing waves, and were drowned!

There were three boats, into which fifteen of the crew and ten passengers were placed, with some provisions. The captain behaved very well, and so did the sailors. One boat was much smaller than the others, and in this Mr. Belton and his family, with two sailors, were safely put. They rowed away all together, very miserable, ill, and unhappy at such a commencement to their expedition.

(To be continued.)

The True Witness solicits Catholic church and society printing of all descriptions.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I am very much interested in your corner. I often thought of writing before, but something always stopped me from doing so. I made my first Communion and was confirmed the last Sunday of September, 1906. I live in the country nine miles from church, and I go to a public school. I am in the senior fourth book. I am also very much interested in "Little Oddity"; everyone of us are just waiting for each week's paper to come; we just feel as though we knew Bonny just by reading about him.

I think a composition would be very nice for a competition on anything you wish. Well, I must close now. Wishing to see lots of letters from this out.

Your loving niece,
MARY A. C.
Vine, Feb. 16, 1907.

PUSSY AT SCHOOL.

One morning when 'twas mild and cool,
Miss Pussy Cat ran off to school,
To show the children just the way
That kittens work and kittens play.

First she washed her face so neat,
Then she scrubbed her tiny feet,
For kittens are so clean, you know,
To school they never dirty go.

Her nails and teeth she polished, too,
For well this clever kitten knew
If mousies went to that same school
She'd be in need of every tool.

When once in school she silent sat,
Like any model pussy cat,
And when she had a word to say
She'd gently raise her paw this way.

Her teacher thought her very bright,
She studied hard with all her might,
And when she said her "A, B, C,"
'Twas a tongue quite new to me.

And when it came her time to read
The children had to laugh indeed,
For this is just exactly how
She spoke our English: "Meow, meow, meow!"

She did not make one bit of noise,
Like all the other girls and boys,
For when her lessons got too deep
Miss Pussy just went off to sleep.

This clever cat nevertheless
Waked up the moment 'twas recess,
She danced and jumped, and all declare
She was the smartest scholar there.

TOMMY'S WARM WEATHER.

Tommy's father owned an orange grove in the lake regions of Florida. One evening it seemed to be growing colder, and he made frequent trips to the thermometer on the piazza north of the house.

"I do hope it won't get down enough to do any damage," Tommy heard his father say, as he returned for the fourth or fifth time from the piazza.

"How does it get down, papa?" asked Tommy.

Mr. Williams explained that the silver line inside was called mercury, and that when it got down to a certain point water would freeze, and if it kept going down great damage would be done.

After his father left Tommy went to the piazza and climbed up on a chair to see if the mercury was still going down. And then a bright idea came to him.

When Mr. Williams returned to examine the thermometer once more it was gone.

"Oh, Tommy," he called, "where's the thermometer?"

"It's all right, papa," answered Tommy gleefully, as he danced towards him. "That mercury thing's gone up ever so higher'n it was when you was here. It's just as nice and warm," and he led the way to the henhouse and drew out the thermometer from under a setting hen. Sure enough! The mercury had gone up ever so high, and it indicated such warm weather that father was obliged to turn away his face to laugh.

LITTLE AIDS TO MEMORY.

Two hundred bones you'd think enough
To make a little chisp;
Add forty more, and you will have
The number to a rap.

Night red, morning gray,
Sure to be a fine day;
Night gray, morning red,
Sends many shepherds back to bed.

Which should come first, the i or the e?
A question which sorely puzzles me!
The answer lies in this rule, you see—
I before e, except after c.

SE

Boil it down.
Boil it down.
Boil it down.

SE

Boil it down.
Boil it down.
Boil it down.

The Hochelaga Protestant School Disaster.

Lady Principal and Sixteen Pupils Victims

One of the worst disasters that has ever befallen Montreal was the destruction by fire of the Hochelaga Protestant School on Tuesday afternoon, by which sixteen children and the Principal, Miss Sarah Maxwell, who, after most heroic efforts at rescue, were burned to death.

In the building were a hundred and fifty young children under the charge of four lady teachers. Suddenly they were confronted with the dangers of an outbreak of fire. Not one of the teachers flinched in the face of peril, but all undertook to get the children out of the building with as little alarm as possible. Not a word was said of danger, but in each class room the order was given to the children to put on their clothes and hasten home.

But the fire spread with such rapidity that almost half the children, and the youngest ones, were shut off in the upper story. There were no fire escapes; the smoke prevented their going downstairs, and no other method of escape was possible.

Although within a few minutes of the outbreak neighboring workmen had a ladder at one of the upper windows and rescued fully a score, and a few minutes later the firemen had arrived and saved some forty more, sixteen of the little ones, eight boys and eight girls, were suffocated, and their principal fell a victim with them, while Miss Keyes was only taken out of the building with her clothes on fire, and in a fainting condition. It would have been easy for Miss Maxwell, the principal, to have saved herself, but with the flames fast closing in she refused the call of the firemen, and once more braved the burning room to search for the others she knew were in peril. She did not find them, but died in the attempt.

Chief Benoit and the other officers of the fire brigade, who were on the scene, are emphatic that had there been proper fire escapes not a life need have been lost.

The firemen first applied themselves to saving life, without regard for the building, and their work was rewarded by the carrying to safety of close upon half a hundred children. A living chain of firemen lined a ladder, and with Capt. Carson at the top, and the teachers inside, the little ones were one by one handed out and passed down to safety. Towards the end the flames crept so close, and the smoke so surrounded the men on the upper rungs that streams of water had to be played on them that they might stay there and as fast as the water fell it froze on their clothes in the bitter cold while the streams from below soaked them through.

The fire broke out about 1.45, in the basement, having evidently originated from an overheated furnace. The building was heated by hot air, and the big pipes served as flues to carry the smoke and flames all over the building, so that within five minutes of the first alarm it was completely enveloped. It was the smoke that proved so fatal. Few of the children were burned, and subsequent examination showed that even these few had died from suffocation before the flames reached them.

Many scenes of deep pathos were witnessed both at the fire and at the morgue, as parents recognized the blackened remains of their children. In one case a father, Mr. Andrew Spraggs, lost two daughters, one of whom was in the kindergarten, while the younger had gone for the first time to visit her sister. It was in the kindergarten that the most dreadful fatality occurred, almost all of the dead ranging from three to eight years old.

Great Things from Little Causes Grow.—It takes very little to derange the stomach. The cause may be a slight cold, something eaten or drunk, anxiety, worry, or some other simple cause. But if precautions be not taken, this simple cause may have most serious consequences. Many a chronically debilitated constitution to-day owes its destruction to simple causes not dealt with in time. Keep the digestive apparatus in healthy condition and all will be well. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are better than any other for the purpose.

