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Vol. 43

The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 43 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905 PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE RELIGION OF NAPOLEON.

There has been of late years a remarkable revival of Napoleonic literature, not only in France, but in England and other countries also—coming down to the present hour, when one noteworthy work is just appearing for favor—and this reverence to an old theme has naturally produced a great deal of criticism upon the character of the central figure. But there is one aspect of his character which, except in the most recent work referred to, has received less attention than it has perhaps deserved—that is, his religious views. A mind so acute and capacious was almost certain to have strong and clear convictions on so vital a matter. In what direction did they tend? He has fortunately himself left us in no doubt—unless, which seems impossible, he has been audaciously misrepresented by his own friends. Though largely a child of the revolution, upon which he mounted to his meteoric splendor, he apparently remained mentally high above the welter of infidelity into which so many of his contemporaries and associates fell. The conversations we record in part, and which are the most authentic evidence we have on the subject, took place at St. Helena, and were provoked by the utterances of some of the scoffers who voluntarily shared his exile. They are very instructive.

One of the staff having spoken of Christ as simply a philosopher, Napoleon immediately corrected his view. "I know men," he said, "and I tell you Christ was not a man." Then he went on to say that no man who gave a study to the cults of the different nations could perceive in them a divine origin. Their founders were of the race and the family of Adam, of whom they showed all the passions and the vices. The temples and the priests proclaimed this origin, for their whole history is that of the inventors of despotisms.

"Paganism," he continued, "was never accepted as truth by the sages of Greece—neither by Pythagoras, nor by Socrates, nor by Plato, nor by Anaxagoras, nor by Pericles. On the contrary, the greatest minds, since the advent of Christianity, have had faith, and a living faith—not only Bossuet and Fenelon, whose mission was to preach it, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV. Whence this mystery, that a creed so mysterious and obscure as that of the apostles, has been accepted by all our great men, while the Theopneusts, drawn from the laws of nature, never imposed upon any instructed intellect? The reason is instructive. Behind the veil of mythology the sage was quick to detect the march of the laws of nascent societies, the illusions and the passions of the human heart, and the symbols of pride and science.

"In Paganism all is human, imperfect, incomplete, uncertain, contradictory. It is not with metaphors nor with poetry that one explains God, that one speaks of the origin of the world, and reveals the laws of intelligence.

"What know they more than other mortals," he asks, "these gods so vaunted, these legislators of Greece and Rome? What more than other mortals was known to Numa, Lycurgus, the priests of India and Memphis, Confucius and Mahomet? Absolutely nothing. The theopneusts have told us nothing that is essential to our knowledge. Their Theopneusts are obscure and confused, and is not a religion at all.

"One sole religion," he argues, "accepts fully the natural law and appropriates its principles; one alone has the aim of a perpetual and public instruction. This is the religion of Christianity. With the Pagans, on the other hand, the natural law was unrecognized, disguised, modified by egoism and the exigencies of politics. It was tolerated, but not viewed as invested with any character of sacredness. Mythology was a temple, consecrated to force, to heroism, to science, to material benefits. The sages had no place there; indeed, they were the natural enemies of an idolatry which defiled nature."

from there the Holy Spirit for their instruction; they will believe, they will preach, and they will persuade the whole world."

Thus was inaugurated a war having a duration of 300 years. "In this war all the kings and all the forces of the earth were ranged on one side; and on the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy; some men scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the Cross. On one side all the rage and hate of violence; on the other, sweetness, moral courage, and infinite resignation. During 300 years a struggle of thought against brutality, of conscience against despotism, of the soul against the body, of virtue against the vices. The blood of Christians flows in streams. Victims die kissing the hand that kills them.

The soul alone protests, while the body is delivered to torture. Everywhere Christians succumb, and yet everywhere they are triumphant."

Much more might be quoted of this remarkable discourse, which as a whole makes one of the most powerful sermons on record. It is desirable, however, to reproduce some of his declarations in respect to Protestantism. What is their religion? They pretend to have the same religion as the Catholics, only they accept it in what they call its original purity of the Holy Scriptures, shorn of accretions introduced by men into the teachings. This (he said) is all very well, but presents a grave inconvenience. We are governed by laws contained in the Code; is it necessary, suppressing all the magistrates and all the tribunals, to place the Code in every person's hands, that he may find rules for his conduct? You have a difficulty with your neighbor; you will not consult a judge but a book, and you will draw from the text, in good faith, the reading most favorable to your own interest! Protestantism (he continued) was at its point of departure an adoption of the religious Code pure and simple, but it revised this Code, and interpreted and applied it at the individual will. Hence, we are not dealing with a religion, nor even with a heresy or ad error, but a road open to all heresies, errors, and individual fancies. We have a series of negations and demolitions of which no limit can be traced. Where does Protestantism begin, and where does it end? None can tell. It is called a religion of reason, which is convenient, since it is an invention of man.

Catholicism, on the contrary, is the religion of faith, because it is the word of God. It is true that it is an ocean of mysteries; but in addition to the fact that Protestantism admits almost all of them, it has particular qualifications. It is one, has never varied, and it cannot change. It is not the religion of some man, but the truth of the Councils and the Popes; which goes back without interruption to Christ, its author. It possesses all the characteristics of a natural and divine thing; it stands on a plane above our passions and vices; it is a sun which lights the soul with mystery and majesty; it is infinitely superior to our spirit, and notwithstanding this superiority, is suitable to the commonest intelligence; its virtue is a hidden virtue which is within man as the sap is within the tree.

MGR. RACICOT'S CONSECRATION

The consecration of Mgr. Racicot, chosen Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, will take place in St. James Cathedral on Wednesday next at 10 a.m. The consecrating prelates will be Archbishop Bruchesi himself, assisted by Archbishop Langevin, of St. Boniface, and Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield. The sermon will be preached by Bishop Archambault, of Joliette. Many bishops of Canada and the United States, and many priests, are expected to be present at the ceremony. On Monday last the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, for whom Mgr. Racicot was formerly chaplain, presented him with an episcopal robe, and a full set of church ornaments, and on the eve of his consecration his former classmates in Montreal College will present him with a crucifix. The Bishop-elect went Thursday night to the College of Philosophy for a retreat of a week preparatory to his consecration.

THE MASS.

When, How Often and for Whom the Holy Sacrifice May Be Offered.

(Catholic Transcript.)

According to a common law of the Church, Mass should not be celebrated before the dawn, nor after midday. By virtue of benign interpretation, the rule is taken to mean that the sacrifice should not be completed before the dawn, nor begun after the noon hour. By special indulgence of the Holy See, Mass may be begun here in America an hour before the dawn and an hour after midday.

In cases of special stringency a priest is allowed to celebrate even at an earlier hour. For instance, if it was in a country parish and one of his people was in his last agony, the pastor could celebrate after midnight in order to consecrate a host to be administered to the dying man. It is likewise permitted by the Holy See to say Mass earlier in the morning for the accommodation of considerable numbers. Thus they have 2 or 3 o'clock Masses in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg and other cities for the accommodation of the newspaper men who prepare the great Sunday editions. On holy days of obligation Mass is frequently celebrated long before dawn in order to afford laboring people an opportunity of assisting before going to work.

Generally speaking a priest is suffered to say but one Mass a day. On Christmas he is suffered to say three. On Sundays and holy days of obligation he is allowed to offer the holy sacrifice twice in these cases: First, if he is pastor of a parish where there is but one priest, and where the church is not large enough to accommodate all the people at one service; second, if a second Mass is necessary to accommodate a notable number of people—provided, of course, a second priest is not conveniently to be had. Permission to duplicate or say two Masses on holy days of obligation is granted at the discretion of the Bishop. It is his to determine whether or not the necessity is sufficiently grave to justify a departure from the common law of the Church.

Considered in itself, the Mass may be offered up for all men, just as Christ died for all. It has, however, seemed good to the Church to lay down certain rules restricting, in a measure, the celebration of the sacred mystery. She is justified in this, because the Mass is the greatest and most formal act of Catholic worship. He who offers it up in a public manner represents the Church, and his act is supposed to be sealed with the stamp of her approval. As her representative, he is expected to conform himself to her will.

The Mass may be offered up for all living members of the Church, whether just or sinners. It may be said for the just in order that the virtue may abound the more; for sinners in order that they may be converted from the evil of their ways. Matters become more complicated when we consider those without the pale. We may class these under the head of excommunicated and those who never belonged to the Church.

Excommunicated persons are of two kinds—those who are tolerated and those that are to be avoided. The great majority of Catholic theologians assert that it is allowable to offer the holy sacrifice publicly, or in the name of the Church, for those who labor under the milder form of excommunication. Pope Martin V. says that as we are not forbidden to communicate with such persons, even in things divine, it is allowable to pray for them publicly and publicly offer the holy sacrifice in their behalf.

