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The True Witness



Vol. LV., No. 37

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Although the early morning hours were anything but propitious, still the loyal sons and daughters of St. Patrick heeded neither cloud nor snowfall, but with the one thought in mind, that of fittingly celebrating the day, they turned out all decked in their best, the bit of green conspicuous on one and all. As usual, the first item on the day's programme was High Mass at St. Patrick's Church, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesh officiating. The church was gaily decorated with banners, streamers and shields, conspicuous on which were the Irish watch tower and dog, and Erin's harp. The sight was inspiring, indeed, as the procession reached the main entrance of the grand old church. The A.O.H., who looked so well in their smart uniforms, lined up, and through their ranks the processionists passed up the centre aisle to the seats allotted them, the officers of the different societies being seated at the foot of the sanctuary, during which time the organ pealed forth "St. Patrick's Day," "Garry Owen," "Wearin' o' the Green," and throughout Mass could be heard the strains of some familiar national air that kept everyone in mind that it was to do honor to the great saint of the Green Isle that such large numbers had come together. The Rev. Martin Callaghan, just before the sermon, addressed a few words of welcome and expressed his pleasure that they had in their midst one of their best friends, His Grace the Archbishop. He thoroughly understood and appreciated the meaning of the celebration, and nothing could give him greater pleasure than to endorse the object which they had in view. He moreover knew how fond, how singularly fond, the Irish people were of their ancestral soil. And why not? Ireland could not be duplicated for the beauty of its scenery, for the romance of its achievements, and for the spirit of its independence; and never would this spirit

St. Patrick's Day Fittingly Celebrated

Patriotic Irishmen March in a Body

To do Honor to their Patron Saint.

Impressive Service at St. Patrick's — Sermon — Banquet — Entertainments.

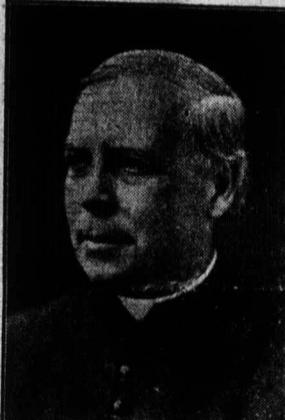
THE SERMON.

Father Heenan took as his text: "He was beloved of God and men, and his memory is in benediction."

"The words of my text we find recorded in Ecclesiasticus, 45th chapter and first verse, and they were uttered in praise of Moses, the patriarchal leader and law-giver of Israel. They epitomize the precious

cho, bought up the right of the other three and employed the youth in watching his sheep. This Milcho was a harsh, unfeeling, cruel master. Hence it was that the life of the slave was rendered most miserable. He was exposed to all the inclemency of the weather, night and day were passed in the woods and on the mountain. He had to endure the burning rays of the sun and the cold, chilly blasts of winter; hunger, thirst, nakedness, accompanied by brutal, inhuman treatment, were the lot of six long years of this noble-born youth. Did he complain, did he cry out and rebel against God during such a servitude—did he become a prey to discouragement and despair? Far from it, like all the saints, he was not discouraged, but, buoyed up with confidence in God, he knew that He who sent these trials to him could bring good out of seeming evil. And God did bring good out of this seeming evil. This poor youth was destined to be an apostle, hence in his captivity he became conversant with the Irish language, and he learned to know from the simple peasants about him the warm and good disposition of the Irish heart. Fatigue, trials and hardships prepared him well for the great office of shepherd of souls. In all this was manifest the design of

"The designs of providence are accomplished, the work is done, the young captive has proven his fidelity, his bonds of slavery are broken, he is now to enjoy freedom. He hears a voice 'Thou fastest well, thou shalt soon go to thy country. Thy ship is ready.' In obedience to the voice he escapes, and after a long voyage, he turns his back on six years of cruel bondage. The woods and mountains of Ireland are exchanged for the vineclad hills of his native land; our exile is home again, and clasped in the loving embrace of dear ones. Here amidst the scenes and associations of childhood Patrick might have lived in ease and luxury. But fortunately for himself and for us the future holy shepherd of souls resisted the temptation, and overcame the strong pleadings of the flesh and blood. He had seen a people who had never heard the sweet sound of the Saviour's name. A people who adored the creature rather than the Creator. How powerful is the grace of God—for like St. Paul,



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN.
Pastor of St. Patrick's Church.

worth of a man and summarize one of the greatest tributes ever bestowed upon human goodness and greatness. Am I doing anything amiss when I quote these words and apply them to him in whose honor we have assembled here to-day, the great, the grand, the glorious St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland?

"No, for does not his life's story point out to us that from very youth St. Patrick seemed to have been beloved by God and chosen by Heaven for high and holy things: that he seemed to have been called, as was Moses of old, to be a leader and a lawgiver—yea, more, did not to him come under peculiar circumstances the pitiful cries of a pagan people entreating him to 'come and walk among them and give them the light and hope of the Gospel'?

"Needless to say, my dear brethren, that this holy youth could not have ignored or mistaken the nature of this heartfelt appeal; for it was precisely to prepare him for this great and arduous mission that God in His own mysterious ways disciplined him, as He does all His saints, in the school of sorrow, sacrifice and suffering. He was tried and not found wanting. This test strengthened him to do, to dare and to bear in after years all the sufferings and privations for the glory of God and the lasting good of the Irish race.

ST. PATRICK'S PROBATION.

"Do you ask me what was that test that proved him true and faithful? When but a mere youth, at the age of sixteen, he was torn away from home, country and dear ones by the ruthless hands of a piratical band, and sold as a poor slave to

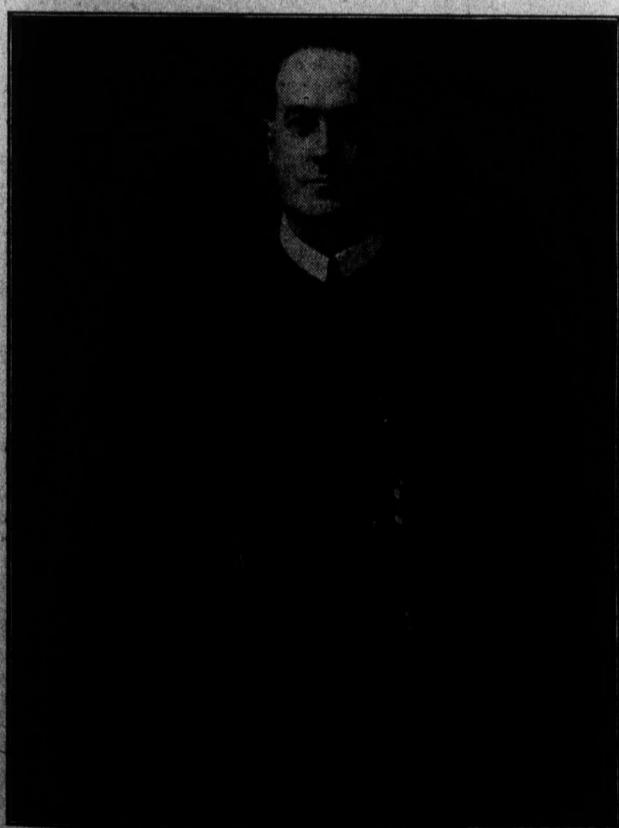
four men, one of whom, named Mil-



ST. PATRICK, PATRON SAINT OF IRELAND.

Divine Providence and to this design our holy youth bowed and said: 'Thy holy will be done.'

"What a lesson for us to-day!" (Continued on Page 8.)



Copyright by P. J. Gordon.

REV. JOHN HEENAN, PREACHER OF THE DAY.

either decay or perish, for it was cut from the tree of lignum vitae. He also knew what an extraordinary tender and sincere affection they had for Rome, and what pride they took

Canada should always claim their profound esteem, their most unfeigned love, and their most unswerving allegiance.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Washing the hair is a task most women dislike, and even the girl who can least afford the dollar a month necessary to a professional shampoo prefers to pay it at a sacrifice rather than bother to wash her own hair. Yet if the work is gone about in the right manner at home it need not be difficult at all. The first thing is to prepare a shampoo liquid. Take a square inch of some good soap, shave it fine and dissolve it in a half cup of hot water. Then add a teaspoonful of violet ammonia and the raw white of an egg. Beat these thoroughly and strain through a wire sieve. Now stand with the head over a basin, pour a little of the shampoo over the scalp and rub briskly with both hands. Use all the liquid in this way, rubbing it thoroughly on the scalp. After this wash the scalp with several basins of warm water and then wash the long hair in the basin of water. Rinse by holding the head over the bathtub and pouring over it a stream of warm water, keeping this up until the water that drips from the hair is perfectly clean. Then dash with cold water to close the pores, and prevent taking cold. You are now ready to dry the hair. First wrap it in a thick towel and wring thoroughly. Then spread a dry towel across the back, throw the hair back and rub the scalp well and dry. It may take some time, but it is the best possible means of drying, acting as a massage, too. Call in the aid of the sun, if possible, but never use steam. Do not brush the hair until it is thoroughly dry. Then, as you brush, raise the hair, that the strands may be separated. After this combing will not be difficult, and when the hair is ready to go up it will be soft and fluffy.

HOME TREATMENT OF ILLNESS.

Palpitation of the heart may be arrested, writes a well known physician, by bending down so as to allow the blood to run to the heart.

Take the whites of two eggs and beat them, and two spoonfuls of white sugar, grate in a little nutmeg, then add a pint of lukewarm water. Stir well and drink often. Repeat the preparation if necessary, and it will cure the most obstinate case of hoarseness in a very short time.

To make a linseed poultice take of fine ground linseed meal four parts and of boiling water ten parts. Mix the linseed meal with the water gradually, stirring constantly. The poultice should be an inch thick and very hot. A piece of thin flannel placed between it and the skin will enable the poultice to bear much hotter than it otherwise would.

In illness hot water is of inestimable value. For example, there is nothing so quickly cuts short congestion of the lungs, a sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly. Headache always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

THE ART OF DRESS.

It is a wise woman who seeks individuality in dress, says the Bristol Times. Now, some people interpret this to mean a striking peculiarity, but it means nothing of the sort.

A woman must study her coloring, her build, her size, and then endeavor to wear what best accords with her personal characteristics. There are women who appear best in fluffy, elaborately-trimmed frocks. There are others who should never wear anything but the most severe tailor-mades on any occasion. There are women who look extremely well in large hats, and, again, others who find a small toupe the most becoming style of head dress.

The girl who owns twelve black-and-white gowns in one season was not so foolish as she seemed. She knew that the combination of black and white suited her auburn-red hair and she religiously clung to what was becoming.

The woman who looks well in blue should never wear an unbecoming pink simply because she is "so tired of one color." Other people are not so tired of it as she is herself, and what is the advantage in wearing a gown that makes her look like a tramp because of a personal dislike to some other more becoming color?

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative brought Health and Happiness to his Home

WOMEN WHO SHOULD NEVER MARRY.

The woman who proudly declares that she cannot hem a pocket handkerchief, never made up a bed in her life, and adds with a simper that she has "been in society ever since she was 15."

The woman who would rather nurse a pup dog than a baby.

The woman who thinks that men are angels.

The woman who would rather die than wear a hat two seasons old.

The woman who thinks the cook and nurse can keep house.

The woman who expects a declaration of love three times a day.

The woman who buys ornaments for the drawing room and borrows kitchen utensils from her neighbors; and who thinks table decorations more important than food.

The woman who wants things just because "other women" have them.

TO CLEAN FINGER MARKS.