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Before a box alarm was sent in a telephone call was received at No. 18 fire station, which is located about five hundred yards from the school. Capt. Carson at once organized his men to set up an extension ladder to the second story window, where Miss Maxwell and Miss Keyes were signalling for help. The ladder was promptly run up, and every man who could crowd upon it got in position to make a living chain to rescue the little ones. Capt. Carson headed the ladder, inside the window was Miss Maxwell, surrounded by a swarm of children, all excited and terrified.

As soon as the firemen had formed their living chain to safety Miss Maxwell handed her little pupils one by one to Capt. Carson, and they were swiftly passed down the ladder from hand to hand to the ground. Thus the work went on until probably forty of the children had been saved, and it seemed that none were left. Then Capt. Carson called to Miss Maxwell to save herself. "No, there are others inside, and we must save them," she replied, and ran back to look for the other little ones, whom she knew must be on the upper floor. That was the last seen of her.

"Miss Maxwell ran back, and we called her to come out, as the room was full of smoke and flames," said Capt. Carson. "Then she disappeared in the smoke, and we could not locate her again. It was all we could do, and an hour later on her body was carried through the window, along with those of the children she had tried so hard to save."

This is the whole story of the fire. It was utter confusion at a time when confusion meant death to those who were unable to understand why they met it. From those older authorities, who should have supplied the necessary means of escape, there was no help. The building was an old-fashioned one, crooked stairways, narrow passages—not a single fire escape! What a pity! Had there been a fire escape the firemen are positive that there need not have been one life lost.

PRECAUTIONS WERE BEING CONSIDERED BY CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOARD.

Fire precautions, and the necessity for providing ample means of egress from buildings in case of fire had been discussed by the Board of Catholic School Commissioners, and a report was to have been presented by a special committee which had been appointed to investigate the matter.

Father William O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's parish, and a member of the Board of Catholic School Commissioners, was asked if the matter of fire precautions had been taken up by the body in charge of the Catholic schools, and he answered as quoted in the foregoing:

"The statement was made, Father O'Meara, that the Catholic schools are not as well equipped as those of the Protestant Commission."

"I hardly think that is so," replied Father O'Meara. "In fact, I think that all the schools are fairly well equipped. It is true that not all of them have fire escapes, but in many instances properly constructed stairways are better than ordinary fire escapes."

In conclusion, Father O'Meara said: "There is one thing I have always been opposed to and that is the practice of placing the smaller and younger children in the upper floors. That is shameful, and should not be permitted, because in time of accident these little ones are not able to look after themselves as the older children can."

Father Donnelly's Anniversary.

The forty-sixth anniversary of the Rev. J. E. Donnelly, St. Anthony's Church, was fittingly celebrated both by the younger and older members of the parish. Thursday afternoon the pupils of St. Agnes Academy held a reception in his honor. In the evening St. Anthony's Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held a special entertainment. The juvenile members acquitted themselves admirably in solos, dialogues, choruses and recitations. At the end of the programme, Rev. Father Donnelly thanked the younger portion of his flock for their delightful

entertainment. The ladies and gentlemen of the parish, on Friday evening, tendered him a reception. The hall was tastefully decorated, the electric display being also beautiful. About four hundred parishioners attended. Rev. Father M. L. Shea opened the proceedings with a few remarks, and a programme of music and song was rendered.

Mrs. J. D. Davis, on behalf of the married ladies of the parish, read the address to the Rev. Father Donnelly, and the reverend gentleman replied briefly but feelingly. The evening's entertainment which followed was a very successful one, the selections given by the choir were well rendered, the solo of Mr. W. Kearney being very pleasing. The euboe games were keenly contested. The prizes were very valuable ones, consisting of a Japanese fancy fan, fruit dish, silver spoon, prayer book, tobacco pouch, Japanese dish, box of cigars and tobacco jar.

Amongst those present were: Rev. M. L. Shea, Rev. T. F. Heffernan, Messrs. J. D. Davis, T. L. O'Neill, J. Mulcair, Thos. Kinsella, T. A. Laing, M. Dincen.

Death of a Distinguished Nun.

St. Ann's Convent, Lachine, has lost a worthy member in the person of Sister Mary Alexander, who died on Saturday, the 16th inst. The late Sister entered the Order of St. Ann at the age of seventeen, and for thirty-five years was untiring in her chosen field of labor. Her religious career began in Oswego, N. Y., and was continued in Cohoes, N. Y. In both places she was held in high esteem by sisters, pupils and people. Later foundress of the convent at Vancouver City, B.C., she occupied the post of Superior there as well as at St. Mary's (Mission City, B.C.) Everywhere she displayed the same spirit of noble self-sacrifice, zeal and devotedness. When ill health necessitated her return to the mother-house at Lachine a few years ago, although she had relinquished the duties of Superior, her time was incessantly employed in doing good to others. Countless are they who have been helped by her sweet sympathy, her constant efforts for the good of souls. Her only aim was to do His will Morning and night—her creed—His glory and praise. In His sweet name

She allowed her humblest deed. Sister M. Alexander (Mary Hickey) was a native of Montreal. She leaves five sisters and one brother. The latter and two of her sisters reside in this city, Miss A. Hickey and Mrs. T. Moore, wife of our well known and much esteemed citizen, Mr. Thomas Moore, formerly of Ottawa street; Mrs. P. Gannon, Mrs. M. Gannon and Miss Amelia Hickey, of Minneapolis, Miss. The funeral service was held at Lachine on Monday, the 18th inst. It was largely attended by relatives and friends. To her bereaved family and sorrowing community we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

SOCIETY NEWS.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ORGANIZE LECTURE.
At Nazareth Hall, Mance street, on Tuesday evening, March 12th, under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus, the Rev. Gerald J. McShane will deliver an illustrated lecture, the subject being "Memories of the Seven Hills." It will be remembered that some two years ago at Windsor Hall, Father McShane lectured with much success on the beauties of Venice. The present entertainment will be conducted on similar lines. One hundred limelight views, specially collected by the lecturer, will be used to advantage, and Miss Mamie Babin, soloist, of Ottawa, will render appropriate vocal numbers. The sale of tickets opens on March 7th at Shaw's Music store where the plan of the hall may be seen.

ST. ANTHONY'S COURT, C.O.F.
The progressive euboe among the members of the above Court is going on merrily, and so far the competition has been very interesting to the members. Bros. W. Graham and Walsh were the last two to qualify for a place in the finals.

The Court will give a May Day entertainment to their friends, and other little amusements will be booked in the near future, so that there is a lively time in store for the friends and members of old St. Anthony's.

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At St. Ann's Last Sunday Father Hamel Delivered Eloquent Sermon.

