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The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 42

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE POPE AND FRANCE.

Complete Text of the Papal Allocution at Recent Consistory.

Rome, 31st March.—The Secret Consistory which the Pope held at the Vatican on Sunday morning was of special importance to the world at large, inasmuch as he took this occasion to refer to the religious persecution which the Government of France is waging against the Church in that country. Besides the Allocution which Pius X. delivered on this occasion, he also nominated Bishops for the vacant Sees in various parts of the world.

The Pope, turning to the Cardinals who surrounded him, said: "Venerable Brothers,—In addressing by the duty of our office your great assembly for the third time, it grieves us exceedingly to have once again to treat of questions which do not bring joy, but confirm sadness. It is, however, well known to you that this is the will of God, who providently disposes that they shall never be wanting to the Church, in order that she may be worthy of her Spouse, who, in order to render her glorious and immaculate, willed that she should be a sign of contradiction.

"We lament with you, Venerable Brethren, that in France questions are in agitation supremely hurtful to religion; we lament the project not only of rescinding that compact, which, towards the beginning of the past century, the Roman Pontiff and the rulers of the French Republic had contracted for the common benefit of religion and of the State; but also that of sanctioning in perpetuity, by a law designed for that purpose, the separation of the State from the Church. We, indeed, in these last days, with all thought and in every possible way, have striven to remove such a disaster, for it is, indeed, our desire to continue in these efforts, since nothing is farther from us than the desire of withdrawing from compacts agreed upon; nevertheless the project has been urged forward with such ardor as to make us seriously fear that it will soon be realized. We are profoundly grieved on account of the injury which the French nation, which we love with all our affection, will suffer from it; for we know from experience that whatsoever injury be done to the Church also turns everywhere to the detriment of public affairs. Let them have that clearly present before them, not only those in France who are of the Catholic party, for whom it should be a sacred thing to take up the defence of the Church, but also all those who are lovers of peace and public tranquillity, in order that in the end their common action may spare such ruin to the country.

"Meanwhile, Venerable Brothers, our soul is saddened also by the horror of the war through which for a long time already the regions of the Extreme East have been afflicted by massacres and conflagrations. What causes for tears. Representing here on earth Him who is the author and the conciliator of peace, in a spirit of humility, we ardently supplicate God that He may benignantly deign to give to princes and to peoples counsels that may bring concord. So many and so grave are the manifold evils that everywhere torment the human race, that there was no need to disturb it still more with the clash of arms and the conflicts of war.

"How greatly the love of peace should be held in consideration has recently been keenly felt by those who happily hold the supreme government of Brazil, Peru, and Bolivia. For controversies having arisen regarding the delimitation and the rules of the confines between the Brazilian Federation and both these nations—namely, the Peruvians and the Bolivians—it seemed that the ancient concord was in danger. But those who preside over public affairs, with wise and salutary counsel decreed to resolve the contention by submitting it to the judgment of others. With this object, seeming very prudently that the office of safeguarding peace was, as it were, innate and inherent in the Supreme Pontificate, with common consent they proposed the Nuncio of this Apostolic See to the as-

sembly, whose opinion should resolve the controversy. Whilst with joy of soul we communicate this to you, Venerable Brothers, it is pleasing to us to render public thanks to the rulers of these nations for having desired to procure such an honor to us and to the Chair of Peter.

"May God grant that such union with us, the bringer of very great benefit, may be deservedly appreciated by those who are in the Government of the Republic of Ecuador. Assuredly the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, and particularly Pius IX. of holy memory, demonstrated with many and important evidences their affection towards the people of Ecuador. And yet, what happened? We learn that there have emanated there such laws as might be said to be sanctioned not only to thwart the Catholic Church and the ancient religion of their fathers, but almost to kill it.—We, in order that we may not fail in our duty, not only grieve over the wound inflicted on religion, but publicly protest against it, hoping that better pondered counsels may be received by those whose interest it is to provide for the benefit of their people.

"Meanwhile, we inculcate on all the Bishops and Catholics of the people of Ecuador not to lose heart, but energetically to defend religion, and to reaffirm the liberty owing to it, holding themselves, however, from any course which may be forbidden by order and justice. May God, who mortifies and vivifies, who humiliates and exalts, aid their efforts.

"We trust, however, Venerable Brothers, that the piety of Catholics demonstrated towards the august Mother of God will not remain without reward—that piety demonstrated when, in the month of December last, there was completed the 50th year from the promulgation of the Decree by which she was proclaimed free from original sin. May the Most Sweet Virgin, who manifestly loves the Church which Christ founded with His blood, grant that we may not long have to desire the joys of the desired peace."

The Pope then bestowed the Apostolic Benediction on all present.

JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA,

Famous War Correspondent Dead

John Augustus O'Shea, the famous war correspondent and author, died at his residence in Clapham, Eng., on the 18th ult.

Mr. O'Shea was a native of Nenagh, Co. Tipperary, Ire., and was about seventy-five years old. He was, perhaps, the last representative of the Bohemian school of journalists whose name was familiar in literary circles all over the Three Kingdoms and on the continent. He was a delightful companion, full of reminiscences of a most interesting and humorous nature, and the stories of his own experience in many lands were always matters of intense interest. He was a true and staunch friend, and ever took delight in assisting others.

O'Shea worked at different periods of his life for some of the best known newspapers in Ireland, England and America. His writings always found a ready market, for he had a rare literary faculty, and his contributions were ever attractive and racy of the soil. Mr. O'Shea was a staunch Irishman, and in his latter years he followed the history of the present National movement with keen interest.

"He experienced all the horrors of the siege of Paris, and used to tell weird stories of the wants of the beleaguered. In his admirable book, "An Iron-Bound City," the siege is graphically described. In "Romantic Spain," he tells of his Carlist experiences, and in "Leaves From the Life of a Special Correspondent" and "Roundabout Recollections" he has written much autobiographical reminiscence of early days in Ireland, of the famous personages he met in various countries, and of the different duties of a special correspondent.

One of the most interesting chapters of his volume of Recollections is that devoted to the Catholic University, in which he was educated, where he mentioned his schoolfellows, many of them afterwards celebrated. He was one of the earliest contributors to the Shamrock, when Harry

Furniss and Francis Walker were its principal artists. For this magazine he wrote "The History of a Cravat" and other witty and agreeable stories and sketches.

It is to his credit that he was always Irish in the Irish, and long before the present revival of Irish literature was heard of, he had, in season and out of season, advocated the claims of Irish literature. When the present writer first met him—in 1885—he was president of the South-ark Irish Literary Club, a small body of Irish people who met in a small hall in a back street in South London, and by lectures, Gaelic classes, "original nights," readings of Irish history and literature, endeavored to keep up and spread a knowledge of and feeling for Ireland among the scattered Irish of London.

To that little club—the nucleus of the present Irish Literary Society and London Gaelic League—came W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, and many other notable visitors.

O'Shea was one of the best after-dinner speakers ever heard, and had few equals as a raconteur. Besides his various books and innumerable articles, and stories, he wrote a play, of which I have one of the few copies printed. It was called "Blonde or Brunette," and the copy I possess is from O'Shea, "With the author's cordial invitation to laughter."

It may be said that journalism and oratory were in his blood, for his father was a well-known journalist in the South of Ireland, and the author of a volume of poems called "Nenagh Minstrelsy," and his relative, Peter Gill, was a popular orator, an irreplaceable fixture at all the political gatherings from the Tenant-Right movement down to the Land League days.

In its notice of the death of O'Shea the Daily News, of London, said that "this is the third, and, unhappily, the last, obituary notice to be written of the genial 'Irish Bohemian.' The first was written when he was reported as killed in an explosion during the siege of Ancona, where he was with the Papal Army.

"The second obituary notice appeared in the Evening Standard during the siege of Paris, where he was its special correspondent. He was supposed to have escaped in a balloon from the doomed city, and to have been drifted over the English Channel, where he was believed to have been drowned. But he never left Paris, where he endured hardships which undoubtedly shortened his days.

"On this subject he wrote: 'I spent the four tedious months of the siege shut up in a penitential cage. I was half starved; I knew what it was to eat horseflesh raw. . . . I went into that stage a strong man; I came out of it haggard and hysterical, with pinched features, and a bodily constitution which still bears traces of the too heavy strain imposed upon it.'"

CANADA LOYAL.

Mr. C. R. Devlin Answers an Ottawa Correspondent Re Annexation to the United States.

London, April 14.—The Ottawa correspondent of the Chronicle, in a recent cable, said the only solution of the racial and religious differences which so often sweep Canada in annexation to the United States.

Mr. C. R. Devlin, formerly member of the Canadian Parliament for Wright, and now member of the British House of Commons for Galway, writing to the Chronicle, says: "There will be no civil or religious war. There is no possible question of annexation for two reasons: first, that the Protestant majority in Canada are British and wish to live under the British flag; and second, the Roman Catholic minority is satisfied with the excellent and wise constitution in force in Canada, and even from the point of view of educational advantages they are better off than they could possibly be if annexed to the United States."

A fine favor is given roundly of all kinds by the addition of a little sugar to the water used for bathing.

LOURDES AT THE VATICAN.

A Facsimile of the Grotto Erected in the Pope's Gardens.

A despatch from Rome, on March 19 says: The Holy Father descended into the Vatican Gardens, there to bless the newly-erected construction surrounding the already existing facsimile of the Grotto of Lourdes in these gardens. The grotto has existed here for several years past, being constructed in the time of Leo XIII. Indeed, prior to his day Pius IX. had a statue of the Madonna of Lourdes erected here. The new building, however, is of considerable dimensions, and aims at suggesting, if not actually imitating, the great carving ascent from the lower ground to the church built upon a rock, which is characteristic of the sanctuary of Lourdes. Indeed, to any one who has visited the world-famous shrine in the south of France the Vatican construction will recall to mind the memory of that beautiful shrine.

The blessing of this new sanctuary was to have taken place on Saturday, the Feast of the Annunciation, but on that day it rained so heavily that the ceremony was postponed, and on Tuesday, the 28th inst., the weather being most propitious, the event took place.

From one in the afternoon the people began to assemble in the Vatican Gardens, though the ceremony was announced to take place at half-past three. At 2 o'clock the gate was opened, and the people pressing forward, took up their places in front of the great high construction built in front of the grotto. A throne for the Pontiff had been placed in front of the new edifice, and it was hung with crimson damask that formed a fine bit of color against the surrounding trees and the bright sky. The spaces near the throne were destined to the pilgrims from Tarbes—the diocese in which the Grotto of Lourdes is situated—and from Langres, who came expressly to Rome to assist at this inauguration. Near the grotto the members of the Diplomatic Corps—the representatives of the nations accredited to the Holy See—the aristocracy and the Roman Patriarchs, and many of the dignitaries of the Pontifical Court who were not taking part in the ceremony, had places assigned to them. Many of the strangers from various lands now visiting Rome were so far favored as to have special places where they were not overcrowded. No less than 10,000 tickets had been distributed.

The band of the Pontifical Gendarmes, drawn up in the vicinity of the throne, lightened the tedium of waiting by their playing select pieces of music. The Palatine Guard was drawn up near the grotto.

Before the arrival of the Pontiff, His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val, Secretary of State, drove up in his carriage, and he was followed at brief intervals by Cardinals Agliardi, Mathien, Svampa, and Tripepi, and several Archbishops and Bishops—among them the Bishops of Tarbes and Langres, who took their places near the Pope's throne. Then came Monsignor Pifferi, Father Lepide, Commendatore Puccinelli, Monsignor Riggi, and other Vatican dignitaries.

It was almost 4 o'clock when the blare of the Gendarmes' trumpets gave notice of the Pontiff's approach. The Pontifical cortege consisted of five carriages, in the second of which was His Holiness Pius X. in red mantle and red hat, accompanied by Monsignor Cagiano de Azzevedo, Major-domo, and Monsignor Bisletti, Master of the Chamber. The Pope's carriage was escorted by a platoon of mounted Noble Guards.

As soon as the cortege came in sight, the people burst into enthusiastic applause. It was long since such a sight had been seen. More than a generation has passed since the Pope has been seen driving in his carriage by so many people. The spectacle, simple as it was—for it was the simplest style of carriage in which he rode—brought back to the memories of those who had remembered the days before the Italian invasion of Rome by the French of Pius IX., the happy days when Pope Pius IX. drove in this manner

through the streets of the city. The band of the Gendarmes played the well-remembered Pontifical Hymn, and the applause burst forth again with renewed vigor.

The cortege stopped in front of the Grotto, and the Pope descended from the carriage, and proceeded up the gentle ascent to the right of the edifice, the Pontifical choir, under the direction of Rev. Lorenzo Perosi, singing meanwhile the motet, "Tu es Petrus," and the people kneeling as the Pope passed them in order to receive his blessing. Accompanied by the Vatican Prelates, Pius X. proceeded to bless the edifice, and then, standing at the centre of the balustrade above the Grotto, amidst a great silence, while the soldiers presented arms, he blessed in solemn manner the great crowd kneeling before him.

The singers then chanted the hymn "Tota Pulchra," written by Perosi. The Pope descended, and going to the throne opposite he took his place upon it, and listened to the address read by Monsignor Schoepfer, Bishop of Tarbes, in which, in the name of the French Catholics, he consigned this structure to the Holy Father. His Holiness replied, expressing his gratitude to the Bishop and to the French Catholics who desired to concur in the erection of this little temple—a record of the great miracle of the past century, a testimony of the marvels of the Immaculate Virgin. He can do nothing else than pray the Blessed Virgin that she may intercede in and bestow favors and graces on the whole diocese of Lourdes, on the miraculous Grotto, and upon all the citizens of France, which as the eldest daughter of the Church has desired in this circumstance to demonstrate this by facts, and not by words, in honoring the Immaculate Virgin.

May the Lord not forget her after the many miracles by which He has manifested Himself to her, considering her as an elect part of His flock. Let all turn to the Immaculate Virgin and pray to her unceasingly, especially that the many wandering brethren may return to the Church. These are the wishes that should be ardently addressed to God, and may the Benediction, which the Holy Father then bestowed upon the people, be a pledge of this.

With similar order the Holy Father retired, and the enthusiasm of the people again found expression in cheers and waving of handkerchiefs, and in a great, joyous feeling which seemed to remain with them at seeing the Holy Father.

EACH IN HIS APPOINTED STATION.

The bird praises God by singing; the flower pays tribute in fragrant incense as its center swings in the breeze; the tree shakes down fruit from its bending bough; the stars pour out their silver beams to gladden the earth; the clouds give their blessings in gentle rain; yet all, with equal faithfulness, fulfil their mission. So among Christ's servants, one serves by incessant toil in the home, caring for a large family; another by silent example, as a sufferer, patient and uncomplaining; another with the pen sending forth words that inspire, help, cheer and bless; another by the living voice, whose eloquence moves men and starts impulses to better, grander living; another by the ministry of sweet song another by sitting in quiet peace at Jesus' feet, drinking in His spirit and then shining as a gentle and silent light, or pouring out the fragrance of love like a lowly and unconscious flower; yet each and all of these may be serving God acceptably, hearing at the close of each day the whispered word: "Well done."

The Duke of Connaught personally presented his suite.

His Holiness replied in Italian, which was translated by Mr. Stonor, thanking their Royal Highnesses warmly for their kindness in visiting him.

The Duke recalled his former visits to Popes Leo XIII. and Pius IX. The Pontiff requested the Duke to convey his greetings to King Edward, whom he said he admired so much as a ruler.

Among the Chamberlains on duty were Colonels Vaughan and Bernard and Monsignor Lindsey.

The audience lasted half an hour. The Duke and Duchess kissed the Pope's hand, and, speaking in French, expressed satisfaction at being in his presence. Afterwards the Royal party, accompanied by some personages of the Papal Court, went to the Borgia apartment to visit the Secretary of State, Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom conversation was carried on in English.

QUESTION OF EMPHASIS.
Frenchmen shrug their shoulders when they want to emphasize;
The Briton gives his head a little twist;
The American hits the table with his fist.
But when it comes to emphasis and making matters plain
And telling just exactly how he feels
The mule is more emphatic than all the men combined.
And he always makes his gestures with his heels.

ENGLISH ROYALTY

AND THE POPE,

Duke and Duchess of Connaught Pass Half an Hour With His Holiness.

A telegram from Rome says the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their two daughters were received in private audience by the Pope. They started from the English embassy in private carriages, the Duke being in the full uniform of a British Field Marshal and the ladies in black with black veils. They were followed by another carriage with their suite. The visit having been announced by the papers, a considerable number of people gathered outside the Embassy to see the Royal party, which proceeded through the principal streets and across the San Angelo Bridge to the Vatican. The carriages entered the Apostolic Palace by the Gate of the Mint, where the Swiss Guards, in picturesque uniform, presented arms, rendering royal honors. The party stopped at the court of San Damaso, before the entrance to the grand staircase leading to the Papal apartment.

The door of their Royal Highnesses' carriage was opened by Prince Ruspoli, coadjutor of the Master of the Holy Hospice, and they were met by Monsignor the Hon. Edmund Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, who presented the members of the Papal Court gathered to render homage—Major-Domo, Monsignor Cagiano de Azzevedo; Master of the Chamber, Monsignor Bisletti; Secretary of Ceremonies, Monsignor Grabinski; Grand Steward, Marquis Sacchetti; Grand Master of the Horse, Marquis Serlupi; Commander of the Swiss Guard, Baron Meyer.

Meanwhile the Papal Gendarmes gave a bugle call, and stood at attention. The Royal party, escorted by Swiss Guards, ascended to the Clementine Hall, which was lined on one side by Swiss Guards, while facing them stood the ecclesiastical portion of the Papal Court, composed of Secret Almoner Monsignor Constantini, Papal Sacristan Monsignor Pifferi, together with all the other members of the Secret Ante-Chamber. At the entrance to the Throne Room the Noble Guard, commanded by Prince Giulio, was drawn up.

Their Royal Highnesses alone and their suites were admitted to the presence of the Pontiff besides Monsignor Stonor, who acted as interpreter. The Pope advanced to receive his Royal guests, to whom he extended his hand, giving them a welcome without waiting for the Archbishop to make the introduction. The Pope was entirely dressed in white, on which glittered the gold chain and jewelled cross of his office.