It is not permitted to offer the holy sacrifice of the Mass publicly and in the name of the Church for those excommunicated persons who are to be avoided by the faithful. When the Church solemnly cuts them off from her communion, she intends from that very act to withhold from them the benefits which come from the public offices of the Church. She does not, however, forbid the priest, in his private capacity, to offer up

the holy sacrifice for their conversion. If his charity prompts him to apply to such deluded persons the fruits of the morning oblation, the Church will not interfere with his pious intention.

We may, of course, offer up the holy sacrifice of the Mass for the conversion of those who were never of the household of the faith. St. Paul called publicly upon his hearers to pray for "all men—for kings and all who were exalted." Now, among those who reigned and were seated in high places in St. Paul's day were many who were never in communion with the Church. At the Mass on Good Friday the Church prays for nearly everybody. So much for the living.

The Church recognizes three classes among the dead—the saints, the damned and the souls in Purgatory. The saints do not need the fruit of the Mass. They have nothing to gain—no sins to expiate. We may offer Masses for them, but not for their help. The damned are beyond help. Their works follow them, and they cannot repent.

Mass cannot be publicly offered up for those who are solemnly excommunicated, and who die without having shown any repentance or having been absolved either before or after death. The priest may, according to a most probable opinion, say private Masses for dead heretics and schismatics. Public Masses for them are prohibited, since such a practice would make the weak and illogical conclude that all forms of religion are equally good. Don't get excommunicated; don't go into schism; don't be a heretic, and then you can count upon the suffrages of the Church after death.

The Coming Crash in Russia.

In a vigorous article in the North American Review, the veteran champion of political liberty, Karl Blind, discusses "The coming crash in Russia." He pours scorn upon Pobiedonostoff, whom he holds up to opprobrium as "Russia's grand inquisitor," and "the clericalist Tartuffe," because that dignitary has consistently used his influence with the weak-minded Czar to prevent him from heeding the just demands of his people. As proving that the dissatisfaction with the autocracy is deep-seated and confirmed, Prof. Blind refers to the armed outbreak against the government in 1825, and he gives an account of the noblemen and army officers who were involved in that unsuccessful attempt to establish democratic rule in Russia. Now, however, circumstances are more propitious to the popular cause, and the discontent is much more widespread, as is indicated by the various events to which Prof. Blind alludes; and he declares that, look wherever we may, the walls of the great prison-house, called the Czar's empire are showing cracks and signs of crumbling. Referring to the public sentiment in Russia toward the war now waging, Prof. Blind says:

"Until lately the Russian land owner was rather averse to ideas of political opposition. The war has roused him. His laborers are taken from him by military mobilization. The wages he has to pay rise correspondingly in the absence of sufficient hands. His produce cannot be disposed of, as the army administration has seized hold of all the railway trains. There is a dangerous fermentation among the peasantry, threatening the life and the property of the land-owner. Industry, too, is paralyzed among the manufacturing class and its workmen. There is great fear as to the impossibility of maintaining a gold standard, which is but artificially kept up by continual loans abroad. Family life has become terribly disturbed, the upper ten thousand being now also drawn into the military vortex. Any one going to the Far East looks upon his forced departure as the possible end of his life; for it is generally held that what happens in that distant region is no longer regular warfare, but mere massacre. Hence—all Russia is filled with hatred of this war, and of the political state of things which has brought it about."

Unless we smile and make glad is it not unreasonable to expect the same of others?

10,836 PLEDGES.

Results of a Month's Work by the "English Father Mathew" in Australia.

"When Father Hays returned to Melbourne on Saturday," says the Advocate, of that city, "his few days in the country districts had yielded him 3822 pledges, making a total of 15,835 since his arrival last month. On his way to the country he was met at various railway stations, as the train was passing through, by crowds of people, with priests and Protestant Ministers, who welcomed him to Australia and wished his work God-speed."

From the above it is evident that the wonderful success achieved in England and Ireland by "the English Father Mathew," as Father Hays is called, is being duplicated in Australia. There is an account of one of the meetings held in the last-named country:

"At Castlemaine he addressed in the new Town Hall the largest assembly ever seen in the district. Over 1200 persons were present, and hundreds were turned away from the doors. The Mayor, who presided, supported by the clergy of all denominations and all the leading townspeople, said he was delighted to see such a great audience to hear so fine a man as Father Hays, who was one of the greatest leaders against the greatest enemy that had ever threatened the manhood of the world."

"It was a unique sight when Father Hays, amid such surroundings, came forward in his Roman cassock, and the scene was yet more remarkable when the vast audience arose and cheered and demonstrated their welcome. He declared himself a Catholic priest who had devoted his life to the work of saving his fellowmen from the curse and slavery of intemperance. He made an earnest appeal for personal total abstinence, and 550 persons took the pledge."

In St. Mary's Church at Kyneton the great audience assembled included Rev. Canon Bishop, of St. Paul's Church of England; Rev. A. Bishop, and many adherents of other churches. Later a "citizens' reception" was held in a public hall at Kyneton. The place was "packed to the doors fully one hour before the time announced for the proceedings to commence. Galleries, passages and entrances were all crowded, and large numbers were unable to obtain an entrance. It was a wonderful gathering of all creeds and classes. The Catholic priests, clergy of the Church of England, Wesleyan, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers were present. Father Hays spoke for one hour and administered the pledge to about 500 persons."

Convent of Ste Genevieve Burned Down

A shadow was cast over Good Friday for people of Montreal, and neighborhood by the news of the disastrous fire with loss of life at the convent of Ste. Genevieve. One Sister, ten pupils, and four old people were the victims.

Of the convent itself, nothing now remains but a heap of ruins. The nuns were driven from their beds in night attire, and all their worldly possessions perished in the flames. The Superioress and the little band of Sisters found refuge in the Presbytery, while Dr. Ladouceur turned his home into a hospital and treated those who were injured at the fire.

Generosity is growing less fashionable. Self-interest is so much more in accordance with modern ideas.

Those who see evil in everything have perverted minds and are not to be trusted. There is some good in most things, though few fail to discover it.

They who fail after earnest striving are surely entitled to applause. Failure is no dishonor. It should only spur us on to greater effort.

Don't wait until your friend is dead to lend him aid. If he is worthy of your love do not hesitate to show it upon him while he yet lives.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

That the ambitions of our early years do not always fail of realization was borne out by the following...

FASHIONS.

The over-popular mohair dress goods are a veritable surprise. Beauty and durability have been so long combined in these fabrics that it hardly seemed possible a new factor of satisfaction could be added...

suitable for the house and for the ball room.

In the dark colored silks, pongees and veilings, no matter how elaborately they may be made up, this short skirt style is used; it is to be recommended, and if the skirt is properly cut and is full enough...

The newest gowns are made with skirts and waists to match, and the lingerie blouses, charming and attractive as they are, are relegated to the skirt and coat costume.

The return of silk warp or all wool Henriettas to greater popular favor will be welcome news to their many admirers.

Insertion is a favorite garniture and often so profusely employed that the material of which the blouse is made is merely the skeleton on which to attach the lace trimming.

TIMELY HINTS.

The professional method of cleaning taffeta silk is to first sponge with gasoline, then sponge a second time with white castile soap and gasoline.

People often regard dirty polishing leathers as hopelessly spoiled, but they may be easily washed in warm soap suds.

A tiny pinch of salt added to the whites of eggs when beating will make them froth quicker, and the froth will be stiffer.

The tin boxes in which sweet wafers are purchased are handy receptacles in which to stow away sandwiches for evening lunches.

A loosened knife-handle can be satisfactorily mended by filling the cavity in the handle two-thirds full of powdered resin and brick-dust.

For brightening grates, fronts, fenders, and similar iron substances, mix well one pint of asphaltum with a gill of turpentine, and apply evenly with a paint brush.

To clean paint brushes first soak the brushes in turpentine and afterward wash in soapy water in which a little soda is dissolved.

When pounding almonds always add a few drops of cold water to prevent the otherwise inevitable appearance of oil.

When hot fat is spilled on table or floor, pour cold water or drop ice on the place immediately to harden the grease and prevent its soaking into the wood, then, when attention can be given to it, wash out with very hot soda water and scouring sand.

All the tedious skimming and straining of soup can be avoided if one takes the precaution to put in a small unpeeled onion at the very start and permit it to remain until one is ready to thicken the soup.

RECIPES.

A Delicious Sauce for Cold Meats—Put one generous tablespoonful of dry English mustard in a bowl, or the inside pan of a double boiler, add one cupful of rich cream, one-half a cupful of vinegar, one fresh egg yolk and white, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of flour, one-half a teaspoonful of salt; beat all together well; then stand the bowl or sauceman in a kettle of boiling water over the fire and cook till the sauce is quite thick, and then remove from the fire and let the sauce get cold in the dish in which it is cooked.

Baked Apples with Bananas.—Prepare the apples as for ordinary baking, but make the hole from which the core is removed large enough to hold half a banana. If the banana is very large around, it may be shaved down a little.