Rub the finger marks with a clean piece of flannel dipped in paraffin oil. The marks will disappear like magic. Afterwards wipe with a clean cloth wrung out in hot water, to take away the smell. This is better than using soap and water, as it does not destroy the paint. Paraffin oil is also excellent for cleaning varnished hall doors which face a dusty roadway.

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TIMELY HINTS.

When desirable to see the tongue of a very small child the object may be accomplished by touching the upper lip with a bit of sweet oil, which will cause the child to protrude its tongue.

When your feet are very tired bathe them in hot water, dry, go over them with olive oil, wipe and apply powdered starch freely. They will feel a source of joy instead of pain.

To take out mildew: Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon; lay it on the part, both sides, with a brush, let it lie on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

Put a tablespoonful of borax into the water in which flannels are washed, and there will be no danger of their not being soft and white.

Matting can be made to look fresh and clean by wiping it over with a cloth dipped in milk. This treatment also prevents it from becoming brittle.

To dry clean evening gloves at home, rub thoroughly with fine Fuller's earth, and beat with a dry flannel. Shake all the powder off and complete the cleaning process by rubbing with a little French chalk mixed with sifted bran.

It is a very great mistake to keep choice lace for years without washing. Many women believe that it is ruined by soap and water and will keep some cherished lengths for years and years, turning yellow with age and rotting with the dust it has accumulated till it really drops to pieces.

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RECIPES.

Chicken Cutlets—When the white meat of chickens has been used for salads or for a company dish the legs will make a delightful dish of cutlets. Separate the first and second joints and simmer until tender in water flavored with soup vegetables. Put the joints in press between two flat dishes with a weight on top of

WEAK TIRED WOMEN
How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed. They have a diary sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tones up the nerves; strengthens the heart, and make rich blood. Mr. G. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 50 cents per box of three boxes for \$1.25, all despatch of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Thronton, Ont.

"I wish I was Tommy Jones," said Johnny. "Why? You are stronger than he is, you have a better home, more toys, and more pocket money!" "Yes, I know; but he can wiggle his ears."

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"WHEN I'M BIG."

Some children were recently overheard discussing that interesting matter of "what we'll do when we get big." One, a very small boy from a Western village, outlined his dream of future power by stating that he should be a milkman, ride around in a wagon and ring a bell for folks to come out for their milk.

The second, a boy a little older, explained how he wanted to be the man to ride on the freight cars and "make the round things go like this"—illustrating with his hands the brakeman's action.

The third, also a boy, still older than the others—laughing a little at their childish notions—stated that he could not decide whether to be a minister or a grocer. In the place where they were all spending the summer the grocer has candy to sell, and a young clergyman was the object of much feminine devotion.

The fourth child, a girl of eleven years, was seen to smile enigmatically. She did not care to tell what she would do, she said.

"Aw, you!" contemptuously cried he for whom the ministry and confectionery had equal attraction. "You want to get married!" he said with the traditional blindness of his sex.

When the boys with these ignoble aims had run off to play ball, the girl's ambition came out, confided to her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said, scornfully. "They couldn't understand. But, aunty, I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court, and—"her voice became solemn—"beyond human control."

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HE NEVER WILL GET OVER IT.

When life and its trials, rebuffs and denials, its torments and troubles are over; when safely we've passed into Eden at last, some man will leave open the door.

Though angels correct him, it will not affect him. He'll stop, and look wild, and say: "Hey?" then hold the door wide, as he passes inside, and come in and leave it that way.

He'll come in so slowly that terrors unholy might swarm in like leaves on a bough; and if at him you scream, he will stand in a dream, and say: "Who? Me? Well, what is it now?"

Oh patient Saint Peter, no duty disrester is given to angels than when you stand at the portal of mansions immortal to shut the door after the men.

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EVEN THE BISHOP SUSPECTED.

Even a bishop shall not be deemed guiltless by the omnipotent housekeeper, according to a story told by an Episcopal clergyman.

"We had the bishop coming to spend the night with us a few years ago," said he, "and the whole house was in a bustle from the preparations my housekeeper made. The bishop came and made a pleasant visit. He had to go away the next morning early.

"Soon after he started the housekeeper came to me, trouble writ large on her face.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked. "Are you in trouble?"

"She confessed that she was."

"What is it?" I asked.

"I mustn't tell you; I can't tell you," she answered.

"But I insist on knowing," I retorted firmly.

"Well," said she, "the bishop left early this morning, before most of us got up, and some of the sheets are missing." —New York Tribune.

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A SPRING TONIC

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Rich, Red, Health-giving Blood.

Cold winter months, enforcing close confinement in over-heated, badly ventilated rooms—in the home, in the shop and in the school—sap the vitality of even the strongest. The blood becomes clogged with impurities, the liver sluggish, the kidneys weakened, sleep is not restful; you awake just as tired as when you went to bed; you are low-spirited, perhaps have a headache and blotchy skin—that is the condition of thousands of people every spring. It comes to all unless the blood is fortified by a good tonic—by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills not only banish this feeling, but they guard against the more serious ailments which usually follow rheumatism, nervous debility, anaemia, indigestion and kidney trouble.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal spring medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the over-worked nerves. Overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mr. Mack A. Meuse, Sluice Point, N.S., says: "I was so completely run down that I could hardly work. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I had heard them highly spoken of, and a few boxes worked a great change in my condition. I am again feeling

as Brockville, Ont.

THE DAY WHEN THE GREEN FLAG FLIES.

THE EMANCIPATION.

Saint Patrick, slave to Milcho of the herds
Of Ballymena, wakened with these words:
"Arise and flee
Out of the house of bondage and be free."

Glad as a soul in pain who hears from heaven
The angels singing of his sins forgiven,
And, wondering, sees His prison opening to their golden keys.

He rose a man, who laid him down a slave,
Shook from his locks the ashes of the grave,
And outward trod Into the glorious liberty of God.

He cast the symbols of his shame away,
And, passing where the sleeping Milcho lay,
Though back and limb Smarted with wrong, he prayed, "God pardon him."

So he went forth; but in God's time he came To light on Ulline's hills a holy flame;

Seems it not that the seeds awaking Up through the snow drifts struggle to rise,

Hearing the noise that the fies are making— Patrick's Day when the green flag flies.

Herald of hope and of joy that follow, Ireland's day in the Springtime comes.

Seems it not that the summer swallow Answers the call of the Irish drums?

Seems it not that the seeds awaking Up through the snow drifts struggle to rise,

Hearing the noise that the fies are making— Patrick's Day when the green flag flies.

After your dreary winter's ended, OIden land o'er the waters blue, Shall we not hope for a Springtime splendid,

Hope for Springtime, even for you?

Heart and hand shall we cease to strengthen?

Valor and virtue cease to prize?

Oh, my land, how the sad years lengthen

Waiting the day when the green flag flies!

D.—A. McCarthy.

THE FOUR-LEAVED SHAMROCK.

I'll seek a four-leaved shamrock In all the fairy dell,

And if I find the charmed leaves, Oh, how I'll weave my spells,

I would not waste my magic might On diamond, pearl or gold;

For treasures tire the weary sense— Such triumph is but cold.

But I would play the enchanter's part

In casting bliss around;

Oh! not a tear or aching heart Should in the world be found,

Should in the world be found.

To worth I would give honor, I'd dry the mourner's tears;

And to the pallid lip recall The smile of happier years;

And hearts that had long been estranged,

And friends that had grown cold, Should meet again like parted streams And mingle as of old.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part,

Thus scatter bliss around; And not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found,

Should in the world be found.

The heart that had been mourning O'er hidden dreams of love, Should see them all returning.

Like Noah's faithful dove, And hope should launch her blessed bark

On sorrow's darkning sea, And Mis'ry's children have an Ark, And saved from sinking be.

Oh! thus I'd play the enchanter's part;

Thus scatter bliss around; And not a tear nor aching heart Should in the world be found.

For the green fields of Ireland 'tis I draw me from the city wherein I have no part;

I shake from off the limbs of me the broken links of chain,

For the green fields of Ireland they draw me home again.

Now Chesson.

Williams' Pink Pills are an ideal spring medicine. Every dose makes new, rich, red blood. Every drop of new blood helps to strengthen the over-worked nerves. Overcomes weakness and drives the germs of disease from the body. A thorough treatment gives you vim and energy to resist the torrid heat of the coming summer. Mr. Mack A. Meuse, Sluice Point, N.S., says: "I was so completely run down that I could hardly work. I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I had heard them highly spoken of

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I had expected great accounts of celebrations in honor of St. Patrick, but you have all forgotten to send them along. I think John B. is a rather fickle boy. One week he writes saying that he will contribute to the Corner every week, then the next time we hear from him he is going to business and thinks he will not have time to write. Well, we will be glad to hear from John any time he likes to do so, and will all feel interested, I am sure, as to how he is getting on. We have another letter from Helena. I am so glad she enjoys the poetry in the corner. Angela sends her first letter. What a pretty idea that of forming a club in order to contribute flowers for the altar for Easter. Hope Angela will let us know how pretty it looked.

Love to all the nieces and nephews.

AUNT BECKY.

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BERT'S TEMPTATION.

All the neighbors thought it strange when Bertram Dodge, after the death of his widowed mother, announced his intention to remain at the old home place with his little sister Helen, who was but five years old.

"We shall manage very well together here," Bert had said, concerning the offer of some distant relatives to adopt Helen.

"It was mother's wish and it is my wish that Helen and I should not be separated. I may be standing in her light by not allowing her to go to a fine, luxurious home, but I can give her more real affection than they can give her, and she shall not suffer for want of food or clothing. They would want to change her name if she went to them and that I could not have. No we'll stay together, won't we little sister?" He stooped and kissed the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little girl as he spoke.

Old Mrs. Hooper, to whom he had been talking, said: "I don't know but you're right, Bert; and there's one good thing, you know more about cooking and housekeeping than many girls know. Having to help your mother so much, especially when she was bedfast all those last ten weeks, has been a good thing for you. You've got a real woman's faculty for doing things."

This was true, although dishwashing and cooking and sweeping and kindred duties were as repugnant to Bert Dodge as they would be to any boy; but poverty had obliged him to do these things, and he had done them cheerfully and well.

The house was a tiny red and white one in the suburbs of a small New England town. There was only one dwelling very near it, and that was just across the road—a tiny wooden building, where lived the Widow Hawes and her seven noisy rollicking children, whose boisterous fun did not disturb their warm-hearted, easy-going mother in the least.

Bert's determination to remain at the old house and to keep Helen with him was partly due to the fact that Mrs. Hawes had encouraged him to do so.

"I'll help you all I can," she said, "and Helen can come over and play with my little Susie and Maggie and the others when you have to be away at work. She won't be any trouble or in the least in the way."

Bert was thus able to accept any temporary employment he could find. He was a robust boy of 17, and willing to work. It was not easy to find employment in a small town like Horton, and simple as his wants and Helen's were, he did not find it easy to supply them, and there were the debts caused by his mother's long sickness and funeral to be paid.

"If I could only get steady work somewhere I should be all right," Bert often said to Widow Hawes.

"Oh, you will, before long," she always returned cheerfully. "One who is as willing to work as you are is always in demand, sooner or later."

But there had been no demand for Bert in any permanent position when the long and cold New England winter had fairly set in, and occasional work became more difficult to find.

Helen and Bert were eating their very frugal breakfast one cold snowy morning in December, when Helen said, "What you s'pose Santa Claus will bring me, Christmas, Bertie?"

The question startled Bert a little, for he had that very moment been thinking of Christmas, and of his inability to buy a quarter of the things he wanted for Helen.

