

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.—George MacDonal.

Now is the high time of the year, And whatever of life hath ebb'd away Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, We are happy now because God wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green; We sit in the warm shade and feel right well How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell; We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing That skies are clear and grass is growing.—James Russell Lowell.

She Who Makes Friends.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea-breeze—fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. She is ready for anything, and never throws cold water on your plans. She generally sees the funny side of things, and she has such a whole-hearted way of describing them that you feel as if you had seen them yourself. She does not retail gossip, though; and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression. She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse. She likes everybody, not considering it to be her duty to suspect anyone of evil until they have proved good. She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends, or is forgotten by them.

Lace Draperies.

Black lace over draperies are the rage. Many of the handsomest models have lace, over light colors for evening wear, and to carry out the idea for afternoon use a gown is shown in which the foundation is Chinese blue satin veiled in chiffon of the same color with a second covering of black lace; the lace forms an apron at the back and front of the skirt, and is adjusted prettily on the waist, leaving here and there a showing of blue beneath.

Woman's Love.

Love is the rightful heritage of every man and woman born into the world. It was given to us by God Himself, who is All Love. Out of very love, He created us in the first place, and for love of us, He sent down upon the earth His only Son, who in His exceeding great love gave up His life for our redemption. "Love one another," says our Lord. Love, then, has been ours since the beginning of time, and will be till time is no more. "Tis sweet to love," someone said. Yes, but it is sweeter to be loved. To be wooed and won is woman's prerogative, and to her, I think, fall the choicest sweets of love. The tasks of love are her privilege, and love, with its various relationships, is the crown of her life. To keep this crown, then, ever sparkling with the purest, brightest and most precious jewels, which only may be found there, should be the life's ambition of every woman. It is hard, some will say, to keep the heart warm in a chilly world. Yet this is what the lovable woman must do. She must have a little garden in her mind, where hope, the flower of love, must blossom the whole year round, where pleasant fancies flit, light-winged, like summer moths that love the sun. And she must tend it every day, skillfully pulling the weeds up, loosening the earth about the roots that they may get the air they need, and watering it; yes, indeed, when the time comes—with tears that fall so softly they could not hurt or mar the tenderness of growing things. Love was not given to us to break hearts, as some good people think. Far from it. Love has a better mission. It comes to show us life, to help us live and look into the human hearts about us, and to strengthen us in our struggles and ambitions here below. This is not such a hard world after all, if we will only look for the good that is in it, and work with love and for love. Life is full of promises that are certain of fulfillment.

ment. There is not a single sunset that does not mean a coming morning. The only thing to be dreaded in life is a numbness, so to speak—not to feel, not to care—not to be able to suffer—in a word, not to love. If you have love in your heart, a sincere, pure love, whether it hurts you or makes you happy, you are a living force in the world of living.

Man, it is said, is what woman makes him, and there is much truth in the saying. God, in giving man such a fragile companion, meant him to be ruled by her gentle influence. While the husband, in his strength and manhood, must feel that his wife will be dutiful and obedient, he is perfectly happy in being under her gentle sway. Providence that she "never shows her rules." This, then, is what a wife should do in her own little way. With love at the helm of her tiny barque, she need have no fear of rough seas. The faithful captain will guide her safely into port.—New World.

Feminine Humorists.

A Growing Sisterhood of Those Who Make Life Brighter for their Fellows.

Mr. Brown, the Elder, writing to his nephew Robert in Thackeray's Sketches and Travels in London, ventures to advise him in the delicate matter of the selection of a wife. This interesting subject he discusses from many points, arguing the pro and con. His final and dogmatic word is that whatever the other qualities may be, the young man should choose a woman with a sense of humor. To appreciate the soundness of this counsel, one must take into consideration the period in which Mr. Brown spoke. In the year 1850 the woman with a sense of humor was harder to find, for the wan, romantic heroine was in vogue, and the Byronic tradition still held sway.

The present school of feminine humorists may justly be regarded as the expression of the keen sense of humor which to-day is one of the strongest attributes of our American women. A generation or two ago that sense of humor existed only in embryo. Our mothers, in their youth, turned to fiction, not to be provoked to laughter, but to the Manfredo appealed to the feminine imagination. The perfect type of here at that time was found in Charlotte Brontë's Edward Rochester of Jane Eyre, or in his American cousin, Augustus Evans Wilson's St. Elmo Murray. To-day either of these two gentlemen would be very properly laughed out of court, so far as any claims to serious consideration were concerned. A more robust standard, a keener perception of the ridiculous and a shrewder philosophy of life have relegated the books of sickly sentimentalism to the shelf, and made way for the new school of American humor, which is at least three-fifths feminine.

If Miss Caroline Wells has any grievance against life it is that she never receives credit for what she considers the funniest thing that she ever wrote. Some years ago a large business enterprise made her an offer of one hundred dollars for a suitable phrase to be used for advertising purposes. She sent back "The Smile That Won't Come Off." Its success was instantaneous. But the phrase was at once incorporated into the American version of the English language, with the quite natural result that Miss Wells's part in the matter was entirely forgotten. When Mr. Gelett Burgess first introduced the now hackneyed terms of "Bromide" and "Sulphite," he made the statement that there were only seven female Sulphites in existence. He placed Miss Wells at the head of the list. "She is a Sulphite of the Sulphites," he said. "You can never know what she is going to think, do or say. Sometimes she isn't even witty. But none of us could be witty if there were no Bromides to be made fun of." This opinion of Miss Wells' uncertainty is shared by a certain well-known theatrical manager. Miss Wells had written a book for an opera which had been submitted to the manager for consideration. As a whole it could not be used, but there was one lyric that the manager wanted to interpolate in another opera. He telegraphed, asking if he could have the Kitten Song. Her reply was, "You can have the kitten, you can have the kitten." The next time the manager met Miss Wells, he asked her why she had twice told him he could have the kitten. "Well," she replied, "I could send the ten words for the same price as five, and I thought I might just as well get all that the telegraph company would stand for. I always did love bargains."

acteristically original rule for measuring the proper length of a book when she writes it herself. One of her many publishers asked her recently: "Why do you always send us your book manuscript in a five-pound candy box?" "You see," replied Miss Wells, "when I feel that I am going to write a book I always buy a five-pound box of candy and a pint of ink. Then I begin to write. And when the candy is all gone, and the ink is all used up, I know that the book is long enough."

In dealing with humorists like Miss Wells or Alice Hegam Rice or Josephine Dodge Daskam or Anne Warner or Mary Stewart Cutting, anything in the nature of a formal introduction would be something of an impertinence. It is not so in the case of a new writer such as Mrs. Helen Green, whose work bids fair to win for her eventually a place of no inconsiderable importance. Humor of a very high order is to be found in Mrs. Green's At the Actors' Boarding House. Mrs. Maggie De Shine's boarding house, one critic said, is a microcosm which becomes just as real to us as the Maison Tellier, or the Pension Vauquer. We come to know the blonded ladies washing out their stockings in the washbowl, or fighting for first place at the table where they are served with ham and eggs and "cawfy." We seem to have met the gentleman who was "standing off" Mrs. De Shine for an overdue board bill and currying favor with her by petting her wheezy poodle, Fido. The slang in the book is something marvelous, far surpassing anything which ever entered the mind of Mr. George Ade, and some of it is so professional, while it is impossible to pick out any one quotation that will adequately convey an idea of the racy humor of Maggie and her boarders, the opening paragraph of one story, The Honeymoon of Sam and Caroline, is fairly characteristic:

"Emmar! Tell that single turp in six he's gotta git out of here this minit! Here, Sam Smith an' his new bride's tuck them two ragams, an' they got to be fixed. Enmar, D'yuh hear me?"

When at the Actors' Boarding House first appeared many of those who read it asserted that Helen Green was a pseudonym, and that the book must have been written by a man. No woman, they said, could have known so intimately the rough life of the far West, the ways of swindlers and the thousand, and one details of a certain type of professional actor. They were wrong, however. Mrs. Green is a writer on the staff of a New York newspaper with which she has been connected for nearly five years. Her experiences have been remarkably diversified. She began, when only fourteen, breeding horses in South America. After that she went to the Canadian Klondike and took up gold mining. Later she worked an opal mine in northern Idaho and spent a year or more in a mining camp in Nevada. In 1900 she travelled around the world, and finally settled in Colorado, where she bought a house with a bit of land, ten miles out of Denver, where for several years she has spent her vacations.

Another new arrival among the feminine humorists is Rose O'Neill, the author of The Lady in the White Veil. For years Rose O'Neill has been known by reason of her illustrations, but it is only recently that she has invaded the field of fiction. "How did I come to write The Lady in the White Veil?" said Rose O'Neill. "Well, it was this way, said the old pirate. I made that there tale for my young brother and sister and annoyed them to death by yielding up a chapter a day. 'Twas a great lark at first, but I soon fell to a mere drudge. They developed an inclination for me, which though doing credit to their intelligences, came to adorn them but little in my eyes." Asked if she considered the story a highly humorous work, Rose O'Neill replied, "Why, I nearly died over it."

It is not all humor that lends itself to easy quotation. One can select a saying or two from Mr. Dooley, or a fable by Mr. Ade, and in this way convey to the reader a very definite idea of just what these men stand for. On the other hand, there are writers whose books must be read from the first page to the last if their humor is to be adequately appreciated. For example, take Anne Warner's The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary. Without question this is one of the drollest books which have appeared in the last twenty years and yet no system of quotation however extended could give more than the vaguest impression of its genuine fun. Anne Warner, by the way, is the wife of Charles Ellis French. She is a native of St. Paul, in which city she lives. Some years ago eight or ten Louisville women of literary tastes formed a little club among themselves, which came to be known as the Authors' Club. At one of its meetings a member brought the ma-

nuscript of a book that she had written, and read it aloud. It was enthusiastically indorsed, and the author was urged to send it out into the world in search of a publisher. The author was Alice Hegan, and the book, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, destined to become one of the really great books of American humor and to win for itself a positively individual place in our literature. When Mrs. Wiggs first found her way out to the reading public between covers, it was with no great blare of trumpets. The publishers had no great expectations for it and hesitated before printing an edition of two thousand copies. That edition was sold within a month and another two thousand printed. Then came another, and at the end of six months the presses were turning out ten thousand a month, which later rose to forty thousand a month, and so the tale went on until forty-three editions had been printed, and now after eight years five hundred copies a month are printed and sold.

Perhaps a measure of the success of Mrs. Wiggs was due to the fact that the reader learned to love her from the very first page in which it was told that "Mrs. Wiggs was a philosopher, and the sun and substance lay in keeping the dust off her rose-colored spectacles. When Mr. Wiggs traveled to eternity by the alcoholic route she buried his faults with him, and for want of better virtues to extol she always laid stress on the fine hand he wrote. It was the same way when their little country home was burned and she had to come to the city to seek work; her own comment was: "Thank God, it was the pig instead of the baby that was burned!" And with his smile: "A smile that waited for an answer and usually got it, a smile so brimming over with good fellowship and confidence that it made a lover of a friend and a friend of an enemy."

And these are some of the bits of cheer from Lovey Mary: "I've made it a practice to keep all my worries down in the bottom of my heart, then set on the lid an' smile." "You never kin tell which way any pleasure is a-comin'. Who ever would 'a' thought when we aimed at the cemetery, that we'd land up at a first-class fire?" "I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before yer spirits has a chance to fall."

The way to get cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when your own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut." Two feminine humorists who invaded the child world for their creations are George Madden Martin, the author of the delightful Emily Lou stories, and Josephine Dodge Daskam, who, in the Imp and the Angel and The Madness of Phillip, has given us youngsters of all flesh and blood. In addition Miss Daskam (Mrs. Selden Bacon) is entitled to great consideration for her Fables for the Fair, of which it has been said that for brevity, completeness and wit it ranks with the work of George Ade.

Then there is the fable of the woman who, wishing to make a favorable impression on a mere Man, expressed a dislike for Macterlink and Ibsen and thereby won the man's approval. When, however, she went on to score Shakespeare she soon found out her mistake. "Nay, nay," said the Man, "this is Too Much. Not to understand Ibsen shows that you are a Good Woman; to think Macterlink silly augurs Well for your Intelligence, but not to see Much Sense in Shakespeare implies that you are Uneducated, and he did not Call Again."

To these women, and to others like Mary Stewart Cutting, with her tales of suburban life, and Myra Kelly, with her graphic pictures of the school children of the great East Side of New York, as well as to monologists like Beatrice Herford and May Isabel Fisk, a very genuine debt is due. In teaching us not to be too serious they are contributing to the health of the community; with their flashes of wholesome humor they are doing much to relieve the tension of our strenuous twentieth-century life.—Arthur Bartlett Maurice, Editor of The Bookman, in Good Housekeeping.

How to Use Strawberries.

Strawberry Dumplings—Mix well together three cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder and one-third of a teaspoonful of salt. Rub in two tablespoonfuls of butter and add sufficient milk to make a soft dough. Roll out one-half inch thick, cut in four-inch squares, lay three or four large berries in the middle of each and draw the paste around them and arrange on a greased tin and steam for half an hour. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Preserves—Add one cupful of boiling water to two pounds of granulated sugar, and stir over a hot fire until the sugar is dissolved. Put the kettle over the fire, add two pounds of strawberries and simmer gently for ten minutes. Then skim out the fruit carefully, lay it on platters and put in the hot sun while the syrup is cooking. Boil the syrup until it is quite thick, add the berries, heat thoroughly and fill the cans.

Strawberry Bavarian Cream—Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a cupful of cold water until soft; then dissolve over hot water. Wash one quart of berries, drain, sprinkle over them one cupful of sugar, partly crush and put aside for two hours; then rub through a sieve. Add the dissolved gelatine, and when it begins

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to thicken add one pint of whipped cream. Turn into a vetted mold and put on ice. Serve garnished with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

Strawberry Wine.—Measure the berries and bruise them. To every gallon add one quart of boiling water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally, then strain off the liquor into a cask or jug, adding two pounds of sugar to every gallon of juice. Leave open to work, and when it has finished fermenting, bottle and seal. The addition of orange and lemon rind while the liquor is fermenting adds to the flavor; cider is sometimes added in the proportion of a cupful to two quarts of water and juice.

Fashion Hints.