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Motion to Establish Catholic University in Ireland Defeated.
The British House of Commons last Thursday, by a vote of 268 to 164, defeated a motion to establish a Catholic university in Ireland. There was much cross voting. The minority included Nationalists and English Catholics.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Recalling to our minds the words spoken of old: "He is risen; He is not here," our thoughts go down the centuries and we like to remember that it was to a woman that the risen Saviour first manifested Himself. To the Magdalen it was given to greet the Master on that first bright Easter morning. And was it not tender of Him to favor her, who had been faithful to the last; who had knelt on the heights of Calvary with the sorrowing Mother until after the supreme moment when the Saviour, in the intense anguish of his soul, gave His spirit into the keeping of the Almighty Father; was it not just that this woman should have been the first to be addressed by the Master after He had broken the bonds of death? Easter tide will have dawned before another issue. The time is propitious. Resurgam is the cry across the earth, proclaimed in breaking bud and running sap. Resurgam is the cry of the sin-freed soul. Old animosities are buried, forgiveness and restitution take their place, and on this bright Easter morn will ascend from out each heart, fortified by the loving-kindness of the risen Lord, an Easter hymn of perfect peace.

FASHIONS.

Small checks in blue and green, brown and blue, blue and black and green and black are made up into some of the jauntiest spring suits. The material is mohair, panama cloth or silk. The new gored skirt is smooth over the hips, but easy below the hip line and quite full before it reaches the knees. The back, too, though it may close smoothly and snugly at the top, falls in fulness below the placket, so that there is none of the ugly inward curve of the back seam. Plaittings are set in the lower parts of street skirts in many clever ways, but almost always there is the smooth fitted hip and unbroken line of seam, plaiting or trimming down the middle front. In baby's long frocks and cloaks and undergarments there is little change of novelty this year, the only change for originality being in the fashioning of the little yokes and in the designs of the hand embroidery, which is the striking feature of the loveliest of these long dresses. This embroidery is of the finest and most delicate description—dainty little tendrils, sprigs, single blossoms, garlands, wreaths, etc.—and is eminently babyish, despite the labor and artistic skill it implies. The daintiest of washing petticoats are those trimmed with deep shaded volants of piece embroidery, the hems of which are finished either by a series of scallops worked in button-hole stitch or by a plainly applied band of nainsook or muslin, or possibly with a tiny double box plait or ruching. Among the most attractive patterns is an open-work chain design forming rings or ovals one within the other. The variety of patterns, indeed is practically inexhaustible, but the more open the effect the better. Every kind of linen from the very coarsest to the finest is in vogue, and never has Dame Fashion had so many varieties to place before her votaries. Loosely woven crashes flocked with color and coarse linens spangled with small rings of raised embroidery of the same color or of a darker shade are among the very newest designs. On the frocks of white serge or cloth so universally ordered by the southward bound contingent souches tripping is particularly in evidence; and often in the centre of the braided disk is a dot of gold or of color worked in with heavy gold thread or embroidery silk. Just as the trend of fashion is to show the lines of the figure without excessiveness of pouched bodices and superabundant sleeves, so it is with the head just now. The newest hair-dressing follows the shape of the head more nearly than has been the mode for a long time, with due regard for the features. The hair is swept upward from the nape of the neck with a well brushed look, and the same at the sides, with little or no indication of waving. The roll at the back has little following, and the puffed out style of

hair dressing has quite disappeared, so far as followers of fashion are concerned. The hair is pushed well forward over the centre of the forehead or the pouf is allowed on one side, with a side parting, a mode which suits the irregular featured face well, and a tendency is shown toward the revival of the plait or coronet style of hair-dressing. A flat velvet bow across the centre of the head at the back is frequently adopted for evening wear, or a large and stiff aigret is placed well to the front and not at the side of the coiffure, as formerly.

TIMELY HINTS.

As soon as the laundry soap comes from the market, pack it, log cabin fashion, on a high shelf, and purchase it in a quantity sufficiently large that new soap will never have to be used. Buy the new lot when this is about half gone, and pile in a new place to ripen. An old tin teakettle with the bottom cut out makes an excellent cover to place over irons heating on gas or gasoline stoves. If the cooking of turnips, onions or even turkey has left the least suggestion of its preparation in the dining room, pour a few drops of oil of lavender in a bowl half filled with hot water. This gives a delightful freshness to the air when the house is stuffy and doors and windows cannot be thrown open at the last moment.

To clean chamolis skin rub plenty of soap into the skin and put to soak in weak solution of soda and warm water for a couple of hours. Rinse well in weak solution of yellow soap and soda and warm water. If rinsed in clear water only the skin will become hard and dry. Smear the glass stopper of a bottle with vaseline, and no matter how long it stands unopened it will not stick. It is said that syrup or cream will not drop from a pitcher on to the tablecloth if the nose of the pitcher is rubbed with butter.

Some women are clever at cleaning with gasoline, but everyone near them knows what they have been doing. Hanging in a current of hot air, over a register or radiator will take away the smell of gasoline more quickly than hanging in the open air. A great addition to denim or bur-lap table covers, intended for piazza use, is to knot large glass beads into the fringe. The beads are, of course, ornamental, but their real use is to weight the cloth so that it shall not be blown off the table by every passing breeze.

After the dust of sweeping day has settled, wipe your windows and mirrors with a piece of chamolis wet in warm water and wrung out until just damp. It leaves the glass perfectly clear and shining. Bamboo furniture may best be cleaned with a small brush dipped in warm water and salt. Hot vinegar and salt will clean copper like magic. If washed off then with hot water and soap and polished with a dry flannel it will retain its brilliancy for a long time. "Sewing silk" veils wash perfectly in gasoline or benzine, and if pressed out afterwards look as fresh as new. The chiffon veils are a more difficult problem. It is said they can be washed, but the average experimenter in that line is not a success. It is a bother to do, but they can be cleaned perfectly by a dry process. Take two parts of finely powdered starch to one of powdered borax. Spread out the veil and rub the powder well into it. Shake out and repeat until you have only enough powder left for one more rubbing. Leave this powder spread out on the veil for twenty-four hours. When shaken off at the end of that time, your veil should be as fresh as when purchased.

To moisten black lead use vinegar. The effect will be much better than if water is used. When making up a cushion, spread a thick sheet of wadding over, just under the outside cover, tacked down with a stitch at corners and middle of sides. The cushion feels softer and it shows up the work, or makes even a plain cover look better. Use white wadding for light and black for dark covers. Kerosene is good for cleaning the rubber rollers of the wringer if they have become discolored and covered with lint. Dip a cloth in the oil and wipe off the rubber, then rub with a dry cloth and they will be bright

and clean; and if a little kerosene is poured into hot starch it will prevent it from sticking to the irons and will give a nice lustre to the cloth. A smouldering or dull fire may be cleared for broiling by a handful of salt.

RECIPES.

The following are Lenten dishes: Potato croquettes are an addition to ways and means. Boil potatoes, mash, season with butter, pepper and salt, but no milk. Make them into croquette shapes, roll in crumbs, dip in a beaten egg, then again in crumbs, and fry in deep hot fat. If onion is liked, the potato can be flavored with a trifle of onion juice. If parsley is at hand, add a little of it minced to the potato. Let the potato cool before shaping. An egg will go farther in breading if a little water is added to it. Two tablespoonful of hot water for each egg will be enough. To make onion juice, grate an onion on a coarse grater. A nice cream sauce or a tomato sauce may be served with the potato croquettes. Poached Eggs with mushrooms.—Take one can of mushrooms, place in a saucepan with a tablespoonful of good butter; season with half a teaspoonful of salt and a third of a pinch of white pepper; add two drops of lemon juice; cook for ten minutes. Now thicken the sauce, then prepare ten poached eggs. Pour the sauce on a platter, neatly lay the eggs around the dish, put the mushrooms in the centre, serve hot with toast.

Clams a la marinere make a savory luncheon dish for the Lenten season. Open two dozen small clams and place them in a saucepan with an ounce and a half of butter, a very little minced onion, or, better still, chives, and a little minced parsley. Add white pepper, a heaping teaspoonful of fresh bread crumbs, and a half a cupful of water. Boil two minutes, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon, and serve. Salmon salad is seasonable in Lent. The salmon may be boiled or steamed, but the latter way of cooking is best. While the salmon is still hot, press it into shape and place where it will get very cold. Arrange on white lettuce leaves and pour over it a mayonnaise colored green. Capers make a pretty garnish and improve the taste of the salad.

Here is a rather uncommon dish of vegetable, but its excellence is vouched for. Cook string beans and Lima beans separately, and when tender place them together in a saucepan with an ounce of butter, salt and pepper. Toss them together while cooking, for a few minutes, and serve with a little chopped parsley sprinkled over them. Oyster sauce served with boiled or steamed salmon is delicious. Melt a large tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan and thicken it with the same quantity of flour. When quite smooth, stir in half a pint, or more if required, of white stock. Let this cook, beating it well. Wet the yolks of two eggs with a little water and beat lightly. Pour the sauce on the eggs a little at a time, beating constantly. When it is smooth put back on the fire and stir in half a tablespoonful of butter cut up in bits. Last of all add a little lemon juice. Have a dozen oysters cooked just enough to curl the edges with a tablespoonful of butter and some of their own juice. Mix the sauce and the oysters and stir over the fire, not allowing them to boil. Do not pour the sauce over the boiled salmon, but serve in a sauce boat.

SEASONABLE EASTER GIFTS. Each year finds the custom of exchanging gifts at Easter more widespread. Unlike the Christmas present, in which wide latitude is allowed, the Easter gift should be both dainty and seasonable. The scent sachets, so popular for Christmas cards, have reappeared in charming guise for the Easter festival. They are decorated with all the flowers that bloom in the spring and tied with ribbons to match. There are, too, unique little sachets of satin in the shape of a lily or pansy. A novelty which will find favor is a basket of colored tissue paper resembling a big chrysanthemum. Its long leaves are meant to conceal Easter eggs or bonbons. Tiny potted ferns set in cups of crimped and painted paper are just the thing for an Easter greeting. Some of the cups represent Easter lilies. Decorated china violet holders are another pretty suggestion. Seasonable gifts which may be used for Easter will be found among the art linens, travelling cases, steamer pillows, fancy siffler bags and the new cases for turnover collars.

New and beautiful designs in decorated china are adaptable for Easter presents.—Fashions.

ARCHBISHOP KEANE'S TRIBUTE TO ROOSEVELT.

Archbishop Keane, of Dubuque, Ia., paid an enthusiastic tribute to President Roosevelt in an address delivered at the annual banquet of Carroll Institute, Washington, of which he is the founder. He spoke of the power of manhood and especially of American manhood. "The American man," he said, "is the most refined flower in the garden of God. I have travelled a great deal since Carroll Institute was founded, and met most of the types of men, but nowhere is there a man like the American man. If I see an American man who is not worthy of the name it insults me; it insults you who are trying to be men. "I am glad this banquet takes place in inauguration week, when the American people are giving the highest compliment in their bestowal to the truest American man I know. God bless Carroll Institute and bless that man of sterling honesty and absolute fearlessness in what he believes to be right, Theodore Roosevelt."

MADONNAS VANQUISHED ATHEIST.

"I came into this country (Italy) strongly prejudiced against the religion of the South. Rome represented for me the perversion of the religious instinct. I expected to laugh at my ease at the foolery of the Gesù and the superstitions of the country. Well! old friend! the Madonnas have vanquished me. I have found in this people, in their faith, in their civilization, a grandeur, poetry, idealism which are incomparable. "Ernest Renan, from one of whose letters the foregoing is an extract, says the Ave Maria, "was not the first or the last traveller to discover that preconceived notions of Rome and the Italians are very apt to be reversed by personal contact and first hand knowledge of the real Eternal City and its people."

HIS LAST WORDS.

During one of the frontier fights described by General George A. Forsythe in "Thrilling Days in Army Life," died Lieutenant Fred. H. H. Beecher, a brave soldier both on the field of war and that of life. The whites were lying in the rifle pits, one and another wounded from time to time by the Indian fire. Says General Forsythe: "Lieutenant Beecher rose from his rifle pit, and, leaning on his rifle, half staggered, half dragged himself to where I lay, and calmly lying down by my side, with his face turned downward on his arm, said quietly and simply: "I have my death-wound, general. I am shot in the side. I am dying." "Oh, no, Beecher, no! It can't be so bad as that." "Yes. Good night." "He immediately sank into half-unconsciousness. In a few moments I heard him murmur: "My poor mother!" "Then he grew slightly delirious, and I could hear him talking, in a semi-conscious manner, about the fight. He was never again fully conscious, and at sunset his life went out. And thus perished one of the best and bravest officers in the United States army."

THE WRANGLERS.

In the middle ages when learning was elevated to respectability in European colleges, exercises consisted largely of disputations, and those who engaged in them were called disputants or wranglers. One candidate was pitted against another or against a college don to thrash out a question. Wrangle is a very suitable word, for the process often consisted of a battle royal, carried on by twisting an opponent's words so as utterly to baffle or confuse him. In the University of Cambridge in the fifteenth century "an old bachelor," as representative of the university, had to sit on a three-legged stool (hence the word tripos) "before Mr. Proctors" to test the abilities of the candidates for degrees by arguing with "the eldest son" of them.

If these trials turned out satisfactorily the moderator would compliment the candidates by saying to each, "Summo ingenio acutissime disputasti" (you have wrangled excellently) to the foremost, or "optime quidem" or "optime" only to what are still called senior and junior optimes. Not till 1753 was the word wrangler used of the highest honors class.

Some troubles are wholly blessed in retrospect, and infinitely worth suffering. Manage all your actions in such a manner as if you were just going out of the world.

NOTES OF THE NEWS.

A branch of the Sovereign Bank of Canada will be opened in London, Ont., on May 1.

The rank of knighthood in the Legion of Honor has been conferred on Madame Adellina Patti.

A mysterious disease has visited Tonopah, Nev. From five to twelve persons die each day, and after death the bodies turn black.

The latest Pacific Coast enterprise is a parrot farm near Victoria, which is said to be enabling its founder, Mr. Martin Holts, to accumulate a fortune.

The Commons Agricultural Committee decided this morning that it was desirable for Canada to keep up the agitation for a removal of the present embargo on our cattle entering the ports of the old country.

Advised received by steamer from Port au Basque state that the seal fishery in Newfoundland this spring has been a complete failure. The enforcement of the new fishing bill caused a loss to the fishermen of fully a million dollars.

A municipal deputation from St. John, N.B., waited on the Government asking for the dredging of six hundred feet on the west side of St. John harbor. The request was supported by Mr. R. W. Reford, this city, on behalf of the Shipping Federation, and was promised the Government's favorable consideration.

The new Allan Line turbine steamship Virginian arrived at Halifax on Friday morning. Her passage is put as six days, eighteen hours, which is the best ever made by mail steamers between Halifax and London. The Dominion liner Canada, which left Liverpool the same day as the Virginian, arrived just half an hour after her, having also made a fast run.

To carry out the purpose of the University of Toronto to take up in a practical way the study of astronomy, an observatory of instruction will be established by the Government, and Dr. Chant, of the present physics staff, will be commissioned to go in search of expert knowledge of what is needed for the erection and equipment of the buildings.

The C.P.R. is turning out fifty new tourist cars of an improved pattern. There is more accommodation offered in the new type; the seats are higher and larger; the sleeping quarters are more comfortable; the cars are lighted with gas. The first of these cars left last Thursday for the west on the regular train, which contained some five hundred immigrants.

Preparations are being made by the local officials of the American Society of Municipal Improvements for their convention, which is to be held in this city on Sept. 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 next. This being the twelfth annual convention of the Association and the first exhibition of this kind ever held in Canada, it is expected a large gathering of officials and others interested in municipal improvements will be present.

At the half-yearly meeting of the Grand Trunk Railway in London, Sir Charles Rivers Wilson referred to the loss the company had sustained by the death of Mr. Price, the vice-president. He stated that the company was determined to fight any attempt of the Province of Ontario to increase the taxes of the Company and said it was most unfair on the part of Ontario as the Grand Trunk had done so much for that province.

Bonds aggregating \$790,000,000, the greatest railway issue ever made, must be marketed by the Union Pacific to consummate its merger with the New York Central and the Great Northwestern. The total mileage of the combined system will be 36,244. Lady Curzon, wife of the Viceroy of India, invited all the Europeans and Hindus injured during the recent earthquakes who were able to be moved, to the Walker and Ripon hospitals at Simla as her guests.

A PRIEST'S CRUSADE.

Dean McNulty of Paterson, N.J., is an old man. Forty-one years he has been pastor of St. John's Church and during all that time he has been the terror of the lawless saloonkeepers and proprietors of evil resorts, the hope and succor of the wives and families of poor factory workers whose wages so meagerly suffice for their support that if they spend Saturday night at the saloon, there is only starvation and homelessness for the week.

For more than a quarter of a century the dean has made it his business to see that the workmen of his parish do not spend Saturday night at the saloon. He has waged a relentless crusade against drinking

places where poor men are tempted to squander their earnings. His vigor and unconventional methods in combating the drink evil have given him almost a national reputation, and for all that he is the scourge of a powerful portion of the community, the old priest is without question the most popular man in Paterson. He was spoken of for Mayor not long ago, and if he could have been induced to become a candidate, his election would have been nearly unanimous.

This year, despite his age, despite occasional discouragements, the dean has started out with all his old-time vim and vigor. At the beginning of the season when the saloons cause most trouble, he was out "scouting," as he puts it. "You see," he explains, "there are so many who are good at heart, pleasant as you'd meet in a day's walk, but they get a bit foolish when the week's envelope drops into their hands. A drink, a bit of flattery from an unprincipled saloonkeeper, and wives and babies are forgotten until the money is all in the hotel till.

"That in Paterson means sore trouble in little homes; it means weeping wives and hungry children, and so, not being born a hard-hearted man, I just can't stand those things. I go out, and when it is necessary I tell the saloonkeeper he is a scoundrel. Then I drive his customers away like great babies. That's all they are at times,—great babies. The groceries are expecting the dean to loom large in their doorways during the next month. There is a pool room or two in Paterson that has ordered its lookout to watch for the dean on penalty of losing his job. Its owner remembers the dean's descent upon the room run by John B. Collins years ago. Collins was doing a big business and many women had complained to Father Mac., as he is familiarly called, of losses made by husbands and sons. The dean made up his mind to visit the pool room. He arrived while a race was being called by the rascous voiced operator. "They're off!" shouted that individual, and the dean, inconspicuous in the crowd of excited bettors, waited until the horses were at the quarter, the half and the three-quarters. Then, when the operator was about to call the winner of the race, he caught sight of Dean McNulty's well known face.