"I don't know, dearie," he said. "O Bertie!" she said, with a startled look, "you don't suppose I'll not get anything in my stocking?"

"Oh, you shall have something, little one."

"What, Bertie?"

"What do you want most?"

"A big, big doll with really and truly hair, and eyes that will open and shut! And if it could squeak when you squeeze it I'd like it better! And if it had on a really truly hat! And shoes—O Bertie, I'd want to have shoes most of anything! The kind that would come off and on! And a little muff to put its hands in! O Bertie, if I could have a dolly like that I wouldn't want anything else! You s'pose I could?"

"We'll see about it."

"I've got two cents to send to Santa Claus for it. Would it cost more than that?"

"Oh, yes; much more."

"I want it awfully," she said, with a sweet seriousness that clinched Bert's resolve.

Ten minutes later a knock came at the door. When Bert opened it, he found Jason Woods outside.

"Haven't time to come in," he said. "Got anything to do now, Bert?"

"No, sir; I haven't."

"Want a job?"

"Yes; very much."

"Well, I can give you two or three weeks' work down at my sawmill. Joe Hill, who has been helping me, fell and broke his arm yesterday, and I must have some one to help me get out a lot of lumber I've contracted for. Do you want the place?"

"Yes, I should be glad of it."

"All right. Come down to the mill right away and I'll set you to work. We ought to be there now."

Bert did not wait to wash the breakfast dishes. He wrapped Helen up warmly, and carried her over to Mrs. Hawes for the day, and half an hour later was at work with Jason Woods.

It was hard, cold work in the old sawmill, and Jason Woods was a hard taskmaster, but Bert bore the fault-finding in silence, and did his utmost to please. He kept steadily in mind the thought of the happy Christmas he should be able to give Helen as the result of his labor. The doll, he planned, should go into her stocking, and he would get her some little toys for the tree they were going to have at Mrs. Hawes's.

He had promised Helen that the doll should surely come. His work at the sawmill would be finished two days before Christmas, and he had planned to walk seven miles to Hillsboro—a much larger town than Horton—where he was sure that he could find such a doll as Helen had described.

Jason Woods owed Bert twenty dollars when the time for which he had been hired was up, but when the last day and the last hour's work was done, Jason was not ready to pay.

"Well, Bert," he said, "I'll say for ye that you've done your work first-rate, and I'll hire you again if I need any one. I owe you twenty dollars, don't I?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's the way I figure it out. Well, you come over to my house the first day of January and I'll have the money for you. I won't get the money on this contract till then, and my folks have ding-donged all my ready money away from me set on having the doll. He'll be

a cent to keep my promise to her, and there's only one day between now and Christmas! The child will be so disappointed! And I wanted to get some little things to put on the tree for the Hawes children. Their mother has been so good to Helen and me!"

He brushed the tears from his eyes with the back of his rough, red hand as he went into the mill to get his old overcoat, which was worn beyond repair. It hung on a peg close to the one from which Jason Woods had taken his own thick, warm overcoat. Bert set down his little tin dinner-pail, and when he stooped to pick it up he saw a little roll of green paper lying by the nail.

"Why! it's money!" he exclaimed.

He smoothed out the little roll and found it to consist of four almost new five-dollar bills.

"Twenty dollars! Exactly what he owes me!" exclaimed Bert. "And Jason Woods said he didn't have any money! This belongs to me by all that is fair and just! It is my rightful due! It is mine! I'll tell him boldly that I found the money, and kept it because I had a right to it! Now Helen can have her doll! I'll go to Hillsboro to-morrow!"

If Jason Woods had a "soft spot" in his heart it was for his little granddaughter Marjorie, who was just the age of Helen Dodge. Hence Jason entered the toy store in Hillsboro on the day before Christmas in search of things for Marjorie's stocking.

"She wanted me to get her a big doll with real hair and real shoes, a doll that could make a noise, and open and shut its eyes, and she wanted it to have on a bat and a muff to put its hands in."

"Well, I've only one doll of that kind left, Mr. Woods," said the proprietor. "And I don't know that I ought to sell it. You see, it's like this—A lad of sixteen or seventeen years came in here and bought the doll and some other things one day last week and had them put aside for him, saying that he would come for them by noon to-day. I don't often sell goods that way, particularly to strangers, but this was such an honest-looking boy, and he seemed so anxious to have the doll and other things saved for him until today that I agreed to it. By the way, he said that he was working for a man over in Horton, where you live, and that he'd get his pay last night. He said he wanted the doll for his little sister. He looked as if he'd spent the two dollars the doll cost on clothes for himself. Well, it's now after one o'clock, and he said he'd be here by noon, so I feel free to sell it. I can't have an expensive doll like that left on my hands."

He took the box from under the counter and said, "Here it is with his name on it—Bertram D. Dodge. May you know him."

"Yes, I do."

"Do you suppose he'll come for those things?"

"I can't say, probably not."

"Maybe he didn't get the money he expected to get last night."

"No, he—he—maybe he didn't."

"Well, I guess you may have the doll. But I can't help feeling a little sorry for the boy. He had a good face, and I know his heart was set on having the doll. He'll be

awfully disappointed if somebody has kept him out of his money. That's a thing I couldn't do; but I suppose there are plenty of people who will take advantage of a boy when they would hardly care to ask a man to wait for his pay. Excuse me a few minutes while I wait on that lady."

As Jason Woods looked at the doll and the few cheap little things in the box, his slumbering conscience awoke. He thought how hard and faithfully Bert had worked, and he remembered now that the boy had looked almost frightened when told that he was not to get his money the evening before. When the proprietor of the store came back, Jason said:

"I'll take that box of things just as it is, and the next best doll you have got."

Half an hour later the owner of the sawmill was on his way home. It was very cold, and it had begun to snow. He had driven about three miles when he came to a boy sitting on a log by the roadside, who called out excitedly:

"Stop, Mr. Woods, stop! I want to see you!"

Bert thrust his hand into his pocket, and brought forth a roll of bills. "Here," he said, "I'm sure this money belongs to you. There's twenty dollars of it. I found it in the sawmill last night. I've been sitting on that log two hours trying to make myself think I had a right to keep it because you owed me that much. Here's the money. I beg pardon for keeping it so long. I did wrong."

"Put the money in your pocket, Bert. It belongs to you, for I owe it to you. Get into the sleigh and let me carry you back home. I've got the doll and the other things you had put aside at the toy store. I'm going to be little Helen's Santa Claus this year and yours too. You worked overtime several days, and I didn't allow you anything for it, so I've made it up to you in a Christmas present of a new overcoat that I've got under the sleigh seat. Get up there, Nell! what's the matter with you?"

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DOG KNEW WELSH.

My friend was staying one autumn in Wales. Smoking and chatting one evening with a local farmer, the talk fell upon dogs. The farmer's sheep dog lay before the fire, and the farmer instanced his sagacity. He made an exclamation in Welsh. At once the dog arose and went to the door. "You might let him out," said the farmer. "The sheep are in the corn" is what I said to him. The dog passed eagerly out. In a few minutes there was a scratching at the door. The dog entered panting and lay down at the fire again. Shortly afterward the farmer repeated his Welsh remark. Again the dog ran to the door, and my friend let him out. Again in a few minutes was the scratching at the door, and again he lay down before the fire panting. After an interval the farmer repeated in Welsh, quite in the way of conversation. "I am not easy about those sheep. I do believe they're in the corn." The dog, without rising, looked up at the farmer, gave two sharp yelps, and turned round to his sleep again. He said as plainly as though it had been in words: "Don't be a fool. I've been out twice, and they're not in the corn."

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

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

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

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY CELEBRATION.

The great national feast of every Irish Catholic was celebrated last Saturday with all the enthusiasm and pomp befitting its importance. A religious sentiment blended with the national spirit in the day's programme, the societies marching in a body to the old parent church to assist at High Mass and listen to the oft repeated story of Ireland's conversion, Ireland's persecutions, Ireland's acceptance of the faith which she never relinquished but handed it down to her children, as pure as the day she received it, along with a history untarnished so far as she herself was concerned, to generations yet unborn who, possessing the proud heritage which was bequeathed to them by the Saint of the Green Isle, must preserve it unblemished to the end.

Both sermon and speech dwelt exhaustively upon the story of St. Patrick from the time he received his mission, kindled the sacred fire on the hill of Slane and preached to the pagan court at Tara; but it remained for the pastor of St. Patrick's, the Rev. Martin Callaghan, in an interview, to strike the right chord. These sentiments, just as he expressed them, breathe the spirit which should animate all our hearts and which, if but lived up to, would make the world a much kindlier place to live in. We reproduce the Rev. gentleman's words:

"St. Patrick's Day will never be an ordinary day of the week for all those of Irish birth and descent, for all those with the tiniest drop of Irish blood in their veins. It is not intended as an insult to any nationality or creed. There is nothing on earth so logical, so intense and broad, as the sympathy of the Irish Celt. In his eyes all men should respect the flags of their respective countries, and relish the sweets of liberty which consists in following the dictates of conscience. St. Patrick's day reminds us of loyalty to the green little isle, 'first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea,' around which cluster the noblest of undying recollections, the tenderest of affections, and the fondest of hopes and aspirations. It brings back to our minds a city—the External City, the City of Popes, the city in which is enshrined the heart of O'Connell, the exemplary patriot, the disinterested politician, and the uncompromising son of the Church—the city to which, 1600 years ago, our national apostle pledged the allegiance of a people, 'as constant as the northern star' in the promotion of every worthy cause, the city from which proceeds the most invaluable blessings that can be enjoyed by mortals—peace of mind and peace of heart."

"Canada is our home. We are proud to feel and to say it. We know how to appreciate this home.

If we cannot but admire the President of the United States, who, after Washington, is the chief boast and idol of his countrymen, should we not esteem, love and extol to the skies the Sovereign who is ruling with consummate skill and prudence the destinies of the British Empire, and who, of all his predecessors upon the Anglo-Saxon throne is acknowledged to be the best friend Ireland has seen, by proving the staunchest champion of her rights. We ought to bury in oblivion the wrongs of the past. We ought to live and work in harmony. Let us, by all the energies at our disposal, by all that we can say and do, pave the way for the perfect brotherhood of man and fatherhood of God."

The foregoing leaves nothing further to add. Father Martin, as he is familiarly called, is known throughout the United States and Canada, and as he is known to always speak from his heart, his words will carry more than an ordinary meaning. Let us, then, "live and work in harmony, bury in oblivion the wrongs of the past," and so hasten the day when, with shackles rent asunder, the sacred fires rekindled on the hills, the harp, no longer mute, sending forth sweet melodies of freedom, we will hail with unbounded joy the morn of Erin's liberty.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVANCE BILL

The Bill introduced in the Dominion House by the Minister of Justice is already the subject of general and earnest discussion. Some at least of its critics profess to see in it provisions which a subtle legal interpretation might make applicable against the most ordinary private privileges of the citizen. But the text of the Bill cannot be strained in any such manner. It has been drawn fairly if not perfectly for the protection of the Sunday against profanation alone. The wording is remarkably careful and clear. It is true that the English Sunday or the "Continental" Sunday is prohibited by all the definitions found in this measure. On the other hand, there is no puritanical denial of the necessities of travel or of the modern conditions of life in which works of necessity, mercy and religion find their place in more or less close association with the engagements of certain classes of paid service and labor.

As far as the Province of Quebec is particularly mentioned, the following general exception is made at the start:

"(3) Nothing herein contained shall be taken or held to make unlawful in the Province of Quebec such sales at church doors of country parishes as are permitted under the law of that Province."