A deep blue that is almost black is a favorite color for gowns and hats. Sleeves of the new models of blouses and dresses show fullness at the elbow.

Pewter gray and a delicate fawn shade are soft tints that are popular.

A pretty ornament for the hair is made of white and gold sequins. The new veils are novel and conspicuous. Colored lace veils are still popular.

A deep hem reaching to the knees is used on many skirts of afternoon dresses, the hem being a material contrasting to that above.

Lingerie gowns, guileless of a collar, are frequently worn with a narrow black velvet band at the throat, on which may be a diamond or other jeweled ornament.

One of the newest developments of the peasant idea is the dress fashioned on lines identical with the coat suit.

Ruffles of plaited net, batiste, plain or face edge, and attached to a heading of insertion, may be bought by the yard and made into side frills for the shirtwaist or coat suit.

Gold-colored straw, trimmed with black, is a popular combination in millinery this season. Natural colored khaki shirts made with seven gores, habit back and buttoned down the front in a straight line are most practical and popular.

High-buttoned fancy boots for children are strapped from the ankle to the shoe top.

Summer girls who dance will wear chiffon or sheer muslin dresses trimmed with little roses, single and clusters. Long loops and ends of the filmy material are worn about the low-cut neck. Sleeves are short—very short.

If you have a bit of choice brocade, make a buckle. Make it square or oblong, oval or circular, only make it very large. If you fancy the oblong shape, cut your buckram foundation at least four by eight inches, pad it well with wadding, and stiffen the back with milliner's wire. Then put on your cover of brocade with neatly mitered corners and add some long stitches of gold or silver thread to give additional glitter.

Raffia and straw braid, Persian and gold gauze ribbon make lovely buckles; an oddity is one foot long, half as wide, and is covered with tiny flat pink flowers. Buckles of this huge size make the sole trimming on smart hats and turbans of rough straw. Of lesser size, they confine bunches of ostrich tips, or a scarf of chantilly or chiffon, or an enormous bow of black velvet.

beads of dull steel. Above and below the two rows of narrow black velvet ribbon, a form of trimming which is likely to become very popular this summer on account of its never in its effect than souchaie, and looks particularly well on light materials. The upper part of the bodice and the sleeves were of silver lace, the sleeves being in one with the bodice and adorned with a vandyked line or embroidery in jet above two rows of jet passementerie. The lower part of the bodice was swathed with the black ninon which starts immediately beneath the right arm and was drawn across low down on the left side, this effect being repeated at the back, where a piece of the skirt gap where the ninon drapey van-shoulder were straps of black velvet, the one on the right finishing in a big jet cabochon which caught up the folds of ninon, that on the left being brought lower down and held by a large rose of silver tissue with black stamens.

Already the manufacturers have brought out a quantity of lovely new thin materials in black suitable for summer wear. Striped materials are much to the fore, and generally take the shape of a dense satin stripe quite an inch wide on a transparent ground, a combination which recalls the satin-striped grenadines of one's childhood, except that these modern fabrics have a softness and suppleness never dreamt of in bygone days.

Another tissue which should make most charming dresses looks like a sturdy edition of a face veiling, with fine interlacing threads relieved at intervals by small embroidered spots in silver grey silk. This would be beautiful made up over grey taffetas. Oxidized silver has come to the front with a rush, and is being enormously used, especially for outlining the patterns of black lace or embroidery. It is also used in conjunction with jet and steel, and with black velvet for the hair of an evening.

People have become tired of the flat Greek band across the head; and now that the hair is being becomingly raised once more and curls are returning to favor, the upright ornaments and upsprays are also being recalled. So many women have made "guy" of themselves with their heads tied up and swathed down over the forehead in a way that suggested a recent return from the accident ward of a hospital, that the one will be sorry to see these absurdities disappear and a more sensible and becoming style of coiffure take the place of the bandaged head. There are charming head ornaments being made in black oats and wheat-ears and barley, fashioned in satin and velvet threads of dull silver to represent the "beards" of the wheat and barley. Most effective, too, for the hair are the wreaths of small laurel or olive leaves in black satin and dull silk with little bunches of jet berries at intervals. Velvet ivy leaves with jet berries also make a most becoming mourning chaplet for a youthful head. For both hair and bodies wear a quantity of magnificent black flowers have suddenly sprung into view and favor. Among these are really splendid-looking tiger lilies fashioned in velvet, with silver stamens and velvet pistils, which are really marvels of handiwork. Roses of black velvet, silk and satin, the different values of the material being used with wonderful effect, are also in great demand; as are also giant velvet marguerites with silver centers, black cowslips in velvet and black king-cups in satin, iris, in which both materials appear, and black cherries, which seem likely to be the greatest favorites of all.

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What is Worn in London

London, June 7, 1910.

I am giving this week a description of a dinner gown which will make a pleasant variation to the leit-motif of black which has somewhat overpowered our sense of selection of late. The foundation of the dress was grey charmeuse, made in the familiar and ever-popular fourteen which nothing seems able to cast out from our affections, and covered with an over-dress of black Ninon, built in the "three-decker" style which has returned once more to fashion and makes a pleasant change with the overlying tunic. Each one of the three flat flounces which form the over-dress was adorned with a wide and very beautiful embroidery on net with a very bold design heightened by touches of black velvet applique, the whole pattern being further emphasized by being delicately outlined with tiny

ATHIS OBJECT.

The little boy who had learned that an orange was a unit, and who later defined the orange skin as the skin of a unit, was surely well within his rights. He probably had the sympathy of his class, if not of his teacher. A writer in the Manchester Guardian tells a tale of much the same kind. It was in a school where drawing is taught. One day, just as the lesson was about to begin, a small boy was found standing tearfully at the headmaster's desk. "I've swallowed my object," he explained, with an alarming gulp. "What was it?" asked the master, anxiously. "A banana," replied the would-be artist, with one more gulp.

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

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ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

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IN THE TIME OF THE LILIES

The moon was flooding the canals; a breeze stirred among the myrtles and sent the white blooms of the syringas fluttering to the ground.

Pierre Jasmin, dressed in blue, with his broom felt hat shading his face, had been the bridegroom, but the white-clad bride at his side had not been the little sweetheart of a short time ago.

The countryside had noted Jasmin's fickleness with indignation; had seen him neglect the pretty, brown-eyed child for Jeanne Tailon, and had marvelled greatly.

But at night, when Grandmaman slept, when the lights were out and the house was still, when the frogs in the pond and the crickets in the china trays alone broke the silence,

He had seemed to worship her; had been so gentle, so full of thought for her. Life had been one long holiday until, alas! (how vividly she recalled the day!) Jeanne came home from the convent where she had been a long-aid at the station.

Esme had run down to the road to welcome them. Jeanne had leaned from her horse, murmuring graceful words of greeting, and even in that momentary glance Esme saw that she had changed.

The color rose in Grandmaman's faded cheek. Bettine smiled sympathetically, but Esme only said, with a little droop of her brown head: "Poor Rene!"

The summer drifted by; August was near at hand; the fields were bright with wild flowers. Bettine went each morning before the dew had dried and gathered great bowls of purple-lipped figs.

The morning after the wedding, when Esme brought her grandmother's early coffee, the old woman looked at her curiously.

"You have not slept well, child; there are lines beneath your eyes." A faint blush rose in the girl's olive cheeks.

"Grandmaman," said the girl, timidly, "I have a great favor to ask of you. Clara has sent me word to come and visit her. I will not be away long. Will you let me go?"

"To see him every day," she said, pausing in the hall outside, "to see him with her. I cannot bear it."

It was autumn now. Beneath Grandmaman's pecan trees groups of children gathered the nuts, showered down to them by men among the branches.

Grandmaman had remained indoors. She was tired, she said. She would join them later. But as the morning went on Esme grew anxious, and sent Bettine to look for her.

After her death, when the debts had been paid, the mortgage creditors satisfied, of the wealth that had once been hers but little remained.

Esme watched her until her Grandmaman's voice recalled her. "Who was that, child?" "Jeannette, my friend, Grandmaman."

"Pierre Jasmin's wife, you mean," was the bitter reply. "Well, well, what did she want? She is not one to come on other people's business."

"Poor Rene," she said. The last few months had made her tender of his feelings. Bettine knocked and entered; her arms were full of water lilies.

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GAS ON THE STOMACH Relieved at Once by Father Morrissey's No. 11 Tablets.

Many people find that no matter how carefully they watch their diet and deny themselves this, that or the other favorite dish, still after every meal gas forms in the stomach and everything seems to turn sour.

Besides causing great discomfort, this condition makes it impossible to get the full benefit from the food eaten, and the body is continually starving with a full stomach.

Father Morrissey's No. 11 Tablets promptly relieves this and other stomach disorders. Each Tablet has the power of digesting a pound and three-quarters of food, so that even though the stomach may be in a very bad or weakened condition one Tablet taken after each meal will insure proper digestion and prevent sourness, gas in the stomach, pain or discomfort.

The case of Miss Maggie Leamy, of West Franklin, Ont., is a sample of what Father Morrissey's No. 11 Tablets can do. Writing on Jan. 6th, 1910, she says: "Your No. 11 Stomach Tablets suit my case exactly, as I am ever so much better since using them than I had been for the last seven years."

If you have been troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia a course of Father Morrissey's No. 11 Tablets will soon put your stomach into a healthy condition again. 50c. a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

ing over the sufferer, stooped and lifted the poor marred face to her bosom. "She loved you," she said in a low voice; "be merciful—she has not long to live!"

"Loved me!" he echoed scornfully. "You do not know what wretchedness she worked. I was not her only victim—there was a woman!" "And if that woman forgives?"

"Esme!" she cried wildly. "Oh, Esme, have you forgotten me?" Esme shrank back; the blood flashed to her cheeks; a cry of wonder broke from her. The doctor looked up.

"You know her, then?" "She married Pierre Jasmin, the electrician. I knew her years ago." "I know Jasmin, and while I doubt his interest in her, I think it my duty to telephone him to come here. He can do what he thinks best after I have told him she is dying."

Esme nodded her approval. "The lilies, Esme," Jeanne was crying bitterly. "Don't you remember them? You told me that first night I came back from the city that they would bloom for you and Pierre. But they were never gathered; they withered on their stems. You never understood Pierre, did you, Esme? You thought he had ceased to love you; that he had tired of you—tired of you when his every thought was of your happiness, but he was a man and credulous, and when I lied to him—"

"She tried to lift herself, and fell back, groaning." "When I told him you loved Rene, and would marry him only to please my grandmother, he believed me. He listened because I was your friend." She broke into sudden mocking laughter. "Friendship, Esme, it is a pretty word!"

Esme tried in vain to quiet her, and as Jeanne sobbed out the story and explained the meaning of Pierre Jasmin's desertion she found herself wondering that it touched her no more. It was as if she were hearing some incident about a stranger, but it flashed across her mind with quick relief that she would be glad to have Rene know she had not been forsaken without reason.

"Well, we were married," went on Jeanne's broken voice, "and at first all went smoothly, but after a time Pierre grew suspicious. He began to doubt me, and when one day in a burst of foolish anger I told him the truth and mocked him for his blindness, taunting him with his inability to explain to you, he cast me off—me, Esme, who had sinned for love of him."

The True Witness is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co.

Subscription price: Canada (City Excepted) and Newfoundland... \$1.00; United States and Foreign... \$1.50

When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and the NEW address. SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued until order to stop is received and all arrears paid up.

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

Episcopal Approbation.

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

THURSDAY, JUNE 16, 1910.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE

The shadow of a great tragedy hangs over our city. On Monday last, without a moment's warning, numbers of men and girls were hurled to death owing to the collapse of the water tank in the "Herald" building.

THAT DREADFUL SACRILEGE.

Many of our readers have wondered, we suppose, why we did not deal editorially, before now, with the story of that awful sacrilege in St. Michael's Church.

It is plain the nefarious deed we deplore is not the work of a fool, nor is it the perpetration of an ordinary fiend. Evidently some occult influence, goaded on by the demons of Hell, are responsible for the sacrilegious outrage.

Here in Montreal, in spite of tens of thousands of fervent Christians, there are many wadis of virtue, little schools of hidden agencies, and some vile fellows from the vice-pens of Continental Europe.

We can well understand the grief of good Father Kiernan; we can readily share that grief, as we do, in view of the kind God so grievously offended, and in view of his earnest and true-souled priest.

Experience has taught us all that foul infamies of the kind we deplore in this instance are not the work of even the most fanatical of Protestants, but, rather, the inglorious treachery of some of the Continental off-scourings dumped upon our shores to spread obnoxious opinions and curse the very air we breathe with their blasphemy.

We would suggest that all our Catholic young men form themselves into a widespread detective force, helping the proper police authorities and the guilty one will soon be found. Let us not leave a stone unturned in the search. A criminal, such as the one responsible for the sacrilege in St. Michael's Church, must not go free.

The sorrow of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi must be great, especially in this Eucharistic year, at the story of the crime, but God will be avenged by men and by Himself.

THE LATE GOLDWIN SMITH.

Goldwin Smith has passed away, and the religion of his childhood failed, through its representatives, to bring him any consolation in the supreme hour of his passage from earth to judgment.

We mean to cast no aspersion on the dead; we have no feeling of gluttony self-complacency with which we could want to blight his memory; but the fact is there that men of transcendent genius appealed to religion and not in vain, while Goldwin Smith, according to his own admission, had failed to grasp the full bearing of Christ's message to the world.

BURKE.

Burke is a good name in affairs Irish and Catholic. It was good in its Norman ancestry, to begin with, and then there was, years after, Father Thomas Nicholas Burke, the great Dominican.

Shelley appealed to the intellectual, and his failure to ask religion for its aid and help and comfort, easily explains the wretched existence he led, with its awful ending in the Gulf of Spezzia. He, like Goldwin Smith, had studied at Eton but he had not the natural moral worth of the Sage who made the Grange somewhat of an institution.

Whatever his success in the domain of letters, whatever his claim on the admiration of the schools, it is a poor tribute to Goldwin Smith's breadth of mind and power of soul to say that religion held no winning goal for him. The strongest intellects are always the lowliest. Intellectual pride proved the downfall of Lucifer. It is what is making the world the sorry thing it is to-day.