Vegetable Chops.—Take one cupful each of chopped boiled potatoes, carrots and turnips, and one half cupful cracker crumbs; season with three shakes of pepper, a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of melted butter.

Apple Custard—Stew the rind of one lemon with a dozen juicy apples, when thoroughly cooked pass through a sieve, mix sufficient sugar with them to sweeten and set away in a cool place.

Cold Orange Pudding.—Put one quart of water over the fire to boil; rub half cup of cornstarch in a little cold water; when this is smooth turn it into the boiling water, stirring constantly until it thickens; add to it one cup of granulated sugar; take from the fire, add the juice and pulp of two small lemons.

Stuffed Pineapple—Cut off the top of a large pineapple, scoop out the inside, shred the pulp and sugar well; wash the pineapple shell and set in ice water.

OUT OF ORDER.

P. J. Carlon, a well-known young New York lawyer, tells this story about Senator Albert Beveridge: "Several years ago the ladies belonging to a certain club in Indianapolis held a meeting at which the speakers were all to be women."

The chairman of the occasion was William Denoon, now managing editor of the Indianapolis News, and he did not like Beveridge anyway.

THE WIND OF SORROW.

(Henry Van Dyke.)

The fire of love was burning, yet so low That in the dark we scarce could see its rays. And in the light of perfect-peaceful days Nothing but smouldering embers dull and slow.

KEEP THE CHILDREN BUSY.

Teach children to do little things about the house. It trains them to be useful, not awkward, in later and more important affairs it guides them occupation while they are small, and it really is an assistance to the mother in the end, although she always feels during the training period that it is much easier to do the things herself than to show another how.

"ALMA MATER."

It may not be generally known that the term "Alma Mater," which is universally applied to colleges and universities where men receive their scholastic training, is of purely Catholic origin.

CHILDREN SHOULD READ ALOUD.

A mother should take great pains to teach her children to read aloud distinctly and pleasantly. Much time and money are often expended in cultivating the voice for singing, and yet quite as much pleasure may be given by the person who reads aloud in a pleasing manner.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

Charitable Lady—But a man last week told me exactly the same story. Tramp—Yes, lady. Yer see, I made a fatal mistake in not havin' the history of me life copyrighted.

THE SAFE SIDE.

Reporter—Were you quoted correctly in that interview in the morning papers? Senator—Come around the day after to-morrow. How can I tell until I see how the interview is going to be taken?—Tom Watson's Magazine for April.

EASILY SOLVED.

The schoolmaster of a certain village asked his pupils the following question: "Suppose in a family there were five children, and the mother has only four potatoes between them. Now, she wants to give each child an equal share. What is she going to do?"

COURAGE OF INDIAN WOMEN

While the popular belief that the Indian wife is merely an unreckoned quantity in the affairs of her tribe and nation, a slave and drudge for her warrior husband, has some foundation, the rule has many exceptions. That the squaw should perform the most of the daily labor about the camp and wigwam, while the brave takes his ease, in order to be fresh and strong for the long hunting trip or the hardships of the swarpath, seems in accord with the natural fitness of things in Indian philosophy, and the squaw performs her task willingly and without a murmur.

But let her lord and master assume too arbitrary a hand or heap too many indignities upon her, and there is immediately such a domestic war in the camp that he is not likely soon to forget it. Never will the writer forget an instance of this kind, which he witnessed one night in the upper Columbia River country, about six years ago.

For two hours she stood there, pouring forth her long pent-up emotions in the light of the campfires, her sinewy form and wrathful countenance making a weird picture of ferocity; for two hours, without a moment's intermission, and such a tremendous and scorching harangue from human lips the writer never expects to hear again.

In point of personal bravery the squaw is often far from being the inferior of her lawful mate. The annals of the West are full of instances of her courage. Many times during the fierce Sioux wars in the Black Hills regions detachments of warriors were saved from destruction by the bravery and strategy of some of their squaws.

This dauntless spirit is seen to a very marked degree in the Indian women of all the Northwestern tribes and particularly among the Ojibways of the Great Lakes. It seems that no situation is too appalling, no danger too great, for them to face without hesitation and without flinching.

An instance in this connection also was witnessed some fifteen years ago at a blueberry camp a few miles north of Bear Lake, in Minnesota. Several hundred Ojibway families were employed in picking the sweet berries which grow in great abundance throughout the pine forests of this northern region, and which are created and shipped in carloads to St. Paul and other city markets to the southward during the season of the fruit's ripening.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

I know you all joined in our allusions of Easter; and some of you are almost too good to understand the true import of the great feast, still the great idea of the meaning, triumphant resurrection of our Lord, He Who was always der to the little ones and never too occupied with things to take notice of the who loved to cling about. Perhaps you will write me how Easter day was observed your different churches and were impressed.

At another time, just below the little station of Moose Lake, Minn., a deformed and hunch-backed Indian, known as Joe Bug, an evil and desperate outlaw of that region, had committed a most unprovoked and cold-blooded murder at the station, and was fleeing for his life toward the cover of timber a mile or so to the southward.

But the more he tried to overawe her the fiercer and more defiant became the wrathful squaw, until, suddenly, drawing a long, wicked-looking knife, she leaped into the open space in front of the circle of wigwams, and, throwing her blanket from her shoulders, stamped it into the ground with spiteful impetuosity.

For two hours she stood there, pouring forth her long pent-up emotions in the light of the campfires, her sinewy form and wrathful countenance making a weird picture of ferocity; for two hours, without a moment's intermission, and such a tremendous and scorching harangue from human lips the writer never expects to hear again.

Historic Plymouth Now a Catholic Town.

It may occasion surprise throughout Massachusetts, and throughout the country, says the Boston Republic, to learn that Plymouth, the town revered in the history of America as the landing place of the Pilgrims, has drifted away from its Puritan moorings, and to-day is a Catholic town.

The little township, rich in historical lore, more beautiful and inspiring to-day to the eyes of the visitor than were its shores to the eyes of the exiled Pilgrims when they first settled there in 1620, has swung over to the Catholic column, and hereafter must be regarded as a notable illustration of the rapid march to ascendancy in New England of the Catholic Church.

Plymouth has a population which the United States census places at 9592. Of this number 1800 are Irish-Catholics, 2000 are French-Catholics, while another 2000 are made up of Italian and Polish Catholics. In addition there are scores of converts and men who are steadfast in the Catholic faith. Thus it will be seen at a glance that the assertion that Plymouth is a Catholic town is well founded.

Culture is not exterior, but interior. If you have the capacity for culture, if you have the insight, imagination, and the will to concentrate and to observe and to appropriate the knowledge you discover—you have the foundation for culture. It all depends upon your attitude toward life. It all depends whether your mind is determined and magnetic enough to draw to itself those elements and help it most needs—Angelo Sorelli.

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Dear Boys and Girls: I know you all joined in our allusions of Easter; and some of you are almost too good to understand the true import of the great feast, still the great idea of the meaning, triumphant resurrection of our Lord, He Who was always der to the little ones and never too occupied with things to take notice of the who loved to cling about. Perhaps you will write me how Easter day was observed your different churches and were impressed.

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FOUND OUT.

(Louise J. Strong, in the Chicago Tribune.) "I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, boy is too small. He could not work required to fill the The doctor spoke kindly, edly.

Miss Dilsey rose, her placid face pale and worn, and she trembling somewhat, as she said: "Harry is older than he is quite stout. But if he do the work there is no no said. I had hoped to get thing for him to do, for school is out he is on the much, and that isn't good."

"No, that isn't good for doctor echoed, "and I'm I cannot take him." He pol-corted Miss Dilsey to the when he re-entered his office, a red, indignant face.

"Well, so you've got to you?" the doctor remarked. "Uncle Spencer, I would believed it of you!" the doctor stared in app-tonishment, evidently awa-explanation. "I was in the other room time—and I couldn't help it." "You're welcome to hear that," said in this office, look as if you'd heard that has shocked you."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: I know you all joined in the joyous allusions of Easter; and though some of you are almost too young to understand the true import of the great feast, still the greater number of the readers of the corner have some idea of the meaning of the triumphant resurrection of our blessed Lord, He Who was always so tender to the little ones and who was never too occupied with greater things to take notice of the children who loved to cling about His knee. Perhaps you will write accounts of how Easter day was observed in your different churches and how you were impressed.

Your friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: I have seen all the letters in the True Witness, and I thought I would like to write too. I go to convent, but did not go this year because I was sick. I have one little sister. She is nine years old. She is going to make her first Communion next year. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain Your little friend, AGNES.

Montreal, April, 1905. DO BABIES PAY?

"Do Babies Pay?" is the subject that is being discussed by some of the editorial writers of the day. Each night when I go home from work, Tired with toil of day, A little tot is waiting me To drive the cares away.

Then as we tucked her in her bed, She says, "Tome tise me twice— And, papa, how much did I tost, And am I worf de price?"

FOUND OUT. (Louise J. Strong, in the Classroom.) "I am sorry, Miss Dilsey, but the boy is too small. He could not do the work required to fill the place."