The next clause excepts generally any work of necessity or mercy connected with divine worship; with the sale of drugs and medicines; the work of physicians and surgeons; the relief of sickness and suffering; the business of telegraph and telephone communication, the conveyance of travellers and mail matter, urgent work of any character incidental to manufacturing processes actually in operation when the Sunday begins or that cannot be carried on during the other six days of the week, the continuance of shipments in transit by boat and rail and the forwarding of perishable goods.

Rigorous prohibition is, however, intended for all games, matches, sports, contests, exhibitions and entertainments in which gain has a part. This is the real base of most of the abuses of the Sunday to which the Christian conscience of the people of this Dominion is opposed. Even the loopholes for infraction of the law in this regard are stopped, for not only will it be illegal to engage in any performance for gain, but it will be unlawful to attach the fee to conveyances for bringing spectators to the place of performance or to open any park, pleasure ground or building where a fee is charged for any service or privilege whatever. The advertisement of performances falls under the same prohibition.

There are in the bill provisions empowering peace officers with the right of search and the placing of liability upon corporations permitting unlawful acts the exact effect

of which it would be hard to estimate before the measure as drafted has been threshed out in committee. It is quite conceivable also that minorities, or even corporations, might be able to show in certain cases that the law would rest somewhat unevenly upon them, if the Bill as introduced should go through. But as we have already said, the measure has secured the keenest attention in all parts of the Dominion, and its consideration in committee will not fall short of the magnitude of its interests to the whole public. It has challenged the approval of all who are offended by an increasing tendency in cities like Montreal to turn the rest of the Christian Sunday to the mercenary advantage of a few by offering certain classes of persons opportunity for amusement to which desecration is the lightest word that can apply.

A HERESY TRIAL.

Many serious things in life have a touch of the ridiculous in them; for there is only one step between the two. A trial for heresy amongst Protestants is a case in point. Based as Protestantism is upon heresy, founded as it is upon private judgment, and self-constituted, it loses the right of trying its members. It lacks the power of judging, and is without sanction to its decision. Never a society, it has always failed in that judicial administration so necessary for the coherence and unity of a society. But what Protestantism lacks in theory and principle it makes up for it in practice and appearance; for scarcely a week goes by without some mock-trial of heresy in one or other of the sects. The latest is the trial at Rochester of an Episcopalian minister, Dr. Crapsey, on the charge of heresy. He denies the virgin birth of the Lord. He declares that miracles are in conflict with science, and are no longer credible—and that no educated man can believe in the inerrancy of the Bible. Concerning miracles he wrote: "Natural forces are now known to be unchangeable in their nature and uniform in their operation. They know nothing of man and care nothing for his wishes; the only way he can profit by them is by obeying them; if he puts himself under their guidance they will help him; if he gets in their way they will destroy him." Regarding our Blessed Lord, Mr. Crapsey claims that: "In the light of scientific research the founder of Christianity, Jesus, the son of Joseph, no longer stands apart from the common destiny of man in life and death, but He is in all things like we are, born as we are born, dying as we die, and both in life and death is in the keeping of that same Divine power, that Heavenly Fatherhood which delivers us from the womb, and carries us to the grave." So far from seeing the wound and blasphemy of such talk, the writer considers it a relief, a victory of knowledge, a religion based not upon "sporadic miracles, but upon the eternal law."

Religion must widen its courts and enlarge its halls. Our Saviour may have taught that His way was narrow and that few walk it. Times have changed. Liberal science has made broad the path. Whether this new road leads to salvation we should not like to say. We cannot recommend it to others, nor do we wish to tread it ourselves. The old path, sweet with the fragrance of the saints, whose stones are made smooth by their sacred footsteps, and whose milestones mark their miracles and favors is good enough and safe enough for us. Better the miracles and the mercy and the compassion of God than eternal law! Better a thousand times the Catholic truth of the virgin birth and the virgin Mother of Christ our Lord, than the blasphemous impudence of scientific critics and their inaccuracy of logic and their shameful abandonment of theology. Truly Protestantism is crumbling to pieces. Rationalism is too much for it. But that is no excuse for a minister to hand over religion, revelation and miracle to rationalism and say: We believe no longer in

the supernatural, we have come to worship in thy temple, the shrine of nature and eternal laws. The difficulty offered here is the law which is eternal. There are physical laws and moral laws. And of the latter there are more classes than one; natural and positive. We readily admit that between good and evil there is an essential difference, which cannot be bridged, so that the moral law in its fundamental principles is eternal law. It is within the scope of that eternal law that Christian religion moves and acts with knowledge and liberty; as it is of that law that our Blessed Lord was the full revelation. The law with which science is concerned is physical law, which is neither absolutely eternal nor absolutely universal. With these laws the Lawgiver may Himself interfere for purposes of a higher order or the designs of His own far-reaching providence. Is a miracle possible? Can science demonstrate this impossibility? All Christianity bears witness not only to the possibility of miracles but to their actuality. They accompanied our Blessed Lord through His public mission, giving testimony of His divinity, and exerting their beneficial influence over suffering, over hunger and over the elements. Power went out from His robe and at His very word. Whether absent or present it mattered not: He said and it was done. The blind saw, the deaf heard, the dead arose, and the poor had the Gospel preached to them. So was it with the Apostles to whom their Master said that they would do greater things than even He. And so the ages passed each one with its miracles—every succeeding age surpassing the preceding in the great miracle of the indestructibility of Christ's mission and Peter's unfailing faith. Nor can science prove the impossibility of miracles. Granted that nature is an expression of God's will, a miracle like the stars of night reveal a new order, and a more loving purpose over the soul and intelligence of man who alone can see the power behind the veil moving all with might and ordering all with sweetness. A magnet suspends the law of gravitation; and capillary attraction draws more water up hill than gravity drives down. The death of winter is the preparation of spring. Nor has the seed harvest unless through death. Miracles are the levers by which God raises us up to a knowledge of higher truth, the testimony with which He descends to seal His greater works, the special display of His omnipotence and wisdom. They lie beyond nature for they are God's own intervention: but they are not unnatural for their power may be seen as the lightning upon Mount Sinai. Their results may be witnessed by the many: to the few only is it given to know whose hand worketh—the few who bow and believe.

St. Patrick's Day Entertainments.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH HELD CONCERT.

The programme of the annual St. Patrick's day concert, held in Stanley Hall Saturday afternoon, was quite up to any of its predecessors. Irish selections had first place, naturally, but a very pretty Japanese pantomime, in which some fifteen young ladies took part, gave a unique touch to the entertainment. Fancy marches and choruses were contributed by the boys of St. Patrick's School, and also several Irish choruses by the St. Patrick's girls' choir. A musical operetta, "The Blind Beggar," was a pleasing feature, and received marked applause. Miss Fanny Stafford has an excellent voice, and gave several selections. Others who took part in the programme were: Misses Quinn, Nora Stafford, Vera McCloy, Amelia Murphy, Jessie Delahanty, Messrs. Grimes, Curran, Patterson, Burke, Ryan and Cartier, and the band of St. Patrick's school. Miss Agnes Lynch and Miss Gertrude Murphy acted as accompanists.

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EMERALD MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.
A monster crowd greeted "True Irish Hearts" at Somer Park. Although it has been customary to give this on St. Patrick's day for a number of years, still it is always able to draw immense numbers.

ST. ANN'S Y. M. S. SCORE GREAT SUCCESS.

At both matinees and evening entertainments held under the direction of the above society there were crowded houses. The drama, "The Pride of Killarney," a work from the pen of one of the members, M. J. Martin, was splendidly put on and afforded much entertainment to the appreciative audience, who were lavish with their praise. Interspersed throughout were songs and dances, which being brimful of national spirit, enthused all hearers.

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ST. GABRIEL'S EUCHEIRE.

The Provincial Board of the Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held a successful euchre in the Church Hall of St. Gabriel's Church, Centre street.

Nearly four hundred people were in attendance. The decorations of bunting, ferns and cut flowers were much admired. A valuable oil-painting, a handsome cushion and a rocking-chair constituted the prizes. During the evening Master T. Smith played a number of charming Irish airs.

The committee consisted of the following ladies: Misses S. Lyons, F. Burns, Ida McLean, Agnes Colfer and R. Ward. Among those present were His Worship Mayor Malotte, of Verdun, and Rev. Fathers William O'Meara and Thos. Fahy.

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MOUNT ST. LOUIS STUDENTS OBSERVE ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

The students of the Mount St. Louis College gave a very successful entertainment on Thursday, the 15th. They played Shakespeare's Richard III. to a large and very appreciative audience. Though the selection was an arduous undertaking for college boys, still the members of the M. S. L. Union did excellent work and in fact many parts were fine pieces of stage work. This is not the first time that the Mount St. Louis boys have played selections from Shakespeare, and each time they have rendered good account of themselves. The following programme was ably executed:

1. Tipperary March, Overture..... J. Fulton
2. M. S. L. Harmony.
3. Richard III—Act I.
4. "The Bridge of Sighs," Declamation. Junior Class.
5. Physical Culture—Free Gymnastics Senior Class.
6. Richard III—Act II.
7. Calisthenics—Dumb Bells. Intermediate Class.
8. "Let Us Remember," Fantasia..... Turins
9. M. S. L. Harmony.
10. "The Coming Men," Light Gymnastics. Junior Class.
11. Richard III—Act IV.
12. Au Revoir

M. S. L. Harmony.

CHARACTERS OF PLAY.

Duke of Gloster, afterward King Richard III Jno. Stevens

King Henry VI, House of Lancaster

Prince of Wales James Hughes

Earl of Norfolk M. Neville

Earl of Richmond H. McD. Bell

Earl of Oxford F. Reynolds

Lord Stanley Jno. Hammill

Lord Mayor M. J. Delahanty

Sir William Catesby

R. V. MacCoshan

Sir Richard Ratcliff, M. J. Delahanty

Sir James Blount Percy Gibson

Trossell G. Gilberd

Lieutenant of the Tower H. Bell

Tirel H. Lefebvre

Forest N. Cloutier

Dighton J. Scully

First Officer M. Delahanty

Second T. Doyle

Although all taking part did justice to their parts, still special mention must be made of Messrs.

J. Stevens, J. Hughes, F. Neville, D. Jackson, H. McD. Bell and Jno. Hammill.

The first act was followed by the junior declamation class. The exercises in question were well explained, and showed a very good knowledge of the why and whereof of gesture in recitation. Their rendering of the "Collier's Dying Child" was excellent. The Physical Culture by the senior boys was received with marked applause by all present. It requires more than ordinary muscle development to go through these exercises. The dumb-bell exercises, accompanied by Irish airs were performed with marked precision. The intermediate declamation class gave some very fine studies in character. They showed very careful training. The junior pupils again appeared in a series of light gymnastics. They were most popular with the audience.

PRESENTATION TO FATHER CASEY.

The pastor of St. Agnes Church was made the recipient of a very handsome present on Tuesday evening by his parishioners. These took the form of a gold ciborium and gold chalice. A very choice programme was gone through with, after which Father Casey thanked those present for their valuable gifts which gave ample proof of their high esteem for him.

"And we venture to hope when the century of our nation shall have been reached who will then be occupying as officers and as members of our Society, will find

"The hotel dining room with flags of green and white mingling with the Union Jack, the Canadian flag, and the flags of guests presented a sight

"In the memory of Iris

"many years to come.

"Around the festive board

"Grey headed sons of

"McGee and Devlin—middle

"who had fought the politi

"of later years, and young

"of the enthusiasm of youth

"of the present.