And yet we trust that Goldwin Smith was able to give good and saving account of his stewardship. In spite of all the pennybodies who wear professional gowns, the Gospel is still God's message, the Church His household, and His, too, is judgment. Again, let us say, Oh! the dearth, the emptiness and fatality of slipshod religion for the mind and soul of boyhood!

THE CLERGY OF SPAIN.

We may all take for granted when we hear any man or woman denounce the clergy, and spend their wisdom and gossip on clerical reform, that there is something very unsightly in Denmark—Luther, Calvin, Knox, Chiquiquy, McCabe, Slatery, and Achilli are there to warrant the truth of our words.

The Marquis of Salamanca was in Montreal lately, and he gave an interview to a reporter on the shortcomings of the Spanish clergy.

They may soon have a repetition of France's story in Spain, he says. The Marquis of Salamanca ought to have learned from history, if he can read,—what bad government has done for Spain already. The anticlericals have made both it and France the laughing-stock of the world.

We do not know what the authorities of Spain will think when they learn what the little Marquis said. What right has he to bring the name of King Alfonso into his case? And did Queen Victoria of Spain become a Catholic to suit the Salamanca fancies of the Marquis? He is evidently an adept in the fine arts, seeing how doggishly he can stoop in the presence of a little interviewer.

"As much as 40 per cent. of the whole population of Spain is illiterate," the Marquis says. That is not true, and we shall prove it soon in a letter from proper authorities in Spain. But, then, as long as it is a question of belittling the Church of Christ, you can make the editors of some of our local papers believe that cheese grows on apple-trees.

The petty Marquis has a dig for the Jesuits. It has ever been the property of weak minds to hold such views. If Spain, however, had stood by the Jesuits, she would not be the one-horse thing she is today. While crazy countries like herself are afraid of Loyola's disciples, live and strong powers like the United States are welcoming them, and are giving them the fullest encouragement.

It is only countries that are ruled by thieves and assassins that need fear the Jesuits. This some have felt. As T. F. Galwey says: "Catholics almost instinctively love the Jesuits, because the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits have always been those who are the bitter enemies of the Christian religion and Christian morals."

Canadians do not take gentlemen like the Marquis of Salamanca seriously.

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The Belgian House and Senate have so ruled that no Fleming may enter the university for any higher studies without having passed a satisfactory examination in Flemish or a certificate testifying to eight hours' of Flemish for six years. Of course, French still holds the main sway, and that is why many Flemings are trying to reverse matters, invert them, in fact, by asking that Flemish be made the main study.

language for Flemings, and that the eight hours a week be turned over on the French language. How they will succeed we do not know yet. We believe the Catholic Flemings who are struggling for the inversion are right. Belgium has nothing to gain from French influence. Nefariously is there to prove that the nefarious atmosphere of France can damn souls in Belgium as well as in the immortal Republic of Dreyfus. Were it only a question of the French language for Belgium, we should not speak as we do, but even Sam Blake knows that it is mainly after French ideas that the anti-Flemings are striving. The complete "Flandricisation" of the Flemings and of the Flemish schools has, then, much to commend it to men who are right-thinking.

As the Flemings will learn French, as the law stands, or however it may stand, the Walloons feel they are going to be at a disadvantage. They do not know Flemish, and do not want to learn it.

WHY WONDER?

We often wonder why Catholic names are so few in literary histories, and yet there is no reason for surprise at all. If we but stop to consider how Catholics are set aside in all departments of culture and endeavor, we shall readily understand that there are agencies bound to keep silence when it is a question of dealing with and praising Catholic men of renown.

The other day Carl Lueger, the greatest mayor of modern times and the man who made Vienna what it now is—Europe's best ruled city—died, and neither the dailies, the reviews, nor the magazines went to the trouble of dealing with him and his memory in any serious way. Freemasonry would not stand for it, and Freemasonry, backed by the Jews, controls the daily press and the popular weeklies and monthlies.

The selfsame popular press has never a word to say about Windthorst, O'Connell, Cortes, and a thousand other illustrious Catholics, and yet we wonder why they and the alleged masters of literary criticism refuse to say anything about our Catholic literary lights. Of course, some of our own transcendent Catholic geniuses lay all the blame at our own door, even if such gentlemen are of small literary calibre as a rule. They make the noise of cannons, but are only firecrackers under a good-sized zinc water-pail.

The truth of the matter is that the alleged literary master-critics know very little about Catholic authors, while they are not willing to confess to the little they know. Their books are heralded by our own supercilious, self-conceited literary champion-critics, who only smile at better works on our own shelves, or, at least, discourage a fruitful propaganda on the part of Catholics.

The daily press and the popular reviews and magazines must do what Freemasons tell them. English literature, however, is not the only one.

GOOD SENSE AS USUAL.

As soon as the Casket loses a good editor it always has the luck and judgment to find another valuable man to take his place. Our new friend in the chair by the sea promises us—in the concrete—a pleasant little treat and feast this week. Well does he inaugurate his ministry of the pen by pleading for union among those who write for the Catholic press. We must be united, and strong with the strength of the sea in consequence. Personally we try to show our brethren all the kindly respect, esteem and admiration we can, even if there is a little vinegar in our ink for shams, frauds, impostors and slanderers.

There is no good in the outcome of quarrels between two Catholic pens, when both sincerely mean to work as Catholics, and yet, not only defense, but aggressiveness is necessary when dealing with foes who have but scant regard either for truth or justice.

"FLANDRICISATION"

Belgium is a bilingual country. The Flemish, in the north, speak a language practically the same as Dutch, while the Walloons speak some of them Walloons, a Romance patois, most of them French. Formerly, in fact up to a few years since, Flemish was a despised language, but to-day, thanks

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of vinegar; but what do we want with flies; at most they are but very troublesome little things. While, then, we assure our admirable Antigonish contemporary that we deeply value their gentle preaching on unity among us all, we, at the same time, want to show we, by publishing abroad the doctrine it teaches, and which says:

"The Monitor quotes from a letter of the late editor of the New World, Dr. Charles J. O'Malley, in which he said: "As I see it, you have a splendid chance to build up and develop Catholic literary talent and Catholic literature, in California and the West. California and gather them in you, as I always try to do, wherever I go. Leave others to do what they will. Do you build, build, build! My one hope, this earnest apostle of our Faith concluded, is will say of me: This man never built hope in the souls of others."

"We think the days of bickering between Catholic journalists are passing, and the unfortunate and injurious practice dying out. The common end, purpose and desire of Catholic people, to defend the Church, her doctrines and practices, to advance and advocate all that will promote the best interests of our people and our country, should give us enough to do without wheeling each other's heads, however impatient we may feel at times with each other. Being all human, and holding diverse views on many subjects, it is easy for us to clash at very trifling points. The Catholic press, however, is none too strong, and we need each other's help. We all need to keep in mind the words of the dead journalist: 'Do you build, build, build!' Tearing down and pulling to pieces are comparatively easy. It is not so very difficult to criticize effectively. There are ten good critics in the world to every one who can add something to the world's store of useful knowledge or ideas."

Montrealers, especially the parishioners of St. Ann's, the grand old fortress, will be pleased to learn that the kind and saintly Father Caron is still hale and hearty, notwithstanding his many years of faithful work and relentless endeavor for good and religion. The venerable priest has just been named Superior of the Redemptorist community in Brandon, Manitoba, and pastor of the parish of St. Augustine, succeeding the late dearly beloved Father Retzlaff, C.S.S.R.

That good Father Caron may long be spared is the earnest prayer of us all. He is not of our blood, but he made our interests and ambitions his own. Nationality is only a secondary requirement in the eyes of good Catholics: "No one could love their Irish parishioners more than did, and still do, the Belgian and French-Canadian Redemptorists. We love them and are proud of them."

Did the King die a Catholic? is a question uppermost in many minds to-day. Evident points to the possibility, Father Bernard Vaughan, who was a very close personal friend of the late King, it appears, was with him on the day of his death, presumably preparing him for his last journey and when he must have felt the need of consolation and spiritual aid to sustain him as he went alone before the bar of God's justice. Edward VII. had been ever lavish in meting out justice and mercy. Our fervent prayer is that he may have received his reward in full measure.

With characteristic frankness, Mayor Guerin told the natives of England that Catholic Canadians are not going to put up with the Coronation insult. John Bull must soon understand that true Imperialism will have to do away with Orangism in Royal declarations. This Sir Charles Fitzpatrick made very clear and plain. It is a sad reflection on Britain to be obliged to say that the English king cannot adore God as he sees fit. They speak of his glory and grandeur, and yet they force him to take his orders from the Orange Lodges. He is head of the Anglican Church, and if Anglican clergymen of the High Church kind had any suspicion they would resign in a body, in spite of their means. Had the High Church men done this, the Anglican Church would have been a very different thing.

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THURSDAY

Echo... The seat of cred... "In the... Omnia pro... Heart of... -Rev. Ma...

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The Ottawa... if the Method... attract young... it must make... tractive as in... consequently the... mercantile pur... more attractive... not stated, at...

Echoes and Remarks.

The source of the fine arts is in the seat of love divine, in the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

In the fierce unceasing combats, Let our tranquil war-cry be— Omnia pro Te, Cor Jesu! Heart of Jesus, all for Thee! —Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

There is a statement in circulation to the effect that, in the State of Maine, between a hundred thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand apple trees have been planted this year. As Maine is a prohibition state the citizens need hard cider.

Before Catholic fathers send their sons to McGill University next term, they might politely ask the authorities of that big school if godless professors will be permitted to give impious and blasphemous lectures on the New Testament and deny the divinity of our Saviour. Let the lecturers betake themselves to American universities!

The Toronto Telegram is beginning to find out that the Register-Extension can deal effective blows. It is really surprising what good work our contemporary's aggressiveness has already done. Orange-men are beginning to see that, after all, they are only dupes. They pay Sproule a big salary, and howls with a vengeance.

A Protestant weekly says that we "have to blunt a way of stating facts." That is a compliment. Facts are facts, and heretical slander is sinful fiction. The last thing we wish to be is a sugar-coated Catholic. We dearly love hundreds of Protestants, and that is why we abominate the ridiculous systems under which they are living. Thanks!

When we are dealing with our many Protestant readers, we take it for granted that they are honest men of sense, and so we should believe it an act of hypocrisy and a blatant insult to half state Catholic belief for them. Nobody will make us believe that scores of good Protestants we happen to know are not well-meaning. Why, then, should we not tell them the plain, blunt truth?

The French Government have been using a renegade nun to rob the congregations for them. "Sister Candide," as she is called, is simply one of the thousands of embezzlers represented by M. Duez and the other official thieves abetted and sanctioned by Briand's Parliament. It is no tribute to the French people to say that they are willing "lamb," and that they can be so easily "fleeced." No other people could stand for half such nonsense.

The Belgians are a sensible people; they are not like their neighbors in France. A Belgian makes use of his brains. The industrious little country will again have a decent government to look after its affairs. It might be well, however, for Belgium to strengthen its Catholic forces all the more. Holland, too, is awakening; the Catholics in that country are a strong unit, as is the case in Germany and Austria.

The Rev. H. E. Benoit, Anglican priest for the few French people belonging to the Church of England in Montreal, is very enthusiastic over the results achieved in Sabrevois College. From all appearances did not English-speaking children attend its classes, and were the missionary fund not generous, the college would have to close its doors. The Rev. H. E. Benoit is the gentleman who made the eighty converts from Catholicism whose addresses could not be found in the City Directory.

A London despatch says that the Italians are about to impose heavy taxes on big hats, because women have seemingly lost their judgment regarding hats and coiffures, and this is not the only one in which the Italians, both men and women, have lost the balance of their heads.

They are making quite a fuss over the bones of an Indian warrior found on St. Ann's Island. Three prominent men of Wallaceburg have quarried out the departed. When the benighted Catholics do honor to the relics of God's saints, they are said to be idolaters.

The Ottawa Free Press says that if the Methodist Church wants to attract young men to the ministry it must make the inducements as attractive as in mercantile pursuits, consequently they must have more remuneration. The Apostle left mercantile pursuits for something more attractive, but the salary is not stated, at least in the Bible.

Some of the German admirers of Martin Luther the vile are finding fault with the Holy Father for telling the truth about the arch apostate. The Germans in question, when they found the truth about the hero in question too shocking to print, stopped the researches which were well under way for the writing of his life. Every man reserves to himself the right to kick his own dog.

Another preacher declares he was once an admirer of Catholics, but, like Paul of Tarsus, was struck by the light! Somebody must have hurled a lighted lamp at him; or, perhaps, he pulled down the street lamp, his main sin.

We sincerely hope from the bottom of our hearts, that the incarnate demon or demons responsible for the sacrilege in St. Michael's, will be secured and treated with the full severity of the law. The Irish people of Montreal should contribute funds towards pecuniary for the services of two or three champion detectives to investigate the matter.

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, is going to Europe again, and nobody could deserve a holiday more than he does. Although now more than three score and ten, he is still parish priest and still editor of the ever-glorious Watchman, giving us a splendid page of editorial each week and a really good sermon, one worth reading and worth hearing. We hope Father Phelan will enjoy his trip abroad.

The Daily Telegraph, Quebec, is working hard toward the betterment of the old City. May its endeavors be blessed with more than abundant success. Quebec's future day will be all the grander for the longing, the striving, and the waiting. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has proved its friend. He knows what gratitude is. St. Roch's sent him to Parliament, and it is glad it did to-day.

Quite a number of Catholics who intend to spend the summer away from their parish church, must remember that people cannot faithfully observe the Third Commandment by simply spending the time of holy Mass discussing how they will endeavor to improve the services, etc., at their own church, once their vacation is over. "Lead, Kindly Light," sung in the evening by some new acquaintance will not suffice.

Priests in vacation resorts have often, in their parish work, met in with negligent Catholics from the cities. These religious failures generally get in tow with some self-canonized critic, whose home is in the vacation spot. The result is a schismatical synod of many sessions. What they all need, however, is a very hearty confession and a cessation of bad habits. This is not fiction, nor is it fancy. Let the failures do what most Catholics do, that is, continue to serve God when absent from home.

The late Mr. Napoleon Tessier, secretary of the Department of Public Works, and former student at St. Laurent College, never gave up a practice of his school days, which consisted in approaching the Holy Table on each first Friday of the month. With his brother, a distinguished Holy Cross Father, he once drove thirty miles over bad roads to attend to his holy practice. He died on the first Friday of June, the Feast of the Sacred Heart, and there is something of a coincidence to the story. Other young lawyers have no time to do what Napoleon Tessier was wont to do. So much the worse!