"Father Mac," he yelled. One who had been following the race breathlessly turned with astonished eyes and a drooping jaw. He let out an oath. "I didn't know there was a horse in the race named that!" he cried. As it was ten years ago, so it is now. Let Father Mac receive a letter from some troubled woman saying that her husband has spent all his money in Bill Dobb's saloon or wherever it may be, and the old priest, doing his best to iron out the smiles and the soft lines of his face—he never can quite do it, the habit of sweetness is so strong in him—will descend upon Bill Dobb's like a whirlwind.

A flash of the eye, a wave of the arms, and a few stinging words of rebuke, and the good dean will leave the ginmill bare save all but the proprietor and barkeeper. No matter how rough or run-soaked the loafers are (and the dean has faced the worst criminals in his fight for temperance), they never lift a finger against him or assail him with scurrility. They know him, the worst and lowest of them, for a pure man who is their best friend. So when "Father Mac" walks into a Paterson saloon he sweeps all before him.

Twice he has been assaulted by brutal saloonkeepers, but it was the worse for them. Ten years or more ago Chris Goetche struck him heartily over the eye, knocking him down. It cost Goetche \$500 and ruined his business. Over a year ago Oscar Algier hit the dean because Father Mac drove women out of his saloon. The police saved Algier from rough usage at the mob's hands.

Most people in Paterson agree that Dean McNulty's work has borne fruit amazingly. Particularly, it is said, has he been successful in keeping the young factory and shop girls out of the drinking places. Mothers and guardians write to him almost every day thanking him warmly for the work he has done. "Truly," he says, "that in itself is a sweet reward for an old man, is it not?"

Let us be silent as to each other's weakness, helpful, tolerant, may tender towards each other! Or, if we cannot feel tenderness, may we at least feel pity! May we put away from us the entire which scourges and the anger which brands; the oil and wine of the good Samaritan are of more avail.—Amal's Journal.

OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: Where are my little friends who are following a contrary course, they diminish rather than increase. I have been waiting—for very interesting accounts things are going in the world, suppose you are all so taking skipping ropes, tops and that the poor corner is all I try to make up and send nice letters. Your friend, AUNT I

My Dear Aunt Becky:— As I have read a great many letters in the True Witness, I would write. We take Witness and enjoy reading much. My sisters and I like Aunt Becky's column best, to the St. Joseph's Church pastor's name is Father Mudy who is greatly interested Sunday-school has offered to the ones who have the chism. We started about age, and will receive our Easter Sunday. One of the is a silver crucifix, so we working very hard for it. guess I had better close, w love. I remain, Your loving niece, WIN

Barre, Mass., April 12, 1905. (Glad you enjoy the cornie.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:— This is my first letter, but I have written alright Rory my brother, is 13 years old and I am 6 years old. Little sister, and she is 3 years old. I have a little brother, and years old. I have a big sister is 14 years old. I stay with grandma. One night Maggie stayed at grandma's. She me to stay down a night a had to go to school. My Miss Barry. My two brothers with me. Nellie was sick for and I was sick for a day and not go to school. I will close saying good-bye from CHRISTINA

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co. (Write again, Christina. get too many letters.—Ed.)

My Dear Aunt Becky:— As I have not written you good while, I think I will write you a letter to let you know how I am. The ice is all over here now. Last year I bought the river and had taken away to make a way river for trout to go up, and logs have to make their way the dam. My two aunts came this spring to see my grandpa she was sick, but they are now as grandma is better. every day to look after her hens. There was only one True Witness this week hope to see more next. It is nearly all gone away here and we play ball at school. My brother bought a at the bazaar last Xmas, a thing came out of it. N. Aunt Becky. I think I have enough. I remain, Your nephew, WASHINGTON

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co. (I was just wondering what happened to Washington. Hear from you.—Ed.)

THE QUARRELLING ACC

(By Capt. B. Hyland, S. Many years ago, in the Osnio, Italy, a grand procession formed to celebrate the opening of the silver sandalwood. The silver sandalwood was only applied with tanning stone was attached with sealless ground. Fifty years after this incident justice was proclaimed

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Where are my little friends and what are they doing? The letters are following a contrary rule, that is, they diminish rather than increase. I have been waiting—in vain—for very interesting accounts of how things are going in the country. I suppose you are all so taken up with skipping ropes, tops and marbles that the poor corner is all forgotten. Try to make up and send me some nice letters.

Your friend,

AUNT BECKY.

My Dear Aunt Becky:—

As I have read a great many of the letters in the True Witness, I thought I would write. We take the True Witness and enjoy reading it very much. My sisters and I like to read Aunt Becky's column best. We go to the St. Joseph's Church, and our pastor's name is Father Mulhane. A lady who is greatly interested in our Sunday-school has offered three prizes to the ones who have the best catechism. We started about a month ago, and will receive our presents Easter Sunday. One of the presents is a silver crucifix, so we are all working very hard for it. Well, I guess I had better close, with much love. I remain,

Your loving niece,

WINNIE M.

Barre, Mass., April 12, 1905

(Glad you enjoy the corner, Winnie.—Ed.)

Dear Aunt Becky:—

This is my first letter, but Washington has written alright before. My brother, is 13 years old, and I am 6 years old. I have a little sister, and she is 3 years old. I have a little brother, and he is 5 years old. I have a big sister, she is 14 years old. I stay with my grandma. One night Maggie Brown stayed at grandma's. She wanted me to stay down a night at home. I had to go to school. My teacher is Miss Barry. My two brothers go with me. Nellie was sick for a week and I was sick for a day and could not go to school. I will have to close saying good-bye from

CHRISTINA J. R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B. (Write again, Christina. I cannot get too many letters.—Ed.)

My Dear Aunt Becky:—

As I have not written you this good while, I think I will try another letter to let you know that I am well. The ice is all out of the river here now. Last year a club bought the river and had the dam taken away to make a way up the river for trout to go up, and now the logs have to make their way through the dam. My two aunts came home this spring to see my grandma when she was sick, but they are away now as grandma is better. I go up every day to look after her cow and hens. There was only one letter in the True Witness this week, but I hope to see more next. The snow is nearly all gone away here now, and we play ball at school every day. My brother bought a baseball at the bazaar last Xmas, and everything came out of it. Now, dear Aunt Becky, I think I have written enough.

I remain,

Your nephew,

WASHINGTON R.

Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B. (I was just wondering what had happened to Washington. Happy to hear from you.—Ed.)

THE QUARELLING ACOLYTES.

(By Capt. B. Hyland, S.F.C.) Many years ago, in the city of Orsino, Italy, a grand procession was formed to celebrate the opening of a jubilee. All the students of the College and Seminary took part in the event. The cross-bearer was accompanied by two acolytes, each carrying a beautiful silver candlestick. The two acolytes were sons of noble families, both of the same age and size. While the procession was in movement, the two acolytes began to quarrel for some cause or other and from hot words they came to blows. The silver candlesticks were vigorously applied with telling effect, soon as was stretched senseless on the ground. Fifty years after this incident the jubilee was proclaimed. Here

again our two acolytes met. One was now the memorable Leo XII. The Holy Father, surrounded by the whole Roman court, proceeded from the Vatican Palace to St. Peter's to preside at the ceremony of the opening of the holy door. When he arrived at the holy door, the Cardinal presented him the silver hammer with which to knock at the door, the signal for the removal of the brick wall. After receiving the hammer from the hands of the Cardinal, the Pope, with a merry twinkle in his eye and a significant smile, said: "Does Your Eminence remember what took place at the last jubilee? You also gave me a silver instrument, but now, with such grace as you gave me this silver hammer."

"Holy Father, I remember it very well," replied the blushing Cardinal. "And I hope your Holiness has long since forgiven me, though it is evident you have not forgotten the incident."

Four years later Leo XII. died and the other acolyte, Cardinal Sastiglioni, was elected Pope, under the name of Pius VII. What a glorious career for the two angry acolytes! How encouraging is this history! To all boys—for boys will be boys—but it is particularly encouraging to those who, like myself, have the distinguished honor of being chosen to serve on the sanctuary. A short time ago the officers of the Sanctuary Society called a meeting to vote the expulsion of a member who had the misfortune to raise his arm in self-defence against an unlawful aggressor. Mr. Chairman advised moderation, and related the story of the quarrelling acolytes. The sentence was reversed, the boy's honor was saved, and he is now a model Sanctuary boy.

A MAGIC DRAWER.

"Oh, there's nobody like Miss Margaret!" the girl declared with conviction; "so fine, so dainty, so constantly thinking of lovely things to do! And her home looks exactly like her—everything perfect in its way and so welcoming! And if you could see her magic drawer! Miss Margaret doesn't call it that—she calls it Jack Horner's pie, because, she says, the girls can each 'put in a thumb.' It is full of the most exquisite things, and every girl who visits her can choose something from it to remember her by," she says. It must be so lovely to be rich and able to do things like that!"

"Cousin Alice is richer than Miss Margaret," the girl's mother suggested. "But that's different," the girl flashed back. "Cousin Alice hasn't any magic drawer. It isn't in her to think of having one."

"Yet she gave you that beautiful lace," the mother reminded her, smiling. "Yes, she did," the girl replied, slowly. In a moment she looked up, laughing. "Oh, I see through you, you transparent little mother! And of course you're right—you always are. The real gifts don't come out of magic drawers after all—they come right from the heart—and people can give them even if they do wear let-down dresses and have shabby chairs in the parlor and holes in the dining-room carpet. It's Miss Margaret's self and not Miss Margaret's money that makes people love her so. I'll try to remember."

STRAIGHTEN UP.

Never allow your physical standard to drop. Keep up your energy, walk as though you were somebody, and were going to do something worth while in the world, so that even a stranger will note your bearing and mark your superiority. If you have fallen into a habit of walking in a listless, indolent way, turn right about face at once and make a change. You don't want to shuffle along, like the failures we often see sitting around on park benches, or loitering about the streets, with their hands in their pockets, or haunting situation offices, and wondering why fate has been so hard with them. You don't want to give people the impression that you are discouraged or that you are already falling to the rear. Straighten up, then! Stand erect! Be a man! You are a child of the Infinite King. You have royal blood in your veins. Emphasize it by your bearing. A man who is conscious of his kinship with God, and of his power, and who believes thoroughly in himself, walks with a firm, vigorous step, with his head erect, his chin in, his shoulders thrown back and down, and his chest

well projected in order to give a large lung capacity; he is the man who does things. You can not aspire or accomplish great or noble things so long as you assume the attitude and bearing of a coward or weakling. If you would be noble and do noble things, you must look up. You were made to look upwards and to walk upright, not to look down or to shamble along in a semi-horizontal position. Put character, dignity, nobility into your walk.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

My Thought is a nice game. One player thinks of something, and then asks the other in turn, "What is my thought like?" They having no idea what the thought is, answer at random, saying, perhaps, "Like a wet day," or "Like a concert." "Like a box." After collecting all the answers, the player tells what his thought was, and then goes round again, calling upon each player in turn to explain why it is like the thing named by them. Thus, supposing the thing thought of was an accordion, the first player, when asked why an accordion is like a wet day, might reply, "Because one soon gets tired of it." The next may say, "It is like a concert because there is lots of music in it," or "It is like a box because it opens and shuts." After playing the game for a little while, one gets quite smart at making suitable replies.

Here is a catch you can ask your friends to do. Start the game yourself, making a circle with the finger on a table, or anything flat, putting in the eyes and mouth and saying as you do it: "The moon is round, two eyes, a nose, and a mouth," only be sure that you make the circle with your left hand. You will find that your friends who are asked to do exactly as you have done will exclaim, "Oh, how easy!" but that they will invariably make the circle with their right hand.

THE SENSE OF DIRECTION.

A dog was once adopted by my father. He came from friends some twenty-five miles away; friends who wanted to be rid of him. Coming most of the way in the night, he was easily prevented from seeing the route over which he passed, and it would hardly seem that he could have even the most vague idea of the direction in which he was being driven. He had never been over this route before.

After he reached our home, he seemed tractable, affectionate and absolutely contented. But our experience with him was brief, for in a couple of days he was rebuked for some misdemeanor with slight punishment, which seemed to change his attitude towards us. He started in a southerly direction, directly opposite to that in which he came, and no one of us could call him back. He disappeared over the top of a wooded hill back of the house, and all in vain were our explorations and our calls. This happened in the morning. Before night of the same day he was back in the town of Albany, Me., from whence he was taken.

An instance of similar sense of direction was the case of a lady of whom I knew, who, being very much annoyed by a certain toad which would burrow in her plant pots, sought to rid herself of him by repeated removals, the last one being about half a mile away. Each time she soon found the toad again.

Still another case was that of a gentleman who wanted to banish a toad from his barn. He first placed him across the road in the ditch, but in a few hours found him again in the barn. Trying this again with no better success, he took the toad by the hind legs and threw him out across a pasture lot. The self-same toad reappeared in the barn after a few hours. The man then carried him under cover into a neighboring orchard, still more remote, but his very next morning found him at his old post in the barn.

This melted the gentleman's heart, and he said, "Mr. Toad, if you like me as well as this, I shall never turn you off again."—A. P. Reed, in New England Homestead.

BE IN EARNEST.

There is no more common failing than insincerity. It may not go very deeply into our lives, but its effect is noticeable over a wide area of society. Ordinary politeness covers much that perhaps it is just as well to keep out of view. But even politeness, if it does not come from and correspond to the inner feelings of the heart, is but a mask. True politeness comes from within. Its forms may be given to it by the custom and usage of society, but its animating principle must be in ourselves. Politeness is sometimes counterfeited, just as any other metal of value is imitated in base ma-

terial. It is hard, too, to distinguish always the true from the false. Good manners can be affected so easily on occasion by some who at other times are the veriest vulgarities. The real test of worth of character is not so much the outward show as the readiness to make sacrifices for the sake of others. The genuine politeness, some one has said, is but the visible flowering of a gentle, unselfish nature; the counterfeit is but the mask that covers selfishness and vulgarity.

Earnestness in regard to those little things that regard the comfort of others is desirable no less than in matters of religion. Insincerity is, indeed, a tribute to the worth of the genuine article, but in itself it is but a miserable counterfeit.

A LESSON LEARNED.

Walter Savage Landor did not share his countrymen's taste for field sports. In his youth he had shot a partridge one winter afternoon, and found the bird alive next morning, after a night of exceptional bitterness. "What that bird must have suffered!" he exclaimed. "I often think of its look." And Walter Savage Landor never took gun in hand again.

TRAINING THE LEFT HAND.

It is one of the good signs of the time that the use of the left hand is coming into fashion in education. Our children, let us hope, are not to be forever crippled by being brought up one handed. We are learning at last the absurdity of allowing one of our hands to fall into practical disuse, and the excellent names behind the newly formed Ambidextral Culture Society give ground for hope that common sense may prevail on the subject and lead to the development of a two-handed instead of a one-handed race. The founder of the society, John Jackson, has embodied his philosophy in a highly interesting book on "Ambidexterity; or Two Handedness and Two Brainedness," to which Major R. S. Baden-Powell contributes an introduction. The major, like the late Queen Victoria, can write with either hand and use the two hands interchangeably for any purpose. That, of course, is all that is demanded.—London Mail.

WHEN BABY SMILES.

When baby smiles mother knows he is well and happy. When he is cross, ailing and fretful, she gives him Baby's Own Tablets, and finds that there's a smile in every dose. These Tablets cure all little ailments of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, worms and simple fevers. They make teething easy, and promote natural sleep and repose, and are guaranteed not to contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Robt. Dean, Tisdale, N.W.T., says:—"I find Baby's Own Tablets a perfect medicine for little ones, and always keep them in the house." You can get the Tablets from your medicine dealer, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

The devotion of a man of science to his work is often heroic, and the calm pluck of the laboratory man in his investigations is thrilling, although so common as to be proverbial. The recent death of Dr. Truax, of Brooklyn, to which the "Week's Progress" calls attention, if nothing else, is a beautiful exhibition of cold self-possession. So ill himself that he needed all his strength, he answered a call and started to perform an operation at the hospital. During the operation he was stricken down, and was removed to an adjoining room in a fainting condition. He told his fellow physicians that his trouble was an attack of heart dilatation. He prescribed his own treatment and directed the work of the doctors in administering it. He noted the progress of the treatment and its lack of result, and himself announced the failure of the remedies and his approaching death. Some years ago Dr. Terry, of Fall River, Mass., showed similar courage and supremacy of will. While he was fencing, a fall broke and pierced his mask and his eye. He pulled off the mask and ordered that a certain specialist be summoned. He then seated himself, and notebook in hand, jotted down his experiences as data for his profession. He explained that the wall of the eye had been pierced and that a clot of blood was forming on his brain. All the phenomena of the formation of the blood clot from the patient's point of view, most valuable knowledge for other physicians to work by, he committed to paper before death overtook him. The end came before help could reach him.

FRANCES E. WILLARD AND THE MONKS OF ST. BERNARD.

Frances E. Willard, the celebrated American woman whose earnest work for temperance will not soon be forgotten, and whose statue was recently unveiled in Statuary Hall, in the national Capitol, was a Protestant; but her relations with Catholics, enlisted in the cause so dear to her heart, were always most kindly. Little wonder then she should write the following sympathetic account of her visit to the Hospice St. Bernard. That world-famous establishment in the St. Gothard Pass of the Alps, wherein travellers find rest, refreshment and shelter at the hands of the kindly Fathers.

"On we climbed, while Mr. Smith impelled our flagging steps by an explosive recitation of Longfellow's 'Excelsior,' the scene of which is here. Around a sharp, rocky bend, up an ascent as steep as a house roof, past an overhanging precipice, I went, leaving the gentleman behind me in the enthusiasm of the approach; and then the gray, solemn walls of the great Hospice, which had seemed to me dim and distant as the moon's caverns, rose before me outlined upon the placid evening sky.