"Mr. F. J. Curran, B.C.

"dent of St. Patrick's Socie

"tied the chair. To his

"Senator Dandurand, Sir

"Hington, Justice Doherty

"V. McInerney, ex-M.P.: Fa

"E. Don

Eloquent Speeches Marked 50th Anniversary of St. Patrick's Society.

St. Patrick's Society, comprising the leading professional and business Irishmen of the city, celebrated the 50th anniversary of the formation of their society at the Windsor Hotel on Saturday evening by tendering a banquet to the most representative and influential gathering of Irishmen ever assembled in Montreal to do honor to the patron saint of Ireland, St. Patrick.

The hotel dining room was draped with flags of green and white, intermingled with the Union Jack, and the Canadian flag, and the overflow of guests presented a sight that will live in the memory of Irishmen for many years to come.

Around the festive board were noticed grey headed sons of Erin, who have outlived the exciting times of McGee and Devlin—middle-aged men, who had fought the political battles of later years, and young men full of the enthusiasm of youth ready and willing to take a hand in the battles of the present.

Mr. F. J. Curran, B.C.L., president of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair. To his right sat Senator Dandurand, Sir William Hingston, Justice Doherty, George V. McInerney, ex-M.P.; Father John E. Donnelly, Alderman White, K.C.; F. H. McGuigan, Dr. J. J. Guerin, Col. Gardner, St. Andrew's Society; Mr. E. Thomas, of St. David's Society.

On his left sat Mr. Thomas Gilday, representing the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society; Chief Justice Sir Alexander Lacoste, Sir Melbourne Tait, R. L. Borden, K.C., Daniel O'Connell, K.C., Peterboro; Father Martin Callaghan, Father Burke, of Prince Edward Island; Mr. Beauchamp, President of St. Jean Baptiste Society; Captain Clift, St. George's Society; Father McShane, M. Fitzgibbon, Father Harty, Ireland; Dr. E. J. Kennedy, Father O'Meara, P. Wright and W. McNab.

During the progress of the dinner a musical programme was rendered, among the principal numbers being the selections of Irish melody by the boys of St. Patrick's choir.

Letters of regret were read from Hon. Justice Laurier, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Premier Gouin and Mayor Ekers.

A letter of congratulation was also read from the Irishmen of Halifax and other cities.

MR. CURRAN'S REMARKS.

The dinner finished, the chairman, Mr. Frank Curran, made the following remarks:

"Once more we are assembled to do honor to the memory of Ireland's patron Saint. In looking around this festive board this evening, with so many distinguished guests, such a large number of friends and so numerous a representation of the members of our organization itself, we cannot help being well pleased and assured that we have the sympathy of our fellow citizens in commemorating the virtues of that holy man whose name our society proudly bears."

"And more especially on this occasion do we feel a sense of pride and duty in holding this function for it was this month fifty years ago that our institution came into existence and hence we are putting forth an humble effort to worthily celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of St. Patrick's Society of Montreal.

"As many well known speakers are with us to-night, some of whom have travelled a great distance to address the gathering, I shall not attempt to make a long discourse on the objects for which the society was founded, but one observation will perhaps be appropriate.

"The St. Patrick's Society was formed with the object of helping our fellow countrymen in distress, of fostering harmony and good will amongst the Irish and their descendants, and of protecting the interests of the people of Irish origin in this district, and we who are here to-day, in looking back over the past fifty years, have nothing but praise and admiration to bestow upon the members of our society who have carried on this mission of charity and patriotism for half a century, and are still assisting us the active workers of the present generation; and we have the greatest love and respect for the memory of those who began and continued the work and have since passed from the scene."

"And we venture to hope that when the century of our organization shall have been reached, they who will then be occupying positions as officers and as members of St. Patrick's Society, will find us as deserving of the same honorable mention as Irishmen and as Irish Canadians that we are only too eager to

accord to our predecessors on this occasion of reminiscences and pleasure.

"As Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen, our aim is to be true to the traditions that have been handed down to us from the past, and as Canadians our desire is to be ever faithful to those principles of liberty and equality which have been embodied in the constitution of our own beloved country.

MR. MCINERNEY'S SPEECH.
After the toast of the King had been duly honored, the chairman called on Mr. Geo. V. McInerney, ex-M.P., to propose the toast of Ireland.

The New Brunswick orator said in part:

"In seeking for the origin of the Celt, it is scarcely necessary to insist on the well established claim that, hard by the waters of the River of Life, Adam and Eve held sweet converse in mellifluous Gaelic.

Somewhat later, from Scythia along the Mediterranean, came those Dacian Clans, to whom tradition ascribes the founding of that proud Carthage, which should, one day, make Rome herself tremble. Through the Basque Provinces they ranged into Wales, Ireland and the Scotch Highlands. Their Hegira is enveloped in the mists that enshroud the dawn of history. The migratory instinct, which distinguished them, however, is still strong in their descendants, for, to-night in all the seven seas, from altars of Irish hearts, goes up the sweet incense of love for 'Banna of the waves.'

"Yes, love of country, patriotism, is a striking tribute of the Irish character. A man with a single drop of Irish blood in him is always an Irishman. Generations of his fathers may have lived and died in a strange land, the descendants writes himself down an Irishman, whether in the Senate of the country or in its workshops; and I deem it no bad sign of the race that you will find a goodly number of them in both places. Patriotism tempers

are honestly favorable to a generous measure of self-government for Ireland. The curse of Ireland has been

landlordism, and we can confidently expect that the effects of the Wynd-

ham Act, supplemented by such legislative liberty as the present Government is pledged to grant, may usher in a brighter era for the dear old land.

"On this night we heartily trust and fervently pray that peace, like the dove of the Prophet, may spread her white wings over Ireland, as a sign that the waters of discord have subsided; and join with men of good will the world over in wishing that prosperity and happiness may dwell in the dear old land forevermore."

AN ONTARIO IRISHMAN.

Mr. Daniel O'Connell, of Peterboro, in responding to this toast, thanked the society for their kindness in re-

membering their fellow-countrymen in Ontario by tendering him an invitation to be present on this occasion.

Speaking of present affairs in Ire-

land, Mr. O'Connell said: "There is

no more encouraging feature in Irish

history than to see in this part of

the British Empire men still at-

tached to the Old Land the same as

our fathers, who were born and bred

and reared in that part of the world.

"In addition to their attachment

to their Old Land, they possessed

probably to a greater degree the

greatest attachment to their faith.

In other countries, owing to stress

of circumstances, the faith has been

forgotten, but in the hearts of Irish-

men their faith remained intact,

whether at home or abroad, whether

they be Catholic or Protestant,

they held firmly to the tenets of

their religion.

"Ireland has been fruitful in great

events. She has a history that be-

gins in the dark and misty past, a

history which comes down to us in

romance and story rather than in

monuments and records. On review-

ing this history, especially on the

17th of March, a thousand emotions

seem to fill the human heart."

The speaker dwelt on Ireland's mil-

itary greatness; her sorrows, her

afflictions, and, again, her glorious

victories. Through her history there

seemed to permeate a strain of mel-

ody and sadness.

He traced the history of the coun-

try from the earliest times to the

present day, and recounted the ser-

vices that Irishmen have rendered

the Empire, and he believed that the

valor shown in the defence of that

Empire should be sufficient to gain

for the Irish that measure of self-

government enjoyed by Canada and

Australia, and soon to be enjoyed

by the Transvaal (applause).

TOAST OF CANADA.

The toast of Canada was proposed

by Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly, par-

ish priest of St. Anthony's. He said

in part:

"In proposing the toast of Canada

I would say as did an eminent Ca-

nadian: 'The nineteenth century was

the United States'; the twentieth will

be Canada's."

"Canada is a land of promise, and

it has been in reality a land of pro-

mise to our forefathers. After two

centuries of evolution it is now com-

ing into its own. May God speed

it. When our forefathers left home

those were indeed favorable breezes

that guided them to the shores of

this country, and I thank God for

the day when my father came to Ca-

nada."

TOAST OF MONTREAL.

The toast of Montreal was proposed

by Mr. F. C. Lavery, president of

the St. Patrick's Society. He said

in part:

"Sir Alexander Lacoste, Sir

Alexander Lacoste responded

to this toast, and dwelt upon the

necessity of all races and creeds

forming a great family, and that all

should work for the advancement of

their common country, Canada.

He believed it would be the great-

est treason if anything of a narrow

or prejudiced character should inter-

fer to prevent the growth of Cana-

da into a nation strong and power-

ful.

He hoped Canadians would al-

ways be tolerant and lenient with

one another, that they would walk

hand in hand, and that under the

goodness of God the work of our

forefathers would not be in vain.

SIR ALEXANDER LACOSTE.

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forefathers would not be in vain.

MR. F. C. LAVERLY.

Mr. F. C. Lavery responded to this

toast, also Dr. Guerin and Dr. Ken-

ney.

Mr. J. C. Walsh submitted "Our

Guests," which was responded to by

Mr. Thomas Gilday, Mr. J. J. Beau-

champ, Lieut.-Col. Gardner, Captain

Clift, Mr. William McNab and

Mr. Robert Roberts, all of whom

presented the congratulations and

Traditional Irish Music

By John Ennis, President of Irish Music Club, in New World.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary spread of the Irish revival, not alone in Ireland, but among the "scattered Gael" throughout the civilized world, within the last few years, the great majority of the Irish people at home and abroad are still lamentably indifferent to the superior beauty and expression of traditional Irish music.

The abandonment of the Irish language marked the decline of the genuine spirit of Irish music and song; the misguided people allowed their musical faculties to become perverted by contending for a musical system which is as different from their nature as the English language is from the Irish.

The complexity and completeness of Irish music is such that it cannot be expressed by the ordinary system of notation. Its laws are different and its scale is different. Hear a native speaker sing or an Irish piper or fiddler play and you will detect in intervals too subtle to be expressed in the common notation. But though the great majority of the Irish people still turn a deaf ear to the peculiar charm of traditional Irish music any trained musician will at once perceive that the style of its rendering is both thoroughly characteristic and peculiarly beautiful. As Dr. Henfrey expresses it: "It is marked by a clear sincerity, whether of joy or sorrow, rarely to be found in latter day music. It is naive, direct, spontaneous; it is never drawing roomy. It is a music not born of any school; it is not a mere by-product of culture. It sprang from and vibrates with the sincere emotions of a people. Even one having but a slight musical knowledge cannot attempt the analysis of one of our classic melodies without being struck by the consummate art displayed in its structure. This will be no surprise to anyone acquainted with the wonderful proficiency of our forefathers in the art of poetry and the science of grammar. As the Irish of old conjectured the possibility of rhyme before that art was known to the barbarians, even so did they exhaust the resources of tonality."

When the celebrated composer, Haydn, visited Dublin in the year 1794, he declared that he would rather be the author of the "Culin" than of all the masterly music that emanated from his own singularly endowed brain. This expression of opinion should either be regarded as a high compliment to the Irish melody or as a proof of a lamentable lack of critical faculty on the part of Haydn; and, truth to tell, most musicians since Haydn's day have attributed the encomium to the latter cause. I am forced, however, to believe that Haydn was not far astray; and that his critics were unaware of the beauties of the melody which he lauded, or were prejudicially averse to such compositions. It is probable that they measured the "Culin" by "classical" standards, and by the limits of the ordinary musical notation.