It has been said with truth that no Consistory for several years has been so much talked of, and so long expected, as that which has been announced by the press almost every month for the last year. The latest rumor to the effect that the Consistory will be held during this or next month has no foundation, as it is certain the Holy Father has deferred it until the end of the year. Several complications of a diplomatic character render the selection of ecclesiastics for membership in the Sacred College difficult, and what is more, we are told that Pius X. is in no great hurry to make many new Cardinals. The resignation of Cardinal Lorenzelli from the archbishopric of Lucca has made, in his person, another addition to the Cardinals of the Curia.

A deputation of the aristocracy (save the mark!) of Lucca went to Rome to represent to the Holy Father that it would be advisable to choose a prelate distinguished by nobility of birth for their new archbishop, the other required conditions to the contrary notwithstanding in a prelate of humble birth. The Pope listened very patiently to the petition, and then quietly reminded the bearers of it that the Cardinals had chosen a man of very simple birth to be head of the Universal Church, and that even Lucca was not so important a diocese as Rome. Half those European dukes and counts lay claim to domains that would not constitute a good-sized farm in Canada; and only one-eighth of the other half have anything to be proud of. A mosquito that should happen to drink a little of some king's blood would have as much claim to royalty and kingly honors as the majority of them.

In 1878, when Memphis, Tenn., and the entire South were suffering from a scourge of yellow fever, the Brothers of the Christian Schools living in Memphis, at one of their meetings, discussed the possibility of preventing the recurrence of such epidemics. The Brothers who took part in this conference were Brother Maurelian, president; and Brothers Anthony, Abban, Osmind, Bernardine and Flavin. It was resolved to invoke the aid of the United States in behalf of Federal sanitary precautions. As a result of this agitation there was enacted on March 3, 1879, an act of Congress establishing "a national board of health," on which there were eleven members selected from among the best physicians and scientists in all parts of the United States. The whole of the United States has been benefited by the movement inaugurated by the Brothers. The rate of mortality in Memphis is now so reduced as to be able to vie with the lowest in the country.

THE BATTLE IN WESTMINSTER.

The British Parliament met again on June 8. There had been a truce ever since King Edward's death; and though it is true that moderate men on both sides of the House of Commons are rather intent on settling business matters before the battle royal is resumed against the Peers, yet little is to be gained from further cessation of hostilities, since the more things go, the more will each side gather strength for argument, for or against the maintenance of things as they now stand with the Lords. Time will but add acrimony to the impending debate; the longer the wait, the direr shall the bitterness be. Even the Lords themselves are in a quandary, ever since they voted for the Rosebery resolution, with 175 votes for and only 17 against, its provisions.

Quite a lot has been written as to what will next happen, and as to the policy the Lords will make their own. The Tories have added villaing to the situation, by trying to enter the Queen into the trouble, and by making capital of the King's death. It is evident that they are all afraid of Redmond. In the main he it is who is forcing legislation on them, all. With the Pall Mall Gazette, all England has at length come to understand that the fearless Irish leader has to be reckoned with.

Some assume, or try to assume, that the Liberals in fighting the Peers, are attacking the Throne, but the people, the nation, know better. They work through their representatives. Reform of the Lords means no insult to the Crown, which is made all the more secure by removing all elements of dissolution. The following from a noted publicist is very inspiring just now, if we are only willing to take what is to be taken, using the traditional grain of salt:

"On one side is the question as to whether the Liberals, who permanently include forty-five per cent. of the electors, and at alternate elections include fifty-five per cent. are to be forever excluded from the government of the Empire. The status established by the rejection of the Budget, following as it did upon the rejection of the Education Bill, the Licensing bill, and the Plural Voting bill, all of which were passed by majorities of more than two to one, in the House of Commons, is that whoever may be in office, the Conservatives shall always be in power. On the other side the Conservatives urge that should a revision of the British constitution be effected on the lines indicated by His Majesty's present advisers, there will be no check upon the competence of the Lower House to propose, and, without appeal to the electorate, to pass into law, schemes involving the most fundamental and revolutionary changes. Were the House of Commons to be supreme, within the limits of a single Parliament, it is asked by prudent Conservatives what guarantee would remain that even within these limits Englishmen might not be deprived of every right of person or of property which they now enjoy? . . . If the House of Lords be very far from an ideal guardian of Constitutional rights, nevertheless it exists, and it is argued that there must be some method of securing an appeal in cases of fundamental importance, from the people's representatives to the people."

A RAY OF HOPE.

Ireland is in a quandary. The French elections have done some

good. The Comblists admit that they were defeated; and it was even hinted that, like Waldeck-Rousseau after the general elections of 1902, M. Briand would resign. The Government organs, however, have spoken, and the Premier will again marshal his forces into action. French parliamentary etiquette makes it imperative on the First Minister to be able to face the Chamber with a united front and a definite policy.

Combes, we said, was defeated; and so it is. The Radicals and Radical-Socialists must now submit to the combined forces of the Left Republicans and the Moderates. That is some hope. At any rate, the Chamber is improved, and it may be something better than an asylum for the hopelessly insane during the coming sessions.

At Saint-Chamond, his constituency. M. Briand gave evident signs that he is aware that France has been acting out the fulfilment of a mad programme. The country is the laughing-stock of the nations. Frenchmen in power, when left to themselves, make good and trusty tyrants. Parliaments were never intended for France. Not so with the French-Canadians.

If Briand means to remain Premier, he must, evidently, have recourse to moderation, even if such a virtue is high unwelcome in his country. If France wants to cease being the clown among nations, tyrants of all degrees and departments shall have to abdicate. Its rulers believe that they successfully govern when they can terrorize people into submission. They are a funny lot, and the Church shall ever have to fear them, even when they bring gifts and holy offerings.

The people are growing restless; they are weary of bondage, and are willing to do something else than shout "Vive somebody," or admire their stunted soldiers in red trousers. Germany, with characteristic Teuton iron, is ready as it is to deal a death-blow, and all the "Vive" patriotism in the world cannot save the distracted people from the stalwarts, if they again cross the Rhine.

We love France, and that is why we hate to see the French people hounded into all kinds of submission by the classes of people they get for rulers—even if—seemingly, every body in France must be an emperor of some kind.

THAT "IRISH LETTER."

We have often had a word to say on the Daily Star's ignoble Irish letter. "T.S.B." is now "J.B.," even if sometimes he is nobody. Mr. Watterson, when in Baltimore, was European correspondent for a daily in that city! It is an old trick! But what people of Irish blood object to, on the part of Sir Hugh Graham's big paper, is that it should, seemingly, take side and issue with every damnable faction that arises in Ireland to counteract the work of the Nationalists. The "Irish Letter" just now is trying to serve up acceptable news concerning Wm. O'Brien, Timothy Healy, and the All-for-Ireland rot. A while since they preached, slyly preached, the tenets of Sinn-Fein. We protested, and several other Catholic papers protested, against that ignoble Irish Letter. We angered the Star a little; but just as it intends to serve up wishy-washy excuses for sermons, so does it mean to prostitute its columns to the depths of its "Irish Letter" infamy.

The Star gives English people creditable news from England. "Wattie" furnishes a delightful letter, each Saturday, on Scotch life and doings, but the Irish readers must content themselves with taunt and insult, in the shape of political roguery and reports of bravos and murders. The Irish are a good-natured people, and so are the Catholic readers of the Weekly Star and Family Herald, who have had no protest to make against the foul "Foreigner," due to the pen of Preacher Gordon, Winnipeg.

We are willing to admit that the Star is, on the whole, a decent daily; willing to grant the thoroughness and erudition of its editorial writers; but we are, likewise, forced to confess that there are two or three individuals behind the screen who delight in the narrow little mazes of bigotry and intolerance.

We wish our Catholic societies would make objectionable features in the dailies an impossibility; not that we want warfare, but simply to convince some gentlemen of the fact that we are an element in Montreal's population with which they must reckon.

As long as people are willing to put up with gross insult, they will welcome deluges of it. Let us get a little public spirit! To the garbage barrel with the "Irish Letter!"

OXYDONOR THE CONQUEROR OF DISEASE. Science is every day getting closer to Nature and assisting her to make good the ravages of Time and of our artificial life upon the human system. The treatment by drugs will last just as long as the public, in its unreasoning regard for convention, demands it. But the most effective treatment of the body is to give it the means of repairing itself—not to overload it with drugs. Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restoring health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system. Over twenty years ago, Dr. Hercules Sanche, after a long series of experiments and exhaustive tests, gave to the world the first and only practical method of adding the human system to absorb oxygen for the elimination of disease. This was by the use of his wonderful little instrument, OXYDONOR. Oxygen instilled into the system by OXYDONOR has helped thousands to regain health where drugs have failed. It has cured cases that were abandoned by physicians as incurable. It helps where nothing else will, for it aids Nature to fight her own battles without the use of drugs. OXYDONOR is as effective for the young child as for the years of robust manhood or tottering old age. It has brought new life into countless homes by removing sickness and infirmity. But beware of fraudulent imitations. Get the genuine and original OXYDONOR, and avoid the disappointment which must follow the use of any but the genuine instrument. Don't be misled by any similarity of names. Write for Booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its marvellous cures. Energetic, reliable men wanted in every district to handle our goods. Dr. H. SANCHE & CO. 392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL.

THE ACCESSION OATH.

Following is from "The Thunderer," long the average Englishman's modern substitute for the Bible:

"With regard to the Declaration of Faith, the majority of Ministers have expressed themselves emphatically in favor of the modification of its terms. It was at first suggested that a modification might be possible without a statutory sanction, but this is not possible. It is understood that there is some question whether the Declaration of the King's Protestantism should be drafted so as to avoid the mention of the articles of the Roman Catholic faith denied in the present Declaration, the statement of the nature of the King's Protestantism implying disbelief in these articles; or whether the present Declaration can be sufficiently modified and the framework kept. Whatever form may be adopted, it is the Ministerial intention that the words "superstitious and idolatrous" shall never again form part of the Royal Declaration. It is likely that the effort will be made to secure a measure of agreement among Protestant and Roman Catholic leaders before a bill is brought in."

The "Roman Catholic leaders" who will fight for England's Catholic rights will be mainly Irish Catholics, as usual; just as men of our blood, Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Mayor Guerin, have given England a shock, over the selfsame Oath.

Surely to goodness there is sufficient Parliamentary tact and knowledge left in England to frame a declaration that shall bear no insult for millions of loyal subjects. Is England still under an imbecile? There are twelve millions of Catholics in the British Empire, several millions more than the entire force of Presbyterianism throughout the world.

Nine years ago the Canadian Parliament, nigh unanimously, passed this resolution:

"That such Declaration is most offensive to the dearest convictions of all Roman Catholics. That the staunch loyalty of His Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Canada, comprising about forty-three per cent. of the entire population of the Dominion, and throughout the British possessions, should not be rewarded by their being chosen alone amongst believers of all creeds, and branded as idolaters by their Sovereign. That in the opinion of this House the Declaration referred to in the above Act of Settlement should be amended by eliminating therefrom all expressions which are especially offensive to the religious belief of any subject of the British Crown."

John Bull must remember that, as Mayor Guerin told him, he cannot afford to slight Catholics any longer. Then Cardinal Moran has sent kindly advice from the Catholics of Australia. We are not rebels, but neither are we slaves or patriots. When in Canada, King George declared that "the Catholic Church has amply fulfilled its obligation, not only to teach reverence for law and order, but to instil a sentiment of loyalty and devotion into the minds of those to whom it ministers."

The following letter sent our distinguished Catholic contemporary is not out of place here. It will add to the struggle. Editor Catholic Standard & Times:

I desire to express a few thoughts in reference to the oath that King George V. is expected to take. As it now reads it is peculiarly inconsistent and illogical in respect to the army and navy, for how can a monarch expect loyal service from men whose religion he is asked to brand as "idolatrous and blasphemous"? I firmly believe that if the Catholic soldiers and sailors of His Majesty's army and navy would make a strong and vigorous protest it would effect the withdrawal of every objectionable statement. King George V. deserves credit for his many attitudes in objecting to the

THE BEST FLOUR IS BROADIES Self Raising Flour. Save the Bags for Premiums.

oath, and a vigorous protest from the men he depends on to defend the empire would settle the matter for all time. ROBERT J. MCINTYRE, Allentown, Pa., May 21, 1910.

A Ghastly Deed.

A woman, described as an "Italian missionary worker," shot herself to death in Pittsburgh last week. She committed the ghastly deed in the presence of her class of nearly 200 children, bidding them watch her and follow her example in case their burdens should ever become too heavy for them to bear. This is only a startling and extreme instance of what the class of missionary workers called "soul snatchers" by Archbishop Glennon are giving their victims as a substitute for the faith they take away. Happily the "religion of humanity" is not logical. If it were, suicide would be the only recourse when the burdens of life become too heavy to shoulder without discomfort—Catholic Universe.

Concert and Social.

Mayo, P.Q., June 4.—There was quite a successful box-social and concert here on June 1st. A large number from Buckingham and Thuro attended. Rev. Father Routhier, of Masson, gave a splendid selection of magic lantern views which were not interesting and amusing, and the music, singing and recitations by the young ladies were highly appreciated, judging by the loud and prolonged applause. Those deserving of special mention were Misses R. Burke, M. R. McCoy and C. Sloan. Miss Mary Burke had charge of the music and singing and did her share in making the concert a success. The musical programme was as follows:

Welcome Song, solo by Misses R. and E. McCoy. "The Drunkard's Lone Child," song, Miss Rita McCoy. "The Convict's Escape," recitation, Miss Ruth Burke. "Old Ireland, I Adore," solo by Miss E. McCoy. "The Valley Lay Smiling," solo by Misses Esther and Ruth Burke. "How They Saved St. Michael's," recitation, Miss Rose McCoy. "Meet Me in Old Ireland," solo by Miss F. Walsh. "Has Sorrow Thy Young Days Shaded," solo by Miss Mary Burke. "Michael Dwyer," recitation by Miss Clara Sloan. "God Save Ireland," duet played by Miss Maggie Duggan and Miss E. McCoy, and sung by the Misses M. Burke, R. McCoy, E. Burke, E. McCoy, R. Burke and F. Walsh.