"I stopped and listened eagerly as I approached its open door—no sound but the gurgle of a distant brook; no living object but two great St. Bernard dogs seated upon the broad, dark steps of stone.

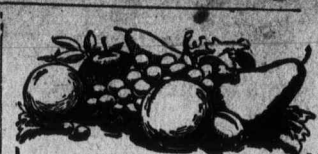
"A gentleman may be defined as a being always wisely and benignantly equal to the occasion. Such a character appeared upon the scene in the person of 'Reverend Besse,' the 'Hospitable Father' and chief of the establishment.

"Our party in committee of the whole (and no minority report) voted him the most delightful man we ever saw. All that is French in manner, united to all that is English in sturdiness of character, all that is winning in Italian tones, united to a German idealism, a Yankee's keenness of perception, a Scotchman's heartiness, and an Irishman's wit—these qualities seemed blended in our 'nonesuch' of a host, and fused into harmony by the fire of a brother's love toward man and a saint's fidelity to God. Young, fair, blue-eyed, he stood among our chattering group like one who, from a region of perpetual calm, dispenses radiant smiles and overflowing bounty.

"So quick was his discernment, and so sagacious was his decision, that almost without a question he assigned us, in detachments correctly arranged, to fitting domiciles, made each one feel that he or she had been especially expected and prepared for, and within five minutes had so won his way into the innermost recesses of everybody's heart, that Mr. Jones expressed in his own idiomatic way the sense of fifty guests when he declared, 'To such a man as that, even the Little Corporal might well have doffed his old chapeau.' Who shall do justice to the dinner at the L-shaped table, where the Father sat at the head and said grace, beaming upon his great cosmopolitan family with that young face, so honest, gentle and brave?

A PLACE WHERE RELIGION IS REAL.

"Here Kate broke in with an important question: 'How do you occupy your time in summer?' 'Oh, mademoiselle, we study and teach—we had fifty students last season.' 'What do you teach?' 'All that a priest ought to know—theology, philosophy, the laws of the Church. We know contemporaneous events, except politics, which we do not read.' 'What is your age?' here chimed in the practical Jones. 'Monseigneur, I am thirty-one.' 'How long have you been here?' 'Eleven years, and I remain in perfect health. My predecessors in the office could not endure this high altitude—three of them left in a period of four years.' 'Why are you here?' persisted Jones. 'The scene was worthy of a painter—that shrewd Yankee, whose very figure was a walking interrogation point, and that graceful, urbane monk, in his long cassock, leaning in his easy chair, and looking forward and a little upward, he answered with slow, melodious emphasis, 'Brother, it is my calling, that is all.' So simple was his nature, that to have heard a call from God and not obeyed it would have seemed to him only less monstrous than not to



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have heard any call at all! At early dawn we were awakened by men's voices in a solemn chant, led by the Hospitable Father—and never did religion seem more sacred and attractive than while we listened as through the chapel door came the words of the Te Deum, consecrated by centuries of Christian song. 'We praise Thee, O God, we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.'

THE MONKS AS LIFE-SAVERS.

"Yes, madam, our Hospice was founded nine hundred years ago, by Count Bernard of Savoy, who devoted forty years of his life to entertaining and protecting, as we still try to do, the many travellers who annually pass through these mountains between Switzerland and Italy. About twenty thousand were cared for each year in olden times, without the smallest charge being made to rich or poor. Now we have not so many, the facilities for travel having so greatly improved. But a great number come over the pass who are out looking for work, and there are also many beggars. These we limit to three days' entertainment. We would gladly keep them longer, but can not. Our dogs are a cross between Newfoundland and Pyrenean.

"In winter travellers are obliged to wait at a place of refuge we have provided at some distance from these buildings, which is on the very top of the pass, until we send out a man and dog, with refreshments fastened to the neck of the dog, who never once loses his way, though the distance is long. The snow is often thirty feet deep, and the only guide the man has is the banner-like tail of the dog waving through the storm.

MISS MARIE CAHILL'S PREDICAMENT.

A correspondent of the Boston Pilot writes: Miss Marie Cahill, probably the best known of the practical Catholic actresses on the stage to-day, delights to tell of an incident of her girlish life on the stage which happened in that city.

It has always been her custom to make the "First Fridays," and she kept it up even in the face of the many inconveniences of theatrical life. It happened while she was appearing in a Boston theatre, in one of the theatrical reviews then in vogue, entitled "The Whirl of the Town," that the ninth in a series of "First Fridays" came around.

Miss Cahill decided not to take any chances with the hotel system of awakening a person but went forth and purchased an alarm clock. She secreted it in one of those magic pockets which every woman who travels much has in her underskirt, and then went to the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires to confession. It was late in the afternoon, and Miss Cahill was in a hurry. While in the confessional the alarm sounded.

Confusion reigned supreme. The embarrassed young woman darted from the confessional in consternation and dashed down the aisle, with the clock sounding its merry ring in her pocket.

When she reached the street she examined the clock, and realized that in her enthusiasm about getting up the next morning she had already set the clock for six, forgetting that a six had to be passed before the morning hour was reached.

Too much upset to venture in there again, she sought the Church of the Holy Trinity for confession.

The bravest and best of men and women can only say: "I have done my duty."

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THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905.

PRESENT RESPONSIBILITY.

The opposition shown in the West
to the autonomy bills is wholly unworthy
of attention. No man of reputation
in public life outside of Parliament
has given it countenance. Mr.
E. L. Borden has thrown in his
personal lot with the rank and file
of his following, who really represent
the Orange lodges; but he has lost
the support of his Quebec lieutenant
and of the independent men of his
party returned by Ontario constituencies.
The newspapers of Toronto
have been the backbone of the agitation;
but they have only rallied the
Orange men and certain fanatical
preachers who are glad of an opportunity
to abuse the French and Catholics
in general.

One effect of the agitation is
to prove the wisdom of the Dominion
Government in grappling with the
issue now. Mr. Borden's policy
of throwing it over upon the new
provinces themselves was the other
course open. Had the federal authority
not handled the question it
would sooner or later have been made
the pretext for another persecution
of Catholics in the Northwest, to
kindle, perhaps, a religious war throughout
the Dominion. Firebrands would
not overlook their opportunity.

We have seen a glaring example
of this very thing in the conduct
of Hon. Robert Rogers, Manitoba
Minister of Public Works. Mr. Rogers
had nothing to concern either him
or his government in the educational
affairs of Alberta and Saskatchewan.
Manitoba had a claim upon the
Dominion Government for the extension
of her boundaries; but Mr. Rogers
stopped neither at falsehood nor
deceit until he had dragged the school
question before the Manitoba Cabinet.

His first attempt to involve
Mr. Sbarretti failed lamentably; but
he was not discouraged. Without
any pretext whatever he has more
recently declared that Manitoba will
raise a fresh storm against the
Catholics of that province, and begin
by wiping out the Order-in-Council
of 1897 ratifying the agreement
made at the instance of Sir Wilfrid
Laurier after the fight of the Catholics
had failed in the courts and remedial
legislation had been frustrated
by the conspiracy that split the
Conservative party to fragments.

The menace of Mr. Rogers may
mean much or little to the Catholics
of Manitoba. What it does mean
to the Catholics of Canada is not little.
It reminds them of the fact that
the school question being open to
provincial interference amounts to a
standing invitation of fanatics and
demagogues to make a football
of Catholic interests for the advancement
of their own aims. That in the
eye of Mr. Robert Rogers looks at it.
He will not respect the Order-in-Council
of 1897, saying it has no

constitutional effect. If the rights
of Catholics in Alberta and Saskatchewan
were similarly left in any
constitutional doubt, they would be
at the mercy any hour of some
reckless individual looking for trouble
either inside or outside his own
province. The educational clauses now
under discussion at Ottawa offer the
whole substance of Catholic constitutional
rights, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier
has accepted the responsibilities
of the Canadian statesman in taking
the stand he has taken, viz., that
there shall be no loophole left for
doubt as to the validity and permanence
of those rights.

A LIFE'S EXPERIENCE.

Dr. George Bull, of New York, has
contributed to the Verite of Paris a
remarkable series of articles headed
"Why I became a Catholic." They
deal with the doctor's youth in Canada.
He was born in Hamilton,
of Irish Protestant parents, and was
brought up in deep detestation of the
Catholic Church. When a boy he
often had to re-echo the Orange toast
about King Billy, Popery, brass money
and wooden shoes. Luther was
represented to him as a sort of
Thomas a Kempis, and when he was
at College in Montreal he read
"Maria Monk" which had a pernicious
effect on him for years. Dr. Bull
went to study medicine at McGill
University, practised as a doctor in
New York, and was in the meantime
interested in religious problems.
Abandoning the Protestantism of his
Irish parents, the doctor fell under
the influence of Dr. Adler. This was
at New York, in 1883, when Dr. Bull
devoted himself to his present profession,
that of oculist. Adler, son
of a Jewish Rabbi, had been sent to
Germany by his father to study for
synagogue work. In Germany he
lost all belief in revealed religion,
and, returning to New York, founded
the "Society for Ethical Culture."
His creed was the "excellence of
righteousness." Conscience and moral
faith were everything for him,
and there was no necessity for prayer
or belief in religion of any kind.
Dr. Bull, fascinated by Adler's eloquence,
joined the Ethical Society.
He was also attracted by its humanitarian
side, and was for some time
under the sway of the Hebrew teacher
and philosopher.

NEWS FROM AFAR.

The Canadian Associated Press
must be hard up for news, and badly
qualified to distribute the same,
when we get the following over our
government aided cable:

London, April 15.—Mr. Michael
McCarthy, who is a Roman Catholic,
and author of "Priests and People in
Ireland," in a letter in to-day's
Chronicle, says: "For several years
past I have noticed with regret the
spread of priestly power in Canada.
I have intimate knowledge of the
evils of sectarian education as manipulated
by priests under the sanction
of the Government in Ireland, and I
believe no greater misfortune could
happen to such a colony as Manitoba
than the endowment of priests'
schools."

Mr. Michael McCarthy, who thus
gets the credentials of the Canadian
Associated Press as to his Catholicity,
is an individual who came into
some local prominence in the North
of Ireland less than a year ago.
As the tool of the Orange Order he
went from platform to platform
abusing the Irish people and their religion
after the fashion of the late
Father Chinguy. The Catholics took
no notice of his oratory and Orange
mobs soon grew weary of it. But it
served incidentally to advertise a
book McCarthy had written against
the clergy. The Canadian Associated
Press gives this precious volume
another advertisement in Canada. It
is about time the Dominion Government
shut off the supplies of the
Canadian Associated Press.

Inasmuch as the French Chamber
may vote on the separation of Church
and State this week, the best informed
opinion as to the effect of the
impending measure must be looked
for from the Cardinals of France. In
their recent letter to President Loubet,
they make their protest as

strong as language can express it,
saying "that the abolition of the Concordat
would not only lead to moral
and social degeneration in France,
but that it would be an unjust
and an illegal measure." And furthermore,
"the project of separation leads
necessarily to religious persecution,
and is not the expression of the national
will."

HOLY WEEK AND SPIRITUAL LIFE.

The devotions of the Church customary
to Holy Week can never become
merely ceremonious to the congregation.

In all the practice of Christian
piety there are no exercises more
solemnly and impressively real than
the gradual passage from suffering
and death to awakening and life in
the paschal light.

In the spiritual experience of each
individual amongst us no clearer call
to repentance and religious awakening
may be heard than during this
Holy Week. Therefore it is the appointed
time of penance, for which
the Lenten season made long preparation.
It is the time not only of
invitation but of duty to approach
the Sacraments.

CABINET REPRESENTATION.

The continued indifference of the
provincial government to the Irish-Catholic
portion of the electorate is
the natural reward of the inattention
of Irish-Catholics themselves to
their own political interests in this
province. Premier Guoin will take
his time about the settlement of the
question of Irish-Catholic representation.

The claims of the English-speaking
Protestants have been more signally
vindicated than in any past period.
Why? It certainly is not, as we
have so often heard of late from Ontario,
because English-speaking Protestants
have been at all ignored
and are receiving now, for the first
time, generous treatment from the
majority. No, the reason is that
English-speaking Protestants are
always alive to their political interests
in Montreal and Quebec, and
that reason alone are the first political
element in the community to be
reckoned with. We have but to
admire them for their vigilance and
organization. They well deserve the
deference paid them.

We believe that at the present
moment Irish-Catholics should stand
together as a body independent of
party affiliations. They should, indeed,
do this at all times when their
value in the political life of the
community is set aside and underestimated
as is the case at the present
moment. The existing conditions
will not be quickly remedied if
our people do not themselves furnish
the remedy. The session will pass
and Premier Guoin will not have
made up his mind as to whom he
should please or displease. This is
always the way. With several to
choose from, none is chosen. Let
this fact be impressed upon Mr.
Guoin, once and for all, that every
day his government stands without
an Irish-Catholic representative is so
much more provocation given to a
large and influential portion of the
electorate. This fact may assist him
to make his own choice of a man and
to make it quickly.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of
Baphoe, who has lately been received
by the Pope, informed His Holiness
that the Irish Bishops and the Irish
National party were more closely
drawn together now than at any former
time. Pope Pius expressed keen
interest in the general affairs of Ireland.

Father Martin, for the past twenty
years Superior-General of the Marists,
or Society of Mary, has passed
away, and his death will be regretted
wherever his Congregation is
known. The venerable religious was
83 years old, and was about six
feet high. He was a native of France,
and was educated at the foot of the
hill in Lyons, where he was ordained
by the Basilio of Notre Dame de
Fourvières. Pava Antonio Martin

took an active part in the remarkable
development of his Society in
France, Ireland, England, Canada,
New Zealand and Oceania, after the
Congregation had been approved by
Rome in the brief "Omnia Gentium
Salus," in April, 1836. "The Society
of Mary," says a French writer,
"owes, to a large extent, its expansion
in English-speaking countries
to Father Martin, and it is to be
hoped that this expansion will enable
it to weather present storms,
and to continue to furnish its contingent
of missionaries to Oceania."

HOME RULE AND AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of the True Witness:—
Sir,—I am a reader of the True
Witness since 1858. If it is any
way convenient please publish in
your paper the names of the members
of the House of Commons who voted
for and against the Home Rule bill
last year, introduced by Mr. Costigan,
as it had so much to do with the
election of last fall in Huntingdon.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

On the 31st March, 1903, Mr.
Costigan moved his Home Rule resolution
as an amendment to the motion
to go into committee of supply,
and the members present voted
for or against the Home Rule resolution,
viz.:

- For—Angers, Archambault, Ball
Beland, Belcourt, Bernier, Bickerdike,
Borden (Hallifax), Borden (Sir Frederick),
Bourassa, Brown, Bureau,
Calvert, Carbonneau, Carroll, Casgrain,
Clancy, Copp, Costigan, Cowan,
Demers (Levis), Demers (St. John),
Desjardins, Dugas, Emmerston,
Erb, Ethier, Fielding, Fitzpatrick,
Fortier, Fraser, Gallie, Gibson,
Gould, Grant, Guthrie, Hackett,
Hasty, Harwood, Heyd, Holmes,
Hughes (P.E.I.), Hyma, Johnston
(G.B.), Johnston (Lambton), Kaulbach,
Kendall, Lang, Laurier (Sir Wilfrid),
Laurier (L'Assomption), Lavergne,
Leblanc, Lemieux, Leonard, Logan,
Loy, Macdonald, Mackie, McGill,
McCobb, McEwen, McGowan,
McGugan, McIntosh, McIssac, McLennan,
Malouin, Marcell (Bogot), Mercier
(Bonaventure), Mayrand, Meigs,
Mignault, Monet, Monk, Morrison,
Mulock (Sir William), Murray,
Paterson, Pope, Prefontaine, Froulx,
Puttee, Reid (Restigouche), Riley,
Ross (Ont.), Ross (N.S.), Rousseau,
Scott, Stephens, Stewart, Sutherland
(Essex), Sutherland (Oxford),
Talbot, Tarte, Tobin, Tolmie, Tucker,
Turcot, Turgeon, Wright—192 for.

- Against—Alcorn, Avery, Barker,
Bell, Bennett, Blain, Boyd, Brock,
Broder, Bruce, Cargill, Charlton,
Clarke, Cochrane, Easle, Fowler,
Henderson, Hughes (Victoria, Ont.),
Ingram, Johnstone (Cardwell), Kemp,
Kidd, Lancaster, Lavell, Lennox,
McLaren (Huntingdon), McLaren (Perth),
Northrup, Porter, Reid, (Greenville),
Richardson, Robinson (Elgin),
Roche (Marquette), Rosemond,
Sherritt, Sproule, Taylor, Tisdale,
Vrooman, Ward, Wilmot—41 against.

A POET AT 108.

It is rather doubtful if there is another
poet who can boast of as
romantic a career as that of Colum
Wallace, who at the age of 108
years is now living and writing in a
modest cottage in Oughterard, in
County Galway, Ireland. A new collection
of his poems has just been
published by the Gaelic League. Wallace
was born in 1796, and for almost
one hundred years made his living
as a mason and a sawyer in various
parts of Ireland, writing poetry in
spare moments. He married twice
but about three years after his second
wife died, and soon afterwards Wallace's
lack of means obliged him to
enter the poor house at Oughterard.
He is now in splendid health and
spirits, and wrote an introductory
poem the other day for the new
volume of his verse. Perhaps the
most striking item of this collection
is a poem which Wallace calls "The
Song of Tea." It is a dialogue,
spoken by a husband and wife while
they are picking potatoes, as to the
relative merits of tobacco and tea,
to the excessive use of which they are
respectively addicted.

If peace be in the heart,
The wildest winter storm is full of
beauty.
The midnight lightning flash but
shows the path of duty.
Each living creature tells some new
and joyous story.
Every tree and stone all cast a
ray of glory.
If peace be in the heart,

A FRIEND OF GREAT MEN.