In this way they were bound by necessity to misjudge not alone the "Culin," but all traditional Irish melodies which might come their way. Because it must be borne in mind that the traditional tunes, in all their melodic subtleties, cannot be expressed by the ordinary notation, and cannot be performed on instruments—such as the piano—which are incapable of recording delicate intervals with occur with so much frequency, so much grace, and so much charm in these typical compositions. I have heard fantasies on Irish airs, arranged for the piano, which were enough to make the whole gallery of Ireland's ancient bards writhe in their graves; and the performers thought, forsooth, that they were adepts in the adequate expression of Erin's age-loved melodies. Many people are to blame for this, and no one more, perhaps, than Thomas Moore, who took many a lovely traditional Irish air, set it to words of immortal poesy, and then made the fatal mistake of submitting it to the "professor" who "harmonized" it until the worth of the original melody was utterly marred, and the tune mutilated almost beyond recognition. Moore, however, in his autobiography, regrets his action thus: "It has always been a subject of mortification to me that my songs as they are set give a very imperfect notion of the manner in which I wish them to be performed, and that most of that peculiarity of character which I believe they possess, as I sing them myself, is lost in the process they must undergo for publication, but the truth is that, not being sufficiently practiced in the rules of composition to rely on the accuracy of last convention to supply \$50,000.

My own harmonic arrangements, I am obliged to submit my rude sketches to the eyes of a professor before they can encounter the criticism of the musical world, and as it too frequently happens that they are indebted for their originality to the violation of some established law the hand that corrects their errors is almost sure to destroy their character."

Happily, there are gifted musicians working to-day to rectify the errors of the past, and to do justice to the priceless musical heritage of the Irish people. Dr. Henfrey has done, and is doing, good work in this direction. Father Bewerunge, professor of music at Maynooth College, is another ardent worker in the cause. He is at present engaged on a system of musical notation which will adequately portray the complexities of inflection, the subtle intervals, and the characteristic modulations and color of the traditional melodies.

Of course, it should be known by this time of day that this traditional music cannot be performed on instruments of fixed notation; it can only be correctly rendered by the human voice, the violin, the Irish union pipes, the flute, and such instruments as are capable of the infinitesimal intervals which the music demands.

It is to be hoped that the well-established national "Feis Ceoil," which is held annually in Dublin, and the various "Feiseanna" being held throughout Ireland, aided as they are by eminent musicians, scholars and antiquarians, will bring the traditional music into the prominence which is its due, and succeed in perfecting a system of notation that will adequately express its many charms and distinguishing characteristics; a system that will redeem it from the artificial and baneful tinkering of modern "harmonizers" and restore it to the pristine purity that compelled the reluctant admiration and copious praises of Geraldus Cambrensis, Brompton, and John of Salisbury in the twelfth century, and throughout the succeeding centuries the unstinted commendation of such able writers and composers as Fordun, Glynn, Polidore, Virgil, Vincenzo Galilei, Bacon, Spenser, Stanhurst, Camden, Handel, Mozart and Beethoven; the grand old music that, through the medium of his Irish wife, inspired the great symphonic writer of France, Berlioz, in many of his compositions, particularly "The Shepherd Song," and "Slave Song;" the transcendent old strains that charmed Haydn to exclaim: "I would rather be the author of the "Culin" than of all the music I have composed."

CURE THE MOST EXTREME CASES

Stones in the Kidneys Cannot Stand Before Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, of Ottawa, Permanently Cured After Years of Suffering by the Great Canadian Kidney Medicine.

Ottawa, Ont., March 14.—(Special)—While all Canada knows that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the standard remedy for all Kidney Complaints, it may surprise some people to know they cure such extreme cases as Stone in the Kidneys. Yet that is what they have done right here in Ottawa.

Mr. S. A. Cassidy, the man cured, is the well-known proprietor of the Bijou Hotel on Metcalf street, and in an interview he says:

"My friends all know that I have been a martyr to Stone in the Kidneys for years. They know that besides consulting the best doctors in the city and trying every medicine I could think of, I was unable to get better.

"Some time ago a friend told me Dodd's Kidney Pills would cure me. As a last resort I tried them, and they have cured me.

"I could not imagine more severe suffering than one endures who has Stone in the Kidneys, and I feel the greatest gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

If the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Ireland's Thanks To America.

Unity was always the simple demand which the generous friends of Ireland in America made on the Irish people and Party as the condition of their support. It was only when dissension prevailed that the stream of Irish-American generosity ran dry. When America pied itself at the position to rely on the accuracy of last convention to supply \$50,000.

That pain in the Back is Kidney Trouble**GIN PILLS WILL CURE IT**

A strain or severe cold, or a dozen other causes may have started it—but the Kidneys are at the bottom of it. Backache (especially in the "small" of the back) means Kidney Disease. Plasters and liniments give some relief, but they never cure. Lots of people, with swollen hands and feet, are treating themselves for rheumatism, when, in fact, their sick kidneys are causing the pain and swelling. **GIN PILLS** cure that pain in the Back every time, because they cure the kidneys.

St. Joseph's Home, St. Cloud, Minn June 29th 1905
I received the Gin Pills safely and am taking them every day. I have suffered intensely from kidney trouble for many years. Since I took your pills, I have a very good appetite and sleep soundly. I feel no more pain. Enclose please find money order for \$1 for which please send me two boxes of Gin Pills.

FATHER BONIFACE,
Moll, O. S. B.

If you have tried plasters, liniments and doctors, save your money and try **GIN PILLS, FREE**. Write us your name and address, and in what paper you saw this offer, and we will send you a free sample box of **GIN PILLS**. These famous Pills for Sick Kidneys are sold by all druggists at 50c a box, or 6 boxes for \$3.00.

THE SOLE DRUG CO. - WINNIPEG, MAN.

It was hinted by the enemy that pledges and promises were something very different from cash. The cablegram which we publish indicates that that pledge has been more than redeemed. The last thousand pounds cabled brings the total close up to \$60,000.

Most noteworthy in connection with this munificent subscription are the contributions of the eminent Catholic Prelates on the other side of the Atlantic. Here is a proof, if proof were needed, that the Irish-Americans will not forget the old land. There is something eminently touching in this steadfast devotion. Here in Ireland material interests join with sentiment in the demand for Home Rule. Poverty and depopulation are the fruits of the existing government and the people are naturally eager for relief. But it is sentiment alone, unmixed with interest, that prompts the splendid generosity of Irish-Americans.—Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

DONAHOE'S FOR MARCH

"The Wooing and Wedding of Presidents' Daughters," by Virginia Tatnall Peacock, is an interesting feature of the current number of Donahe's Magazine. The illustrations have been gathered from many sources, and include portraits of the White House brides, from Marie Hester Monroe to Alice Roosevelt.

Rev. John Talbot Smith discusses "The Morality of the Players," and produces the testimony of many of Catholic actors to the effect of stage life on character.

"Casel of the Kings," by Honor Walsh; "A Breton Fishing Town," by Anna M. Mitchell; "The Pearl of York," by Magdalen Rock, and "Recollections of William O'Brien," are other illustrated articles that afford varied entertainment for a leisure hour.

"Ghosts from Many Lands," is the title of an engraving paper by B. C. McShane, who tells many weird tales of visitants from another world.

Rev. Ambrose Coleman, C.P., asks and answers the question "Who Expelled the Friars?" Father Coleman's conclusions are reached through his personal knowledge of affairs in the Philippines, and close observation of existing conditions.

J. J. Mangan, D.D., writing under the caption "Commercialism and Physical Culture," says some very sensible things about fads in health,

such as advocating certain foods, sleeping with the windows open in all kinds of weather, restricted diet, etc.

"How Much of a Priest's Time is Wasted," is a paper that presents many familiar types—the callers at a parochial residence. The writer's experience has furnished the incidents he relates, and his suggestions will be found useful to all having similar problems to solve.

Nora Francis Degidor, Anne T. Sadler, and John Austin Schettie contribute bright short stories; and there are poems by Susan L. Emery, Henry Coyle, D. A. McCarthy, Kathleen Kavanagh and Mary M. Redmond.

DEATH OF THE HOMeward ROUND.

(By Thomas D'Arcy McGee.)
Paler and thinner the morning moon grew,
Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—

The pole star had set in forest of cloud,
And the icicles crackled on spar and shroud.
When a voice from below we feebly heard cry:

"Let me see, let me see my own land ere I die.

"Ah! dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?

Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?

You are young, my brave boy, thanks, thanks for your hand;

Help me up till I get a last glimpse of the land.

Thank God! 'tis the sun that now reddens the sky.

I shall see, I shall see my own land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,
And one-half my heart is already stone-cold;

Forty years work a change! when I first cross'd the sea

There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;

But my youth and my prime in Ohio went by,

And I'm come back to see the old spot 'ere I die."

"Twas a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,

His arms round a kindly young marinier's neck;

His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east

As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast,

The morn quickly rose and revealed to his eye

The land he had prayed to behold, and then die.

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done,
High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon;

A gray, ruined convent was down by the strand,

And the sheep fed afar on the hills of the land.

"God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped, with a sigh;

"I have lived to behold you—I'm ready to die."

He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale;

Off Ardigna Bay it came slower and slower,

And his corpse was clay-cold as we sighted Tramore;

At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie.

In the lap of the land he beheld but to die.

THE CARE OF CHILDREN.

Nowadays wise mothers do not dose their children with harsh, griping castor oil or purgatives, nor do they give them poisonous opiates in the form of so-called soothing medicines. Baby's Own Tablets take the place of these harsh and dangerous medicines, and the mother has the word of a Government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe. Baby's Own Tablets cure indigestion, constipation, colic, teething troubles, diarrhoea, simple fevers, and other little ills of childhood. An occasional dose will keep children well. Mrs. R. E. Long, Peachland, B.C., says:

"I have found Baby's Own Tablets unsurpassed for teething troubles, breaking up colds, reducing fevers, and other ills, and they make a child sleep naturally. I now always keep them in the house." Ask for the Tablets at your druggist or you can get them by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

A Romantic Bit of Lace.

One detail of Princess Ema's troussau has a particular romance about it—the lace which, it is understood, her mother intends to give her. For this lace belonged to Queen Katherine of Arragon. It was found some years ago, according to an English paper, in a walled-up cupboard in St. James's Palace. Queen Victoria gave it to Princess Beatrice, and then after some 400 years an English princess takes back what a Spanish princess brought.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF**St. Michael's Parish Montreal.**

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

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

Contributions for the year 1904 (50 cents) may be addressed to

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

(All contributions acknowledged.)

pyrography**COMPLETE INSTRUMENT**

with two points, only \$1.00 post paid

This is not a toy but a practical working instrument which can be operated in any home where gas is used. Simple, safe and costs only about 1.5 cent per hour. Points and instructions accompany each machine. It is educational for both old and young.

\$1.00
HOLTON FIRE CO. LTD.
TORONTO

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

Montreal, March 6th, 1906.

J. M. LAMOTHE,
Deputy Prothonotary.

2. No. 3 are quoted at 38c; No. 4 at 37c.

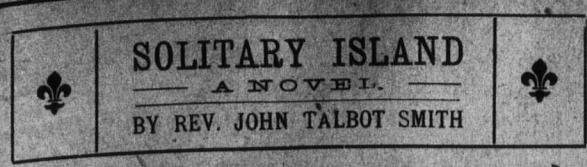
DAIRY PRODUCE.

The cheese market is steady under a fair demand, and prices are unchanged at 18c to 18½c.

Butter is in fairly good demand. Finest October made creamery is scarce and quotations on this grade range from 22c to 22½c per pound in wholesale lots; single packages bring about 1c more. Undergrads are more plentiful and are offered at 20c to 21c per pound. Dairy is steady at 18c to 20c with a fair demand reported.