Miss Dilsey rose, her plucked little face pale and worn, and her voice trembling somewhat, as she replied: "Harry is older than he looks, and is quite stout. But if he could not do the work there is no more to be said. I had hoped to get something for him to do, for now that school is out he is on the street so much, and that isn't good for him."

When he re-entered his office his nephew Lucian stood by the table with a red, indignant face. "Well, so you've got back, have you?" the doctor remarked, cheerily. "Uncle Spencer, I wouldn't have believed it of you!" the boy burst out.

cle Spencer, I oughtn't to have said that; but that poor little woman's story was so pitiful, and she'll lose her home if she can't make the payment. I think you might have helped her a little, and tried the boy. But you were so cold and unfeeling, I wouldn't have believed it!" The boy's eyes flashed with indignant excitement.

"I thought you were good to the poor—" "I dose 'em at half price," his uncle interjected; then, with a sarcastic smile, added: "I can't carry all of them; don't expect that of me, do you? And I'm not the only fellow in this town with an income—nor in this room, either! Come, now, how sorry are you for Miss Dilsey; how many dollars' worth of pity have you for her?"

Uncle Spencer winked at the back turned to him, and began to enumerate from an account book: "Saddle horse; Span ponies; club expenses; camping expedition, and Lakes—father'll have to add a few hundred to a certain boy's allowance, or he'll have to retrench; and Miss Dilsey won't be better for it, either."

"Oh, don't you!" the doctor ejaculated. "Well, I think you're as responsible for her as I am. You've got lots the most money, you know."

Then Uncle Spencer laughed aloud in seeming enjoyment, as Lucian flung himself out and banged the door. "Nothing so easy as spending other people's money, my boy," he commented, with a sigh.

An hour later, having made sure that the coast was clear, Dr. Spencer knocked at Miss Dilsey's door. "I'm almost ashamed to look you in the face," he said the moment the door was closed behind him. "I don't know what you thought of my unfeeling treatment of you and your troubles, but I was making an experiment. You know I have my sister's son with me for the year, while his parents are abroad; his father is very wealthy and the boy is indulged in every way. He has altogether too much money to spend for his own good. He thinks of no one but himself, and gives little, and that grudgingly. He is kindhearted, and I think generous if he could be brought to see the good he might do with his means and consider the need of others. I thought an illustration of selfishness might help him to see—knew he was in the next room. This explains my conduct. Now, Miss Dilsey, I will try to find something for Harry, and you shall have all the help you need on your payment, only do not let Lucian know, and if he should come to you, as I hope, let him have his way."

He left her in grateful tears of relief, pledged to keep his secret. "I think the boy will ring true; I think he's the right sort of stuff," the doctor reflected, watching Lucian wistfully.

Lucian did not "ring" anything for a few days. He sulked, and scarcely spoke to his uncle more than civility demanded. Then for a week or so he was away most of the time, saying nothing of his doings or whereabouts; and his uncle grew anxious. It was evident that his experiment had failed, and he had gained the ill-will of the boy in vain. It was a great relief when Lucian suddenly recovered his spirits and went whistling about his old self.

One day when the doctor was at leisure Lucian came to him with a request. "Uncle Spencer," he said "I wish you would ride a few blocks with me if you have time. I've a notion to make an investment in real estate, and want you to see it and advise me." "In real estate!" exclaimed the doctor, astonished. Lucian smiled mysteriously, but would not explain until he drew up before a neat little house with an acre of ground attached at the edge of the town.

In town on it in payment, as far as she owns it; then my 'Saddle horse, span ponies, club expenses,' etc. will pay it all off and enough left to carry out my plan for them," he quoted mischievously, laughing gaily at his uncle's surprise.

"Oh, but I was mad, Uncle Spencer," he went on, "when you showed me what a selfish, stingy hulk I had got to be! I don't think I'll need that lesson again. Look here, uncle, this is my plan; Harry has an older brother who has to be away from them now to get work. If they come here they can all be together, and that will make them happy, especially Miss Dilsey, who wants the boys with her. The boys can garden and raise poultry. Harry is pretty near as much a chicken crank as I am. We'll build good houses, and get good stock—why I'd love to be in it as long as I am here with you, and Miss Dilsey won't have to sew; she'd have enough to keep her busy just managing. There'll be plenty out of my 'retrenchments' to do at all, I think, but father'll let me have more if we need it. Say you approve, uncle, for I've set my heart on doing it."

"Approve!" Uncle Spencer grasped his hand. "It's a fine plan, sensible and manly. It helps in the best way possible by making the boys self-supporting and self-respecting. My dear boy, I felt sure you were the right sort! I can't tell you how gratified I am, and proud of you, too!"

After a little he added, soberly: "Wealth such as yours will be a great responsibility, and if you will you can make of it a source of much blessing to others. I think you have found that out, my boy."

Lucian nodded, saying, "And I like it, too. I didn't know it was so much fun spending for others, but it is; lots more than when you just put it all on yourself—folks like Miss Dilsey and the boys, anyway."

After a bit he said, slyly: "Uncle Spencer, I found you out, too. I was in the bank when Miss Dilsey presented the cheque you gave her to make that payment. I knew what it was for, if she wouldn't tell me," and he shouted at the doctor's look of chagrin.

TERRIBLE TEMPTATION. An eminent English surgeon, whose brusqueness with grown-ups recalls that of the famous Abernethy, is quite another person when children are his patients. Then he is as amiable as an angel or a big St. Bernard dog.

A short time ago, according to St. James' Budget, this gentle giant got out of his warm bed at 3 o'clock of a bitter morning to attend a tiny boy in a piteous plight from diphtheria. He performed the operation of tracheotomy, and saved the child's life.

Time went on and his general condition improved, but there was disquieting symptoms. He refused to use his voice. When he was questioned he nodded or shook his head, but would not speak. Finally the surgeon found a way. One morning he talked at his stubborn little patient.

"I'm sorry he can't speak to me, nurse," the surgeon said, "because I'm going up to London to-morrow, and shan't know whether to bring him a horse or a gun."

When a great man was asked as to what one thing he most attributed his success, he answered: "To the simple admonition of my father to be 'a man.' When I started to the country school he said to me, 'Jim, be a man,' and when I left for college he said, 'Good-by, Jim; be a man,' and when I left home for my life work he said, 'Well, Jim, be a man,' and when dying he gave me his feeble hand and said, 'Farewell, Jim, be a man,' and in trying to follow that brief injunction of my good father, in all places and circumstances, I have attained to all the success that God has given me."

A STORY OF 1837.

Many years ago, when Montreal was but a small place in comparison to what it is to-day, the principal part of the city was from St. James street down to the river side. At present that quarter is known as "Old Montreal," and there several buildings may still be seen standing like so many relics of a by-gone age. Though they are sadly worn and disfigured by the merciless hand of time and make but a sorry show when compared with the magnificent edifices of later date, yet they possess a historic grandeur and interest which more modern structures cannot boast. They awaken the imagines of departed generations and are sanctified by legends and by tales.

It is with one of these old buildings that the present story is connected, and I must remark that, though it may savor of fiction and imagination, it is nevertheless founded on fact.

The building in question is an old rambling wooden affair, with slanting roof and very small old-time windows. It was in the pioneer days of the Dominion used as a country inn. The proprietor, old Robert Foster, was a retired non-commissioned officer of the British army. He was a goodly person, forty-five years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his payments, having a cellar of good liquor, one son and a pretty daughter.

No one could excel Robert Foster in pleasing his guests of every description, and so great was his fame that to pass by his inn without wetting a cup, would be to avow oneself utterly indifferent to one's reputation as a traveller.

The old inn-keeper had amassed quite a large fortune during his life, and at the time of which I am writing he was supposed to have been very wealthy, and this was no mere supposition, but a fact. The men around were proud of their host, and their host in turn was proud of his hospitality, his cellar, his daughter and himself. He was not proud of his son, for a more mischievous and troublesome youth did not exist, and though it was the wish of his father that his child should join the army, young Charles' inclinations did not run in that way.

In order that the lad should make himself useful in some way, his father had him employed as tapster's boy for a quarter of a year, but with mistakes, misreckonings and misdemeanors of all kinds, he was a total failure in that capacity.

But the quiet and uneventful life of the inn-keeper was to be interrupted. Stirring times were coming on, for the settlers were exasperated by bad government, and the agitation against abuses which had been interrupted by the war of 1812-14 was renewed. During this troubled time Robert was in great perturbation of mind, for if the struggle were to terminate in open hostilities, as there was every reason to believe it would, his duty required of him that he should join his regiment, fight on the side of the government, and leave his accumulated fortune at the mercy of chance. If the Government succeeded in putting down the rising, all would be well. But on the other hand, if the "patriots" were successful, he might bid good-bye to his property and his riches.