The people of Mayo wish to thank Rev. Father Routhier most sincerely for the magic lantern entertainment. After the concert the boxes were sold at Rev. Father Barrett's house. Then all repaired to the old school to enjoy their contents. After supper Mr. M. Maloney introduced those present with dances, music which was well enjoyed by the young ladies. The worthy benefactor, Rev. Father Barrett, deserves credit for he did not let it pass without making the evening profitable to



A Little Child Before the Tabernacle.

Sweetest Jesus, kind and dear, For my sake abiding here. Not in glory bright and great. But in poor and mean estate; Look on me who kneel before This your little curtained door. Through that door, if I could see, You would look like bread to me; But yourself is there, I know; For yourself has told me so. Humbly here I kneel and pray: Help me, Jesus, day by day. Till the time when I shall see You in all your majesty.

Help me, Jesus, to refrain. From all naughty words and vain. And from every naughty deed Like the things that made you bleed. By the wounding of your side, Keep me from the sin of pride; By the wounding of your hands, Break the power of Satan's bands; By the wounding of your feet, Teach me your obedience sweet.

Bless my dear ones, dearest Lord, In their thought and deed and word. Bless, dear Jesus, every one— Jesus, sweet, my time is done. Now good-by! And yet I know How your love will with me go. Though within the Church you stay All the night and all the day— Emily Hicky, in the Catholic Standard and Times.

Dorothea's Rose Bush.

"Mother! mother! Just think, there is to be a prize given next week at the flower show for the best rose bush; and my white rose bush has three buds on it; and it is such a beauty. I feel sure I shall win!"

And Dorothea skipped upstairs two steps at a time to see how her roses were coming on. The beloved rose bush was in a sunny window in her bedroom, where it looked out over the garden and away to the mountains beyond the river that ran below; and a beautiful bush it was, full of leaves and three buds which she had named "Blessed Trinity." They were already showing the creaminess inside. Dorothea kissed all three, saying, at the same time, "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost," for her mother had taught her to be a good little girl, and always think of God in things about her. After that she tended and watered them most carefully, singing all the while like a happy little bird.

"Do you know that Susie is ill?" were the first words Dorothea heard when she went to school the next morning. "She got her feet wet last week, and now she is very ill." Susie was a girl that Dorothea, no matter how hard she tried, never could like for some reason, because she was apt to be mean. Sometimes over her lessons; but she was sorry indeed to hear that she was ill, and called every day on her way to school to see if she was better. How fast the week slipped by, until at last it was the evening before the flower show; and when Dorothea ran upstairs to her room she gave a cry of delight, for her buds had opened into great white roses.

"Now for a last washing before you go to the show," and she was soon busy over the leaves until they were bright and glossy. Just then Jane, the maid, put her head in the door, saying, "Please, Miss Dorothea, there is someone downstairs wants to see you."

When Dorothea ran downstairs, there stood Susie's sister, her eyes full of tears. "Oh, Dorothea! Susie sends her love, and said to tell you she feels she would get better if only she could have one of your Trinity roses."

"My roses!" cried Dorothea, "no, certainly not. It is mean of her to ask, for she knows I want them for the flower show." And Dorothea ran off very angry. That night when she knelt down to say her prayers something seemed to prevent the words from coming, and before her eyes there seemed to stand her three beautiful roses, and it came to her mind what a selfish girl she had been to think only about herself when Susie had asked for one.

Next morning her mother saw her leaving the house with her beloved rose bush in her arms, and going up asked her what she was going to do with it. "I am taking it to Susie as a little gift that she may get well," and bending down she read on a neat little card, "Dear Susie, please accept my Trinity roses in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, that you may soon be well. Lovingly, Dorothea." Her mother kissed her, saying at the same time, "God will surely bless my little daughter for her unselfishness and goodness."

After that Susie changed, entirely, and Dorothea said it was because of her Trinity roses.

Josie's Special Course.

When Josie Black came to stay with Aunt Jane Porter, there were people who thought it a first-class arrangement. Aunt Jane was a lonely, common-sense woman who just seemed to need some bustling young life about her, and Josie was a headless, happy-hearted schoolgirl, who would surely be the better for a bit of kindly watching.

The prospect of a four-years' college course was, to this young Western lassie, most alluring. "Father shan't be sorry he let me come," she said, staunchly, "for I'm going to do my level best right from the start."

And yet, the very first day, this same Josie came into Aunt Jane's room with flushed cheeks and trembling hands.

"What is the matter, child?" Aunt Jane asked anxiously. "Oh, auntie, I've lost \$20 and father would never forgive me—he's always so particular," Josie answered tearfully. Then she added, hesitatingly, "I suppose I shouldn't have had so much in my bag, but I forgot, till I reached the corner, and then thought I wouldn't bother to come back, and I must have dropped my purse as I got out of the car."

Of course there was advertising and scurrying here and there, but the \$20 never came back, and Josie was minus a new coat, and her aunt had to wait for her board money, besides a lot of small inconveniences.

"It would never do to tell father—he doesn't believe much in mistakes," Josie said mournfully; when her aunt replied quietly, "Neither do I," she wondered, but said nothing.

A few weeks later, a beautiful fountain pen of Josie's—a parting gift from Miss Kile, her old teacher—was reported to Aunt Jane as "lost, strayed or stolen."

"I wonder if I could have dropped it?" Josie asked anxiously. "You use a pen-fastener, of course?" Aunt Jane inquired.

"No, auntie, I don't; I've always intended to buy one, but, you know, that miserable \$20 going as it did has kept me short all this time, and so I've just carried my pen loose in my hand bag."

"Josie, dear,"—Aunt Jane spoke quite seriously—"a pound or so less candy would have given you 50 cents for a pen fastener. Don't you think it might have been a wise investment?"

Josie said an honest, whole-hearted "yes," but when a fellow-student returned the deeply-lamented pen, somehow or other she forgot about that fastener, and exactly one month afterward her precious fountain pen again departed from sight.

"I remember taking it out in the car to make some notes, and I suppose I left it on the seat beside me," she said with real distress in her voice, and then she added, "If only I had remembered about that fastener, auntie!"

Now Aunt Jane Porter was a woman of few words and long-suffering spirit, but this was more than even she could let pass.

"People don't remember when they don't care," she said, pointedly. "Why, auntie, I did care! I cried like a big baby the first time I thought my pen was gone."

"But they were not tears of real repentance. You did not determine to put away your careless ways, and so, of course, when once the pen was in your possession again, you quickly forgot the fault that had caused its disappearance."

Josie hung her head and said something about turning over a new leaf, and Aunt Jane sighed and wondered.

All that year Josie penciled her notes, and sometimes she pictured Miss Kile's face, when she heard of the loss of that fountain pen; but it is difficult to believe that she determined to mend her ways, for one cold February day she walked wearily into her aunt's room and said in tones depressed and low:

"Auntie, would you believe it? I've lost a watch."

For a moment Aunt Jane was silent. Then she offered the only bit of cheer she could think of: "I'm glad your father bought you a cheap one, Josie."

Funny Sayings.

"Have you made arrangements for locking up the family plate?" inquired Mr. Currox.

"I wish," replied his wife, severely, "that you wouldn't use the singular number in that connection. You know we have a large number of very expensive dishes."—Washington Star.

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

UNFAMILIAR COMMODITIES. "Any book in particular, sir?" asked the young woman in charge of the book counter of a large departmental store. "This is a great novel."

"Not for me," said the old gentleman, who had been examining the stock in trade with an air of considerable disapproval. "I'm looking for something less ephemeral. Where do you keep the classics, young woman? Lamb's 'Tales,' for example?"

The young woman looked puzzled. "Bacon?" said the old man. "Crabbe? Fox?"

"I don't know about fox," said the young woman, "but I guess what you must be looking for is the provision department."

A SKEPTIC. Orville Wright, at a banquet at Dayton, told of an obstinate old Daytonian who, looking up one still afternoon at the Wright biplanes circling smoothly and steadily through the air, said:

"When people first told me about this here flyin' I called 'em liars. Then, when I read about it in the papers, I said it was a fake."

The old man, as he watched the bi-planes moving in great curves like lazy birds, shook his head thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "I ain't what ye mout call convinced yet, nuther."—Washington Star.

A Remedy for Bilious Headache.—To those subject to bilious headache, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at some time subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

POET'S CORNER

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break! How much the flesh may suffer and not die! I question much if any pain or ache Of soul or body brings our end more nigh. Death chooses his own time; till that is worn, All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife; Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life; Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal

That still, although the trembling flesh be torn, This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to flee from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape—we weep and pray—

But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still, Not that the pain is in its sharpness shorn, But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life— We hold it closer, dearer, than our own— Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,

Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone; But ah! we do not die with those we mourn— This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things—famine, thirst, Bereavement, pain! all grief and misery. All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst

On soul and body—but we cannot die, Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn, Lo! all things can be borne. —Elizabeth Akers.

MASTER AND MAN.

God can take a petal and a calyx and a stem, And make a rose of beauty for a garden's diadem;

God can take a hollow and a basin and a rise And from them rear a raciniant peaked with beauty to the skies;

Man can take a piston and a lever and a wheel And make a mighty engine—but the mountain bore the steel!

God can take a raindrop and a million years of dew And make a shining ocean where the heaven is mirrored blue;

God can take a morning and a bird with azure wing And turn a lane of bluets into amplitudes of spring;

Man can take a hammer and a footrule and a saw And build a noble temple—but His spirit gives the Law!

God can take some pollen and a blossom and a tree And make a fruitful orchard on a barren tract of lee;

God can take an acorn and where craters used to smoke Implant the rugged beauty of a grand and glorious oak;

Man can take a keelson and a hull and in a slip Construct a mammoth vessel—but God's oak is in the ship! —Baltimore Sun.

ONE OF THESE DAYS.

Say! Let's forget it! Let's put it aside! Life is so large and the world is so wide,

Days are so short and there's so much to do, What if it was false—there's so much that's true!

Say! Let's forget it! Let's brush it away Now and forever—so, what do you say?

All of the bitter words said shall be praise One of these days.

Say! Let's forgive it! Let's wipe off the slate! Find something better to cherish than hate,

There's so much good in the world that we've had Let's strike a balance and cross off the bad.

Say! Let's forgive it, whatever it be; Let's not be slaves when we ought to be free.

We shall be walking in sunny ways, One of these days.

Say! Let's not mind it! Let's smile it away! Bring not a withered rose from yesterday;

stood. We could all help folks so much if we would! Say! Let's get closer to somebody's side, See what his dreams are and know how he tried. Learn if our scoldings won't give way to praise One of these days.

Say! Let's not wither! Let's branch out and rise Out of the byways and nearer the skies;

Let's spread some shade that's refreshing and deep, Where some tired traveler may lie down to sleep.

Say! Let's not tarry! Let's do it right now! So much to do if we find out how. We may not be here to help folks or praise, One of these days.

IN LILAC TIME.

The blossom leaves are falling. Snowy white They lie upon the greening grass, and hopes

Come with the sunbeams down the hilly slopes. This golden morn, young, fair and beauty bright.

You came to me in lilac time, when light Winds blew a scented, living breath. The air

Caught the swift message of my heart's pure prayer When first I saw you standing in my sight.

Oh, I was gladder than the sparrows gray That sing of joy in dim old country lanes;

A wanderer I, when twilight slowly wanes, Your eyes were stars that promised perfect day!

Spring flowers lifted faces to rejoice And see you pass, my lady, angel-wise, Even the birds whispered their shy replies

To the sweet music in your mellow voice. The House of Life, lonely before you came,

Now glows, with gifts of love's own rich delight— And oh, the peace that comes a day or night

Whene'er I breathe, beloved, your dear name. —William J. Fischer, in the June Canadian Magazine.

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION

The Process of Digestion is Controlled by the Blood and Nerves.

If you have indigestion and you begin a course of treatment to make your stomach stronger, you are on the right track for a real cure. You can never cure yourself by eating pre-digested foods, or by taking purgative medicines. The stomach is not doing its own work under these treatments, and there can be no real cure until the stomach is strong enough to digest all the food necessary to maintain the body in normal health. The great aim of the tonic treatment for indigestion in all forms, is to strengthen the stomach to a point where all foods eaten will digest easily and nourish the body. A tonic that will strengthen the stomach is what is needed, as the process of digestion is controlled by the blood and nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal tonic. They actually make a new, rich blood, and thus bring strength and tone to the stomach. This has been proved over and over again, and thousands of grateful people have not hesitated to say so. Here is an instance: Miss Eva Tocher, Balmoral, Manx, says:—"I am writing this letter on behalf of my mother who wishes you to know how much Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. For several years she had been greatly troubled with indigestion, and notwithstanding the medicine she was taking the trouble was growing worse. Every meal was dreaded, and left behind it a feeling of nausea and severe pains. As this continued she began to lose strength and energy, and was hardly able to do any housework. Acting on the advice of a friend she began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and soon began to feel better. She continued taking the Pills until she had used ten boxes, when her health was fully restored and she could take any kind of food without the least discomfort. Since that time she has not had the slightest return of the trouble."

Thousands of cured men and women speak from experience of the benefits derived from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, general weakness, pains in the back and side, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and the troubles that afflict women and growing girls. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

How to Quickly Tighten Machine Belts.

When you are sewing in a great hurry and the machine belt becomes loose, do not stop to remove it in order to tighten it. Simply put a drop of machine oil on it, turn the wheel a few seconds, and proceed with a tightened belt.

What Wealth Will Do to a Man.

The life story of the multi-millionaire who died a few days ago furnishes an example of what wealth will do to a man. This multi-millionaire was born in a cabin in Ireland and he learned the millwright's trade in that country. He came to the United States when only ten, and went to Worcester, Mass., where some of his poor relatives are still living. He was a faithful attendant of the Sacred Heart Church, and played the cornet in the band of the temperance society, and took part in many a Catholic parade. Then wealth came, and with it other associations, other friendships and other ambitions. What these were is best shown by a small paragraph in his will, in which he says that he wants his funeral service to be conducted by his brother Masons, maintained a poor carpenter in the city of Worcester, enjoying himself in the company of those of his own blood and faith, practicing the virtue of temperance and living a faithful son of Mother Church.—Providence Visitor.