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

Montreal, 15th February, 1906.



CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Your speech of last night," said she, "does not seem to have agreed with you. You are very pale."

"If a man could have a woman's powers for talking!" he replied. "I'm sure that nature has not been just to politicians and orators."

"Or to women," said she. "It is fair to suppose you have usurped our positions when we have qualifications which you have not for orating."

"You have not all," said he. "Will you pardon me for saying that sound and sense should always go together?"

"And will you pardon me for not believing that every male orator possesses the two? Think of all the congressional and legislative talkers!"

He hardly noticed the reply. He was looking into her eyes, at her gestures, her sweet smile; and, seeing it, she prudently turned her back upon him by going to the piano. "I have a new piece," said she, "from our own choir-leader, and, as you know the man, you will certainly enjoy it."

"Yes," said he, coming to turn the music. "There will be a furious crash at the start, like the clatter he makes at the opening of dinner, and after it will be mouthfuls of sound, choked partly by his endeavors to stutter out an idea. The finale will be simply awful."

She began smilingly to play a single melody with her right hand, a sweet, weird, plaintive cry, and from beginning to end there were no louder sounds than a gentle forte. The finale was the repetition of the opening. She was wrapped in the music, and he in the musician, yet his thoughts were off on the great river's shores with that other girl, beside whom he had stood thus many a time with a lover's proud privilege. When she looked up at him for appreciation his look, fixed on her so intently, almost startled her. "Why, Mr. Wallace," she began, "are you ill?"

"I did not think the old gentleman could write such music or dream it," he said, recalled to perfect self-possession. "You played it, too, in such a way that it seemed to be part of yourself, and I hardly knew whether to weep over the music or the musician."

Frances looked at him in amazement, and laughed nervously.

"A compliment from the politician," said she. "O Mr. Wallace! you are not true to your colors."

"Always to speak the truth," said a heavy voice at the door, "is the chief virtue of the statesman."

And both looking, saw Peter standing there with his hands in his pockets and a sullen look on his heavy face. It might have been the memory of the night's carouse or some other feeling, but his presence put Florian to flight at once, and Frances would have gone also but that he insisted on her playing "St. Patrick's Day" and the "Minstrel Boy" with variations.

"That's a fine air," said he, with reference to the last, which was his favorite. "It takes Paul to write such poetry, girl. I think he could beat that if he tried. Girls like the boys that write poetry, don't they, Frank?"

"Every one likes poets," said Frances, withdrawing from the room.

"Ay," said Peter to himself, "but not as well as elegant, addle-headed lawyers, when the poets are poor and the lawyers rich; but I'll fix ye both if I lose a dinner for it."

Peter was in a vicious mood, both from the potations of the preceding night and from another cause, which declared itself wrathfully a few moments later in Madame Lynch's presence.

"I told ye," said Peter, as he sat down familiarly in the easy chair, "that ye never would know how to bring up a child, and that ye never deserved to have one, with your curls and pomade, an' poke-bonnets an' fur-bows, an' trimmings an' nonsense. I told ye, and now you are goin' to reap the reward of your sins."

"What's the matter now," said Frances, calmly.

"Matter now!" grunted Peter. "Modesty was a quality of most women I knew, but your daughter hasn't any—a mere bundle of fashions, an' I won't stand it any longer. Am I going to see her damned and not say a word?"

"What difference will it make to

you?" said Madame, sneeringly.

"Sporting with that lawyer below, the witch! He making faces at her an' she softening him with music. He that has no more heart than a stone. It's a gizzard he has! An' he won't be a Catholic within ten years, he's such a poor one now. I tell ye I won't stand it!"

"Evidently you have a grievance of some kind," said Madame; "pray, what is it? And if you can, speak plainly."

"I've seen through ye, ma'am;" and Peter leered at the elegant lady.

"I've seen through your daughter, too; an' I know you are just dying to get the lawyer into the family. But I swear if she tries it I'll blow on you! An' I'll go to him myself an' tell him the whole thing."

"Wait a minute," said Madame, sternly.

"Wait a minute!" snapped Peter; but he recognized the tone which Madame used, and kept growling in a prudent minor key. "Wait! I'll be hanged if I'll wait one second."

"There's a little debt of yours just sent me this morning," said Madame, "and I was trying to decide whether it would be better to pay it or stop it out of your monthly allowance."

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, slightly confused.

"And, then, Mrs. Brown was here this morning to tell me her front room is vacant, and I thought it wiser that you should remove yourself there, for you are getting too coarse for this elegance."

"Elegance be hanged!" said Peter warmly. "What do I care for you and your elegance? I'll go to Mrs. Brown's, if ye wish me to, or to the devil."

"Don't hurry," said Madame, graciously; "you'll meet your old friend soon enough."

"But I'll ruin ye, I'll ruin ye!" he stormed. "I'll tell the whole story to the lawyers, poets and greatnesses, I will, and end your fine plotting."

"There are some papers here," said Madame, "which I will read for you. You need quieting, you foolish man. And if it is necessary to remove you from Mrs. Brown's front room, your next journey, I fear, will be to prison."

"Oh!—ah!" said Peter, collapsing suddenly. "But sure you are not going to send me to Mrs. Brown's, ye wouldn't turn out an old man from such comfortable quarters!"

"You are so boisterous when you drink," said Madame; "you make so many threats, you interfere so unwarrantably in the affairs of strangers, that really—"

"I'm not boisterous," said Peter asserted, "and I never in my whole life made threats to any one. Did I make threats?" he added, innocently. "Pon my honor I was dreaming, an' had no more idea of the meaning o' what I said than the man in the moon. I'll say nothing. I'll be as quiet as a lamb. I won't open my mouth, good or bad, if ye say so. But, of course, ye'll excuse my anxiety for Paul."

Paul is now the pet of society," said Peter, with contempt. "What would a man be doing at such places without money? And a b'y that has to live in a garret an' can't afford candles an' wood, an' eat with the crowd in cheap eating-houses, d'ye s'pose he's goin' to run to balls, even if he wanted to, which he doesn't."

Florian listened in some amazement and doubt.

"Do I understand you to say, Peter, that he is too poor to buy candles, and takes his meals at poor restaurants?"

"Have ye seen him at the table in



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VISITANT STANDS.

It is with gratitude and admiration that we present these lines: My wife had lost all control of her nerves and could only speak at times, and was in a very low condition generally. She commenced taking Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic on August 1st and in less than a day after she could converse with the parlor and sing to the music and execute the solo part of hymns alone, impossible to do work about the house and a misery since, for she had lost twenty-five or more bottles for what I paid the doctor here, just to come and look at her, he's no farther good whatever. Father Koenig's Tonic will cure all diseases and I heartily recommend it. I send to-day for another bottle for my wife, and also for one for another lady whose nerves are weak, and whom I told what Mother Nerve Tonic had done for me.

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it, and then he's a poet an' couldn't help falling in love with such a little beauty. No, I don't think he did say anything. I needn't mind going to Mrs. Brown's?"

"Not yet," said Madame slowly, "but I shall keep this debt out of your monthly allowance."

"Don't!" said Peter, with gloomy earnestness; but the lady was inexorable, and he went off convinced that whatever he turned his hand to, whether for good or evil to himself or others, was sure to end in a mass of chaotic, bitter ruin.

Madame Lynch was not a little disturbed at first by Peter's manner and information, but on reflection concluded that Paul's love for Frances was a fiction, nor did she apprehend any further trouble from the irascible and contradictory boarder with whom she had so peculiar an interview.

A certain evening of the preceding week was occupying her attention, for an event was to take place in her parlors of so exclusive and novel a nature that the world of society was ruffled with expectation. The event was the production of an original comedy in two acts, which a genius, as Madame assured her friends, had written for her special benefit, and which would receive its first and last production in her parlors. Moreover, the genius himself was to be present. To the inquiries as to whether he was old or young, handsome or ugly, Madame replied to her friends, "Come and see."

The genius was no other than Paul Rositer, who, entirely ignorant of the furore his comedy and himself were creating, had just finished surveying his graceful form as it appeared to him in the light of a new, splendidly-fitting dress-suit. Fortune had smiled on him one day in the shape of a request from Madame and Frances that he write them a comedy, for ingenuity was at a loss to invent some form of entertainment for that winter which would be worthy the fame of a De Ponsonby. The genius was no other than Paul Rositer, who, entirely ignorant of the furore his comedy and himself were creating, had just finished surveying his graceful form as it appeared to him in the light of a new, splendidly-fitting dress-suit. Fortune had smiled on him one day in the shape of a request from Madame and Frances that he write them a comedy, for ingenuity was at a loss to invent some form of entertainment for that winter which would be worthy the fame of a De Ponsonby.

"Paul is now the pet of society," said Florian; "and from this time we will hardly get a glimpse of him, so many parties and balls will be thrust on him."

"Parties and balls!" said Peter, with contempt. "What would a man be doing at such places without money? And a b'y that has to live in a garret an' can't afford candles an' wood, an' eat with the crowd in cheap eating-houses, d'ye s'pose he's goin' to run to balls, even if he wanted to, which he doesn't."

Florian listened in some amazement and doubt.

"Do I understand you to say, Peter, that he is too poor to buy candles, and takes his meals at poor restaurants?"

"Have ye seen him at the table in

"It's the chief feature of our reception," said Madame, "and the flowers alone cost that much. You do not know your own merits, Mr. Rossiter."

Mr. Rossiter at once invested in a dress suit, and surveyed himself with contemptuous delight in the small mirror of his room. At last he was to enter society from the garret.

There was a really distinguished audience present, and in the back seats sat Peter and Florian, the latter curiously reading the programme, and smiling to discover for the first time that the lion of the evening, the author of the play, the impersonator of a minor part, was Paul Rositer. All concerned had kept the secret well, for he had felt curious to see this new star which was rising in the society constellation De Ponsonby Lynch. The comedy proved an astonishing success, although weighted a little by the incapacity of amateurs. It was felt to be something more than an ordinary drawing-room comedy gotten up by literary misses for their self-glorification, and Madame Lynch knew from the first act that her little event would be the talk of the circle for weeks to come. Frances played spiritedly and looked her best, and the chill of disappointment which pervaded the assembly on Paul's appearance as the sailor tramp was simply superb. He looked and acted his part to the life, and if society regretted the physical appearance of the new star, it had to admit his acting was excellent and his singing very fine. People began to congratulate Madame at the end of the first act, and literary celebrities were anxious to know how she had discovered the author, who he was, and all about him. When the actors came in after the play was over, and they had donned their ordinary costumes, Frances was highly diverted at seeing the amazement on every face when Paul was introduced by her mother as the author and actor. Mother and daughter were satisfied with their event. Society had known nothing so delightful that winter, and Paul, praised and flattered beyond all his expectations, showered with invitations from all sides, went to his room that night somewhat dizzy with popularity. The cool garret, however, and a few moments' thought brought him to his senses.

Florian, retiring to his room after a sentimental conversation with Frances, was honored with a visit from Peter. He had learned from experience how to deal with this excitable personage, and was no more than sociable in a distant, sleepy way, which would not understand the manoeuvres of coughs and hints, and glances at the wine closet.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1906.

St. Patrick's Day Pittingly Celebrated.

(Continued from Page 1.)

God to be the Apostle of the Irish people.