Little time was left for him to decide, so having sent his daughter to his relatives in England, he persuaded his son to join the army. There, contrary to all expectations, the youth improved wonderfully, and at last attained the rank of Captain. Robert decided to take no chances. The cloud of civil war was gathering. He dismissed his servants, and having turned most of his possessions into cash, he proceeded to put it in a secure hiding-place.

One night as he was alone in the house, he made a thorough survey of the surroundings, and being satisfied there was no one to observe his actions, he descended into the cellar, bringing with him the greater part of his valuables, amounting to about £4000 in money and jewels, with the intention of hiding them there. He placed them in a small iron chest, and taking a few stones but of the wall, he carefully sunken the chest into the cavity and blocked up the mouth so as to defy the sharpest observation. While thus engaged he heard a slight noise overhead, and looked around to discover the cause, but soon concluded it was only his excited imagination which had alarmed him. He then resumed his work, and soon after completed it.

with a lightened heart and more peaceful mind, retraced his steps upstairs and gave himself up to strange reflections. His meditations were suddenly brought to an end, however, by a loud knocking at the door. After inquiring who was there, and receiving a satisfactory answer, he opened the door, and a man in the uniform of a sergeant of the Queen's army entered.

Then came the first news of the outbreak. The settlers, despairing of getting their rights by constitutional means, had at last rebelled, under Papineau, and were assembling in great numbers around Montreal. They were fully determined to fight to the last, and the Government was equally determined to put a speedy end to the rising, and was hastily calling out its soldiers. Though Robert Foster had retired a couple of years before, yet he immediately accompanied the sergeant to the barracks and rejoined his old regiment. His mind was now at ease, for even if the settlers would win he felt that his fortune was safe, and that he could easily get it when the trouble was over.

But one thing Robert had forgotten. He did not take into consideration that he might possibly fall in battle, die suddenly, or perhaps be otherwise hindered from personally regaining his treasure, and thus be prevented from transmitting it to his descendants.

His son he could not, on any account whatever, trust, for the odds, in his mind, were that the lad would appropriate it to himself at the first opportunity. So Robert in solitary possession of his secret, went off to his regiment, feeling confident that all would be well.

The insurrection broke out on the 7th of November. The government troops met with a stout resistance, and the popular army were not defeated without much difficulty. The regulars were beaten at Chambly and St. Denis. The Canadians in turn were defeated at St. Charles and St. Eustache; and in the latter battle, one of their leaders, Dr. Chenier, was numbered among the slain.

Neither had they any better success in Upper Canada, for Mackenzie received a crushing defeat at Toronto, and was compelled to take refuge in the United States. This was about the last engagement of the war, for the insurgents were either dispersed or forced to surrender. Those who were captured were tried by court martial. Some were banished, others executed, but the majority got off easily, and in later years, when amnesties were granted, many of these exiles, even the leaders, returned and spent the remainder of their lives in Canada.

Robert Foster's regiment had been in the thick of the trouble all through, and he had himself served in seven engagements, but had come off unharmed. Now that the rebellion was over, and things had quieted down, most of the militia were disbanded and many of the soldiers returned to their homes. Robert Foster was among the number, and after the stirring times through which he had passed was glad to be again in the quiet of his inn. After his return, for some inconceivable reason, he did not take the treasure from its hiding place, but had left it there, evidently intending to remove it at some future period.

Time passed on; still the money remained hidden. At last Robert was suddenly stricken with a mortal malady and his days were numbered. The paralysis with which he was afflicted deprived him almost entirely of the use of his tongue, and it was only at very distant intervals that he could articulate at all. Robert felt that his end was approaching, so he resolved that if it were possible he would, on the very first opportunity, make his secret known to his son. When the opportunity did come, however, he was only able to make him understand that he had buried a large amount of money in the cellar. The precise spot he could not recall, for his speech failed, and he took to his bed never to rise again. Some time after his father's death, Charles determined to make a thorough search of the cellar and try if he could discover the coveted gold. He was unsuccessful, however, for it was so cunningly hidden that it would be impossible to find it unless the building were thrown down, and a thorough inspection made of the foundation walls. After searching long and earnestly without success, Charles concluded that his father must not have been in his right senses when he had given him the information.

This, however, was unlikely; but as he could not find the money, and as more searching would prove useless, he did the best thing possible; that is, he left off looking for what he could not possess, and became contented with what he had. How-

ever, in spite of this inference, he would from time to time try again to discover the location of the money. But all his efforts were in vain, and as time passed on he gradually discontinued these attempts, and in his later years he had almost forgotten about it entirely.

Charles soon married, and to his family he told the story of his father's money. He had continued on the business of the inn, and as time passed he also was on the high road to wealth. Having heard of the enormous fortunes made by speculation, he resolved to speculate. The thought took possession of his mind, and do what he would, he could not drive it away; and the end of it was that he invested his money in stocks. All went well for some time, but after the market failed, and instead of gaining a fortune as Charles had fondly hoped, he lost all he had. The inn was sold, and he was forced to leave, but he did not mention anything about the buried money, thinking that perhaps, at some future period, if it should come to light, his children might be able to prove their ownership and recover it.

The mystery is still unsolved, and the money lies there to-day, a warning to the folly of secreting money in hiding places instead of putting it into banks. Charles is dead now, but his children are living, and are in hopes that some day they may hear something about the treasure.

As many of the streets of our city are to be widened, and old buildings are being thrown down to make room for new ones, the street upon which this building is situated may be among the number to be enlarged, and if so there is every chance of his descendants hearing something about Robert Foster's money.

LIEUT. E. ROACH, St. Patrick's Cadets.

THE SAGACIOUS MULE.

When it comes to finding his way, day or night, I believe the mule has more instinct, or whatever it is that enables him to do it, than most horses have; and if it is water that is wanted, and there is any in the country to be found, a mule will find it sooner than a horse will. I have had them lead me to water where I least expected to find it. The mule could find it, though how he did it, I don't know. I rode a small sorrel mare mule many hundreds of miles, at one time or another; she was a pack mule, but was never packed. We kept her for the saddle, and of the many animals I have ridden she was by all odds the easiest one to ride, and was fast enough to run buffalo with. I have shot many of them off her back.

That mule could not be lost, no matter how dark the night was, or how wet or stormy it was, or whether she had ever been in that country before or not. If I wanted to find camp, all I had to do was to let her reins slack, then tell her to go home. She would find her way and go straight there, whether the camp was one mile away or ten; and in going to it she went as the crow flies, straight ahead, over hills that I would take her around in day time, and across a creek or river if she had to swim it.

On the march she would never stay with the pack train; all the men in it could not hold her; she travelled close up in rear of the column, and if the last file happened to be a single one, she completed it. We followed a party of Indians that we had found down the country, stealing cattle, all one night on foot in single file, leading our horses; it was too dark to follow the trail mounted, and just before daylight we mounted and formed into line to charge through a wet bottom; as I took my place on the left of the line the mule, which had just got away from the pack train, took her place on my left and kept it while we charged across the bottom, killing one Indian; then when we had halted, the captain rode down the line to see if any of us had been killed, and wanted to know what that mule was doing here. I had to tell him that she was also charging the Indians.

I do not think that the secret has anything to do with a horse or mule finding camp. I have had a horse carry me right into camp with a high wind blowing right over him from behind him. If there was any scent that wind would have carried it away from him. A horse can see objects in the dark that a man cannot see, but if he has not seen them before they cannot help him any—Forest and Stream.

The pressure of the lake or river lies behind every faucet of the city; no religion lies back of every duty, every obligation, every relation we maintain to God and man—Rev. H. H. Clark, D. D.

NOTES FROM THE PARISHES OF THE GLORIOUS

Easter Sunday, the day of the Church and the day of Christianity, was observed in our city, the Rome of the West, in a manner that showed the true spirit of the Christian religion and Catholic spirit.

On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society met in the hall, and proceeded to St. Ann's Church, where the annual Mass was celebrated.

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D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, April 22. There was the usual good attendance at the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle last Tuesday evening.

The books reviewed were "The Light Invisible," by Robert Benson, and "The Soul of Old Japan," by Lafcadio Hearn.

The London Tablet concedes to the Gaelic League and to the League of the Cross credit for the considerable progress in temperance reform noticeable in England.

The beautiful new Cathedral which has been erected by Bishop Grimes of Christchurch, New Zealand, at the cost of £50,000, was solemnly opened on Sunday, February 12.

Prince Max of Saxony, who worked for some few years as assistant priest in a mission in the East End of London, will, it is said, be raised to the Cardinalate at the next Consistory.

The Catholic people of the Diocese of Charlottetown, P.E.I., fittingly welcomed their Bishop, Right Rev. James Charles MacDonald, on his return from Rome and the Holy Land.

Over seventy-six thousand immigrants have entered Canada during the past nine months, a net increase of 6614 over the same time last year.

Our efforts often seem worthless simply because we fail to see the good that lies hidden in the deed.

at such times every heart responds to the cool and courageous ones who count not their own safety as long as opportunity remains to sever the weak.