Friend of Newman and Manning,
Wiseman and Faber, an intimate or
an acquaintance of half the great
Englishmen of the nineteenth century
the venerable Oblate, Father Fox,
now in his eighty-fifth year, is living
his last years on memories and hopes
in a sunny little room at the novitiate
of his order at Tewksbury,
Mass. His wide acquaintanceship
with famous men and his stirring
memories of days which are historic
in this generation, make this old
priest one of the most interesting
characters one could journey to see
in this country. He is a cheerful
octogenarian, nimble-witted and
active, and the little room in which
he spends most of his days makes a
fitting frame for his bright personality.
It is filled with singing canaries
and brilliant mounted butterflies,
curios gathered from all the
old corners of the earth, books,
flowers, and a rustic shrine to the
Blessed Virgin made with his own
hands. He sits in the midst of
them, the young twinkle in his eyes
belying the wrinkles and the thick
white beard.

Father Fox is a convert from the
Society of Friends. He is a native
of Devon, England, and in his
boyhood's home was a friend and
companion of Charles Dickens, then
just growing into manhood and carving
his way to fame.

"The pet name Dickens first used,
by the way," said Father Fox, in a
recent chat with a Boston interviewer,
"was the pet name he gave the
younger fellow." He always called
him "Boz."

"He was very fond of his younger
brother, and one day as he was leaving
for this city said to him: 'Boz,
I'm going to publish a book, and I'm
going to put your name on it. I shall
call it 'Sketches by Boz,' and the
people will think it you.'"

"The little fellow told him not to
be foolish, but a short time later a
beautifully bound book came to him
from London. It bore the title
'Sketches by Boz,' and the lad was
delighted.

Dickens told me to look him up
when I went to London, and on my
locating there as a dentist, I called
early one morning for breakfast un-
announced. He had quarters near
Regent Park, and a delightful meal
we had. Many times after that I
called; usually others were there, and
those meals were brilliant, and perhaps
more enjoyable than the great
banquets we sometimes read about.
Some great people used to call
there, such as the Landseers, artists
then beginning to be known, and
their sister, also very talented with
the brush, Dan MacClise, the Irish
artist, was another of the set. He,
poor fellow, was a marvel with his
pencil.

"Personally Dickens was a lovable
man, and Mrs. Dickens was a fine
woman. A finer pair you'll never
meet, kind, amiable, bright, but
somehow they couldn't get along,
so they just agreed to live apart.
They were always friendly, though,
and each respected the other. I never
knew what it was, for Dickens was
a good living man. I suppose you'd
call it incompatibility of temper. I
always regretted his American book,
for I am afraid it gave Americans a
wrong idea of the man."

"In those days I was a member of
the Society of Friends, or Quakers,
as you may call them. My parents
were very devout, and the bringing
up of the children you may believe
was very strict. A wave of unrest
was going over religious England,
and, coming much in contact with
Catholic clergymen at the home of a
relative, I decided to embrace that
faith, into which many of the clergy
of the established church had but
recently been received, some of them
enduring bitter poverty for their
change. I, too, had a bit of trouble
for my professional hopes went with
my change of faith, and I was very
unsettled and unhappy. Father Faber,
the great historian, and his
works settled me, however, and I
soon after decided to enter this
order. I afterwards saw much of this
great man, my last talk with him
being shortly before his death.

Others of the orators I knew
well, including Cardinal Newman. He
was a wonderful man, a great talker
and leader. I last saw him after
His Holiness had bestowed the red
hat upon him, at the home of the
Duke of Norfolk, where he greeted me
most kindly. Later he helped me in
my labors as a missionary.

Retiring from London, I went back
to my home country of Devon, settling
at a watering place called Torquay.
There I met the Duke de Noailles,
claimant to the throne of France,
when the Legislature of France
were called Henry V. He was a

poor king then. In Torquay he worked
hard as a geologist, and I helped
him in getting together a good collection.

"Soon after this I was ordained,
and my first Mass was said at Ab-
bottford, the historic home of Scott
where, because John Hope Scott, a
great manufacturer, who had married
Str. Walter's grand-daughter, had
given the order a home, one of our
number said Mass once a week for
the family. The old home of Scott,
you know, he sold to pay the creditors
of his publishing firm, and the
Scottish people bought it back for
him on certain conditions, one of
which was that whoever should come
into it through marrying the heiress
of the family, should take the name
of Scott. That is how the manufacturer
took that name.

"John Hope Scott was a fine man
and very devout. He once told me
that the great Gladstone at one time
seriously thought of becoming a
Catholic; so seriously that, with some
others, he arranged a meeting with
Father Newman, later Cardinal Newman.
All of the party but Gladstone
called and were converted. His
sister, an eccentric woman, had earlier
been converted, and it was said
her eccentricity in dressing in colors
according to the feast days, bright
red one day, purple or white the
next, and so on, caused him to hold
back.

"About this time I got to know
Doctor, afterward Cardinal Wiseman,
very well. His great characteristic,
aside from his piety, was his love
for children and animal pets. They
were always with him, especially in
later years. Truly, he took the Master's
injunction as to children very
much to himself.

"In Ireland I met the most lovable
and the finest man I ever met—Father
Tom Burke. Laughter and wit
just bubbled out of him, he could
no more help radiating good nature
and good cheer than he could breathe.
He would joke from morn to night,
save when he was at the altar or in
the pulpit, though for many years
he suffered intensely from cancer of
the stomach, which finally killed him.
He hid his sufferings behind a smiling
face.

"I heard Parnell many times, but
I did not know him. He was an
orator, I did know his great predecessor,
Daniel O'Connell. Inclined to
be short and stout, he had a great
voice and great power of language.
Somehow he could seem to hurl his
voice at you like a brick and in the
next breath talk in a whisper hear-
able in the farther end of an immense
hall. The carrying power of his
voice was equalled by that of but
one other man I ever heard, Father
Tom Burke. Like Burke, he was
magnetic. But how he did like to
use the brogue. Father Burke, un-
like him, hadn't a trace of it.

"I enjoy life here. In the summer
I have my little garden and my
flowers—some of these here—the birds
and the butterflies. The butterflies
in that case I caught in the garden.
In winter I stay indoors, of course.

"The mornings I am able to, I celebrate
mass at 4 o'clock.

"I am not the oldest of my family,
though, by any means. My brother,
two years older than I, walks ten
miles a day at his home in England
for exercise."

"You have many treasures here,
Father," said the interviewer.

"Lots, lots of them. There is a
cable from Cardinal Merry del Val,
extending the late Holy Father's
blessing and congratulation at the
time of my golden jubilee. In this
tiny case are relics of one of our
fathers who died in sanctity, but
who has not yet been beatified. That
was very strict. A wave of unrest
was going over religious England,
and, coming much in contact with
Catholic clergymen at the home of a
relative, I decided to embrace that
faith, into which many of the clergy
of the established church had but
recently been received, some of them
enduring bitter poverty for their
change. I, too, had a bit of trouble
for my professional hopes went with
my change of faith, and I was very
unsettled and unhappy. Father Faber,
the great historian, and his
works settled me, however, and I
soon after decided to enter this
order. I afterwards saw much of this
great man, my last talk with him
being shortly before his death.

Since the above article was written,
Rev. Father Fox has passed to
his reward. He died at the novitiate
of his order, at Tewksbury, Mass.,
last week.

MISS HARDY, OF MAINE.

Moose River can boast of one of
the brightest, smartest and most
enterprising young women in the
State.

Her father cuts wood for sale, and
all through the long, cold winter just
past she has worked in the woods
with him, cutting and sawing wood,
and has done good work. Her phy-
sician advised her to stop working
for the benefit of her health, and she
had the good sense to follow his in-
structions to a remarkable day—Friday
of last week.

On Easter Monday she
Young Mrs. Hardy will

NOTES FROM THE PARISHES OF THE

THE MEANING OF E

We can but feebly imagine
and wonder which rolled
over the spirits of the dis-
the news came to the
Mary Magdalen that the
Master whom they had a-
ed, maltreated, crucified
in the tomb, had burst
death, and was again
again to see, their again
their again to follow, th-
to love and serve! And
the day, when,—the doors
where the disciples were s-
gether for fear of the J-
suddenly appeared, stand-
midst of them, what u-
emotions must have thrill-
soms of those who, but a-
before, had sorrowed and
doubted!

After this He appeared
to them, comforting them
ing them, preparing the
day when He would ascend
ven from their sight.
leave to them,—strong-
confirmed by the Holy Gh-
He promise to send them
of teaching all nations,
spreading abroad the kno-
Him, the faith in Him, th-
Him, so necessary to sal-
It is little wonder that
celebrates Easter with so
pressions of joy and glad-
she is but preserving the
those first days when th-
and disciples of the Risen
joined that He had ever-
even as He said, "Ever-
Day comes round, th-
Church in all lands mani-
men her joyous faith in
rection of our Lord. From
beginning this has been so
has been the greatest fea-
Church. It has been the
"feasts," for on it has be-
mored an event of super-
tance to Christianity—an-
which the very existence
tian faith depends. For, a-
declares in his first epist-
Corinthians, dwelling upon
portance to Christians of
in the resurrection of th-
Christ be not risen again,
preaching vain, and your
also vain." And again he
Christ be not risen again,
is vain, for you are yet in
Then they also that are fal-
in Christ are perished. If
only we have hope in Chri-
of all men most miserable,
putting aside at once un-
astrous assumption, the
the Gentiles immediately de-
phatically: "But now Chris-
from the dead, the first fr-
them that sleep"; that is
urrection of Christ, is a
and proof that the bur-
bodies in the earth is not
all things for us, but th-
last moment, in the twink-
eye, the dead shall rise ag-
rifiable.

"For," continues St. Pa-
man came death, and by a
resurrection of the dead.
Adam all die, so also in C-
shall be made alive."

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH

Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan
at the blessing of the palms
Very large congregations
at the 7, 8 and 9 o'clock
on Sunday last, and during
entire services two priests v-
stantly engaged in giving H-
munion.

ST. ANN'S PARISH

The Passion was sung by
the F. V. M. S. R. H. H. H. H.
R., and Trudel, C.S.S.R., w-
Father Fortier, C.S.S.R., bl-
palms.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH

At the early Masses large
of the faithful approached
table.

ST. MARY'S PARISH

Rev. Father O'Brien, E. J.
the ladies' retreat on Sun-
noon. In the evening, the m-
least opened, and will contin-
week. The closing exercises
held on Easter Sunday night
On Easter Monday, the
Young Mrs. Hardy will

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY. THE MEANING OF EASTER.

We can but feebly imagine the joy and wonder which rolled in a flood over the spirits of the disciples, when the news came to them through Mary Magdalen that their Lord and Master whom they had seen scourged, maltreated, crucified and buried in the tomb, had burst the bonds of death, and was again alive, - theirs again to see, theirs again to hear, theirs again to follow, theirs again to love and serve! And, later in the day, when the doors being shut where the disciples were gathered together for fear of the Jews, - Jesus suddenly appeared, standing in the midst of them, what unspeakable emotions must have thrilled the bosoms of those who, but a few hours before, had sorrowed and feared and doubted!

concert in St. Mary's Hall for the benefit of the church fund. The full choir will sing Prof. Jas. Wilson's Mass on Easter Sunday, and in the evening will render several selections, including "Regina Coeli," "Ave Maria," "O Salutaris," and "Tantum Ergo," from the same composer.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH. On Easter Monday night the ladies of the parish will hold a eucharic party in the hall. A large number of prizes have been donated.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi blessed the palms, while Rev. Abbe Perrier, assistant Chancellor, celebrated the Mass. The Passion was sung by Rev. Canon Martin. Rev. Fathers Desrochers and Lessard. In the evening Rev. Abbe Hage, O.P., continued the Lenten instructions. On Holy Thursday morning His Grace officiated at Pontifical High Mass, assisted by the Canons of the Cathedral, the different parish priests of the city, and the curates and Seminarians. His Grace blessed the holy oils, carried the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession, and at the conclusion of the Mass washed the feet of twelve Seminarians in imitation of our Saviour washing His Apostles' feet.

ST. ANN'S BRASS BAND. Some three years ago a fine and drum band was started by Rev. Father Fortier, C.S.S.R. It was known as St. Ann's file and drum band. The members attended practice faithfully and good progress was made. But it was thought much better to start a brass band, and two years ago Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., was given charge of the project. Accordingly first class instruments were bought, and the file and drum band was replaced by the present brass band. It is an independent organization, not connected with any society, not even with St. Ann's Young Men, as many persons suppose. It has its own officers, and is the only Irish Catholic brass band in Montreal. Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R., has full charge of it, and takes great interest in the welfare and progress of its members. Every spare moment he has in the evenings the Rev. Father is with his musicians. A few evenings ago a representative of the True Witness visited the armory and found the members of the band faithfully engaged in practice. The practice nights are Monday and Thursday evenings from 7.30 till 10 o'clock.



REV. JOHN McPHAIL, C.S.S.R. The band has distinguished itself lately in parades, and the members are to be congratulated on the earnestness which they show in their work. Long may it continue.

ST. ANNE'S PARISH. The Passion was sung by Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., followed by C.S.S.R., and Trudel, C.S.S.R., while Rev. Father Fortier, C.S.S.R., blessed the palms.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. At the early Masses large numbers of the faithful approached the holy table.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. Rev. Father O'Brien, E.J., closed the ladies' retreat on Sunday afternoon. In the evening the men's retreat opened, and will continue all week. The closing exercises will be held on Easter Sunday night.

On Easter Monday night the Young Men's Society will hold a

CLOSING OF THE RETREAT AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Sunday evening witnessed a scene which for impressiveness has rarely been equalled in St. Patrick's Church. It was the closing of the men's retreat. Every seat in the vast edifice was filled. Immediately after the recitation of the beads, Rev. Father Cullen preached the final sermon.

He took for his text the saying of the prophet: "I have said fit I have begun." He said this night was an epoch in the lives of many present. It would be a memorable night for many - for some it would be the last retreat and for others the happy night when they returned to their God never to forsake Him.

He explained the duties and obligations they had contracted by their good resolutions, laying great stress on the avoidance of the proximate occasions of sin. He compared life to a warfare. The Saviour on one side and Lucifer on the other fighting for souls. The Saviour's banner is the cross. His motto, sufferings. He offers and gives peace, joy and contentment. Lucifer gives his followers the bitter dregs of disappointment in this life and misery in the next.

Be awake, he concluded, never sleep on the watch. Some days, maybe, fatigue will overtake you, your legs may stagger beneath the burden of your woe, your eyes grow dim, you may find the yoke of the Lord not sweet and His burden not light, you may grow languid and dreary, but look at your model, your leader, stand shoulder to shoulder with Him, and your courage will not fail you nor will His help and grace be withheld from you. Fight like good soldiers, perseveringly and energetically, under the banner and in the footsteps of your Divine Model, till you reach the summit of your Calvary of sufferings, trials and combats, and, like Him, you will taste, after the agonies of sorrow and sacrifice, the joys of the Resurrection, eternal salvation.

At the end of the sermon the entire congregation renewed their baptismal vows aloud, each holding a lighted taper. It was a most edifying sight.

Rev. Father Martin Callaghan then paid a glowing tribute to the zealous and devoted sons of St. Alphonsus, who had faithfully followed the rule of their saintly founder in giving the retreat. The pastor also praised the congregation for their attendance at all the religious exercises, which showed that they had done much for the salvation of their souls.

Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed, imparted by Rev. M. Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Killoran and Polan, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sanctuary and high altar were tastefully decorated with flowers and lights. The music was of the highest order. During the Benediction the congregation held lighted tapers in their hands. The Papal Benediction was imparted by Rev. Father Cullen.

On last Friday evening His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, assisted by Rev. Fathers P. Heffernan and J. Killoran, as deacon and sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by Rev. Father Cullen on devotion to the Blessed Virgin, followed by a procession around the church.

It is estimated that over 1500 men followed the exercises of the retreat. Rev. Father Crosby left for Saratoga, and Rev. Father Cullen for Utica.

ST. MICHAEL'S MISSION. The mission that has been most ably and eloquently conducted by two Redemptorist Fathers, Reverend Fathers S. L. Connolly and G. Mylett, of Saratoga Springs, N.Y., was brought to a close on Tuesday evening in St. Michael's parish, upper St. Denis street. For ten days the congregation of St. Michael's had lived with one another in responding to the influence of God's grace, abundantly distributed among them. Through the instructive and earnest discourses of the missionaries. The exercises at five o'clock in the morning gathered in the neat and cosy edifice that portion of the congregation of St. Michael's that had to attend their daily employment and business at too early an hour to allow of their being present at the half past eight o'clock service. The remarkably large attendance at this early hour evidenced the deep faith of these courageous people, who had to come at considerable inconvenience

from their scattered homes, and then go to their various occupations. Great was their sacrifice, great was their merit likewise; the benefit of the mission cannot have been lost to them. The evening exercises united the attendants of the two morning services and taxed the church to its fullest capacity, and all persevered to the end, and thus stirred others to accompany them.

A separate mission was given to the children and to the adults. The mission for the children from ten years of age up, numbering one hundred and fifty, was one of the noticeable features of the occasion. It was all the more impressive as the Reverend pastor and his people see so little of the children - so dispersed are they in the Protestant and other schools of the city. This will not be long so, justice to the English-speaking minority will be granted. On Monday evening the children, before the consecration of the people of the parish to the ever Blessed Virgin, marched in procession around the church, the boys in white blouses and the girls with white veils, singing hymns and carols - repeating with Rev. Father Connolly the form of consecration, and then sang at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. No more enrapturing scene was ever witnessed in any church in the city. All left the church that evening strengthened in their faith and refreshed in their piety.

Rev. Father Connolly closed the exercises of this grand mission Tuesday evening, with a most forcible exposition of the necessity of prayer, of frequentation of the sacraments, and of the removal of the proximate occasions of sin, to ensure perseverance in the holy resolutions taken during the mission. Before taking leave of the congregation, he congratulated the people on obtaining a parish, and thanked the Rev. Father Kiernan for his kindness during their stay among them. He paid a high tribute of praise to the choir for their efficiency, and acknowledged the very great assistance given him during the children's mission by the Reverend Sisters and Miss McElligott, who presided at the organ.