"So high a call entails profound preparation. He loses no time thinking of the magnitude of his mission. It suffices for him to have had his eyes opened to the sadness of all sights—his ears to the pleadings of charity, and his heart to the needs of a nation. He places himself under the care and tutelage of three of the greatest saints of Holy Church, St. Martin of Tours, from whom he received that great and burning zeal for the salvation of souls—St. Germanus, from whom he acquired the great Science of the Saints, and St. Vincent Lerins, who taught him that deep and true love of God which influenced all his actions of life and were the source of his zeal and the reason of his great success. These eight and thirty years of preparation were not misspent.

"Towards the end of the year 431 he wended his way to the glorious centre of Christendom. He obtained an audience with Pope Celestine I., to whom he explained the object of his visit. Clearly did the Pope discern that this was a man of God, and that nothing was wanting to fit the young Levite for the glorious mission of evangelizing the pagan nation whose virtues and needs he described in all truth and sincerity. No wonder the Pontiff commanded him to be consecrated a bishop. Then lovingly bestowing upon Patrick his paternal blessing, he bade him in God's name to enter at once upon his great mission, the conversion of the Irish race. 'How beautiful are the feet of those who preach goodness and peace.' He touches his foot upon this pagan land, not as a mere slave, not in tatters and rags, not as a shepherd with a wooden crook in his hand, betokening a true shepherd of souls, a leader to conquer and subject an entire nation to the sweet yoke of Jesus Christ. What a powerful leader, what an incomparable feat to perform—the peaceful and perfect submission of a people to Christianity within a very short period of time.

A BLOODESS CONQUEST.

"Upon his arrival the holy bishop finds Ireland a pagan nation and at his death he leaves her Christian and Catholic. Where will we find an equal to the peerless and beloved Apostle St. Patrick, conquering a nation without the shedding of a drop of blood.

"The work of the Apostle ends not with the mere conversion of Ireland. He attracts to himself young men to his disciples, he ordains priests and consecrates bishops; convents and monasteries are reared to the skies as by magic, and soon cover the land. Not long did it take for the fame of these new schools and scholars to spread. Thousands of the youth of all parts of Europe flocked to Erin's shores to drink from the pure founts of knowledge. Would that it had continued to be what its first apostle and his co-laborers rendered it—the centre of learning, the nursery of piety within the limits of their own green isle. Filled with zeal and love of souls the disciples of St. Patrick made a tearful farewell to their own loved land and spread the Gospel not only to neighboring England and Scotland, but in every country on the continent. History tells us of Irish scholars teaching, Irish apostles converting the barbarian, Irish martyrs fertilizing the garden of the church with their blood. How beneficial to society and to the world at large had Ireland been permitted to prosecute her work of instructing and uplifting humanity. Alas! this was not to be! Too profound was her peace, too unalloyed her happiness, too great her fame, too bright her faith.

"In 797, spurred on by the promises of rich spoils, the barbarous Danes began to invade the land. These cruel attacks meant widespread devastation and desolation from which Ireland never fully recovered. Her churches and cloisters were burned to the ground; her libraries with their priceless treasures of science and art buried in ashes; thousands and thousands of captives of every age and of both sexes were taken and sold as slaves in foreign lands. The famous monastery of Bangor which one time could boast of 3000 monks, was burned to the ground; the rich shrine and sacred relics of its founder, St. Congall, were scattered to the wind; its venerable abbot, with 300 monks put to the sword in one day. This one tale we glean from

an unbroken narrative of murder, plunder and devastation till that famed Good Friday of 1014 when Brian Boru, with sword in one hand and the cross in the other, at the head of his noble band, courageously faced the hordes of sacrilegious invaders, fought and conquered, leaving 18,000 Northmen in cold death on the field. True heroic efforts were put forth by these poor crushed people to rebuild their churches and institutions of learning, but much of the glory and splendor of Irish civilization had departed, perhaps never to return, at least, not until Ireland is independent of any foreign domination.

In the year 1169, on a morning of May, invaders under a powerful usurping English King, surprised and stormed the City of Wexford—Might conquers Right; the Green Isle is made a dependency of Britain. From this unfortunate day dates seven centuries of woe and strife in Church and State for the 'Island of Saints and Scholars.'

"Any wonder, then that the strings of the Irish harp are attuned to notes of sadness—any wonder, then, that the former joyful rhymes of her bards now only tell of the exile's last fond farewell to home and all most dear. Oh, show me one who reads her history and declares that he is untouched and unmoved at the recital of dear Ireland's sorrows, and I will show you a creature into whose body the Creator has placed a soul devoid of sympathy and a heart devoid of pity.

"The world may say many things against our kinsmen across the sea, but they can never say that they were traitors to their consciences and their faith. True it is that they have not now the same grand churches or the same stately altars as of yore, but they have in their hearts the very same spiritual edifice of faith; the very same sacrifice is offered as of yore; the very same prayers to God rise from their lips; and the very same hopes of heaven which St. Patrick brought to them, are still enshrined in their hearts. The faith of Ireland is the one beacon light whose sheen gleams over her past and her present; it is the one ray of sunshine illuminating the future.

IRELAND'S FAITHFULNESS.

"Sacrifice is the test of conviction. Fidelity to the faith in persecutions, sufferings and death, show forth the presence of Divine grace, as well as the Divinity of the true Church of God. Look at Ireland's sacrifice and suffering during the two centuries of conflict with the savage Northmen. All was well nigh lost save her precious faith preached to her by her Holy Apostle, planted so deep by Patrick that it could not be rooted out. The sword, the gibbet, the halter, could not compel the Irish people to give up their glorious faith. Ireland saw her beautiful temples of God confiscated; her monasteries plundered and burned to the ground; her holy Bishops and priests exiled or hung; those who escaped sought refuge in bog or mountain; here schools and chapels were destroyed. She saw her monks and nuns, her dauntless youths and aged fathers, her helpless mothers and tender maidens cast into prison, led to the scaffold, thrown to the flame, and put to the sword. What could have been the terrible crime that deserved such terrible punishment? The crime of daring to cherish and profess before the world the precious faith once taught to our fathers by saintly lips, the faith of the catacombs, the faith of Saints Peter and Paul, the faith delivered to the Apostles by Jesus Christ. As a consequence of this crime where in all Ireland will you find a single cave, a lonely hillside, but has been reddened by Catholic blood? May this not explain, my dear Christians, why the shamrock grows so beautiful and so green. Irish blood flowed freely over the soil, and blood, they tell us, is excellent nourishment for the earth. Yea; the heavenly aroma of the glorious Catholic faith still hangs over the land of our ancestors, and every newly-born Irish babe breathes it in with the life-giving air of the country. Posterity, my dear brethren, need never write for the Irish race either a motto or an epitaph; both have been composed long, long ago by the great Apostle St. Paul, when he declared: 'I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith.' Holy Scripture tells us that inscrutable are the ways of Divine Providence; we have never doubted this, but may we not find a fresh confirmation of this truth in the history of poor Ireland? The Lord loves these whom He chastises," says Holy Writ. How dearly, then, He must love Ireland and her children. God does love Ireland and her children; if must be, too, that the good God has some noble destiny in store for her whom he has tried so long

in the Divine crucible of affliction, and whom he has permitted to be detained so long in political bondage. That this destiny may be hastened in our own day is our prayer, and the prayer and fond hope of her millions of children now scattered to the four quarters of the earth. Gratitude is a virtue deeply implanted in the Irish heart. Today there are millions of Irish hearts full of gratitude to God for the glorious faith which the great St. Patrick brought to them. Is it any wonder that the children of the dear old sod and their sons and daughters make merry to-day in Ireland and gather round their sacred altars to bespeak their gratitude to God and their glorious Apostle? Nor are the absent ones unmindful this morning of their loved mother's festive happiness; for, separated as they are, by many leagues of land and sea, every exile of Erin is certain to revisit this day, between dawn and dusk, the home of his youth and the scenes of his childhood.

"On this feast of St. Patrick, let us all, exiles and children of exiles, unite in prayer with those in the green home for the dawn of a brighter and better day for Ireland, the day of true freedom!

"May your children at home and abroad keep sacred each recurring 17th of March as a truly memorial day of their dear country's past sorrows, present struggles and future aspirations."

"And now, dear Irish fathers and mothers, tell your children and your children's children ever to be proud of the shamrock and the land of their sires; tell them never to blush for the 'wearing of the green.' Tell them of the great hardships which their forefathers suffered for their faith. Teach them to imitate the precious virtues of the Apostle of Ireland. Tell them of his obedience to God, of his purity of soul, of his patience in suffering, of his love for prayer. Tell them, too, of his love for Ireland, the bride of his soul. Forget not to teach them that St. Patrick was beloved of God and men, and that together with his memory that of dear old Ireland must ever be kept in benediction."

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How the Day Was Spent in Other Places.

IN QUEBEC.

The weather on Saturday favored the St. Patrick's day procession, and as the decorations of the streets were very general, the procession had a gala time of it. It was very long and imposing, and among those who participated in it were Premier Gouin and some of his colleagues, Mayor Garneau and several members of the City Council, and a large number of members of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society.

Mr. M. J. Ahern, president of the Irish National League, presented the address to Archbishop Begin; Alderman Mulrooney that to the Mayor; John J. O'Flaherty, president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, that to the Lieutenant-Governor; and Mr. R. Timmons, president of the C.M.B.A. that to the Fathers of St. Patrick's Church. The ceremony at St. Patrick's Church was very imposing. The Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Begin, while Rev. Father Donehue, of the Redemptorist order, Roxbury, Mass., preached the sermon.

The other celebrations of the day were the performances at Tara Hall, and at the Auditorium, in the afternoon and evening respectively.

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IN OTTAWA.

The Irishmen of the Capital celebrated St. Patrick's Day with the usual enthusiasm.

On Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, a children's concert was held in St. Patrick's Hall, and in the evening there was a grand national concert, at which an address was delivered by Rev. Father Fallon, of Buffalo, formerly of Ottawa. On Sunday a successful church parade was held to St. Patrick's Church. The day was fine, and there was a large turn out of the various Irish Catholic societies.

Mr. M. Fagan was the grand marshal of the procession. The Governor-General's Foot Guards' Band headed the procession. The celebration was participated in by delegations from all the leading towns in the Ottawa Valley.

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IN RICHMOND.

The St. Patrick's Society of Richmond, Que., held a memorable demonstration on Saturday. The procession, headed by Richmond band assisted by a band from Sherbrooke, was held at 10:30. First in line were the Brothers' Schools, followed by St. Jean Baptiste Society, St. Patrick's Society, in regalia, bring

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IN KINGSTON.

The only event in Kingston in connection with St. Patrick's Day was a solemn Mass in St. Mary's Cathedral, at 9 o'clock, to which the Irishmen of the city thronged. Rev. Father Klauder, C.S.S.R., of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., was the preacher.

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IN HALIFAX.

St. Patrick's Day dawned beautifully fine and clear in Halifax, and continued so throughout the day. There was no parade, nor was there the usual banquet of the Irish Society, which has been postponed a month on account of the death of Archbishop O'Brien.

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IN LONDON.

An Irish service was held in London at the Catholic Cathedral at Westminster. The congregation numbered 7000. The whole service, including the sermon, was in Gaelic. The preacher was Canon McFadden, from Donegal.

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Dublin Kept St. Patrick's Day.

In an Irish exchange it was noted that the Dublin Gaelic League were making efforts to have St. Patrick's day strictly observed, that is, that all saloons were to be closed and that where a fair or market day was to have been held on that day, that it was either to be postponed or else held the previous day. According to a cable despatch dated March 17th, the League was successful.

"Thanks to the Gaelic revivals, and especially to the Gaelic League, St. Patrick's Day will be more widely observed than ever before."

"The day retains all its old power as a religious and national festival.

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