Some Toilet-Table Necessities.

There are several articles that should be considered quite as necessary for a pretty girl's toilet-table as her tooth and nail-brushes. One of these is a lemon.

For stains on the hands lemon-juice is invaluable, and there is nothing better for cleaning the nails than to "dig" them into a cut lemon. It will also make them beautifully white and clear. It should be remembered, however, that lemon-juice will be apt to harden the skin, and make the nails brittle, unless its use is followed up by applications of cold cream. This is especially necessary if the lemon has been used with an equal quantity of rose-water for stains on the neck, caused by wearing high or stiff collars.

Pure eau-de-Cologne and toilet-vinegar should also be on every toilet-table. They act as astringents, and keep the skin fresh and firm if used in moderation. They should only be used, however, if the skin is quite free from blackheads, as any sort of astringent closes up the pores and makes it impossible to do more than keep the actual surface of the skin clean.

Two other necessities of the toilet-table are borax and bicarbonate of soda. If the water is hard the borax will soften it, and a weak solution of soda is a good mouth-wash.

Table-salt is also one of the cheapest yet most useful of toilet articles. A handful rubbed into the skin after a bath is exhilarating and strengthening, while a little, well powdered, makes a good antiseptic tooth-powder, and may be used once or twice a week for that purpose.

A SAFE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN.

The mothers whose little ones are ill not only wish for a medicine that will make their babies better, but one that positively cannot do any harm. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets. They are sold under the positive guarantee of a government analyst to contain no opiate, narcotic or other harmful drug. They always do good; they cannot possibly do harm—not even to the new born baby. Concerning them Mrs. J. E. Z. Marchand, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Que., writes: "I find Baby's Own Tablets indispensable. As soon as I find one of my children not feeling well I administer the Tablets and I am never disappointed. My children have never not been with them, and am enclosing fifty cents for two more boxes." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Keeping Cut Flowers.

Cut flowers will last fresh much longer if before putting them in water the stem is split up about an inch. The identical form will last fresh for a long time if when gathered the stems are inserted in boiling water and left until the water is cold before using.

SKIN DISEASES

Burdock Blood Bitters

Many remarkable cures have been made by Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only purifies the blood, but also cures all skin diseases, such as eczema, psoriasis, etc. It is a powerful purifier and is highly recommended by all medical authorities.

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CATHOLIC JOIN

Lucid Reason

(We have a... er asking us... the reasons w... join the Mas... better than r... Conway says... upon the aut... At last, excommunicate his example h... Benedict XIV... (1821), Leo... (1869), and... therefore, who... trary to the... Church, are g... and incur the... excommunicati... membership. son of the sac... in the publi... and finally of... prohibition of... for the Catho... divine righ... knows that t... the common... She, the great... in all centuri... not condemn a... its benevolence... ren or wanton... her children of... they might rec... need.

REASONS FOR

The reasons of history are... 1st. Masonry... sget, with a... and ceremonial... naturalism in... morality foun... motives. Froq... Europe have... as the religio... Catholic Churc... supernatural rel... the Son of God... members to Jo... a Mason and a... time, any more... both Methodist... God of Freem... There is no nee... making a trade... mediation" (Rev... 1835); and e... is progress un... every branch of... teaches us that... religion, one tr... tral religion, t... manity. "God... of a generous b... tion of human... 539).

HATE TI

Second. It is... tain that the M... ed in Italy, Fra... tries for a ma... Church, which... the name of lo... alism), helped... the church in... clergy to ente... many religious... taxation, appro... venues, favored... ularized educa... print and spec... themselves, as i... "to the prompt... tion of Catholi... means to procu... You ma... rican and Engli... of this type, an... ed all connecti... tional continen... that if Albert P... and Dogma of F... copied Scotch... sorry," be aut... doctrine of the... sentially anti-... moral. See G... Freemasonry Ar... Ecol. Review, Church as a uni... laws that have... tion. Nor is it... American Maso... of Latin Europe... Third. It is... morality to pled... solute secrecy... a right to dema... pecially when d... attached to disl... —the case with...

DENONCE SE

Fourth. Practi... these United St... religions on a le... rit of indifferen... unbelief in disgi... in the mind of... lodge for the Ch... scores of Protest... "My lodge is s... me," "the only r... is the doing go... man," etc. I h... heard their Prot... wives trace their... Christian faith to... Protestant denon... out strongly ag... (The National A... cago), but they... power to comman... divine authority... Church can exer...

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Will Do to a Man. The multi-millionaire a few days ago furnished a cabin in Ireland. This multi-millionaire in a cabin in Ireland earned the millwright's country. He came to Worcester, Mass., where poor relatives are still a faithful attendant of Heart Church, and in the band of a Catholic parade. What these were by a small paragraph in which he says that his brother Masons, for him had he a carpenter in the city enjoying himself in of those of his own practicing the virtue and living a Mother Church.—Pro-

CATHOLICS CANNOT JOIN FREEMASONS.

Lucid Reasons For Stern Condemnation.

(We have a letter from a subscriber asking us to give in our columns the reasons why Catholics may not join the Masons. We can do no better than reproduce what Father Conway says in his Question Box as early as 1798 Clement XII. excommunicated the Freemasons and his example has been followed by Benedict XIV. (1751), Pius VII. (1821), Leo XII. (1826), Pius XI. (1869), and Leo XIII. Catholics, therefore, who join this society contrary to the known law of the Church, are guilty of grievous sin, and incur the extreme penalty of excommunication, or exclusion from membership. This deprives the Mason of the sacraments, of all share in the public prayers of the Church, and finally of Christian burial. The prohibition of the Church is enough for the Catholic who recognizes her divine right to command, and knows that it is only exercised for the common good of her children. She, the great advocate of charity in all centuries, would undoubtedly not condemn any society of men for its benevolence or love of the brethren or wantonly legislate to deprive her children of the money and help they might receive in the hour of need.

REASONS FOR CONDEMNATION.

The reasons for her condemnation of Masonry are: 1st. Masonry is undoubtedly a sect, with a code of belief, ritual and ceremonies standing for mere naturalism in religion and for a morality founded on merely human motives. Frequently the Masons of Europe have claimed Freemasonry as the religion of nature and the Catholic Church therefore, as the supernatural religion of Jesus Christ the Son of God, cannot allow her members to join it. One cannot be a Mason and a Catholic at the same time, any more than he could be both Methodist and Catholic. "The God of Freemasonry is nature. . . . There is no need of privileged agents making a trade of their pretended mediation" (Révue Maconique, Sept. 1895); and again: "Freemasonry is progress under every form, in every branch of human activity. It teaches us that there is only one religion, one true and therefore natural religion, the worship of humanity. . . . God is only the product of a generous but erroneous conception of 'humanity.'" (Jan. 1870, p. 539).

HATE THE CHURCH.

Second. It is undoubtedly certain that the Masons have been noted in Italy, France and other countries for a marked hatred of the Church, which, veiling itself under the name of love of liberty (Liberalism), helped in the spoliation of the church in 1870, forced the clergy to enter the army, closed many religious houses by excessive taxation, appropriated church revenues, favored civil marriage, secularized education and in public print and speech repeatedly pledged themselves, as in Naples in 1870, "to the prompt and radical abolition of Catholicity, and by every means to procure its utter destruction." You may say that the American and English Masons are not of this type, and have openly severed all connections with these atheistical continental Masons. I answer that if Albert Pike's book, "Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry," be authentic the esoteric doctrine of the higher degrees is essentially anti-Christian and immoral. See Coppens, S.J., "Is Freemasonry Anti-Christian?" (Am. Eccl. Review, Dec. 1899). The Church as a universal society makes laws that have a universal application. Nor is it at all certain that American Masons refuse fellowship of Latin Europe and America.

Third. It is also contrary to morality to pledge one's self to absolute secrecy from those who have a right to demand a revelation, especially when death is the penalty attached to disloyalty to that oath—the case with Freemasons.

DENOUNCE SECRET SOCIETIES.

Fourth. Practically, Masonry in these United States, by putting all religions on a level, fosters the spirit of indifference, which is only unbelief in disguise, and substitutes in the mind of the ignorant the lodge for the Church. I have heard scores of Protestant Masons say, on our missions to non-Catholics, "My lodge is church enough for me," "the only religion I believe in is the doing good to my fellow-man," etc. I have frequently, too, heard their Protestant church-going wives trace their husbands' loss of Christian faith to the lodge. Some Protestant denominations have come out strongly against secret societies. (The National Association of Chicago), but they lack that universal power to command which only a divine authority like the Catholic Church can exercise.

Sores Rise Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which acts like magic. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy, as there is nothing like it to be had. It is cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price.

Huge Cathedral Begins to Take Shape.

Saint Paul, Minn., June 14.—Slowly rising upon the crest of a hill on fashionable Summit Avenue, Saint Paul, is a \$3,000,000 cathedral, the consummation of one of the dreams of Archbishop John Ireland. Stone by stone, and block by block, the great gray granite structure is taking form, and when completed will be one of the most magnificent Catholic Cathedrals in that a new house of worship will surpass it, unless it be the cathedral of St. John's in New York, which is being erected by the Episcopalians. On the night of Holy Thursday, March 31, 1904, Archbishop Ireland sat in his study, pondering over the goodness of the world, and the success of the day's services which had just ended. He had seen the cathedral in St. Paul crowded far beyond its capacity. He had seen parishioners standing in the aisles and around the walls, unable to find seats. The thought came to him that a new house of worship was needed. It became an inspiration. The venerable man, with characteristic energy, set about the very next day, arranging for its erection. He called in some of his influential friends. They talked it over. Other meetings were held, and on April 9th, 1904, seven days after the inspiration had come, the site for the great building was purchased. The ground cost \$52,000.

Since then, Archbishop Ireland has worked continuously for the culmination of his plans. In response to his pleas for money, persons in his diocese have subscribed \$1,672,390. Of this sum, \$415,209.10 has been paid in. Ground for the cathedral was broken in 1906 and the cornerstone was laid June 2, 1907. The foundations are completed and masonry is arriving for the walls.

Four years have been spent in making the foundations for the building, and they are calculated to be of sufficient strength and durability to last 10,000 years.

The cathedral itself will be built in the form of a cross, surmounted by a dome flanked by towers. It will be 274 feet long, 214 feet wide and the distance from the ground to the top of the cross which will rise over the topmost pinnacle, will be 280 feet. The great dome will be 120 feet wide, the height of the facade 130 feet, and the height of the towers 150 feet. The building will be constructed of Minnesota white granite and will be Roman in architecture. It is planned to have it finished in three or four years, but the architect says that fifty years from now men will still be engaged in "putting on the finishing touches." When completed it will seat 3,400 persons.

There will be twelve chapels on the main floor. The founder's chapel and baptismal chapel will be at the ends of the vestibule. The Blessed Virgin's chapel and St. Joseph's will be at the ends of the nave. St. Peter's and St. Paul's will be at the ends of the transepts. In a semi-circle behind the sanctuary within the apse will be the chapels of St. Patrick, St. Augustine, St. Remy, St. Boniface, St. Methodius, St. Cyril, St. Ansgarius. In the crypt will be a chapel and two assembly rooms.

Close estimates of its cost and furnishing bring the figure to approximately \$3,000,000. Archbishop Ireland, through his own influence, expects to obtain this sum before he ceases.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.—Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parrole's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

Rage and Fury of the Enemy.

Here is how the Orange "Impartial Reporter," of Enniskillen, rages over Irish-American subscriptions to the Irish cause: "Mr. Patrick Ford, New York, has remitted \$300 to Mr. Redmond for the Home Rule cause, making in all £20,000 since last year's National Convention. The Arch-apostle of dynamite and lyddite has unquestionably been very loyal to his creatures and that he has been able to raise so much money, and that the Irish-Americans have contributed it, shows the intensity of feeling behind Home Rule. Mr. Fitzpatrick, the treasurer of the Irish Parliament, refers to these paymasters as 'partners of the Irish Parliamentary party'; and thus we have it that the Irish party dominates the ministry of England to-day, and the dynamite party of America dominates the Irish party. To such a pass has the Government been reduced!"

This wild Orangeman admits "the intensity of feeling behind Home Rule." Not long since he and his class were declaring that Home Rule was "dead." They don't say so now. "To such a pass" have the Irish party and American subscriptions reduced them. The "Impartial Reporter" man is of the kind that Mr. William O'Brien talks so much about "conciliating" Bengal tigers. Still, of course, if he of the "Impartial Reporter" would give up hating his own country, he would be cordially welcomed into the Nationalist ranks and honored and recognized there according to his merit and service.—Irish World.

PATROLMEN HONOR DEAD.

New York Policemen Attend Service in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Four thousand uniformed patrolmen attended the annual memorial service for the members of the police force on Sunday afternoon at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, following the regular vesper exercises.

The police entered the cathedral led by the police band, which played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." After they had been seated the organ sounded the thrilling "War March of the Priests," by Mendelssohn, to which accompaniment the priests and acolytes filed out of the vestry, followed by Archbishop Farley, Monsignor Lavelle and the Rev. Francis J. Sullivan, chaplain of the Police Department.

After regular Sunday Vespers Monsignor Lavelle made the address of welcome. He said, among other things:

"Policemen, you are welcome here to-day. We recognize in you the guardians of the peace, order and prosperity of our great city. If you are conscientious you are doing work along the same lines as the Church. You prevent sin by fear of the punishment of the law which you represent. The Church prevents sin by teaching the love of Christ. You reach those who turn a deaf ear to our appeal—who transgress so seriously that they are a menace to the community and to the state. You are here to commemorate those of your comrades who have answered 'Present' to the last rollcall. It is a duty fraught with pain, yet rife with practical Christianity. For that reason I am glad to welcome you here, not only in my own name but in the name of the Archbishop, whose vicar I am."

POLICE CHAPLAIN PREACHES SERMON.