Cardinal Merry del Val, writing in the name of the Holy Father to Cardinal Goossens, Archbishop of Malines, censures the action of two priests, Fathers Daens and Fonteyne, who have been condemned by their Bishops for insubordination and for fomenting discord among the faithful.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1905.

ENGLAND FORBIDS CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR IRELAND.

We have before us the full report of the debate that took place in the British House of Commons on April 13 on the Irish Catholic University question.

Mr. John Murphy submitted the amendment for the Irish party, and one of his earliest supporters was Mr. Fitzalan Hope, Unionist member for Sheffield, himself a Catholic, who declared that a heavy responsibility rested upon every supporter of Unionist policy as long as the intolerable grievances of Irish Catholics remained.

The chief speaker in favor of the amendment was Mr. John Dillon. At the outset of his remarks he called it a fact of sinister significance that the new Chief Secretary for Ireland, Mr. Long, should have chosen the hour of this debate for absenting himself from his place in the House of Commons in order to fill an appointment with an Orange audience in Londonderry.

It must be borne in mind that the principle of state-aided higher education for the Catholics of Ireland is not at issue, inasmuch as parliament already grants \$30,000 a year to the Catholic University College, Dublin, in which the Jesuits have charge.

At this point of the debate the Prime Minister saw fit to put a new complexion upon the entire question. He denied all knowledge of Sir Antony MacDonnell's negotiations on the spot and going further declared his belief that no government could

LORD GREY IN TORONTO.

Lord Grey, the Governor-General, lost no time, after he reached Toronto on Monday last, in addressing a little heart to heart talk to the newspapers of that city.

Many members of the House of Commons have attributed the entire agitation of race and creed within the last few months to the newspapers of Toronto. It is at least safe to say that seventy-five percent of the stuff printed from day to day is nowhere reflected beyond sensational Toronto sheets that trade on turmoil.

"I have been reminded frequently," said the Governor-General, "by your press, although I do not think it is necessary, that it is not the province of a Governor to interfere. There are, however, some subjects on which men of all parties are agreed, and on which it is permitted for me to express an opinion without running the risk of raising a single dissentient voice, and one of them is the hope that the clash of race and creed conflict shall never be heard in Canada, and the conviction that in the complete union between the two great races lies the secret and strength of your future."

His Excellency is to be thanked for these words in which he has well weighed the patriotism of our Canadian people. The day is past for questioning or testing the consent of French and English, Catholic and Protestant, in Canada, to dwell together in closer union and brotherhood.

Sad and shocking are all the features of the fire tragedy at Ste. Genevieve. Commonplace and little purpose must any comment upon the origin and character of the conflagration appear even when the facts have all been thoroughly sifted down. Fire is an element that baffles both builders and occupiers, up-to-date or old-fashioned. Not a day passes but the eye is arrested by some horror of burning in the newspapers. Amid sudden alarm and precipitate haste the young and infirm have always the slim chance, and

BISHOP CASEY'S HOME-COMING.

The arrangements made at Halifax and St. John for the reception of Bishop Casey upon his return from abroad were of an elaborate character. Artistic addresses and purses represented the cordiality and enthusiasm of the people of St. John and Moncton.

The beautiful new Cathedral which has been erected by Bishop Grimes of Christchurch, New Zealand, at the cost of £50,000, was solemnly opened on Sunday, February 12, when the sermon in the morning was preached by Archbishop Kelly, Coadjutor of Sydney, and in the evening by Archbishop Carr, of Melbourne.

Prince Max of Saxony, who worked for some few years as assistant priest in a mission in the East End of London, will, it is said, be raised to the Cardinalate at the next Consistory.

The Catholic people of the Diocese of Charlottetown, P.E.I., fittingly welcomed their Bishop, Right Rev. James Charles MacDonald, on his return from Rome and the Holy Land.

Over seventy-six thousand immigrants have entered Canada during the past nine months, a net increase of 6614 over the same time last year.

Our efforts often seem worthless simply because we fail to see the good that lies hidden in the deed.

A GREAT CATHOLIC EDITOR.

One of the most learned and zealous men known to the history of Canadian journalism was Mr. J. P. Tardivel, editor of La Verite, whose death is announced from Quebec.

His Holiness has received in audience Sir Charles Wyndham, and Colonel J. B. McClean, of Toronto.

As Laval University has not sent up a candidate, the appointment of a Rhodes scholar for 1905 has been placed in the hands of McGill.

Rev. Dr. Cronin, Vice-Rector of the English College, has presented to the Pope Mr. J. E. Tattersall, of Birmingham, and Miss Tattersall, converts received into the Church only about a month previously.

Mr. Michael Davitt, in an article in this month's Independent Review, urges that Irish Nationalists should not concern themselves with the question of denominational education in England, which is "an English domestic issue."

Over seventy-six thousand immigrants have entered Canada during the past nine months, a net increase of 6614 over the same time last year.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock the members of St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society met in the hall, and proceeded to St. Gabriel's Church, where the annual Mass was celebrated.

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NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

THE GLORIOUS FEAST.

Easter Sunday, the brightest feast of the Church, and the fundamental one of Christianity, was celebrated in our city, the Rome of America, in a manner that showed the real Christian and Catholic spirit.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Pastor, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, assisted by Rev. Father Killoran as deacon and Rev. Father Polan as sub-deacon.

10 o'clock Mass, No. 3 Division, Ancient Order of Hibernians, received Holy Communion in a body.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH. Solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Thos. Hoffmann, assisted by Rev. Father J. E. Donnelly as deacon and Rev. Father M. L. Shea as sub-deacon.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. Solemn high Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father McDonald, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon. Rev. Father Connolly, S.J., preached the sermon.

THE CHURCH OF THE GESU. The celebration of Easter at the Jesuit Church was of the highest order.

ST. ANN'S PARISH. On Sunday morning at 7.30 the members of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benediction Society met at St. Ann's Hall.

ST. JAMES CATHEDRAL. His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi sung Pontifical High Mass on Sunday attended by Right Rev. Bishop-elect Racicot.

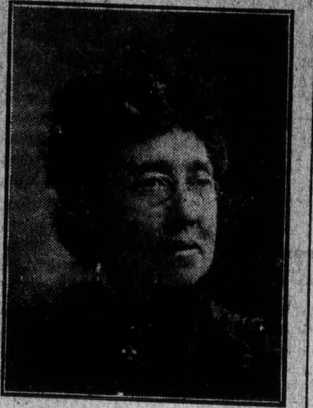
NOTRE DAME CHURCH. The old historic Church of Notre Dame was, as usual on great festivals, the scene of magnificence and splendor.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME. During the past week the following kind sympathizers showed their liberality to the proteges by sending contributions in money and in kind.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. On Easter Sunday, at the request of the young men of the parish, the meeting was addressed by Rev. Father O'Meara, who occupied the chair.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC OLD BOYS AND GIRLS ASSOCIATION.

Presentation to Miss Agnes Brennan, Matron of St. Vincent's Home.



MISS AGNES BRENNAN, Superintendent of the Home and Girls' Visitor.

On Sunday evening last a very interesting event took place at St. Vincent's Home, 386 St. Antoine street, the headquarters of the Catholic Emigration Association.

Dear Miss Brennan:— We, the members of the Old Boys and Girls' Association take this opportunity of testifying with gratitude our high appreciation of the arduous labours which you and Miss Elizabeth have so unselfishly undertaken on our behalf.

HIS LORDSHIP NEXT CALLED UPON MR. CECIL ARDEN, the hon. agent of the Catholic Emigration Association, to make the presentation to Miss Brennan on behalf of the Old Boys and Girls.

Mr. Arden referred to the many pleasant and happy duties, it had been his lot to perform since his advent amongst them, now nearly four years ago, and to the many happy gatherings of the Old Boys and Girls it had been his pleasure to assist at, but declared that no previous occasion could possibly vie with the happiness and pleasure of the duty and privilege the boys and girls had placed upon him on this occasion.

met, and their devotion had not wavered one iota to that night. What he could say of himself he knew expressed the experience and feelings of all present, and he was proud and pleased to have that opportunity of expressing even so inadequately his own and their heartfelt feelings of gratitude towards one who would ever hold a very high place in their hearts.

All pleasures were more or less tinged with some regrets. No less so, that night; but perhaps the regrets were all on his side rather than on theirs, though he knew they were shared by the Misses Brennan. That meeting was the last they would hold in that home, and it was also the last gathering they would hold with both the Misses Brennan and himself in the same house.

Turning from the future back again to the present occasion of their happy gathering, he (Mr. Arden) felt sure Miss Brennan could not help but feel proud of the magnificent number present to-night. The beautiful address which it was his proud privilege to offer to Miss Brennan on their behalf expressed the feelings of those present and many others but inadequately.

MISS AGNES BRENNAN, replying, said: "I must say that this was not a surprise, as certain indications told me that there was something coming. I am very thankful to all for their kindness. I have only done my duty.