Before the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, sung by Rev. Father Peladeau, Chaplain to the Carmelite Sisterhood, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Connolly and Callahan, Rev. Father Kiernan complimented the congregation upon the success of the mission, and attributed it to the cheerfulness, earnestness and unanimity which both men and women showed throughout, in the work of spiritual revival. As Father Connolly had applauded their warmheartedness, so could he, in turn, in all sincerity, applaud him for his wealth of friendliness, sympathy and devotedness, which he had extended to all during the course of the mission. The mission cross, which was to be placed in the church, would keep his memory alive that of his amiable companion, Rev. Father Mylett, fresh and green in their minds, and prayed with his congregation that God would bless them in their work, as he had prayed that God would bless them in theirs.

The many friends of Rev. Father Kiernan, who admire his fruitful zeal in organizing St. Michael's parish, both materially and spiritually, and his more recent efforts towards furnishing its children with suitable school facilities, will be rejoiced at the success his mission has had under the direction of the Rev. Fathers Connolly and Mylett.

They are slaves who will not choose Hatred, scoffing, and abuse. Rather than in silence shrink From the truth they needs must think. They are slaves, who dare not be In the right with two or three. -James Russell Lowell.

I've noticed it often among my own people around Snowfield, that the strong, skilful men are often the gentlest to the women and children; and it's pretty to see 'em carrying the little babies as if they were no heavier than birds. And the babies always seem to like the strong arm best. -George Emot-Adam Bode.

THE HARD HEARTED INCUBATOR. A well known professor has a bright little boy, who one day appeared in his father's study clasping a fowling little chicken. "Willie," said the father, "take that chicken back to its mother." "Ain't dot any fader," said the Willie.

"Well, then, take it back to its fader," said the professor, determined to maintain parental authority. "Ain't dot any fader," said the child. "Ain't dot anything but an old lapp!"

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS. The Catholic schools closed on Wednesday evening for the Easter holidays, and will re-open on Easter Tuesday.

AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH. Next Sunday afternoon the English speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis will hold their monthly meeting at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street.

EUCHERE AND SOCIAL. On Friday evening, April 28th, the ladies of St. Patrick's Parish will hold a eucharic and social at Drummond Hall. The proceeds will be devoted to the school fund.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE JAIL. On Monday morning, the annual retreat for the Catholic prisoners opened at the city jail, conducted by Rev. Abbe Calise. Three hundred persons took part. The exercises closed on Wednesday morning with a solemn High Mass at which the prisoners received Holy Communion, thus making their Easter duty.

FAREWELL DISCOURSE. On Thursday, April 27, at 8 o'clock, Abbe Vignot, who has been preaching the Lenten course of sermons at the Church of Notre Dame, will give his farewell lecture at the Monument National. There is a rare treat in store for any who may avail themselves of this event. The speaker will take as his subject "The Mission of the French tongue in Canada." Mr. Joseph Saucier will sing. Tickets are for sale at the Messrs. Granger, Notre Dame street.

St. Gabriel's Juvenile T.A. & B. Society

St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society held its regular monthly meeting Sunday afternoon. Ten new members were initiated, thus making the total number 251. The Society will hold a concert in June, the proceeds to be devoted to the fund for the building of the stone steps. The President, Mr. John Collins, strongly urged the members to work earnestly and make the affair a success. Mr. E. J. Colfer spoke on the necessity of good attendance at the meetings, and of each member taking an interest in furthering the work of the Society.

Capt. Loye Elected Honorary Life Member P. A. A. A.

Captain Loye, who was one of the founders of the Police Amateur Athletic Association, and has twice been its president, has been elected an honorary life member, being the first member of the association upon whom that honor has been conferred. Captain Loye has always proved himself to be an efficient officer, and we are glad to see that, though his time is greatly occupied, when he has leisure he takes a lively interest in athletics. We hope yet to see Capt. Loye's name in the list of promotions very worthily bestowed in his case.

THE NIGHT SCHOOL PRIZES.

The distribution of prizes to the successful scholars attending the different Catholic night schools throughout the city took place on last Friday evening at Montcalm Hall, corner of St. Hubert and Demottigny streets. Among those present were: Hon. Rodolphe Roy, Provincial Secretary; Superintendent Bergeron, Director General Lacroix, Rev. Father Perrier, representing the Catholic School Board; Rev. Father Chamy, the Assyrian pastor; Principals Ahern, Sarafeld School; Leitch, Edward Murphy School; Desaulniers, Belmont School; Dore, Champlain School; Perreault, Montcalm School; and Primeau, Olier School.

The proceedings opened with a selection by the orchestra, followed by a pretty chorus. Hon. Rodolphe Roy, who was delegated specially by Hon. Lomer Gouin, Premier of Quebec, spoke at length on education. He said that the Premier of the Province had promised that education would be a very important item of his programme. The speaker was particularly well pleased to see that the educational status of the Province of Quebec was not secondary in the speeches of the Canadian members who showed their superiority over members from the much-vaunted Province of Ontario. He hoped that the rising generation would prove

their worth also when an opportunity presented itself. Rev. Abbe Perrier, Vice-Chancellor of the Archdiocese, spoke in French and English on the great benefits to be derived from the night schools, and strongly urged all to attend. Superintendent J. H. Bergeron read his report, showing that classes opened on October 3 and ended February 28.

The course of studies comprised reading, French and English, translation, composition, arithmetic, penmanship and bookkeeping. The number of pupils registered was 1179, with an average attendance of 688, or 62 per cent. Eight schools were opened from October 3 with 83 classes.

In January the increase in the Italian school necessitated the opening of two new classes, raising the number of classes in the city to 35. In the beginning of February three classes were closed because they failed to show the required average of 18 - two classes were closed in the Olier school and one in the Montcalm school.

The remaining 32 classes maintained their average of eighteen till the close of the session. Resolutions of Condolence. Resolved, That Division No. 1, Buckingham, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in regular session assembled, wish to express its heartfelt sympathy with Bro. James P. Kennedy, in the time of his deep affliction owing to the death of his beloved wife. It is further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to the bereaved family, the True Witness and National Hibernian. JAMES T. FARNAND, Secretary. J. LEWIS O'NEILL, President.

Resolved, That Division No. 1, Buckingham, Ancient Order of Hibernians, in regular session assembled, wish to express its heartfelt sympathy with Bro. Dan J. Gorman in the time of his deep affliction owing to the death of his beloved sister. It is further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be sent to the bereaved family, the True Witness and National Hibernian. JAMES T. FARNAND, Secretary. J. LEWIS O'NEILL, President.

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WBAA, TIRED PEOPLE

Need New Blood in Spring to Bring Health and Strength.

Spring blood is bad blood. It is clogged with impurities that make themselves felt in many ways, such as pimples and eruptions, poor digestion, occasional headaches, twinges of rheumatism, a lazy feeling in the morning, and a strong desire to avoid exertion. Sometimes the nerves are unstrung, you feel dull and depressed, and your strength is slipping away. You can only be put right by enriching the blood and driving out the impurities. Purgatives won't do this - they only make you weaker. What you need is a tonic, and the best tonic that medical science has yet discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood, brace the nerves and bring health and energy to weak, despondent and easily tired men and women. Mrs. Chas. Blackburn, Aylesford Station, N.S., says: "For the past ten years Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine I have taken when I found I needed medicine. Last spring I was feeling poorly, was weak, easily tired and depressed. I got three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they made me feel like a new person. They are the best medicine I know of when the blood is out of condition."

If you need a medicine this spring - and there are few people who do not - take a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you will find an improved appetite and new health and strength such as no other medicine can give you. There is no disease of the blood these pills will not cure, simply because they make this new, rich blood that drives disease from the system. The genuine Pink Pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Stand close to all, but lean on none. And if the crowd desert you, Stand just as fearlessly alone. As if a throng begirt you, And learn what long the wise have known. Self-sight alone can hurt you.

A TERRIBLE MISTAKE.

A dense fog descended upon Montreal. In the heart of the city it was thick, brown; in the suburbs it was rolling with smoke, damp, choking and chill. Little John Curry groped his way through the lanes of Maisonneuve, considerably at a loss, for the neighborhood was completely unknown to him, and he heartily wished himself at his destination. Yet he was by no means unhappy, for he was about to make love to the prettiest girl in the world. No thought of rejection ever came to his mind, for he was the only son of a banker, and even if she did refuse him, it wouldn't be for want of money on his part. Yes, she was quite worthy of him. Thus ran his thoughts, and so concentrated were they that he wandered on, paying little attention to what path he was taking. At last he rose from his meditation to consider where he was. But the fog was so dense that he could not see a yard ahead of him. The night was so still that he was afraid to walk a step further. But suddenly the stillness of the night was disturbed. He heard the sound of hasty footsteps coming after him. He stopped abruptly, feeling as if he had been stabbed in the pit of the stomach with an ice-cold knife. John was filled with a vague fear; he listened carefully. The pitter of the flying feet was rapidly drawing near. Then he was seized with great trepidation, and he too began to run. A voice called out: "Stop! stop! you villain, or I fire!" John, however, bounded on unheeding the words. He found that handicapped by his heavy overcoat, to say nothing of his own meagre proportions and his lack of speed, he was no match for his pursuer. The chase was soon ended. A strong hand clutched him by the collar and jerked him backwards, and but for the tight grip of his assailant he would have fallen. "What!" he gasped. "You scoundrel," thundered the unknown fiercely. It was very dark, but Mr. Curry made out that he seemed to be a well-dressed, clean-shaven young man, and of pleasing countenance. "Give me that watch," said he. He looked so fierce that John did not hesitate for a minute for his request. "Certainly, certainly," he quavered, "it's a little hard, but—" "The watch," said the unknown, sternly. John unbuttoned his coat and drew from his pocket his watch, and gave it to the stranger. "And thank your lucky stars," said the stranger, "that I let you off so easy." He took the watch without looking at it. "Now, get off with you," said he, and he aimed a well-directed kick that sent John sprawling on his hands and knees. Then with a laugh the robber strolled away. Poor little John, with tears of anguish in his eyes, mortification and rage in his heart, gathered himself up, recovered his hat, brushed his knees and elbows and buttoned up his coat again. He would proceed no further, but returned to the warmly lighted streets he had just left. Then he could make enquiries at some shop, and perhaps secure a guide, for he had by no means abandoned his intention of calling on his loved one on that night and declaring his passion. He felt so shaky and sore that he went into a public house to get a glass of brandy, and told the landlord of his misfortune. The landlord sympathized with him and said, "There's a lot of rough customers out here. You're not the first one to be waylaid by a long run."

and John wondered if this was his rival. Having shook hands with Miss Caples very shyly, he awaited an introduction to the young gentleman. "Oh, I forgot, you have not met Mr. Jack Weeks before. Jack, this is Mr. Curry." The young man arose and confronted Mr. Curry at last. "Glad to have the pleasure—" he was beginning, and then stopped abruptly. As for John, he felt as if a dagger had been pitched into him, for this Mr. Weeks was no less than the person who took his watch. "What is the matter?" cried Mr. Caples, alarmed by the extraordinary demeanor of John. "It's all right," said Jack Weeks, "old friends, in fact bit of a shock to both of us. How de' do, old boy," and he gripped the limp hand of John and clapped him on the shoulder. As he did so he winked meaningly at John half a dozen times. John was utterly puzzled. He saw dimly the footpad eating and drinking with a good appetite; he saw him talking and laughing with Grace perfectly at his ease and altogether enjoying himself. Dinner over, they adjourned to the drawing-room; Jack Weeks at once sat by Grace, and poor John sat by the door alone. Mr. Caples soon fell asleep, then Mrs. Caples, speaking in a piercing whisper, said: "Oh, I declare, I had almost forgotten. I want to ask your advice, my dear Mr. Weeks, on some old prints Mr. Caples picked up in the street the other day. Would you mind coming down stairs with me, and looking through them?" Mr. Weeks complied with her request, and this left John and Grace alone, as he had long wished for. "Miss Caples," he said, "I have been longing for this chance for weeks." "Indeed," she said, with downcast eyes. "This is the supreme moment of my life; in a very little while I shall be the happiest or most miserable man on earth." She stole a side glance at him. "Grace, I love you—" "No, no," she cried in a whisper, and she shrunk away from him. "Yes, Grace, I love you with all my heart and soul. Don't you love me a little, too?" "I like you, Mr. Curry." "That is not enough; that is not what I want." "I can give you no more than that." "Can't you even give me hope?" "No." "No hope?" "None. Please don't press me any further, Mr. Curry. I am very sorry, but what I say is quite true, and you are only distressing yourself by going on like this." "Perhaps," he said, and his voice was unpleasant, "perhaps you prefer someone else." She did not answer. "Is that it?" he asked, harshly. "You have no right to cross-examine me in this way," she protested, "but since you persist, I will tell you. I do like someone else, and I am engaged to be married to him. Mamma does not know of my engagement yet, but papa does, and approves of it." "And who is the lucky man?" "What can it matter to you, Mr. Curry?" His face lowered. "Is it this Mr. Jack Weeks?" She gave him a glance, and it was enough for him. "No, no," he cried, clutching her waist. "Listen to me for one minute longer. Do you know what this Mr. Jack Weeks is?" "He is all that is manly and—" "Yes, but do you know what he does for a living?" "Of course I do. He is an artist, a painter, a prosperous one. He will get on. But really, Mr. Curry, I fail to see what right—" "I have every right. He is a poor artist, and to make himself a rich one, what do you think he does?" "I was not aware." "He plunders honest men, Miss Caples. He stops them on the high road and he robs them. He is a common footpad." Grace laughed merrily. "I never heard anything so ridiculous in all my life," she cried, "you must be mad." "Mad or sane," he cried heatedly, "I will vouch for the truth of what I say. He robbed me on my way here, and he treated me violently, big coward that he is." He became very excited. "If you don't believe

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me, tax him with the theft in my presence. If you won't I will before you all." Grace felt strangely excited, and as they were staring at each other, the door opened and Jack Weeks walked in. John, fearing that his courage would go away from him, bounded up from his seat and walked towards his successful rival. "Mr. Weeks," he said, "what have you done with my watch?" "I have it in my pocket," said Jack Weeks, as he took the watch and gave it to John. A cry of astonishment broke from Grace, and Mr. Caples, waking with a sudden start, inquired what was the matter. "Well, it's a quaint story," said Jack Weeks, "if you will all sit down and listen, I will tell you it." They all sat down, and Mr. Jack began: "I was walking down a side street, when suddenly I saw a hand at my vest pocket, and I caught sight of my watch going out of my pocket. I had time to see that it was a small man that took it. So I went after him for all I was worth and stuck to him as well as I could, when all at once he turned up a side lane and I after him. Of course I lost sight of him. I was on the point of giving up the pursuit when I came to the gaslight, and made out the outline of a man's figure. So I started off again, and shouted 'Stop or I fire.' This only made him run faster. After a little running I caught hold of him, and demanded the watch. At first I had a mind to give him into custody, but the fellow looked so frightened that I let him off. After a while I looked to see how much time I had lost by my adventure, and you can picture to yourself the horror I had at finding the wrong watch instead of my own. 'Well, old boy,' said I to myself, 'You're in luck.'" At the conclusion of the story, Mr. Jack Weeks turned towards John and extended his hand, saying "Very sorry I caused you so much trouble." Some time afterwards, Mr. John Curry found another prettiest girl in the world, and by a peculiar coincidence, he was married on the same day and in the same church as Jack Weeks, and in after life was never the worse for his "terrible mistake."

Tom Watson's Magazine for April.

The second number of Tom Watson's Magazine is an improvement on the first, good as that was. Mr. Watson himself fills several pages with his trenchant editorials under the general head, "Politics and Economics." His picture of the conditions in Russia must strike the most callous heart with sympathy, as his view of the way out, for the people of that country, must invite the attention of all reflecting minds. His comment on the New York Subway strike, and the duty of the Mayor in that crisis, is of particular point in view of the fact that the People's Party proposes to enter an independent candidate in the next mayoralty campaign. Among other topics that Mr. Watson handles with force and brilliance are bribery in Georgia and President Roosevelt's plans for railroad rate legislation. That Mr. Watson is not only an editorial writer, but also a magazine editor of originality and taste, is clearly shown by the remaining contents of the April number. (Tom Watson's Magazine, 121 W. 42nd street, New York.)

APOSTOLATE OF THE PRESS

We heartily endorse the suggestion of the Northwestern Chronicle that one Sunday of the year should be devoted to the Apostolate of the Press in all our pulpits; not for the sake of the local Catholic paper, (which need not be mentioned), but for the sake of the Catholic public and the Catholic home.

WHISKEY DRINKING.

English and Scotch Consume More Intoxicants Per Head of Their Population than the Irish.

(Boston Hibernian.) We have received letters from four members of the A.O.H., three of whom are residents of Boston, protesting against what one writer terms "a gross misrepresentation of the race at home and abroad." The alleged misrepresentation occurred in a lecture, the subject of which was the Irish race, delivered in Charleston under the auspices of the A.O.H., by a well-known Boston gentleman, on March 19.

The lecturer, among other things, said: "One of the handicaps to business success has been the drinking among the Irish people. For centuries Ireland's curse has been intemperance. It could not be expected that, considering the persecution of England, that Irishmen would be free from this terrible curse. They took to drink to assuage their sufferings." etc. To that statement as a whole our correspondents object and they have good solid reasons for their protest which we prefer not to publish. But the Hibernian proposes to examine the statement briefly as a matter affecting the character of the race because the statement clearly means that the Irish are a drunken people compared with other people with whom they mingle in business relations. British writers and speakers generally have aided in spreading that impression.

DRINK IN ENGLAND, SCOTLAND AND IRELAND. Has drinking handicapped the Irish people compared with people of other nationalities in the race for business success, as the lecturer asserted? We have no statistics to show the quantity of drink consumed by the various nationalities comprised within our cosmopolitan American population, but we have precise and accurate information regarding the quantity consumed by most European peoples. Take the Irish, English and Scotch. Mr. Mulhall, the eminent statistician who died only a few years ago, shows that the Scotch and English year after year have consumed more intoxicants per head of their population than the Irish. Here, for example, is Mr. Mulhall's schedule of consumption for the year 1896:

Table with 3 columns: Country, Beer, Spirits, Wines, Cider. Rows for England, Scotland, Ireland.