The Rev. Francis J. Sullivan delivered the sermon. He preached the gospel of courage, saying, in part: "You are brave men—you have proved it in the past. The history of the Police Department proves it. But there is another kind of courage in which you must not be lacking, and that is moral courage—courage to resist the temptations of lust which beset your path more, I verily believe, than any other class of men in this great city; courage to do your duty at all times, fearing neither the political influence nor the wealth of those who break the law. All of these things take courage, and you will find the courage to do them in following Christ—in relying upon Him, in loving Him and in obeying Him. These widows and orphans of your departed comrades know that you are here to offer your prayers for the eternal salvation and happiness of those that have gone. Do you not think that they will feel comforted and blessed by those that have gone. Do you not think that they feel comforted and blessed by those prayers if they know they come from men of moral as well as physical courage? Imitate the virtues of your departed comrades, especially those who died martyrs to duty, but strive even more to be an example to the living, to be first of all Christians, and then there will be no doubt that you will be good policemen."

After the sermon the Benediction was imparted by Archbishop Farley.

Qui in Tenebris Sedent.

I went the other evening to the entertainment given by the children from the Catholic Institute for the Blind in the Cathedral School, Hall near Lexington avenue. The place was packed to the doors when I got there and it was only when the audience was beginning to leave that I saw the Doctor on the stage talking to Miss Coffey and some of the ladies of the Board of Trustees. I waited for him, and as he came out challenged him to walk up Fifth avenue. It is the best place in New York for walking after nightfall, the sidewalks being wide, smooth and deserted. He agreed and we climbed over the bridge, swung into the avenue and started northward at a steady three-and-a-half miles an hour gait. He's a comfortable walker, is the Doctor, keeps his pace even and does not bump you as he goes along, nor does he stop unexpectedly. Not a word did I get from him until we were past the Cathedral. Then—

"Man, do you realize, what you've seen and heard to-night? Of course you don't—you're too young and you've got no imagination."

Being of an age where it no longer hurts to be called young and having long ago discovered the absence of imagination in my make-up, this did not hurt as much as it might seem. But I was curious to know what I should have realized, and in order to find out I delivered myself of some remarks on the great importance of the work carried on by the Institute and how it did this, that and the other thing, which no one else could or would do, and so on. The withering silence that greeted my efforts were discouraging—I was evidently on the wrong track—and my sentences petered out most unimpressively.

"But, man! I don't mean that at all. Can't you get under the skin of it? Can't you feel it as one of those children felt it? Can you sense the sounds of it, the smell of it as they did? Dear me, it's an open book to me!"

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Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhos, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

You sense the sounds of it, the smell of it as they did? Dear me, it's an open book to me!"

"Why, no, I can't, Doctor," I said trying to make my voice sound a little irritable, judging that it might have a stimulating effect upon him which it had.

"Six weeks those children have been at it, Miss Coffey tells me—six solid weeks' drilling, rehearsing, practising in that quiet little fifteenth street house where their fingers and feet know every inch of the walls and the floors, where every noise is familiar. Six weeks of gathering excitement, getting ready for to-night. Nothing like it before in the lives of any of them, nothing in the way of past experience to go by, everything new and strange. Just think of to-day—the bustle and bustle, the changed routine, remember that routine is the essence of life with the blind, it's the only thing that gives them a sense of safety! The getting dressed and waiting for the stage to take them to the hall, the drive in the stage, the street noises different from those they know—there's a different noise for every hour in the day to those who use their ears intelligently—the getting to the hall, the new smells and sounds around them and the feel of large space.

"Think of the noises to begin with. Don't forget how acute is the hearing of the blind—the movement of many people around them, the shuffling of feet, the swish of women's dresses, the hum of about hundreds of strange voices—all most unusual and wonderful—perhaps terrifying for all we know. Then the arrangement in place on the platform, the touch of many strange hands upon them, the sound of footfalls about them, some known, some not; the whispering voices, some recognized, some not, now approaching, now receding—and then the sudden blare of the band close by. Then the noise like the wind in the trees as the audience rose to greet the archbishop and the silence as Farrelly opened the proceedings—and the roar of applause heard for the first time then by most of them. And then the little stunts so carefully learned and the gradual accommodation of the little brains to the rush of new sensations. A Man alive! if you and I were suddenly dumped into black space five thousand light-years beyond the nebula in Orion, with the noise of all the world in our ears, we might know how some of those children feel to-night!"

Maligning Catholics.

"America" finds that society people as thinkers are, unfortunately, a small minority. Towards them granite, as planets and comets around the sun, a host of minor, frivolous stars for whom all things Catholic are a fit subject of ridicule. They childishly blaspheme what they know not. Unwittingly conscious of the unapproachable majesty and vitality of the Catholic Church, which they are powerless to impugn, they take refuge in the impugner of an infantile sneer. They besmirch what they cannot controvert. A syndicate of vile publications has for years been exploiting the similarity between "monkey" and "monk," rejoicing in its degradation of humanity merely because that degradation is supposed to affect the monastic orders, whereas it disgraces only that part of the human race which abjectly believes, on insufficient evidence, that its ancestors were apes. Advertisements of drinking monks are as common as they are contemptible. But it was reserved for a widely-circulated and fashionable illustrated weekly of New York to recommend a brand of champagne by means of a highly colored, full-page advertisement which is a reproduction of a picture representing four bishops, two mon-

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Mrs. W. C. Doer, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. I have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Doan's Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taking them. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."
Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured.
Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Montreal, Toronto, Ont.
When ordering specify "Doan's."

signori and one cowed abbot drinking in that identical champagne, the health of the chef who bowingly acknowledged their good wishes. Of course, the seven prelates have double chins and beaming faces. But one silently wonders if the artist and the advertiser have not stupidly over-reached themselves. Who will buy that champagne solely because the much maligned clergy are supposed to like it?"

Chantecler Novelties.

"Chantecler" velling is the newest thing at the velling counters. It comes in two toned colorings that copy the shadings in the rooster's plumage. The craze for imitations of the barnyard rooster abounds in buttons, and there is an evening slipper completely covered with the brown feathers of the peasant hen. All fashiondom seems to be imitating the characters in M. Rostand's celebrated play "Chantecler." When going away from home, or at any change of habitat, he is a wise man who numbers among his belongings a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. Change of food and water in some strange place where there are no doctors may bring on an attack of dysentery. He then has a standard remedy at hand with which to cope with the disorder, and forewarned he can successfully fight the ailment and subdue it.

Local and Diocesan News.

FATHER CARON, C. S. S. R., GOES TO MANITOBA. Rev. Father Caron, C. S. S. R., of Ste. Anne de Beaupre, has just been appointed Superior of the Redemptorist Fathers at Brandon, Manitoba, and pastor of St. Augustin's Church.

DEATH OF SUPERIORESS GENERAL.—The Very Rev. Sister Marie Praxede Filiatrat, Superioress-General of the Grey Nunnery, died on Saturday last, at the age of 71 years, after a long and painful illness. Sister Filiatrat, who had been a nun for over 46 years, was one of the most distinguished members of her order.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.—The entertainment at the Catholic Sailors' Club next week, Wednesday, June 22, will be given under the auspices of the Montreal Branch of the Dickens Fellowship. The President, Prof. J. Porteous Arnold, will take the chair at 8 p.m.

STRONG RESOLUTION PASSED.—The following resolution condemnatory of the dreadful sacrilege committed at St. Michael's Church was passed by Div. No. 2, A.O.H., Board of Erin:

Resolved: That we, the officers and members of Division No. 2, A.O.H., Board of Erin, in mass meeting assembled, hereby extend to the Rev. Father Kieran and Rev. Father McCrory, as well as to the entire Catholic clergy of Montreal, our deepest sympathy for the outrageous act of some miscreant or miscreants, who, on the 1st of June, inst., entered St. Michael's Church and with a purpose more infamous than that of the Communists of Paris, desecrated our parish church, and with a malignancy even greater robbed the tabernacle of the Sacred Host, and, going further, committed a greater outrage than any yet recorded.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS McDONNELL. Mayo, June 7.—On the 20th inst., Mrs. Thomas McDonnell, of Blanche, Que., passed away to her eternal reward, in the 75th year of her age. Deceased had been ailing for some weeks, but throughout gave an edifying example of patience and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High. Her whole life was an exemplary one. Her funeral was unusually large. The solemn requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Barette at Mayo on Sunday, May 22. Deceased leaves to mourn their loss one brother, Mr. T. McNamara, of Buckingham, six sons, Messrs. Jim, Michael and Hugh, of Duluth, Minn., Ed. and John of Buckingham, and four daughters Mrs. Peter Kane and Mrs. John Carling, of Blanche; Mrs. Robert Doherty, of Mayo, and Mrs. Jno. McDonnell, of Thurso. The bereaved relatives have the sympathy of the whole community in their hour of sorrow. May her soul rest in peace.

Pope Receives American.

The Pope gave an audience last week to Bishop John J. Hennessey, of Wichita, Kan., who presented a group of Americans headed by a white-robed girl bearing an American flag. The Bishop read a Latin address of homage and devotion. The Pope thanked him and blessed the pilgrims and their families.

THIS YEAR'S EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Dioceses of St. Albert's Unique

The Eucharistic Congress, the Canadian event of the year, which is to take place next September, is already engaging the attention of Catholic Montreal, and it may be said of the whole of Canada. It is, of course, an unspeakable honor for the Metropolis of the North, and for the Dominion, to be chosen for this assemblage, but as Archbishop Bruchet declared at the Congress of London, "Canada has a right to the honor because it is a Eucharistic country." And so it has always been, from the memorable Feast of Pentecost, 1535, when Jacques Cartier and his brave band of explorers attended High Mass and received Holy Communion, before setting out for the discovery of the St. Lawrence, Montreal in particular has had a notable part in the reverence paid to the Eucharistic God. On the very birthday of its existence when Malsonneuve and his followers set foot on what was then a thickly-wooded island, Mass was said on a temporary altar by Father Vimont, the Jesuit Superior, and the Blessed Sacrament was exposed for the rest of that day. It became the custom, too, with the valiant and truly Christian founders of the settlement, when attacks of the dreaded foe, the Iroquois, became unusually pressing, to have exposition of the Blessed Sacrament in the little wooden church within the enclosure of the fort.

When Villemarie and the other colonies of New France were threatened with annihilation by the same savage foe, seventeen young men, under command of the immortal Dollard, set forth to oppose the combined forces of the Five Nations, after having first received Holy Communion and offered up their lives for the salvation of the country. Even the official seal of the Seigneurie of Montreal, used by the priests of St. Sulpice, represented the Evangelist St. John giving Communion to the Mother of God, and bore a Latin inscription, "The Virgin Disciple giving to the Virgin, in Communion, Jesus, the purity of Virgins."

TIME-HONORED DEVOTION.

Since this devotion runs like a luminous thread through the annals of French Canada and specially Montreal, the providential colony, it seems fitting that such a choice should have been made for the Congress. The celebration is, however, a stupendous undertaking, which only the zeal, energy and enlightened action of the eminent churchman who wears the mitre in Montreal, and the generous concurrence of the civic authorities and of the faithful, can bring to a successful conclusion. Preparations may be said to have begun in earnest when in February last a cablegram was received from Mr. Heylen, of Namur, permanent president of the Eucharistic Committee, then in Rome, saying that His Holiness had named Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli as Legate of the Holy See to the Canadian Congress. Committees were there formed, both of men and women, for the systematic division of the work, the collecting of subscriptions, the making of altar linen, the providing of flowers and other decorations for the altar. The clergy in general, the religious communities, the church wardens, the Catholic and national societies came forward with offers of co-operation. Apart from the large donations of the wealthy and the well-to-do, a general collection was ordered, it being expressly stipulated that the pennies of the poor and of children should be welcomed so that the greeting to the King might be truly a national act of faith. With regard to the flowers, which will be required in immense quantities, the Canadian Messenger suggests that the Promoters and Associates of the League make the work their own, and supply the "tons of flowers" that will be required upon that momentous occasion. Nor is the idea in the slightest degree far-fetched or difficult of accomplishment, since, as may be remembered, during the London Congress, sixty thousand bouquets of flowers were sent across the British Channel from France, where, despite the dead ashes of unbelief, there is often manifested the hidden glow of faith.

MONTREAL'S PREPARATION.

In Montreal, which, of course, is the chief center of action, it may truly be said that every one is doing something great, or small towards the grand total of endeavor. The most prominent Catholic women of the city hold meetings at their houses and have organized bands for the preparation of altar linen and other necessities for the altar, while men are busy in a variety of ways. Spiritual offerings are being made by the faithful in general and the religious societies in particular. The interest is universal, the enthusiasm unbounded.

Throughout Canada prayers are being offered up in every diocese for the success of the Congress. In Montreal, Quebec, and Alberta, the priests recite after Mass the prayer to the Blessed Sacrament. An indulgent prayer recommended by the Archbishop of Montreal has been distributed for recitation in families and communities. There is also a movement to establish in remote and isolated parishes the association for the promotion of frequent Communion and visits to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. In fact, it is evident that the spiritual growth,

the new fervor and right understanding of the sublimity of all gifts to man, which are the ultimate aims of the magnificent demonstration, are being realized to the fullest.

SYMBOLIC OFFERING.

Various dioceses are already conspicuous in their offers of co-operation. From St. Albert's in the Northwest come, through the intermediary of Bishop Legal, tidings of the proposed offering, which is full of poetic beauty and symbolism. In memory of the God who has fructified their harvests and has hidden his splendor under the veil which is formed from the wheat, the farmers of Alberta, during the coming harvest, propose to gather their finest wheat, from which shall be formed for the procession in Montreal a splendid arch. Standing out from a golden background of the ripened grain, on its summit, the words "Hommage from the Catholics of Alberta" will be formed by bunches of real grapes. After the procession, these ears of wheat shall be ground and sent to a community to be employed in the making of altar-breads.

His Grace Archbishop Langevin of St. Boniface, and Mr. Legal of St. Albert, have issued pastorals, asking prayers for the success of the event. A similar request was made in the Archdiocese of Quebec. In the beautiful pastoral of Mgr. Emond of Valleyfield, the reasons why the whole country should participate in the coming festivities are thus given: "The time has come when in the fair country of Canada, should enjoy the happiness and become the recipients of the incomparable spiritual advantages which flow from the holding of an International Eucharistic Congress. And it is easy to see what conclusion may be drawn from that assemblage, and how that supreme manifestation, the Procession of the Blessed Sacrament, shall redound to the triumph of the Eucharistic God, who is thus acclaimed as the undisputed King of the whole people. God shall be glorified in the Eucharist which is at once the greatest of sacraments and as a sacrifice the principal and essential act of the religion of Jesus Christ."