Mr. McDermott was the first speaker, and thanked Miss Brennan for her motherly advice. Mr. Evans testified to the kindness and patience of Miss Brennan, and what success he had in life he could thank the kind matron of the home for it.

On Easter Monday night, the annual euchre and social of the Hibernian Knights was held at Drummond Hall.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

HIBERNIAN KNIGHTS' SOCIAL. On Easter Monday night, the annual euchre and social of the Hibernian Knights was held at Drummond Hall.

PARSIFAL. Last Thursday Mr. Rubin Goldmark delivered a highly interesting lecture at His Majesty's Theatre on "Parsifal".

Meeting C. M. B. A. No. 8 at St. Lambert. A largely attended meeting of the members of Branch No. 8, C.M.B. A. Grand Council of Quebec, was held on last Friday evening at the residence of the Secretary, Mr. M. Bermingham, St. Lambert.

THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS. Easter Sunday afternoon, the English-speaking members of the Third Order of St. Francis held their monthly meeting at the Franciscan Church, Dorchester street.

TIME FOR EASTER DUTY EXPIRES. The time for the Easter duty in the Archdiocese of Montreal expires next Sunday (Low Sunday). Confessions are being heard all the week in the different Catholic churches in order to give those who have not yet complied with that obligation time to do so.

A New Irish Catholic Organization. Sunday afternoon a large and enthusiastic meeting was held in the basement of St. Gabriel's Church by the young men of this parish.

AMAZING SYSTEM OF SPIES.

What a Dossier is and How Its Information is Obtained.

(The London Mail.)

"Espionage? Rubbish," said my friend. "You fellows who live here in Paris have spies and spying on the brain. If a letter goes wrong you throw out dark hints of black cabinets, and you would have us believe that there is no more sanctity for private life in France here than there is in Russia. Down in your heart of hearts you know that that is nonsense, but your Briton who lives abroad is so full of the every-Englishman's-house-is-his-castle notion that he invariably gets exaggerated ideas as to intrusion on his privacy."

How much do you in England realize, I wonder, of the inwardness of the "fiches" scandal in the Chamber of Deputies not long ago, which all but overthrew M. Combes and his government? What think you of the fact that practically every officer of the French army, from the young fellow who has just left St. Cyr to the commander-in-chief himself, has each his dossier at the war office which is at the service of the Minister for Home Affairs whenever he chooses to demand a sight of it?

Every man and woman in Canada needs a tonic medicine at this season of the year. They must have new, rich blood to build them up to bear the trying heat of summer. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest spring tonic in the whole world. Every dose makes new, rich blood—new vigorous life. They transform weak, weary, anemic girls into healthy, graceful, well-developed women. They make debilitated men strong, lusty and energetic. They give worn, despondent women new health and comfort. They do this every time—they cannot fail. After a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, every man and woman can withstand the summer's heat free from back-ache and headaches, weakness and despondency. Mrs. M. A. White, Seal Cove, Que., says: "I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills too highly. They have not only made a new person of myself, but have been of incalculable value in my family. I always keep the pills in my home and the result is I have no doctor's bills, nor have I any delicate boys or girls, as the pills keep them strong and healthy. I constantly recommend the pills to my friends, and I always hear good words from those who use them."

This, strange as it no doubt must sound to English ears and English notions, would be a good mark in the France of January, 1905, but if to-morrow France were to be ruled by a reactionary cabinet—and, as you know, in France conservative reaction and allegiance to the Pope go hand in hand—yesterday's good mark would mean such a bad one for the unfortunate officer in question that he would probably be tucked away in a frontier garrison, where, to use the official explanation of such courses when they are questioned in the Chamber, his "influence for evil is less to be feared." One of the great administrative jokes is the presentation to a high French official on his accession to office of the dossier concerning him. I can cite a rather amusing example of this. M. Combes, on entering office, was particularly anxious to see what information his forebear at the home office had about him. The secretary, who was despatched for the dossier, so expurgated it before he brought it in that all M. Combes found about himself was that he had been proposed twenty years before for the cross of the Legion of Honor. He knew that could not be all it had contained, insisted, and eventually was shown the other documents. They consisted of: First, information emanating from a detective employed by the prefecture of Lyons, a little provincial town where the premier practiced as a doctor, and gathered from "a person in the confidence of the doctor's entourage;" second, similar information from two dismissed servants. And all these fiches represented Emile Combes as being a "cross little person of untidy habits, who hypocritically abstains from Mass, but has strong secret leanings toward the clergy and their works." The value of such information needs no criticism.

There was an enormously stout German woman sitting in the corner of a street car last night, weeping as if her heart would break. Some kindly spirit asked her what the matter was. "I am so fat that every time I want to get off de car I have to back out de door, and de conductor man he tink I vas getting on and pushes me in. I have since 10 o'clock been riding this morning, and I'm hungry!" Her sympathetic listener explained to the poor woman got off at last.

A SPRING TONIC.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Make Strength for Summer.

THE BIG WOMAN'S TROUBLES.

There was an enormously stout German woman sitting in the corner of a street car last night, weeping as if her heart would break. Some kindly spirit asked her what the matter was.

"I am so fat that every time I want to get off de car I have to back out de door, and de conductor man he tink I vas getting on and pushes me in. I have since 10 o'clock been riding this morning, and I'm hungry!" Her sympathetic listener explained to the poor woman got off at last.

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Surprise is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word— Surprise A pure hard soap.

JULES VERNE

AN APPRECIATION.

(London Daily Mail.)

It is forty-two years since Jules Verne published his first tale, the first of an almost unnumbered series, which have been the delight of nearly two generations of boys. This herald of a new order of books of adventure was entitled "Five Weeks in a Balloon," and appeared in English in 1870; and almost all his subsequent books found their way into our tongue. Mudge's list includes more than sixty volumes, and it is not complete.

The advent of Jules Verne was tantamount to a revolution in juvenile literature. Those were the days of pious Sunday-school literature; the book that lay adust on the nursery shelf were "Stanford and Merton" and "The Fairchild Family." As yet Dr. George MacDonald had not written "The Princess and the Goblin" and "At the Back of the North Wind." As yet Lewis Carroll had not thought of "Alice in Wonderland," published in 1865. As yet Knatchbull-Hugessen had not penned his fairy tales. It was a drab, grey, dull period upon which visions of the French writer broke, a period devoted to moral emblems and serious contemplations.

Jules Verne's mission was to open up to the youthful mind the wonders of the scientific world. He perceived the great imaginative possibilities latent in science, and was the first to exploit them. His reward was a world-wide fame, for his romances have been translated into almost every civilized language, and his name is known to schoolboys of every nation. His method was to adapt to fiction some scientific fact or discovery. Theories had not the hold on him that they have on Mr. H. G. Wells. He seized the bare fact and embroidered it skilfully with an industrious and ingenious invention; and he has lived to see many of the things he adumbrated and anticipated pass into the realm of actuality.

The most successful and probably the most fascinating of his romances dealt with sub-marines. It was a trilogy, called "The Mysterious Island," and one grateful boy long ago passed with avidity from volume to volume. In it appeared the famous Captain Nemo, who had been the hero of "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and who was inspired by a hatred of the English. Never to be forgotten is the thrill with which that passage was read describing the sinking of the English ship by the revengeful Nemo. But one forgave him; he was so superhuman, and, moreover, he was the deus ex machina of the Mysterious Island.

Twilight, dim with dusky trees, Lulls to rest each moaning dove, Evening breezes softly sighing Whispers tales of tender love.

the daring voyagers at the moon? I can recall to this day, over "how many dusty and silent years," the terrifying picture of the dead dog that clung about the travelling cylinder in space midway 'twixt earth and heaven. The drag of the earth was lost, and everything the voyagers threw out hung suspended about them. Of recent years Mr. Wells has tried his hand on the moon, and his book ranks with the best. It would be ungenerous to make comparison at this distance of time from the one. Candidly I believe Mr. Well's book to be vastly cleverer, but Jules Verne's comes back over the years with the echo of the old delight.

It would be easy to criticize Jules Verne on the score that his scientific knowledge was indifferent, and that he lacked a tempering sense of humor. But such things have nothing in the world to do with his triumphant achievements as an imaginative writer. It is more probable that he has interested more boys in science than any other writer, and children of a larger growth need not scorn to read them. Very little passes as humorous to a child, who can see fun in Peterkin's amazing banalities in Ballantyne's "Coral Island," and "Gorilla Hunters"; and Passepoutain in "Round the World in Eighty Days" suffices to youth for a comic creation.

In these days literature for children is at its flood tide. Several hundreds of boys' books are contributed by the printing presses every year. But Jules Verne retains his place of pride and priority. He was born in 1828, and he has written for more than forty years. The debt of school boys to him is immense. His public in English-speaking countries has been probably greater than in his own country. He had a natural leaning towards the English and American nations, and probably more to the latter than to the former. He has confessed that he has deliberately chosen his heroes from our countrymen, because of certain virile qualities which appealed to him. It was not an excitable Frenchman whom he despatched round the world. And one remembers, too, the tragic figure of Captain Hatteras.