At St. Ann's Church last Sunday, Rev. Father Hamel delivered a very eloquent sermon on the sin of scandal. Father Hamel said:

"There is a crime committed in the world which is most mercilessly dealt with, the crime of murder. The murderer has an indelible character imprinted on him like Cain. Murder is a dreadful crime. Not only people, but nations, civilized and uncivilized, religion, reason, history, nature—all condemn murder. The murderer is punished by losing the great gift of life. He has to pay the penalty of his crime upon the gallows or in the electric chair. So much for the murderer who takes away the life of the body. But there is the spiritual murderer, who is a thousand times worse than the one who destroys the body. The soul of a being created by God is murdered by the steel of an assassin.

The assassin is the scandal-giver and scandal is his steel. Scandal is so great a crime in the sight of God that it calls to Heaven for vengeance. What is scandal? "Scandal," says St. Thomas, the eminent doctor of the Church, "is any word, action or omission of duty which leads another to sin."

There are many who go to confession regularly but never confess the awful sin of scandal. In the family immodest conversation goes on leading people to impurity. Missing Mass on Sundays, yielding to sinful actions, theft, and giving away to drunkenness, persons guilty of such sins before others are spiritual murderers. No crime in the world to-day is so great as scandal. The scandal-giver instructs persons to commit sin, to lose their faith, and leads them to ruination. It is no wonder that Christ says: "Woe to the man by whom scandal cometh, better that a mill stone be hanged around his neck and that he be drowned in the depths of the sea."

The scandal-giver exhorts and instructs others in the ways of vice and wickedness. Fathers and mothers give scandal when they say or do anything that is not right before their children. Young men who visit saloons and gambling dens, who use improper conversation at street corners, are guilty of scandal. In workshops people who carry on immodest conversations are guilty of scandal. Persons who dress immodestly, and those who give bad books to others to read are using the steel that penetrates the soul and their sin cries out for vengeance and the curse of God.

Fathers and mothers who allow their children to late at night, learning wickedness in the den of the devil, in the house of impurity, are great spiritual murderers.

If the murderer of the body receives capital punishment, what will the murderer of the soul receive? The curse of God here and the awful punishments of hell hereafter.

The sins of the scandal-giver multiply and multiply. The work of the scandal-giver destroys the immense work of God. It took Christ thirty-three years of hard labor and bitter sufferings to save an immortal soul, it takes only a very short time for the scandal-giver to frustrate the Master's work. The scandal-giver was worse than the executioners of Christ. He plants in the soul of his victim the image of the devil and is even worse than Satan.

Referring to the punishments of the scandal-giver, he said he receives the curse of God in life and in death the scandal-giver loses his faith, there is no sacrament for him, no mass, he falls into some awful crime, and goes unprepared to meet the judgments of God. He is bound down to the pits of hell, he cannot make the mission, his sins are going up into the millions, swelling to the mountain height. He dies a reckless Catholic, the curse of his own wife, his father, his mother and his children.

The death-bed scene of the scandal-giver was then exposed. Very often when the priest visits such persons he has to give them conditional absolution, while at other times his heart bleeds as the dying sinner refuses to be reconciled with his God.

The scandal-giver meets all those whom he exhorted and instructed in wickedness in the pits of hell, but alas! the scene is changed; they are no longer friends, but now bitter enemies, tearing and devouring one another like wild beasts.

In conclusion he exhorted those who were guilty of scandal to make reparation to the best of their ability. It was impossible to make full

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reparation, yet they could do their best and God would accept it. As there was no crime under the heavens so great as scandal, Our Lord pronounced the awful punishment against it. The life of a good Christian, attentive to the duties of his religion, attentive in prayer, would merit the sentence of welcome from the lips of the Just Judge at the moment the soul enters into eternity.

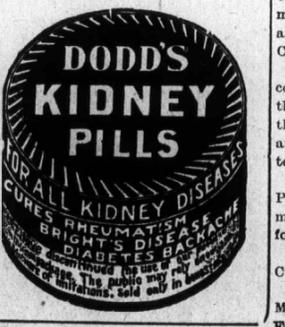
WOMEN'S MISSION BEGINS.

The unmarried women's mission at St. Ann's Church opened in the afternoon at three o'clock, and continues all week.

The married men's mission closed on Sunday evening. The closing scene was one of grandeur. An immense congregation filled the church. The sermon dealt with the means of perseverance in God. After the sermon each one holding a lighted taper in his hand, pronounced aloud the baptismal vows. The blessing of the church was then imparted, followed by the Papal Benediction. The decorations of the main altar were very pretty. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed the proceedings.

AT ST. GABRIEL'S.

The married women's mission at St. Gabriel's Church closed last Sunday afternoon, and in the evening the married men's mission opened. At the high Mass, Rev. Father Doyle, S.J., preached, and in the afternoon, Rev. Father Malone, S. J. Rev. Father Doyle opened the men's mission in the evening.



A Dignified Protest.

Catholic Societies Complain of Lack of Representation, St. Patrick's Day Arrangements.

The annual convention of the Irish Catholic societies was held last Tuesday evening. Arrangements were made for the celebration of St. Patrick's Day, and strong resolutions were passed taking to task the Dominion Government for its failure to recognize the Irish Catholics in the formation of the new Harbor Board, and insisting on the right of an Irish Catholic to succeed to the place made vacant by the death of Sir William Hingston.

As regards the programme for Monday, March 18, it was decided to hold the annual procession, to be preceded by celebration of High Mass at 9.30 o'clock in the morning. The route of the procession will be by Victoria square, along Craig street to Papineau Avenue, and by St. Catherine and St. Alexander streets to St. Patrick's Hall. Ald. O'Connell was re-elected marshal-in-chief. After a resolution of condolence on

the death of Sir William Hingston had been passed the following were adopted unanimously:

"That, whereas we, the presidents and representatives of the Irish Catholic societies and parishes of Montreal, the Metropolis of Canada, and centre of Irish Catholic thought and expression in the province of Quebec, in convention assembled this 26th day of February, 1907, to make arrangements for the due celebration of the national festival of the Irish race, and deeming ourselves competent and called upon to take cognizance of passing events that affect Irish Catholic interests, while in no way whatsoever wishing to, nor insinuating ourselves into politics, and

"Whereas it has been made clear to us that Irish Catholic representation, which had been recognized for over 30 years, has lately been overlooked by the Dominion Government at Ottawa, in the formation of the present Harbor Board of Montreal, an evil which we expect will be removed at the earliest possible moment.

"And whereas it has also been made clear to us, from the tone of certain of the public press of this city, that the right of succession of an Irish Catholic to the seat in the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, now vacant through the death of the late lamented Sir William H. Hingston, has been questioned;

"Be it, therefore, resolved, that we, the presidents and representatives of the Irish Catholic societies and parishes of Montreal, in convention assembled, desire to place on record our demand for adequate representation, and our just claim to the seat in the Senate of the Dominion of Canada, left vacant through the death of the late lamented Sir William H. Hingston, and of our insistence, that an Irish Catholic be called.

"Be it further resolved, that a committee, with power to add to their number, be appointed to lay these resolutions before the proper authorities, and that copies be sent to the press."

The Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's parish, presided at the meeting. There were present the following delegates:

St. Patrick's Society—Mr. F. J. Curran and Mr. Thomas Tansey.

St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society—Mr. M. J. O'Donnell and Mr. J. Easton.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association—Mr. J. M. McMahon and Mr. W. J. Ryan.

Ancient Order of Hibernians—Mr. P. Keane and Mr. Patrick Flanagan.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society—Mr. Jas. Shanahan and Mr. Thos. Rodgers.

St. Ann's Young Men's Society—Mr. D. J. O'Neill and Mr. O. J. McShane.

St. Ann's Juvenile Temperance Society—Mr. John Baxter and Mr. E. A. Shanahan.

St. Mary's Young Men's Society—Mr. J. A. Heffernan and Mr. Michael Kenny, jr.

St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. Society—Mr. Patrick Polan.

It is easier to prevent than it is to cure. Inflammation of the lungs is the companion of neglected colds, and once it finds a lodgment in the system it is difficult to deal with. Treatment with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will eradicate the cold and prevent inflammation from setting in. It costs little, and is as satisfactory as it is surprising in its results.

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RECTOR

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A Valentine Forgery.

It was the evening of February 13. In the library of Squire Clarges the shadows haunted the distant corners and hung heavily over the shelves of books that seemed to breathe forth an atmosphere of intellectuality, while all the light from the reading lamp seemed to center antipodally upon two frivolous young people, Hope Clarges and her youthful fiancé, Ward McWilliams, who were busily engaged in preparing equally frivolous missives for the coming of Saint Valentine's Day.

From a mass of music spread over the study-table they would select such sentimental verses as seemed best suited to each of their friends; and after Ward had carefully transcribed them, with Spencerian flourishes and violet ink, to the slips of crayon paper, Hope would proceed to wreathe each about, in water-colors, with flowers and Cupids and hearts, in an impressionistic style peculiar solely to valentines.

Their labors were about completed when between the parted portières appeared the slender form and sweet face of Catherine Clarges. She was already far into the autumn of youth, but as she came into the circle of light one could see that she was wonderfully like her sister Hope, suggesting but an earlier edition of this volume de luxe beside the study table.

"I have only come to say good-night," she said, declining their urgent invitation to join them. "Ward, I have slipped a little package into your topcoat pocket—please deliver it to your aunt in the morning—it is my valentine to her."

"How like Catherine!" said Ward, after she had withdrawn; "always so thoughtful of others, especially if they be lonely or ill. Hope, my dear, you are your sister's prototype in features, and I see latent possibilities of your developing into exactly such another as our latter-day Saint Catherine."

"And have people impose upon my goodness as they do on Catherine? Oh, no, Mr. McWilliams; I am no candidate for martyrdom. If you anticipate marrying a saint you would better hie at once to Catherine's shrine."

"But it is guarded by a dragon in the person of Mr. Nathan Thorne," protested Ward.

"Slay this Libyan dragon and rescue the princess," advised Hope; "it is time he received his just deserts. For twelve years now he has been courting Catherine, giving her every reason to think he loves her except asking her to be his wife. If he intends ultimately to marry Catherine, why doesn't he declare himself, or else withdraw and leave the field to others? If he were but once out of the way, Catherine would quickly see that Judge Severns is much the nobler man. But so long as she is under the hypnotic influence of Nathan Thorne she will continue to wait on patiently until youth and beauty and love are lost to her. Something ought to be done to prevent him from dallying with her affections through another calendar of years."

"To say the least, it is a trying position for Catherine," commented Ward. Then after a moment's thoughtful silence, he suddenly burst out: "See here, Hope; Catherine is already my sister-in-heart, if not yet in-law, and I have a brother's right to protect her. I have an idea by which I think this very literal Thorne in the flesh may be led to explain himself speedily."

"Please, Ward, don't do anything rash or ungentlemanly," pleaded Hope, apprehensively.

"Is this the confidence a maiden should have in the man she intends to honor and obey?" demanded Ward. "He couldn't very well take exceptions to a valentine."

"I am willing to risk almost anything only to bring matters to a climax," consented Hope.

During this peroration Ward was searching diligently through the music. At last he found a piece that seemed to suit his fancy.

"How does this meet the requirements of the case?" he asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, he proceeded to read aloud from a popular song:

"Would I could but read your heart
And see what's written there,
Could I use some hidden art
Just to learn how much you care."

"Now this, with a few more suggestive excerpts, ought to be sufficiently pointed to pierce the sensi-

bilities of even the obstinate Mr. Thorne. Hope, you would better copy this—you and Catherine write so nearly the same hand that his old eyes will never detect the forgery."

And so the crime of ninety—was committed. The valentine was almost veiled in delicately traced love-in-a-mist. Saint Catherine's flower, and the intricate monogram was so profusely starred with forget-me-nots that the two conspirators feared that only a fond lover's eyes would be able to decipher it.

The postman stopped twice at the Clarges' door on Saint Valentine's Day to leave a letter for Catherine. The first was a proposal for her hand, but not from Nathan Thorne, though his epistle sounded certainly portentous. It was to ask if he might call at an earlier hour than usual that evening, as he had something very particular to speak with her about.

Throughout the remaining hours of the day Catherine went about the house as in a dream. Her eyes sparkled with a feverish brightness, into her cheeks had crept a glow from her vanished youth, and her lips curved into an unconscious smile. She arranged and rearranged the pretty parlor, put flowers on the stands and mantel, and finally went to her room to dress. It was evidently a toilet that required careful consideration, for she did not appear again until after Mr. Thorne's arrival had been announced.

By chance or fate, Hope and Ward, who likewise in the character of a privileged guest had come early, strayed into the starlit conservatory that opened off the reception-room.

Absorbed with surmises of what result their most momentous valentine had brought forth, they were unaware of the arrival of its recipient, until, with some trepidation, they heard Catherine's smooth voice in greeting.

Through the intervening greenery they could see Catherine waiting for her delinquent lover to speak. Never had she appeared more beautiful than to-night, though the interested observers; but Nathan Thorne seemed to notice nothing unusual. Twice he made an effort to articulate, but failed miserably. Catherine encouraged him with a smile.

"Ah!" breathed Ward in Hope's ear, "a momentous occasion—we would better absent ourselves."

In the darkness they groped their way to the door communicating with the dining-room, but the lock was turned and no key to be found.

"I fear that we will have to be unwilling witnesses to this affair," whispered Ward; "for my better judgment warns me that it would be fatal to Catherine's prospects if we were to betray our presence just now. The dufer was only lacking in courage, but under the stimulus of that valentine he has come nerved up to the proposing point, and any interruption would play havoc with his wits for another decade or so. But while there is a button-hook there is hope," he broke off, jubilantly flourishing the "find"; and he twisted the versatile implement about in the lock silently and dexterously.