EULOGISTIC MESSAGES.

From the United States, the warmest words of encouragement have also been received. In accepting the invitation to attend the Congress, Cardinal Gibbons says: "I beg to assure your Grace that it will be for me, not only a pleasure, but also a duty, to be present at such a solemn event. I recall the pleasure which I felt at the Eucharistic Congress of London, when it was decided to hold the Congress of 1910 in Montreal, and indeed no better selection could have been made, for I feel that Montreal is the ideal city of the North American Continent, to hold a Eucharistic Congress, by reason of the Catholic spirit and sentiment of the people."

Amongst the distinguished visitors to the celebration, will be their Graces Archbishop Farley of New York, O'Connell of Boston, Ireland of St. Paul, and Bishop Maes of Covington, Ky., who is the President of the Eucharistic Committee. From England and the Continent, besides Bishop Heylen of Namur, the Permanent President of the Congress, there will be among others the Archbishop of Westminster, and Bishop Touchet of Orleans, France. One deputation of English lay Catholics will be headed by the Duke of Norfolk; another will be composed of English workmen. From France and Belgium and other parts of the continent so many are expected to attend that the General Council of Pilgrimages have organized a round trip to Canada, and the United States, leaving Liverpool on the 26th of August. A like arrangement has been made at Milan, Italy, to facilitate the transport of pilgrims from over seas to the Congress. It is believed that the course of visitors from all parts of Canada and the United States will be very considerable, and that many societies will attend in a body or send delegates.

NOTED ORATORS WILL ATTEND.

The Congress itself, and the accompanying celebrations will be of the most imposing character. Amongst the orators announced whose names are most familiar on this side of the water, will be Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop O'Connell and Archbishop Ireland. Papers of the greatest interest and value will be read at the various sessions, which will include one session entirely for the clergy; one for the laymen, during which their various needs and their apostolate will be considered; one for women which will treat of subjects pertinent to the sex, and one for youth, wherein education and similar topics will be considered. There will be innumerable Masses, many of them Pontifical, in all the churches, including the splendid nocturnal Midnight Mass at historic Notre Dame, and Pontifical Mass in the open air at the foot of Mount Royal. There will be grand Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament every day. The entire city will be illuminated! But the supreme act of the demonstration will be the procession through the streets of the city, which will be literally paved with flowers. The music during its course will be of a popular character, to enable as many as possible to lend their voices to the triumphal strain, and the Legate of the Holy See will carry the Sacred Host. It will be, in fine, such a religious demonstration as has never been and perhaps never may be seen again on this side of the water.

The chief centers of the celebration will be the Cathedral, Notre Dame, the Church of the Blessed Sacrament and St. Patrick's, the mother

church of the Irish in Montreal, where, through the energy and initiative of the pastor, the Rev. Gerald McShane, preparations on a large scale are already begun.—A. T. Sandler, in America.

Consecration of Westminster Cathedral.

Catholics throughout the world will turn their attention the latter part of this month to England, on the occasion of the consecration of the new Westminster Cathedral, which will give their brethren in London a new opportunity to manifest their devotion to the Church. The consecration ceremony will occupy two days, beginning on June 28, when the Archbishop of Westminster, the Most Rev. Dr. Francis Bourne, will consecrate the high altar, and the bishops of the province will perform a similar ceremony in the twelve chapels, one of which is dedicated to St. Patrick, another to St. Andrew, a third to St. Edmund of Canterbury and a fourth to St. George and all the English martyrs. The Pope will send a special delegation for the occasion and the Lord Mayor of London will attend in state. The second day will be the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. There will be a solemn mass of thanksgiving for the consecration of the cathedral and for the restoration of the English hierarchy, which occurred on Sept. 29, 1850.

New Biography of Joan of Arc.

Apologies of a possible new biography of Joan of Arc, Mr. Andrew Lang says that it is not likely that unpublished materials will be found in England. No descriptive letters of the period are known to exist in England or Scotland. "A French historian," he says, "crossed the Channel to hunt for a memoir of Bedford imperfectly published and misdated by Rymor. He could not find it, owing to the misdate, but he later obtained it from an English student. It is the only state paper known to me in which the name of the Maid is written; with a very full acknowledgment of her influence. It has escaped, I think, the knowledge of her latest French historian." Mr. Lang notes the probability that in the troubles of the evacuation of France and of the War of the Roses documents were lost.

To Whom it May Concern.

While reportorial work is not an eminent branch of Catholic journalism, yet unknown and insignificant persons in that unpretentious sphere expect at least ordinary urbanity in replies from those who by calling and education are presumed to be exemplars of all the noble and refined qualities that constitute a thorough Christian gentleman; and when, for instance, interrogators on these lofty souls what may be charitably designated as impatient answers, the aforesaid common narrators, in their disheartening but still hopeful task, are consoled by the thought that these temporarily perturbed and superior mortals will in calmer moments of patrician reflection realize after all that the pen of gentleness is decidedly more effective than the ungracious shaft of acerbity.—Father Lambert.

Archbishop's Life Threatened.

The bitterness caused by the fight for the repeal of the Locke law which prohibits racetrack betting has reached such a height that Archbishop Blenk, of New Orleans, who has been outspoken in his opposition to a renewal of racetrack gambling, has received several letters denouncing him and his Church and threatening his life if he does not let up on the racetrack denunciations. The Archbishop has replied with an even stronger declaration than before that he will continue to denounce gambling as long as he lives.

New Church of St. Jean Baptiste.

The French Catholic Church of St. Jean Baptiste, New York city, has almost completed negotiations for the purchase of a large plot at the southeast corner of Lexington avenue and seventy-sixth street as a site for a new edifice. The property has a frontage of 102.2 feet on Lexington avenue and 170 feet on Seventy-sixth street. The cost of the new church will be about \$300,000.

The Bell Ringers of Mexico.

It takes a great army of men to keep the church bells going in Mexico. It is estimated that in the city of Mexico alone there are more than 2000 bell ringers regularly employed.

THE SCHOOLS OF SPAIN.

There are 5,212 private schools and colleges in Spain. Of these, 91 are directed by Protestants and 107 are "lay" or "neutral" schools in which no religious instruction is given. These figures, which are from the report of the minister of Education, prove eloquently what the vast majority of parents think about divorcing religious instruction from the training given to school children.—America.

When erring wisps-light's cease to shine,
The eternal stars remain,
Falls human love; but Love Divine
Still styteth our pain.
—Robert Cox Stump, in the Hoary

Cork's Enthusiastic Reception.

(Continued from page 1.)

List published in the "Cork Account." Sixty-five members of the Irish Party are listed as betrayers of their country. A nice argument for Home Rule if Ireland is represented now by sixty-five traitors and her only chance is the English Parliament to protect her against her own representatives. As Mr. O'Brien says, what ground, then, have we for asking for Home Rule? The moment the Budget was passed a tremendous effort was made to organize and get up a great agitation in Ireland against the Irish Party. That effort was supported by Tariff Reform money, by Lord Dunraven, by the whole landlord class in Ireland; it was supported by the whiskey distillers of Ireland and their money. It was supported by vast interests, and, furthermore, to my own knowledge, there is not a land-grabber or grazer in the whole country that has not been merged in the All-for-Ireland movement wherever he could, and every individual whose corns had been hurt by the agitation for the last years is now an All-for-Ireland Leaguer. What has been the result of all this agitation? It has dimly failed from one end of the country to the other, and you in Cork have given it its death-blow. I say, and I challenge contradiction, that, in spite of this talk and in spite of the black list of the "Cork Account," the Party to-day is stronger in Ireland than ever it has been since 1881, and even here in Cork City and County there is this remarkable fact that Mr. O'Brien has done a service to the National cause without intending to do it—he has roused Cork.

CORK HAS ENDORSED THE IRISH PARTY IN A PRACTICAL MANNER.

Ten years ago you could not have held a meeting of this size in the city of Cork, and to-day, in spite of dissension and the foul language used at Bandon and elsewhere, we are receiving at this moment more financial and material support from the County and City of Cork than at any time for eighteen years past, and the country has endorsed our action. From the North to the South, and from the East to the West, it has endorsed our action, and it has endorsed it in a practical manner, for the Party Fund has done better during the last two years than at any period since the split of 1891, and, after all, that is perhaps as good a test as any.

Let me deal for one moment with two or three lies that have circulated, because this country has been deluged in lies. I will take three. First, you were told that the Budget put \$10,000,000 a year on Ireland; secondly, you were told that this budget would lay a tax on every acre of agricultural land in the country, and, thirdly, you were told that it would lay a severe stamp tax on every marriage settlement in the country. Every single one of these statements is a deliberate and monstrous lie. Every one of these statements is false and when these men who had the unblinking audacity to publish these statements on platforms in the country, addressing audiences who had never studied the subject, a long, complicated Bill, when they were challenged by us in the House of Commons, they ran away from these statements.

We in Ireland have a great case against Great Britain on the question of over-taxation, and there is no doubt at all that we have been robbed under the system of common taxation of the two countries in the past; they owe us a great debt, and we must find the best possible way to get rid of that debt. This present Government has treated us better than any previous Government, but that does not say that they have done us justice. No British Government ever will do us justice. We will always be robbed as long as our affairs are managed in London. But I repeat, this Government has done us more justice than any previous Government. In fighting this battle for financial justice for Ireland—a most vitally important battle—you must have men who work in such a way as to convince the British people, because, after all, the last word is with them. We are not prepared to take the field, and even if we were we could not get back our money from England. We can only get it back by argument. We have got back a good many millions already, and will get back more.

ADDRESS OF THE CORK COUNTY COUNCIL.

Among the many addresses presented to Mr. Redmond was the following address from the County Council of Cork, signed by Richard Sisk, Chairman, and F. W. McCarthy, Town Clerk.

We, the Corporation of Cork, in Council assembled, hereby tender this address of welcome to you on your arrival in our city. In common with all the Nationalists of

Home-Seekers' Excursions. Brockville, Ottawa, Sherbrooke, St. Hyacinthe, Cornwall, Quebec, St. John's, Valleyfield. For other points and full information see Week-end Excursion Pamphlets, to be had at G.T.R. Offices. Home-Seekers' Excursions. HOMESEEEKERS' ROUND TRIP EXCURSION TICKETS to Western Canada via Chicago on sale June 14, 28; July 12, 26; August 9, 23; September 6, 20, at very low fares. Good for 60 days. Western Canada. The Finest Farming Country in the World is to be found along the line of the GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY in the Provinces of Manitoba, Alberta and Saskatchewan. Descriptive literature with beautifully engraved maps, and giving full information about Free Homesteads and how to obtain them free, can be had at any G.T.R. Ticket Office.

CANADIAN PACIFIC HOMESEEEKERS' EXCURSIONS. Montreal, Saskatchewan & Alberta. June 14, 28; July 12, 26; August 9, 23; Sept. 6, 20, 1910. TICKETS GOODS FOR 60 DAYS. City Ticket Office. 130 St. James Street, near Post Office. Telephone: Main 3713-3715, or Place Viger and Windsor Street Stations.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT TRAIN SERVICE. EXPRESS. 7.40 a.m. Except Sunday. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Quebec, and intermediate stations, making connections for Montagny, Rivière du Loup, and intermediate stations. 12 noon Daily. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Lévis, Quebec, Montagny, Rivière du Loup, Kimoussi, and St. Flavie. 12 p.m. Except Saturday. For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Capelleton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney. 4 p.m. Except Sun. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations. All Sleeping, Dining and Passenger Cars leaving Montreal are supplied with purest spring water from the celebrated Sugarloaf Mountain Springs situated near Campbellton, N.B. CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street. Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRICE, GEO. STRUBBE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

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Ireland, eye and all true Irishmen the world over, we cherish the belief that the Irish Party-bound Party, by its unwavering devotion to Ireland's cause, and by its magnificent record in her services is entitled to an enduring place in the affections and the admiration of her children. The dominant position in British politics which your matchless advocacy has gained for the Irish cause has evoked the admiration of lovers of liberty in every land, and has wrung unwilling but still impressive tributes from men whose hearts and minds never domiciled a friendly feeling for Ireland and her aspirations. It was advocacy such as yours—brilliant, tactful, dignified, and acute—which succeeded in creating the much wished-for condition that now prevails—a condition that places Home Rule for Ireland in the forefront of all English politics, and under which the Irish question overshadows every other public consideration that engages the attention of politicians at the present day.

Vol. LIX. ST. PATRICK'S Very High S. The closing of Mr. Stanley Hall morning, Rev. P.P., presiding strengthened by the under the direction of J. Shea, sanglections and the tle lads, the c years of age, a sight reading i do honor to bo The effort ma cultivate a lov Irish Canadian success and is ture. The con- Rev. Father D happy way, com on their sweet speaking, and s sure he felt in se own parish cha from St. Patrick COMMERCIAL. Seniors.—Franc Burns, Joseph F. Juniors.—Harry McLaughlin, Joh McDonald, Felix Harney, Eddie C Hugh O'Shaugh chisoa. SPECIAL Religious Instru Rev. Father McS Chas. Burns. The A.O.H. wo History, gon McDonald. The A.O.H. sil History, won Burns. Bronze medal, Gravel for Math Master Chas. B School prize fo matics, won by P Penmanship, do ther Singleton, w lie Shea. Attendance, at Gordon Aitchies been absent fr during three year Honor Roll, do ald, C. Burns, G. S.A.A.A. pass notes obtained, v McDonald. SENIOR Seniors.—Willia Casey, James Ha ran, Alfred Sine, Francis Callahan Alex. Cooney, Th sy, John Mignault Gerald Grace, Jo Phelan, Richard Gould Harold Fre Juniors.—Clarenc Harbo, James McDonald, Euglid Maguire, Percy Ed hall, Francis Mc SPECIAL Religious Instru to Arthur Casey. Penmanship, do ther Singleton, w A.O.H. silver m tory, won by Will Shamrock pass, Liam Ryan. Honor Roll, do ther McShane, v Casey, James Don lagan. THIRD First Division— C. Hague, Raymou C. Leonard, Willia Shea, Luke Calla William Lalonde, Murphy, Thomas M lion, Eric Ryan, W Carter, Francis M O'Brien, Alex. Cor Second Division— Harold Stinson, Edgar Cooney, Le