That total amount of consumption for each country for the year 1896 reduced to terms of alcohol shows that the consumption per capita in England was two gallons, in Scotland 1.7 and in Ireland 1.6. Now let us take the official excise returns of consumption in the three countries for 1902, from the viewpoint of cost. These show that the English spent about \$22.50 per head of their population for intoxicants, the Scotch about \$18.00 and the Irish about \$16.50. Let us now take the latest returns, those for the year 1904, and we learn that the English population spent per head about \$21.75 for drink, the Scotch \$16.29 and the Irish about \$16.20.

THE IRISH DRINK MUCH LESS THAN THE ENGLISH.

The proof is accurate and abundant that the Irish drink much less than the English and something less than the Scotch, but our Boston lecturer of March 19 evidently unaware of that fact declared that they as a people in their business enterprises were handicapped by drink. But the English are more heavily handicapped by drink and the Scotch also, but both these peoples have been leaders in manufacturing and commerce. Had the lecturer given a little study

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to the condition of Ireland under Grattan's Parliament, that is, from 1782 to 1798, he would have found that while the drinking habit was considerably worse than even now business enterprises were springing up and flourishing, but only to fade and die with the exception of the privileged linen manufacturing, when in 1800, Ireland was legislatively annexed to England. The destruction of Irish manufactures in the English interest and the consequent loss of technical skill and business training generally among her people for three generations was not brought about by the quantity of intoxicants then consumed. The basic curse of Ireland has been the robber rule of England, the deleterious influences of which have unconsciously affected our lecturer so far as to lead him to make such a statement utterly unwarranted by the facts. It would be accurate to say that most people of northern latitudes drink too much, but that the Irish are among those who consume the least. The lecturer's wretched, pitiable apology that they took to drink to assuage their sufferings under the persecution of England is of similar kidney to blaming drink for lack of business training and technical skill. The idea of a strong people like the Irish Gael, a people strong physically, buoyed up with an eternal hope, persistent spiritually and nationally, taking to drink as a whole people to assuage their sorrow is not very complimentary to the race. The lecturer should revise his opinions on the subject and augment his knowledge.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1886; incorporated 1893, revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, B. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, P. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. C. McDonagh, 189 Visitation street; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Drs. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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THAT DE

By On we rolled pleasantly little by little every trace of town but of human habitations, until I began to suspect my caddy had lost his way, easily happen, and would go on for hours. I was just on the point to him to inquire if he was sure of his road, when I was appalled by the appearance of a threatening-looking tramp slouching along in the aimless peculiar to their tribe, came close to the cab window, and into my face, sending a cold shiver down my spine and inspiring sudden distaste to this neighborhood and its horrid quarters. All the frightful doings of these gentry districts hovered about me, a flock of ill-omened birds, as on and on, and my nerves such a flutter that by the time driver suddenly pulled up at the gate of the house, I conceived a fear even of the caddy, and was determined to rid of him at once, and away safe within four walls at a I tremulously took out my rather expecting to have it ed out of my hand—told him wait, as I was to meet my I thought the plural sounded—and hastily opening the gate towards the house with hope that I might see Elmo at the window. But there to Elmo. The house, handsome imposing, the pretty ground—all were silent as the grave seemed in its spick-and-span and rows of gleaming plate to an uncanny fairy mansion spot at touch of enchanter's wand eerie spot. The cabman was me thoughtfully regarding me as tied his lap robe about his presently called to me to as was quite sure my friends were, as it was kind of lonely, was a great place around here, the kind of gents we seen do the road yonder." To which I answered content that I expected them every and would be quite safe in the meanwhile. This seemed to mind at rest, and he drove off, leaving me absolutely alone! I only realized the significance as the sound of treating wheels died away in distance. Then I sat down lowest step of the house and I the situation. Supposing—all the blood body took a mad race to my and back again—supposing Elmo not come. There were always that might happen, trifling misunderstandings—as to the direct instance—which might lead and lead to terrible results. She not come, how was I home? The distance would counted for little. I should thought nothing of walking 5 miles in an ordinary frequented but to walk calmly along a t distressed road, much of it through the woods, would have to court disaster. But on the hand—to stay! I turned with horror to look up at this a hated house, and as I did so falling from a tree, I saw the energy to stumble nervously steps, and to put into the key the key which Dick had left tentatively on my desk only morning. It turned easily, and heavy door swinging on its hinges disclosed a handsome boasting an artistic overmantle, well-killed fireplace—long coveted doors that were but as dust and to me in this hour of anxious I closed the hall door, which with a spring, and timidly pushed open a side door near by found myself in a large, well-shaped containing a few isolated pieces furniture, a sofa placed across corner near the bay window, a table, and a common kitchen I suppose any other woman but self would at least have begun inspection of the house as had so far to see, but so overcome by the terrible conviction that they had in some unaccountable called me, and that I was caught in a trap for one awful at least, that I could only stand at the window, my hands reaching towards the road, and to pray for deliverance from my dreadful situation. And in the afternoon, reluctantly, and as I looked at my watch

THAT DREADFUL NIGHT.

By MARY CHADWICK.

On we rolled pleasantly, leaving little by little every trace of not only town but of human habitation behind, until I began to suspect that my caddy had lost his way, as might easily happen, and would go wandering on for hours.

I was just on the point of calling to him to inquire if he were quite sure of his road, when I shrank back appalled by the appearance of two threatening-looking tramps, who, slouching along in the aimless way peculiar to their tribe, came quite close to the cab window, and stared into my face, sending cold chills down my spine and inspiring in me a sudden distaste to this jonesone neighborhood and its horrible frequenters.

I tremulously took out my purse, rather expecting to have it snatched out of my hand—told him not to wait, as I was to meet my friends—I thought the plural sounded better—and hastily opening the gate looked towards the house with a vain hope that I might see Elinor's face at the window. But there was no Elinor. The house, handsome and imposing, the pretty grounds about—all were silent as the grave.

The cabman was meanwhile thoughtfully regarding me as he settled his lap robe about him, and presently called to me to ask if "I was quite sure my friends were coming, as it was kind of lonely and was a great place around here for the kind of gents we seen down on the road yonder."

To which I answered confidently that I expected them every minute, and would be quite safe in the house meanwhile. This seemed to set his mind at rest, and he drove leisurely off, leaving me absolutely alone.

slightest annoyance, and I'll give you up, if I have to drag you to the police station myself. I made the marriage for her, God help me! thinking it might save you, and I only sacrificed the dear, good girl I had promised her father to protect. But I'll protect her now, late as it is. Better all should come out—I have been coming to that conclusion for some time—than to endure this secret misery any longer. Oh! to think that I was once proud of you, my only son," the old man groaned, while his son listened, sullenly staring at the ground.

"Now my only hope is that I may never see you again." "Not much chance of that," the son shouted, advancing close to his father and shaking his fist in his face. "I see through your game. Starve me in life and when you die leave everything to Kate, so tied up that I can't touch a cent. I've thought of all that till I'm just half mad, and I've made up my mind to settle it all to-night. You are going to sign a check to-night that will keep me in clover whatever happens, and it's going to be cashed I can tell you before you can stop payment or anything of that kind. I've got a respectable friend in the city that will see to that for me. It's got to be done. You've made me desperate, and that means danger. I tell you, and I mean it, that you'll never get out of this room alive unless you do exactly what I ask you."

"You dare to threaten me?" the old man asked in a passion terrible to see. "You! I might have expected it, miserable coward, deceiving your father to a midnight meeting like this to dare to speak to him in this way. Do you suppose that I, a man at any rate, old as I am, am afraid of a poor broken-down creature like you?"

In a moment there was a wild rush and a struggle, a terrible swaying to and fro, and then a crash. The young man had thrown his father heavily to the ground, and seizing a heavy stick, which the old man had laid upon the table, in entering, raised it and was just about to bring it down upon his father's helpless head when God gave me strength, and I cried out in a voice that sounded terrible and unnatural beyond belief.

"Murderer! How dare you? How dare you?" The young man positively leaped into the air at my words, uttered a wild cry, and fled from the room, overturning the table and the candle as he did so—leaving the room once more in impenetrable darkness.

With a vague, half-conscious feeling that something ought to be done for the prostrate man, I made an effort to rise, but a strange nervous shuddering seized hold of me, a wave of icy coldness seemed to sweep over me, and I must have fallen back on the floor unconscious, for I remember nothing more.

At home, meanwhile, all was peace and quiet, the children snugly asleep, and all my little household confident that I had gone home with Cousin Elinor after my expedition.

My husband got home about nine the next morning, as he had expected, and was somewhat aggrieved and a little surprised to find no welcoming wife, but proceeded to eat his breakfast as is the wont of man even when perturbed. While thus occupied the door-bell rang and Cousin Elinor appeared on her way home from market, a good deal out of temper and anxious to have it out with me. She looked in astonishment at my empty chair.

"Isn't Marion down yet?" she asked. "Marion? What are you talking about, Elinor?" Dick said, leaping to his feet. "Do you mean to say Marion isn't with you? Didn't go home with you last night?" Elinor, Dick says, rushed to the hall instead of answering, and to the telephone, where she shouted frantically for the fastest cab on the stand to be sent at once.

THE LAST SCENE.

By Hope Willis. Breathless the air, lurid the sun, Through black-edged storm-clouds dimly breaking; From their cold death-sleep, one by one,

Forms, long since buried, slowly waking. Trembles the solid earth; Aghast, Men flee; but Woman, softly crying, Clings to the gibbet to the last, Watching her Son and Saviour dying.

Above the Cross a dense black cloud, Gloom, quivers, breaks, and then enfolds Him As in a luminous, pale shroud— Thus at the end doth she behold Him!

Mary, His Mother, patient, sweet, Of all earth's mothers bravest-hearted! Now she may rest her aching feet,— The world's Redeemer hath departed.

THE CALVARY OF MARY.

In order to feel pity, to be able to console others, it is necessary to have suffered; and in order to be capable of understanding the measure of human suffering, one must have tasted it in many forms,—one must have drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. Above all other creatures the Blessed Virgin drained that cup of bitterness.

Predestined by the Most High to become the Consoler of the Afflicted, it has also been ordained that, from the moment of the birth of Our Lord in the stable of Bethlehem to His last breath upon the cross, she should share in His every sorrow and disappointment and humiliation; should follow Him to Calvary, should stand beside Him there suffering, dying; participating in His every anguish, His every pain. She was destined to be the Queen of Saints, but she was to attain that height of glory only after having by her own sorrows and her share in those of mankind, merited the title of Queen of Martyrs.

As the rose attains its perfect beauty amid the thorns, so the Mother of Christ, born without sin, was advanced to the highest perfection through tribulation. And as the thorns which surrounded the queen of flowers become sharper and more bristling with age, so did the thorn of suffering penetrate more deeply the virginal heart of the Mother, whose whole life from the infancy of her Divine Son, was but a sorrowful preparation for the Calvary which was also to be her own.

From bodily pain we believe her to have been exempted, but there is no comparison between the suffering of the body and that of the soul. It was the contemplation of this truth that caused Arnaud de Chartres to declare that at the moment when the Lamb of God was offered on the Cross, there were in reality two altars, two sacrifices,—the one of the body of Jesus, the other of the soul of Mary. While Jesus immolated His flesh and blood by death, Mary immolated her heart and soul through grief and compassion. The martyrs suffered by sacrificing their own lives, but Mary suffered infinitely more in sacrificing that of her Son, which was far dearer to her than her own.

Not only did she suffer in her soul all that Jesus endured in His body, but the sight of His torments was far more terrible to her than if they had been inflicted upon herself. The blows, the spittle, the taunts, the jeers, the thorns, the nails, the cross—every torment which Jesus suffered was repeated in Mary's heart, penetrating to the depths of her immaculate soul, the dazzling purity of its whiteness reddened to crimson by the bloody torrents of Calvary.

And yet do we hear of a single complaint, a single remonstrance, as having fallen from her lips? As she stood there at the foot of the Cross, through the three dreadful hours' agony, the earthquake, the thunder, and lightning, the darkened skies, and the sight of His quivering flesh torn and bleeding, before her eyes, the sound of His labored breathing in her ears, she uttered no complaint, no protestation. She could not reach Him to wipe the beads of anguish from that pallid brow; she could not strengthen Him with the clasp of His hands in her own. No; His palms were each pierced through by a single nail to the arms of the cross. She could not kiss His sacred feet; for they were fastened one above the other with a still more cruel nail to the rugged beam. She could only wait and pray until the end; and she neither wept aloud nor uttered a single cry of sorrow.

FATHER KOENIG'S FREE NERVE TONIC. A VALUABLE BOOK ON NERVOUS DISEASES AND A SAMPLE BOTTLE TO ANY ADDRESS. POOR GET THIS MEDICINE FREE! KOENIG MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists at 25¢ per bottle, 1/2 doz. for \$4.

sublime suffering, of patience, of resignation, of silent supplication! She did not fly the cross; shall we fly it, for whom it means redemption and salvation? Happy the Christian who, far from wishing to shut out the bitter sight of the Crucifixion, turning toward the sorrowful Mother, places himself by her side, eager to share in the Calvary of Mary!

Three Veteran and Journalistic Priests.

Rev. Dr. Lambert, editor of the New York Freeman's Journal, in commenting upon a compliment paid to the Rev. Father Cronin, editor of the Catholic Union and Times, of Buffalo, says:

In heartily endorsing all this, our memory, taking us by the hand, leads back to the good old times—before the war—when in 1858 we first met Dr. Cronin at Carondelet, on the banks of the Mississippi, when he and we and Dr. Phelan of the Western Watchman were preparing ourselves for the priesthood. Little did any of us think about newspaper work then. It was then theology, dogmatic and moral, and philosophy, with its ontologic and psychologic schools, and the discussions between them, and their wrangles about the meaning of St. Thomas, and Gioberti and Rosmini and Liberatore and Sanseverino and Brownson! What arguments and undeveloped philosophical wisdom were wasted on the circumambient air, and what might have happened to social progress if they had been bottled up, kept cool, and allowed to mature? Be that as it may, they served their purpose then. They kept our minds busy, and therefore were not in vain. Young Phelan was argumentative, and did not require much effort to assert himself—a virtue he has ever since retained without considerable loss, as all his broken-backed and broken-legged controversial opponents well know. Young Cronin was less argumentative, but more sentimental, with a tendency to the extremes of riotous rejoicing or meditative sadness. How often have he and we—both being poetically inclined—loitered and strolled about in the cabbage garden—the only thing in the way of flowers about there—to gaze on the moon, or the stars—as the case might be—and swap sentimental things about the whiffiness of the what, the beckoning unattainable and such like, suggested by the vast starlit void overhead. Then we would musingly retire, thinking about something good to eat, and what punishment would be likely to overtake old Grady for his neglect to properly provide for the table. Thus we alternated, or he did, between the sentimental and the substantial, between poetry and prose, with a plurality in favor of the latter.

Big events were going on then—the pattering of the rain drops on the dead leaves before the on-rush of the storm. Lincoln and Douglass were having their great debate through Illinois—the debate that made Lincoln President. The young fellows were mostly Democrats, and Douglass was their prophet. How had they felt as the genius of Lincoln began to overshadow and shrink the little giant. Much history has been made since then in the passing years that have been blanching your hair and ours gray, dear Father Cronin. During those years you have devoted your rare intellectual gifts and physical energies to Catholic truth and the glory of God's Church, and you have made for yourself a distinguished place in American Catholic literature.

That you may live long in good health to continue your work is the heartfelt wish of your fellow student of 1858.

NO CHINA MADE IN DRESDEN.

To those connoisseurs who evince great pride in their collection of Dresden china it will come as a great shock to learn that to-day there is no such product under this name, although sold as such. In the course of a prosecution in London, where a firm was prosecuted for selling ware as Dresden and marking the goods as such, it was stated that no china is manufactured at Dresden. The name is applied to the royal factory at Meissen. Furthermore, many pottery decorators at Dresden work upon china that is manufactured at different places, is transferred to that city, receives its imprint, and is then disposed of as Dresden china.—Scientific American.

REGULAR... FLOUR... BRATED... WORRY... CO.

A Great Catholic Institution in Protestant Belfast.

Had anyone said, twenty years ago, that the capital of Orangemen would, within that time, have become the seat of one of the finest Catholic institutions in Ireland, he would have been laughed at, and probably all but assailed by some of the muscular Christians of the period. Yet, under the shelter of this institution I now write, the only Catholic hospital in Belfast and the superior in many things to any similar institution in the city—a fit place indeed wherein to lay down the burden of your ills, and called by a fitting name—a name it fully deserves—one in every syllable of which there is a note of sympathy and consolation—“Mater Infirmorum”—the “Mother of the Sick.” There is pity, poetry and hope in the words. In this ultra-loyal community, where everything is “royal,” from a university to a penny show, one dwells with a kind of relief on a name which has a meaning and significance and is appropriate to the institution or place to which it is applied.

There is much in a name. It requires tact and a something little short of genius sometimes to find one that suits.

To the late Dr. Dorrian, Bishop of Down and Connor and founder of the hospital, the name of the Mother of the Sick is due. It is almost the only public building in Belfast which is not “royal.” So infatuated is the native to-day with the word, and so profoundly does he believe in it as an epithet of so peculiar and distinctive charm, that it was one time seriously proposed to a prominent city father to apply it to the local poorhouse. In this instance, however, though the application might, for many reasons, have been eminently appropriate, the proposal was rejected. So mysterious are the ways of some Irish public bodies.

The memory of the good bishop is revered for his virtues and his many good works, among other the founding of the Mater Infirmorum; nor should we forget the honor due to him for the name. Belfast, notwithstanding its admitted superiority in the departments of shipbuilding and linen weaving, has long had a reputation such as belongs to no other city in Ireland—indeed, to no other city in Christendom, or outside it—and such as no city, be the same Christian or pagan, is likely to have again. Bigoted to a degree that bordered on insanity—nor was the feeling by any means confined to the mob of the unwashed—and ignorant as to everything outside his own town or business, with an ignorance which regarded any attempt to enlighten it as an insult, the typical Belfast man was a psychological phenomenon almost without a parallel either in fact or in fiction. His vanity was even greater than his ignorance, though unconscious of his peculiarity in either respect, and a religious equipment so practical and comprehensive as to enable him to get over the difficulty of serving God and Mammon at the same time and make, as he used to say himself, “the best of both worlds.” In fact, no person, or set of persons had a higher opinion of themselves than they. I speak, of course, of the Orange Protestant population in its several varieties, all of whom, however, agreed in a policy rigidly Jewish in its exclusiveness as regards the “other sort,” to wit, Catholics; for Belfast was cherished by the ruling majority as an essentially Protestant town, and its Catholic citizens were as effectually ignored by them, unless as taxpayers or as targets for clerical rhetoric, as were the Catholic four-fifths of the population of the country by the “Irish” Lord Chancellor when he judicially declared that no such persons were legally supposed to exist in Ireland. Had Belfast, like Bandon, been blessed with gates, they would, in their fiery zeal, very likely have adorned one or other of them—perhaps all—with an inscription similar to that which once figured on the gates of that now extremely Catholic town:

“Turk Jew or Atheist
May enter here, but no Papist.”