"Catherine," the elderly suitor's voice came quaveringly to them, "we have ever been the best of friends." (Catherine's eyebrows arched perceptibly at this use of the word "friend.") "I have always come to you for sympathy and advice whenever I was troubled, and you have as often been able to help me as no other person could. You have been more than a sister to me—" ("Whew! I should say so," ejaculated Ward softly)—"and tonight I have come to ask you to assist me in a most delicate matter." ("There! He's off at a tangent," commented Ward in disgust.)

"Catherine, I received a valentine to-day from your sister Hope. I recognized her handwriting at once." (There were two suppressed gasps of astonishment from the conservatory that would certainly have been heard but that the speaker was still struggling desperately with his words, and Catherine was too absorbed with her conflicting emotions to give heed.) "Her valentine told me, Catherine, what I have long wished to know. Coming here week after week and year after year—" ("I should say so! Hurry up now, or I will be calling time," came sotto voce from the thicket of ferns.)—"I have watched Hope develop from infancy into a beautiful womanhood."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed Ward, dropping his button-hook, but was soon soothed by Hope again to

the work of release.) "Catherine, I know that I am much older than Hope, but I love her—and at times I have thought from looks and words that she returned my regard." (Beyond the ferns there was enacted its pantomime of a scene of stern accusation and of equally emphatic denial of the charge.) "But, Catherine, I dare not tell her—she is so saucy and bright, and has a way of turning all one may say into ridicule—why, Catherine, are you ill?"

"No, I am quite well," said Catherine, in a voice so strained and hollow that even Nathan Thorne could not restrain a slight start of surprise. She had grown deathly pale with the pain which her pretty lips strove to repress, and her eyes were deeply shadowed. In agony of heart she thought of all she had sacrificed for this fallen idol—and this was the return!

In the conservatory Hope was struggling to restrain Ward, who, in the heat of his righteous wrath, was determined to rush upon the scene and annihilate Mr. Thorne right there and then.

"Catherine, are you sure that you are well?" persisted her pseudo-lover. "You are so white you alarm me."

"I am perfectly well, I assure you," insisted Catherine with a forced calm. "What was it you were going to ask of me?" Her heart had nearly stopped but she drew herself up proudly in her chair and gazed level at him as one might at the judge who was pronouncing the words of his death-warrant.

"It is this, Catherine—of course, if I had not always been such intimate friends and understood each other so well, I would never have dared to ask you to undertake my wooing for me." Catherine listened in a stony silence while he, taking breath, went on: "I want you to find out for me, Catherine, if Hope honestly meant all that she said in her valentine."

"I will ask her now," interrupted Catherine—a peculiar hardness in her voice, which he had never noticed there before, jarred in unpleasantly upon him, and her whole bearing as she crossed the room seemed to express an unconscious contempt for him.

"I presume she is disgusted with my lack of nerve," he explained to himself as he paced the room. It seemed a long while before anyone came to relieve his suspense. He heard a door in the vicinity of the conservatory open softly (the button-hook had at last performed its burlesque work) and then the murmur of low and earnest voices in the library beyond. Once he distinguished Ward's louder and angrier tones, and another voice, which he mistook for Catherine's, as though he pleaded earnestly. Then the street door was closed with a bang and he heard Ward run down the stone steps—and he concluded that his suit was prospering.

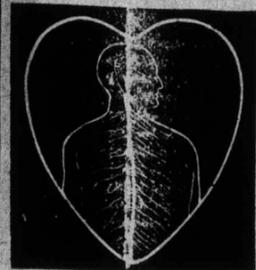
"She has had the good sense to send that young cub about his business," he told himself in glee. He always referred to Ward as "that young cub," while it would not be polite to repeat in what terms Ward had been alluding to Mr. Thorne.

Soon after, Hope, somewhat confused and crimsoned and teary about the eyelashes, came hesitatingly in. With a glad exclamation he started toward her, but Hope indignantly waved him back.

"I have only come to say, Mr. Thorne, that since I am already betrothed to one who has promised to love me faithfully even after I have lost my youthful charms, you would better wait another dozen years for baby Doris, as she promises to develop the same characteristics which you have admired in turn in sister Catherine and myself."

The fickle lover gazed at her a moment in mute amazement, then a dawning sense of his own blindness, inconstancy and cruelty came over

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all diseases and disorders arising from a run-down condition of the heart & nerve system, such as Palpitation of the Heart, Nervous Prostration, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Pains and Dizzy Spells, Brain Fag, etc. They are especially beneficial to women troubled with irregular menstruation. Price 25 cents per box, or \$ for 6 boxes. All Dealers, or T. A. S. SLOUM, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

him, and, ashamed and degraded in his own eyes, he turned toward the door. But he felt he could not go away forever without one last word with the woman whose patient love and trust he had so flagrantly abused, and on the threshold he turned back to ask:

"Miss Hope, will you carry a message for me to Catherine? Tell her that until this moment I never knew how much I loved her above all other earthly things. And ask her, if she can forgive me the greatest slight a man can offer a woman, in mercy to see me here, if only for a moment."

"Too late, Mr. Nathan Thorne," said Hope, triumphantly; "for Catherine, also, has just regained her senses, and discovered that her heart is where she has always given her respect. She received a proposal of marriage from Judge Severn but this morning—the third since you were first a visitor here—and events this evening have decided her to return him a favorable answer. It will be a truly acceptable valentine to him."

And Nathan Thorne went out into the darkness and the night, distracted with the thought of a joy that might have been his, and retracing in memory every step of the primrose path of dalliance which had for him such an untoward ending.

Church in New England.

Great industrial centres everywhere are full of peril, morally, for the young of both sexes. Wherever there are crowded populations temptations become many.

The Catholic Church, ever alert to the dangers of the youth, just now is waging a vigorous warfare in the States to the south of us. In Boston, last Sunday week, Rev. Jeremiah Millerick, of St. Joseph's Church, Boston, asserted that conditions were not worse in London or Paris than in that city.

The sermon was based on the Gospel of the day, in which the parable of seed cast upon stony ground the story symbolizing the fruitage from personal influence and example in the daily intercourse of life. As applied to the West End, Father Millerick pointed to the numerous saloons there and dwelt upon their bad influences.

"Licenses are congested," he added, "in the neighborhood. I note, however, that the owners of these licenses do not live where they do their business. They come here to take the money of the unfortunate who trade with them. Then they live and spend their money in some other quarter of the city, where saloons are carefully excluded."

"Conditions around their own homes are sedulously contrived to protect the young from evil influences. Here, where their money is made, the seed of evil flourishes and its growth is carefully fostered."

In Worcester, as well as in Lowell, and other industrial cities, the clergy have been regarding with anxiety the large attendance of Catholics at public dances and are much concerned about the serious results consequent to the practice. They assert that young women are ruining both their moral and physical health and that their knowledge of instances of both results more than sustains the justice of severe denunciation and condemnation. Another point raised is that Catholics excuse themselves for attendance at some of these dances by the allegation that they are held in halls owned by Catholic societies.

These clergymen do not condemn the dance, in itself, which is harmless, but they do condemn with severity public dances with their evil surroundings and they insist that such nondescript affairs, when held in halls owned by Catholic societies, merit a more severe condemnation

than any other, for that very reason itself.

One member of the Worcester clergy declared that there are some halls given over to dancing and other amusements wherein neither parents nor clergy are consulted, and where some of the influences against moral health are extremely bad.

"It would be better," said he emphatically, "that they were burned to the ground than to serve as sources where germs of immoral health are engendered and increased."

It is very difficult when the dance habit is once acquired to keep some young men and women away from the dangerous amusement, even during the holy season of Lent, for they learn to deceive parents under various pretexts in order to attend for a time, and the temptation is so strong that they break the regulations of the Church.

These denunciations of the public dance in general, with special reference to halls owned by Catholics, was made with emphatic vigor and accompanying them were intimations that the truth about the evil effects, which prompted the criticism, is more than sufficient to justify the words of warning and of severe condemnation. Unless there is a change for the better on the part of the vicious element, which now seems improbable, Massachusetts inevitably will be called upon to vote for or against some such measure as the now famous Bishops' Bill of New Jersey. The Catholic Church is dominant in Massachusetts and quite evidently its leaders are on the point of becoming aggressive.

Catholic Writer Enlists in the Navy.

James B. Connolly, a young Catholic writer who is the author of numerous sea tales and has made a specialty of stories of Gloucester fishermen, has, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt, joined the United States navy as a yeoman. He has enlisted for two years and has been assigned to duty on the Alabama, which is going on a cruise for two months.

The President's great desire is to have an American writer do for the navy what Rudyard Kipling has done for the army of Great Britain. It was in October, 1902, that Mr. Connolly first heard directly from President Roosevelt, when he received a very complimentary letter commending him for his originality of style and his good sense in the selection of working material. Shortly afterward Mr. Connolly met the President, and has frequently been his guest in Washington and Oyster Bay.

The best known of Mr. Connolly's sea tales are "Out of Gloucester," "The Seiners" and "The Deep Sea's Toll."

America and the Franciscans.

It is an historically authentic fact that the Franciscans arrived in America with Columbus, that heroic personage having belonged to the Third Order of Saint Francis, says a writer in Annales de la Propagation de

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SE-KEEN)

A Marvellous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach. Where doctors have pronounced cases incurable from consumption and other wasting diseases Psychine steps in and rescues numberless people even from the very verge of the grave. Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chills, Night Sweats, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and other like troubles, all of which are forerunners of Consumption, yield quickly to the curative powers of Psychine.

Mrs. Campbell, one of the many cured, makes the following statement: "I cannot refrain from telling all who suffer my remarkable recovery with Psychine. In April, 1902, I caught a heavy cold which settled on my lungs and gradually led to consumption. My lungs were so diseased, my doctor considered me incurable. Rev. Mr. Mahaffy, Fort Erie Presbyterian Church, recommended Dr. Blount's Psychine to me, when I was lying in Ontario. After using Psychine for a short time I ate and slept well, the night sweats and cough ceased. Months ago I stopped taking Psychine, as I was perfectly restored to health and to-day I have not felt better in my life. Psychine has been a god-send to me." Mrs. ANNA W. CAMPBELL, Cottonwood, N.W.T.

PSYCHINE never disappoints. PSYCHINE has no substitute. There is no other medicine "Just as good." At all dealers, 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle. If not write to DR. T. A. SLOUM, Limited, 170 King St. W., TORONTO.

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

la Foi (Paris.) The first protector who offered the discoverer any encouragement in Spain was the Franciscan, Father Juan Perez de Marchena, and the first Vicar Apostolic of the West Indies was Father Buyl, provincial of the Franciscans. More than that, the first priest who celebrated Mass in the Antilles was Father Castori de Todi and the first missionary to go among the natives was Father Bergagnon, both Franciscans; while the first to give up his life for God was Father Alexander, a Franciscan, and the first convent at San Domingo was a Franciscan convent. So, then, the Franciscans may be said to have an especial claim to be called the first apostles of the New World, just as the Jesuits may claim to be the first active missionaries of the Far East. Among the Franciscan comrades of Columbus, in the founding of San Domingo, was a Father Remi, a brother of the then King of Scotland. According to a memoir addressed to Charles the Fifth, the success of the priests from the very beginning was unparalleled, an assurance being given His Majesty that they had converted more than twenty millions to the Faith. Father Martino de Valence writes in 1531 that he himself had been instrumental in converting a million to the Faith, while his companions had each converted more than one hundred thousand, especially in Mexico. The Minor Brothers also penetrated into the interior and founded convents in New Mexico, Texas, Florida, California, Virginia and Canada. Till 1822 there were some 200 Franciscan missions in California.

Prize Winners in Diary Contest

Results of the Competition in Which \$200 in Gold is Given For the Best Diaries Kept in

Dr. Chase's Almanac.

If there were any doubt as to the interest taken in this Diary Competition, it would soon disappear at sight of the piles of Dr. Chase's Almanacs which came flooding into these offices during the early part of January. And during the last few days the number of enquiries as to the results reminds us that some time as well as much labor has been required to have the judging carefully and accurately done.

The committee of judges, Mr. J. F. MacKay, Bus. Mgr. "The Globe"; Mr. Geo. E. Scroggie, Adv. Mgr. "Mail and Empire"; and Mr. H. B. Somerville, "The World," have, after due consideration, made the following awards:—

- 1st, \$100 in gold, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford Hoar, Scott Road, Pettitcodiac, N. B.
2nd 50 " Mrs. Joseph H. Cook, Bechville, Ont.
3rd 25 " Rev. Jos. H. Chan, Newburgh, Ont.
4th 15 " Mrs. Joseph Halliday, Williamsford, Ont.
5th 10 " Mrs. Lucy A. B. Smith, 22 Canal Street, Vancouver, B. C.
6th 5 " Mr. James Arthur, North Rustico, P. E. I.
7th 5 " Miss Eunice Watts, Waterville, King's Co., N. S.
8th 5 " Mrs. John Banks, Malins, Man.
9th 5 " Madame Marie Louise Patenaude, St. Mere, Vercheres Co., Que.

Many who did not obtain a prize deserve special commendation for well-kept diaries, while others made the mistake of putting in items from newspapers, etc., instead of entering up everyday events of home life which make a diary both useful and valuable for future reference.

The 1907 edition of Dr. Chase's Calendar Almanac contains 100 particulars of the competition now going on, and if it has not reached you we shall be pleased to send a copy to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. Wood's



Norway Pine Syrup

Cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Croup, Asthma, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, Etc.