Of course, while such sentiments prevailed among Belfast people, none of them though born in Ireland and descended from ancestors comfortably settled there for nearly 300 years, could unreservedly admit that they were Irish. That would have been confounding them too completely with the original natives—the people of the land—with whom they thought it a species of profanity to mingle or have any dealings. So thought the ancient Jews in regard to the people of the land of which they had violently possessed themselves. Their attempts to gloss over the difficulty were sometimes very

ludicrous. They were perhaps Irish “to a certain extent,” to adopt the words of a young city duke who was ashamed to acknowledge the complete paternity of his rustic progenitor—he was his “father—well, to a certain extent,” or he may have been that nondescript known as a “Scotch Irishman,” or something equally as incongruous and impossible. Or, in his anxiety to get rid of his Irish origin, he may have blundered still more egregiously, as in the case of an erudite official of the New York Board of Education, whom I saw some time ago described by an admiring paragraphist as “a Scotchman born of Irish parents in County Tyrone.”

Yet there is nothing very remarkable in this exceedingly low kind of comedy. It seems to mark a natural stage in the progress of some places, as it does in the history of some individuals of mixed or uncertain origin, like many Belfast men, or the pretentious dignitary of the New York Board of Education. For just as Bandon, in the course of nature and time, got transformed into a respectable Irish town, and Duffin lost almost every trace of its former Orange character, except the ridiculous statue of William III, in College Green, so Belfast has been undergoing a similar transformation towards decency and common sense. It can no longer boast of being merely a “Protestant” town. Much less can it boast of being the bulwark of English supremacy in Ireland. Of its 300,000 inhabitants much more than one-fourth is Catholic, and much more than one-fourth is Nationalist. The “aristocracy” or Orangemen, i.e., some local landlords and their todies, clerical and lay, who for more than a couple of generations had been deceiving and domineering over their neighbors of less cunning or intelligence, is broken. The Land League is a severe shake subsequent events have continued the salutary process, and the recent revolt in the Orange body itself against the insolence of “natural leaders” by the formation of the Independents indicates very much more than any outsider can fully understand. Only a few days ago I heard the professedly Orange (Independent) M. P. for South Belfast speak at a meeting in Dublin on a question of popular interest which involved an attack not only on the present government, but on the whole Irish policy of the London machine, Whig and Tory alike. Had it not been known who and what he was he might have easily been taken for a political descendant of Archibald Hamilton Rowan or Wolfe Tone. There was nothing of the Scotch-Irish sham about him. He was Irish or nothing, and he was as ready as the loudest talker in the community to fight for Irish rights in whatever way the occasion might require, or was most likely to be successful. Alas for the faded glories of the lily and the now empty thunders of the Big Drum!

But for this change in the general atmosphere in Belfast life the good Sisters of Mercy would never have been able to secure the erection of the splendid building which has succeeded the faded and solitary mansion where the “Mother of the Sick” first set up her humble establishment. For over eleven years, day after day and night after night, they had worked there in the service of the sick and dying, complaining of nothing except the insufficiency of accommodation for the ever-increasing number of those who sought relief. A larger building was imperatively necessary. Without waiting until possibly daunted by their reflections on the magnitude of the enterprise, the Catholics of Belfast, headed by their Bishop, the late Dr. McAlister, went energetically to work and raised the required funds. In this it is freely and gratefully admitted they were largely aided by charitable and generous members of other denominations, whose admiration of the Sisters and appreciation of the work they had already done could not have been exceeded by the most fervent Catholic. No wonder.

In the presence of such unceasing and unselfish goodness as theirs the most callous must feel moved—the most cynical must bow. One cannot restrain himself from saying a word for the Sisters, both here and elsewhere. Indeed, the world, good and bad, respects and esteems them. Even Sandy Row, the traditional centre of Orangemen's hottest and most reckless “heroes,” bends before them. Their gentle and dove-like existence in a hard and hustling age like the present is almost a miracle. It is also one of the highest evidences of the continuing presence of God among men and of the promise of a purer and happier future for the human race.

The Mater is an ideal hospital—ideal in its equipment and other respects, but more particularly ideal in this, that, to the most casual in-

mate, by a charm which I shall not attempt to analyze, the idea of its being an hospital disappears almost the moment he enters its doors and it becomes to him a home. To one sick of body and sick of mind, wearied and worn out from any cause, at odds with the world or at odds with himself, it realizes to a most soothing and sympathetic manner his dream of a refuge, a retreat, a place of rest and retirement such as the ordinary world cannot give. In the calm, half-religious atmosphere which pervades it, under the gentle ministrations of the Sisters, whose sympathy and kindly words have often a power to heal far beyond that of the professional physician, for they reach the soul, sickness, to the overborne heart, becomes almost a luxury and the hardened man of the world is, in a manner, born again through the spiritual influences that surround him. Listening in the silence and solitude of my room to the rumble of the street cars and the multitudinous roar of the city in the distance—sounds that, to my half sick fancy, might seem to come from another world—with perhaps the notes of the angelus from the neighboring convent in my ear and the figure of a sister flitting softly along the corridor to attend some of her charges within view—I think of what I have read of the mediaeval monastery, its isolation, its seclusion, its peace compared with the tumults, the troubles and the wild life of the wilder men outside its walls.

Meanwhile the beautiful structure—the new Mother of the Sick—towards completion, and some five years ago was opened for the reception of patients. Its liberality is as conspicuous as its beauty, for while specially providing for the spiritual wants of Catholics, its wards are open equally to the members of other creeds, and to the poor no less than to the rich. Nor in this Catholic institution—and this is an example of magnanimity new to the people of Belfast—must its officials necessarily be of the Catholic faith. Two of the leading members of the medical staff are Presbyterians. What would the “unco guid” among the orthodox screamers of this evangelical community say if this spirit of liberality were reciprocated in some of their “royal” city institutions and two “Papists” appointed to two positions of similar importance? The American Eagle never screamed as loud as they would scream, or rather howl; the British Empire was never so near its doom as it would be on the day when they should see a Protestant lance paid for by Protestant money, under the roof of a Protestant institution, wielded at the expense of a Protestant public by a Catholic hand. There is an avalanche of horrors in the thought.

The Mater is a triumph not only of Catholic benevolence and perseverance. It is also a monument of the generosity and good-will toward their Catholic fellow-countrymen and of others—and their number is no longer small, even in Belfast—who are not Catholics; the token of a higher manhood generally, and the pledge of a closer communion hereafter between all sections of our Irish people.—Kilian Bruce, in New York Freeman's Journal.

PATENT REPORT.

The following U. S. patents have been recently secured through the agency of Messrs. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal, Can., and Washington, D.C.

Information regarding any of the patents cited will be supplied free of charge by applying to the above-mentioned firm.

No. 781,998—Edward Brougham, Brandon, Man. Tension Device.

782,187—Wm. Albt. Baldwin, Smith's Falls, Ont. Sulky plow.

782,280—Gavin Shaw, Lindenwood, Ont. Feed trough.

782,718—Phyllis Boire, Montreal, Que. Means for locking whips in whip sockets.

782,920—Jean D. Ouellette, Montreal, Que. Improvements in gloves and mittens.

782,926—Philippe Ed. Roy, Montreal, Que. Ash sifter.

783,093—Isidore Belair, Montreal, Que. Emergency door.

784,021—Walker G. Anderson, Toronto, Ont. Wardrobe.

784,154—Messrs. Gutteridge and McConnell, Hamiota, Man. Machine for forming building blocks.

784,336—Arthur J. H. Lefebvre, Montreal, Que. Safety razor.

The Inventor's Adviser is just published. Any one interested in patents or inventions should order a copy.

The pleasure of doing good is the only one which does not wear out.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

EASTER
EXCURSION TICKETS AT ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE

Friday Train for St. Agathe.
On Friday, April 20th and 21st, train leaving for St. Agathe at 9:15 a.m. for St. Jerome, will run through to St. Agathe. Returning, will leave St. Agathe at 7 p.m., arriving Place Viger at 9:45 p.m., stopping at intermediate stations.

CHEAP SECOND CLASS RATES
TO THE
PACIFIC COAST
Until 15th May, 1905
Ticket Offices
127 St. James St. Windsor
St. Station, Place Viger Stn.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

EASTER HOLIDAY FARES:
NEW YORK EXCURSION
APRIL 20th, 1905.

From Montreal (ROUND TRIP) \$10.65

Going April 20th. Returning on or before May 1st.
Trains leave at 8:45 a.m. and 9:01 a.m. and 11:10 a.m. week days, and 7:45 and 4:40 p.m. daily.

Quebec, \$4.50
Sherbrooke, \$3.35
Ottawa, \$2.50
Detroit, \$15.00

Toronto, \$10.00
Hamilton, \$10.00
London, \$12.50
Pt. Huron, \$14.50

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE
Going April 20th to 24th, inclusive. Return limit, April 25th, 1905.

CITY TICKET OFFICES
127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 469 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

ENGLISH MAIL TRAINS
LEAVE SUNDAYS AT 12 NOON.
Passengers taking these trains make close connections at Halifax with steamers for Liverpool.

THE MARITIME EXPRESS,
One of the finest solid vestibule trains on this continent, leaving at noon daily, except Saturday, connects at Halifax with the PICKFORD BLACK steamers for

BERMUDA, THE WEST INDIES, DEMERARA.

SHORT LINE TO QUEBEC.
7:40 a.m. daily, except Sunday.
12 noon daily, except Saturday.
11:45 p.m. NIGHT TRAIN, daily except Sunday. To this train is attached a sleeper, which passengers can occupy at 9 p.m.

All trains depart from Bonaventure Station.

CITY TICKET OFFICE:
143 St. James Street, and Bonaventure Station.

NOT FROM A BISHOP'S PASTORAL.
From the Catholic Transcript.
“No nation can permanently retain free government unless it can retain a high average of citizenship; and there can be no such high average of citizenship without a high average of education, using the word in its broadest and truest sense to include the things of the soul as well as the things of the mind.”
This is not a passage from a Lenten sermon or a Bishop's pastoral. President Roosevelt made the statement in his inaugural speech. “Education” should include the things of the soul. Sound Catholic doctrine there.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

EVERYTHING FOR FIRST COMMUNION WEAR

FOR BOYS OR GIRLS, MODERATELY PRICED.
We've been getting ready a long time for this important event, and now stocks are in splendid shape to supply every conceivable want for either boys' or misses' wear. All parents will take a pride in seeing their children appropriately dressed for this eventful ceremony. No better place than Carsley's to do so in good style, but not expensively.

White Veils For First Communion.

The collection of veils is very large and well selected in patterns. Especially low prices.

Communion Veils, 2 yards by yards, plain hem, finished with silk floss. Price... **64c**
First Communion Veils, sizes 2 by 2 yards, elegantly embroidered in silk... **\$1.00**
First Communion Veils, 2 yards square, very fine net, with charming silk embroidery. Price... **\$1.50**

White Gloves for First Communion

Boys good quality Lisle Thread Gloves, First Communion wear, jersey wrists, fancy stitching. Price... **12c**
Children's Kid Gloves, fine quality, perfect fitting, plain silk points, 2 stud fasteners. Price... **69c**
Silk Gloves for First Communion, with fancy silk points, all sizes. Special prices, a pair... **27c to 45c**

Boys' Shirts for First Communion

Boys' White Shirts, laundered, reinforced fronts, cushioned neck bands, cuffs attached, extra well made and perfect fit. Price... **75c**
Boys' White Japanese Silk Windsor ties, nicely hemstitched, 6 in. wide, 44 inches long. Price... **25c**
Boys' Linen Collars, straight bands or turnover points, sizes 12 to 13 1/2. Price, each... **9c**

CITY TICKET OFFICES
127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 469 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.



Plain White Lisle Thread Hose, fine quality, double heels and toes. Price... **30c**
Children's Plain White Plaided Silk Hose, extra fine value, all sizes, good stretch. Price... **86c**
Children's Plain White Spun Silk Hose, very fine quality, double heels and toes, all sizes. Price... **\$1.55**

Shoes Specially for First Communion
Misses White Kid Slippers, strap fastening, pretty fancy bows, spring heels, sizes 11 to 12. Price... **\$1.15**
Boys' Black Patent Leather or Black Kid Laced Shoes, with neat toe cap, turned soles, specially made for First Communion, sizes 11 to 13 1/2. Special price, a pair... **\$1.35**
A full selection of shoes, for Misses and Boys' First Communion wear.

BOYS' FIRST COMMUNION SUITS

BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS in fancy black Venetian cloth, lined throughout, best quality farmer's satin, pleated back and front, finished with silk. Sizes 22 to 30. Worth \$4.00. Special price... **\$3.15**
BOYS' THREE-PIECE SUITS of fine all wool black Venetian cloth, smartly cut, perfect fitting, silk sewn, lined throughout farmer's satin. Equal in quality and workmanship to a \$7 suit. Price... **\$5.50**
BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS of fine black Venetian cloth, neatly pleated round front, collar and lapels, silk trimmings, best linings, extra well finished. Perfect fitting. Extra good value at... **\$4.00**

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

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

Not Much of a Religion.

Some years ago they used to tell a quaint story down in Mexico of a Methodist preacher named Cottrell, who, after years spent in mastering Spanish, went over to that country to convert the “benighted Catholics.” He settled at Cuernavaca—where Maximilian had his summer residence, by the way—and soon got down to work. Meeting one evening a man whom he considered a likely subject, on a winding road out in the country, he eloquently expounded to him the nature of his mission. The Mexican farmer listened politely a long time, and when he ended with the usual exhortation to come to his church on Sunday, shifted uneasily on his mule.

“Say, mister,” he asked, “do you forgive sins down there?”
“No, I don't, but—”
“Can you bring Our Lord Jesus Christ down on your altar?”
“No, but—”
“Can you get the soul of my mother out of Purgatory with your prayers?”
“No,” somewhat indignantly.
“Well, then, mister, all I can say is you haven't got much of a religion. Padre Ramon, up at San Jose's, can do all these things, and a whole lot more!”
And he prodded the mule with his heels and ambled on—New World.

A person's worth should be judged by his usefulness, not his wealth.
Laughter opens more doors and wins more hearts than tears.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

Millinery and Mantles

An entire floor for Millinery—an entire floor for costumes: last season one-floor for both.
It's a change of the new management.
The advantage to you? A better chance for you to get what you want, when you want it, the way you want it, at the price you want to pay for it.

A Hat at a certain price—or of a certain style? We can give it to you.
A costume that was just made for you? We have it.

Silk Overskirts, at \$10

A choice assortment of the latest styles in Silk Overskirts, such as plain black Taffeta Silk Overskirts or Peau de Soie Overskirts, nicely trimmed with braid or shirred; also Overskirts in the New Check Silks—black and white, navy and white, brown and white—now so much in vogue in the United States.
These skirts have a surprisingly rich and dressy effect. The price is \$10.00 each.

KID GLOVES
(Annex)
Our Glove Department has selected three brands of Kid Gloves for Easter selling. These are of different prices, but each is of the class of the best—each pair in a pretty Glove Box is guaranteed.

Our “Paris” Glove, per pair... **\$1.00**
Our “Joan” Glove, per pair... **\$1.25**
Our “Carlton” Glove, per pair... **\$1.50**
This store closes daily at 6:30 p.m.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY
2141 & 2145 St. Catherine St.
Corner Metcalfe
Montreal, Que.
Tel. 49 27

There has been of late a remarkable revival of Napoleon, not only in France, England and other countries, but in the eyes of the people. A mind so acute as his was almost certain to see the matter in its vital aspect. In what did they see? He has himself left us in no doubt which seems impossible, he audaciously misrepresented his own friends. Though large of the revolution, upon mounted to his meteoric he apparently remained above the welter of infidelity which so many of his court and associates fell. The tions we record in part, are the most authentic we have on the subject, took St. Helena, and were pro the utterances of some of t they voluntarily shared. One of the staff having Christ as simply a philosopher immediately corrected view. “I know men,” he said, “I tell you Christ was not Then he went on to say man who gave a study to of the different nations cede in them a divine origin founders were of the race family of Adam, of whom ed all the passions and the temples and the pre-claimed this origin, for the history is that of the inv- despotisms.
“Paganism,” he continued never accepted as truth by of Greece—neither by Pytho by Socrates, nor by Plato Anaxagoras, nor by Peri- contrary, the greatest in the advent of Christianity, faith, and a living faith— Bossuet and Fenelon, who was to preach it, but Des- Newton, Leibnitz and Pas- sedille and Racine, Charle- Louis XIV. Whence this that a creed so mysterious sure as that of the apost- been accepted by all our while the Theonians, dra- the laws of nature, never upon any instructed intel- reason is natural. Behind of mythology the sage was detect the march of the lat- tent societies, the illusion- passions of the human heart symbols of pride and self- in Paganism all is but per- in complete, uncer- tridatory. It is not with God, that one speaks of the of the world, and reveals the
“What know they more than mortals,” he asks, “these wanted, these legislators, and Rome? What more other mortals was known Lycurgus, the priests of In- Memphis, Confucius and Absolutely nothing. The lets have told us nothing sential to our knowledge. T agony is obscure and com- is not a religion at all. “One sole religion,” he ar- cepts fully the natural law propriates its principles; on has the aim of a perpetual instruction. This is the of Christianity. With the on the other hand, the net was unrecognized, disfig- ed by egotism and the sci- politics. It was tolerated, viewed as invested with an air of sacredness. Mytholo- temple, consecrated to fo- heroes, to sciences, to man- its. The signs had no ph- indeed, they were the nat- nies of an idolatry which