It stops that tickling in the throat, is pleasant to take and soothing and healing to the lungs. Mr. E. Bishop Brand, the well-known Galt gardener, writes: "I had a very severe attack of croup and tightness in the chest. Some times when I wanted to cough and could not I would almost choke to death. My wife got me a bottle of DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP, and to my surprise I found speedy relief. I would not be without it if it cost \$1.00 a bottle, and I can recommend it to everyone bothered with a cough or cold." Price 25 Cents.



FOR THE CURE OF Colds, Coughs and Bronchitis

There is a Remedy absolute in its curing properties, as can be vouched by thousands of testimonials: SPRUCINE A definite Preparation of Spruce Gum, Wild Cherry, Hoarhound and Tar. Children Take it with Pleasure.

The Mother Superior of the Bourgoys Academy writes: WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Ltd., Montreal. GRATEFUL.—Having used SPRUCINE Syrup for a severe Cold, we have obtained a complete cure. We wish all success to the proprietor of this precious remedy.

Chameleon Villatte.

(From "Rome.")

Our papers here in Rome last Sunday night devoted whole columns to telegraphic accounts of the first schismatic mass celebrated in Paris. Indeed, the ceremony itself throws a curious light on the religious situation in France, but it will be hard to understand it without a little explanation. It will be remembered that some months ago a man who calls himself Des Houx tried to start a movement for the foundation of schismatic associations. He had been turned out of Rome many years ago by Leo XIII., and had then found employment as a writer on the anti-clerical Matin. For a few weeks the Matin continued to publish accounts of the marvellous success of the schismatic movement, and these finally culminated in the announcement that a Bishop had at last been found to place himself at its head. The name was wrapped in mystery, and the curiosity of the readers was kept keyed up to a high pitch. Perhaps he was not a Catholic Bishop after all? Oh, yes, replied the Matin, a genuine Catholic Bishop—and the mystery deepened, until last week when the schismatic mountain in labor at last brought forth an episcopal mouse called Villatte.

Had we speculated at all on the matter in Rome, our choice would soon have confined itself to the only three "Bishops" in the world likely to have any dealings with Des Houx. Donkin, Miraglia and Villatte! They have all been here within some years, and each of them in his time has played many parts. Donkin was the latest arrival. He had a few glorious weeks in the Eternal City; he ate and drank sumptuously in a first-class hotel; he ordered and wore all kinds of sumptuous purple robes; he borrowed money freely—and he was run into gaol as a swindler. Later on he distinguished himself in even a more lurid way at Oxford. Shortly after he solemnly announced himself as dead in the obituary column of the Times. Since then he has not been heard from, Des Houx probably did not know his address when he was looking up a likely "Bishop." Perhaps the same reason made "Bishop" Miraglia unavailable. He was an excommunicated priest of Placenza when he ran across Villatte, who was so charmed with him that he dubbed him "Bishop" without more ado. This raised his value greatly in the eyes of the Anglo-American Methodists of Rome. They had him down here to lecture against the Papacy, which he did in the midst of disorder. A few days later "Bishop" Miraglia was racing for Switzerland for all he was worth with the Italian police at his heels on a charge of some kind.

So there was nobody left for Des Houx but Villatte. Villatte was born in France and ordained priest in Switzerland by a schismatic Bishop. Later on he proceeded to the Orient where he was obligingly consecrated archbishop by some schismatic. Then he came to Rome declaring that he wished to be received into the Church. The authorities here were cautious, and handed his case over to an Irish Franciscan of the Holy Office. When the Inquisitor first visited Timothy I., Independent Catholic Archbishop of Antioch (Villatte had blossomed into this imposing personage) the gentleman was arrayed in no end of purple, rings, chains, and pectoral crosses. The friar in the brown habit told him he must take them all off, which Timothy did with great reluctance. But when he found that Rome positively refused to recognize him as an archbishop he abandoned the idea of being converted, and went out again into the wide world from the little English convent in the Via Tolentino. He has been excommunicated a few times in the course of his episcopal career, but as he is jocularly remarked last Sunday during his function in Paris, he is none the worse for that—in the eyes

of his French friends. Two other details complete the physiognomy of that function; the church in which it was held was built a few years ago by the Barnabites, and has been stolen from them; and the new curate is an excommunicated priest. It is hardly strange, under the circumstances, though it is regrettable, that the first schismatic service of the "French Catholic Apostolic Church" was turned into a farce.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FRANCISCAN OFFICIAL RETURNS.

The Very Rev. Father Colomban, Provincial of the Franciscan Order in Canada, has just returned to Montreal after an absence of three months. The reverend Father had gone to Rome to report on a special mission in the Northwest, with which he had been entrusted last summer.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

AGED PRIEST RESIGNS.

Rev. Father Lynch, for fifty-two years in the priesthood, has resigned as rector of St. Mary's Church, Port Hope. He will reside in Peterboro. Father Lynch is 84 years of age, and the oldest priest in the diocese of Peterboro. Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan of Lindsay succeeds him at Port Hope.

SMOKERS CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous?

CANADIAN OIL COMPANY.

The Canadian Oil Company, Limited, who suffered a severe loss by fire at their Toronto factories last September, have completed rebuilding, and now have even a better plant than the one which was destroyed.

This enterprising concern is the largest independent oil company in Canada, and manufactures the celebrated "Sterling" Paints, Varnishes, Lubricating and Illuminating Oils.

GIFT FOR LAVAL.

Archbishop Bruchesi has just given to Laval University, in trust, a valuable oil painting presented to him some time ago by Mgr. Dugas, pastor of the French-Canadian colony of Cohoes, N.Y. This painting is a copy of Guido Rene's famous masterpiece, "Aurora," and was secured from one of the museums in Rome for Mgr. Dugas by the Rev. Abbe Clapin, superior of the Canadian College in the Italian capital.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system.

They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water Brash. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take."

Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00, at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Marieville Seminary Destroyed Loss \$150,000

The Catholic Seminary of Marieville (Que.), was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning, causing an estimated loss of \$150,000, including a valuable library of rare volumes. Of this only \$50,000 is covered by insurance.

There were about 225 students in the seminary, and these were compelled to seek shelter in the homes of the village people.

The blaze, which originated presumably from a defective chimney, was discovered at 10 o'clock Saturday morning, when the classes were in progress. It started by the roof of the older building and spread rapidly. In 45 minutes it had reached the newer building, which stood about 50 feet away, on the northern side, and at 1 o'clock in the afternoon nothing remained of the college but crumbling walls. Most of the students had time to save their clothes and other belongings.

The two buildings which comprised the college were built five stories high, of brick. The older building, where the fire started, was erected 50 years ago, and had a frontage of 120 feet, with wings about 60 feet in length. The depth of the wings, as well as that of the central portion, measured about 45 feet.

About 10 o'clock one of the villagers noticed smoke issuing from the gables. The next instant flames burst from one of the attic windows and began licking up the dry shingles at the side. Before the inmates realized the situation the whole attic was ablaze, and when the firemen arrived they realized at once that the older building was doomed. Their alarm was increased when the gasoline engine, which supplied the pressure to the hydrants, refused to work. An appeal for help was made to Chief Benoit, of Montreal, but owing to the distance he could not assume the risk of allowing any of the fire apparatus to leave the city. The local brigade finally managed to get the engine started, and soon had several streams playing on the fire.

The teaching staff, composed of ten brothers of the Marist Order and ten secular priests, busied themselves with saving the furniture, part of which, also with the assistance of outsiders, they succeeded in removing, as well as a few volumes from the shelves, but before they could save the valuable collection the flames compelled them to retreat. They were unable to save anything from the physics laboratory, the equipment of which was valued at \$7000. The library was valued at about the same amount.

OBITUARY.

SISTER PANCRETIA.

Rev. Sister M. Pancretia, of the Sisters of Notre Dame Congregation, died at the Mother House of the Congregation on Saturday. The deceased was a sister of Rev. Sister Superioress of St. Agnes' Academy, St. Anthony's Parish, and had taught there until a short time previous to her death. The funeral took place Monday morning.

DR. JOHN C. HOWE.

Death came suddenly to Dr. John C. Howe, port physician, at Quebec, who passed away last Saturday morning at his home, Champlain street, after scarcely a moment's warning, between four and five o'clock. Deceased had been around as usual on Friday night. As late as midnight he conversed with friends, and left for his home apparently in good health.

The late Dr. Howe was one of Quebec's best known citizens; he was a graduate of Laval University, and won high honors at that institution in obtaining his degree about twenty years ago. He always practised in Quebec, and a few years ago was appointed physician at the port of Quebec by the Canadian Immigration Department, a position which he had up to the time of his death.

COUNT CREIGHTON.

Count John A. Creighton, one of the best-known Catholic laymen in the United States, died at his home in Omaha, Neb., on Thursday last from a relapse which followed an attack of pneumonia.

In October last Count Creighton celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday by transferring to Creighton University, Omaha, under the direction of the Jesuits, property valued at half a million dollars. Prior to that donation he had given over a

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES

Second Class from Montreal March 1st to April 30th, 1907.

- \$48.60 - Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Washington and Portland, Ore.
\$46.10 - Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C.
\$45.60 - Missoula, Mont., Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda.
\$49.00 - San Francisco, Los Angeles, via Chicago only.

Proportionately low rates to other points. TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES

In effect from March 1st to April 30 1907. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to

- SEATTLE, TACOMA, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND. \$48.60
ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROBSON, SPOKANE \$46.10
ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE \$45.60
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million dollars to the university, which was founded by his brother Edward as a free college for the education of youth, regardless of creed or color.

The title of Count was conferred upon Mr. Creighton by Pope Leo XIII. in recognition of his many benevolences, and the University of Notre Dame selected him as a recipient of the Laetare medal for his services in promoting the welfare of the Catholic Church.

MR. TIMOTHY COLLINS.

A large concourse Saturday attended the funeral of the late Mr. Timothy Collins, who was probably the oldest man in the world. Leaving the residence of deceased's son, 21 Chomedey street, the cortege proceeded to St. Anthony's Church. Rev. J. E. Donnelly celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, attended by Rev. T. F. Heffernan, as deacon, and Rev. Abbe Decarie, of Ste. Cuneogonde, as sub-deacon.

The chief mourners were the two sons of deceased, Messrs. Michael and Thomas Collins; his grandsons, Neilson Collins and Robert Birch; his son-in-law, Robert Birch; his cousins, John O'Leary, D. J. O'Leary and Jas. E. O'Leary.

Among the many persons attending the funeral were Messrs. W. E. Doran, Frank J. Curran, Aid. T. O'Connell, ex-Aid. T. Conroy, ex-Aid. T. Kinella, J. O. McDermid, T. J. O'Neill, John Dwyane, Patrick Wright, Ed. Donohue, Ed. Cavanagh, J. E. Malone, Bernard Tansey, R. H. Brown, John T. McNamee, M. Dineen, T. J. Donovan, T. O'Brien, T. Starr, P. J. Carroll, Arthur E. Ibbotson, Andrew Purcell, Edward Brophy, Lawrence Brophy, Con. Phelan, Ed. Williams, James Casey, Felix Casey, James Rodgers and many others.

MR. JOHN CURRAN.

Mr. John Curran, one of the best known men in Montreal business circles, died on Saturday last after a short illness. Mr. Curran, who was 71 years of age, was a native of Dungarvon, County Waterford, Ire-

This Store will Close at 5.30 p. m. Daily during February. 1 p. m. on Saturdays THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1907.

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land. He came out to Canada in 1874, with vivid recollections of the awful famine of a few years previous. Possessed of much business sagacity, Mr. Curran in the years that followed accumulated an ample competence. In later years he had practically retired from business. He, however, devoted a good deal of time to stock investments, and is known to have had as much as a quarter of a million dollars invested in Wall street at one time. On many subjects Mr. Curran was a man of pronounced views, and he took more than usual interest in the affairs of Ireland. A few days ago Mr. Curran took a severe cold, and on Friday last was seized with pneumonia, passing away the following day. The funeral took place from his late residence, 230 St. Antoine street, at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning to St. Anthony's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery. MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES February 27. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60. Rolled Oats—\$2.15 to \$2.20 in bags of 90 lbs. Oats—No. 2, 43 1-2c per bushel; No. 3, 42 1-2c; No. 4, 41 1-2c. Cornmeal—\$1.35 per bag; granulated, \$1.50. Millfeed—Ontario bran, in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, in bags, \$22.50 to \$23; Manitoba bran in bags, \$21 to \$22; shorts, \$22. Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bushel. Potatoes—70c to 75c per bag, of 90 lbs., in carload lots. Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05. Hay—No. 1, \$13 to \$13.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$12 to \$12.50; clover, \$10.50 to \$11; clover, mixed \$11 to \$11.50. Honey—White clover in comb, 12c to 14c; dark, 9 1-2c to 10c per lb. section; white extract, 10c to 10 1-2c and buckwheat, 6 1-2c to 7c per pound. Eggs—New laid, 32c to 33c; storage stock, 28c. Cheese—October made, white, 13 3-4c; colored, 14c nominal. Butter—Choice creamery, 25 1-4c to 25 1-2c; medium grades, 23 1-2c to 24 1-2c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.90 to \$6.00; seconds, \$5.25 to \$5.35; pearls, \$6.85 to \$6.95 per 100 pounds. Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corus from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure. Reader, go thou and do likewise."

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