Of his later books, one who is a boy no longer, and ceased to be one longer ago than he cares to think of, cannot speak with definite and full knowledge. But those I have come across (and I have always read those I came across) seemed to me to have the old familiar characteristics. Possibly there was a little falling off in the invention. The field has now been well explored. But the spirit was unflagging, the zeal undiminished.

How many books of one's boyhood could one re-read? I have tried the experiment with several, and the old magic has left them. But I am sure I could re-read the 'Mysterious Island' and the 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth.' They were so direct, so brave, so serene, and so challenging. And there were no wretched pettecoats in them. If boys are not spoiled nowadays by the feast that is spread for them year in and year out, they will be grateful for Jules Verne. I, an old boy, am, and, to testify to the faith that is in me, I will start on a course of him to-morrow—with a younger and perhaps more critical audience for company.

BUSINESS CARDS. THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co.

Now is the proper time to purchase a monument if you intend erecting the coming season. We are Head quarters for anything in this line.

290 Bleury Street, Just below Sherbrooke.

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street.

Practical Plumbers, Gas & Steam Fitters Electric and Mechanical Belts, Etc.

Established 1864. C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter

Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER, Successor to John Riley, Established in 1866.

CHURCH BELLS.

Bells 100 lbs. to 10,000 lbs. McShane's.

MENBELLY BELL COMPANY, TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

COWAN'S Chocolate for Eating, Drinking or Cooking is the purest and best.

THAT'S WHY. "Tommy always eats more pie when we have friends at dinner," explained Tommy's mother.

THE SHRINKAGE. Somebody told Mr. Jenks that red flannel worn next to the skin would cure rheumatism, from which he suffered.

THE CLOSE OF THE DAY. Twilight, dim with dusky trees, Lulls to rest each moaning dove, Evening breezes softly sighing Whispers tales of tender love.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863, revised 1840.

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.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, Dr. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCHE 36.—Organized 18th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month.

OFFICIAL CIRCULAR CATHOLIC MUTUAL Benefit Association GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEC.

Organized at Niagara Falls, N.Y., July 3, 1876. Incorporated by Special Act of the New York State Legislature, June 9, 1879.

BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR is the Original and the Best.

ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER? DON'T WORRY!

GEORGE W. REED & CO., ROOFERS & C., 785 Craig Street.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED.

THE GI

High up on the side of plateau it stood—a long, low log, painted white. In front of it was a wide gallery that ran the length of the house which ran luxuriant creepers and trailing vines.

The house door opened, and came two elderly women, one of whom was a young girl, and the other a young woman.

The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m.

Locks and bolts on a Texas are usually unknown, and conspicuous even where they are.

"Is anyone there?" she called, receiving no answer she stepped on the wide gallery, trying in vain to pierce the dark, starlit night.

The C.M.B.A. is Sanctioned by Pope Pius X, and Approved by Cardinals, Bishops and Priests, several of whom are Officers.

ROOFERS, Etc. ARE YOUR STOVE BRICKS IN BAD ORDER? DON'T WORRY!

George W. Reed & Co., Roofers & C., 785 Craig Street.

Patents promptly secured.

RECTOR. SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander's... SOCIETY—Rev. Director, P.P.; President, C. J. Doherty & Wm. M.D.; Treasurer, B.O.L.; Secretary, Kahan; Rev. T. P. Tansey.

THE GIFT OF TEARS.

(By Georgina Pell Curtis.)

High up on the side of a broad plateau it stood—a long, low building, painted white. In front it was set off by a wide gallery that stretched the length of the house and over which ran luxuriant creepers and long, trailing vines.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE BLOOD PURIFIER. A valuable medicine for all kinds of blood diseases. Forget this medicine. KENNEDY MED. CO. 100 Lake St., CHICAGO.

A FAMOUS QUOTATION.

(From the Ave Maria.)

Everyone is familiar with Lord Macaulay's oft-quoted tribute to the indestructibility of the Church. "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all."



"Eat Plenty of Fruit."

That's what the Doctors say when one is constipated. Because fruit acts on the liver, causing it to excrete bile which aids digestion and increases the peristaltic action of the bowels, thus preventing constipation.

Fruit-atives or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the tonic and laxative virtues of apples, oranges, figs and prunes, many times intensified—by our secret process of combining the juices—and made into tablets. "Fruit-atives" act gently and naturally—tone up the liver—greatly increase the flow of bile—effectively cure indigestion, Biliousness, Headache and Constipation—build up and strengthen the whole system.

Manufactured by FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

"You are my spiritualities and temporalities," he said, as he sprang off his horse and doffed his sombrero. "You, Mother Eileen, must wish me good luck, and you, dear Mother Mary, must pray for my safe journey."

II.

Just beyond the railroad, in the little town of W— stood a small one-story building, painted green. A large signboard, that covered all the upper part of the structure, set forth that here August Haas sold general merchandise.

before his death from over-study at Cambridge, in 1806, a volume of poems, in one of which, "Time," we find this passage:

Where now is Britain? Even as the savage sits upon the stone That marks where stood her capitol, and hears The bitter booming in the woods, he shrinks From the dimming solitude.

Finally, Shelley, who was drowned two years before Macaulay published his review in Mitford's "Greece," has this sentence in his "Dedication to Peter Bell": "In the firm expectation that when London shall be a habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul and Westminster Abbey shall stand shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined merit of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and Fudges and their historians."

Without accusing Macaulay of plagiarism, conscious or unconscious, it will readily be seen that his reading of Goldsmith and Walpole and Volney and White and Shelley may well have had much to do with the evolution of the famous sentence quoted from the Edinburgh Review, a passage so commonly known that "Macaulay's New Zealander" has come to be synonymous with one belonging to a century as yet far in the future.

At the Night-Workers' Mass.

Up the narrow and twisted stairs to a low-ceiled room, blue-walled, where 200 men fill the place to repletion, an altar at one end, high candlestick, but small, its railing too large to be in proportion, where a priest vested in the purple of mortification and purification, in a low sweet voice is saying the words of the Mass.

The mighty service of the Christian Church, said for the benefit of the newspaper and other night workers, the most ancient of services for the most modern of all modern men, here is ground for contrast, and reason for exultation at the flexibility and adjustability of Mother Church. Calmly, swiftly and easily the service flows on, the stately Cleroconian Latin dropping like pearls astring from the lips of the priest as he proceeds. The Kyrie and the Gloria, and every step watched closely and reverently by this unique congregation, while up from the street or the bustling city come the shrill cries of the newsboy, the harsh shouts of the wagon drivers, and the stirring clang of the street car gong.

The book is moved, the Gospel read, announcement and sermon passed, for here the necessary alone is in use, and words of the Credo come to us. The symbol of Nice, drawn so many years ago, in defiance of and to hush the clamor of heresy—

arches and dispartants, drawn by holy men whose names are forgotten, whose dwelling places know their ashes no more, even the race from which they sprang dead and passed, or buried, the building, yea, even the city where they met crumbled into dust; but their work endures, till here and now, in a land whose existence they did not dream, it thrills 'the heart of men whose occupation would be as strange to them as the country and the city where their formulas are repeated.

A thousand years were to pass before the art should be discovered or rediscovered, the practice of which should give sustenance to the men who listen to their clear and definite declaration. Races were to be bred and kingdoms to be founded and pass away, languages to arise, civilizations to be developed, new worlds to be discovered and ancient ones to pass from the seats of high renown and vast wealth and boundless power to be the lair of the wolf and the jackal; seas were to be crossed, new forms of government to be developed, old earth herself and the firmament to take on new aspects, and material things to be revolutionized, yet while all these changes were being rung on the chimes of the years, and new ships launched on the tides of time, the words of the Fathers of Nice were to be repeated over and over again, preliminary to the preparation of the bread and wine.

From the service to the listeners the mind flies. Stern-faced, calm, square-jawed, weary of brow as benefits the worker, cosmopolitan America is represented. Men, all men, not a woman within sight or sound, surely as unusual a congregation, and as unusual a time as may be found in combination. "Lift up your hearts!" and the Preface rings in our ears, the majestic cadence of which has been heard by oh, so many millions upon millions of men and women and little children. Where has its swinging sentences not floated over the heads of worshippers, since first it took its form in the catacombs of the Eternal City, mighty, proud and pagan?

Emperors and kings, and peasants and beggars, soldiers and forest dwellers, cloistered women and forest-dwelling scholars have heard it. It has passed over the snows of the mighty north, and mingled with the scorching winds of the southern desert, the swaying cabins of tiny ships, the mighty ocean pounding at the planks, have echoed with its low spoken syllables, and the great lakes and the mighty rivers of our own beloved land have heard its tones, are our fathers had quitted the shores of Europe, and when its only auditors were copper-colored and skin-clad savages. And now the awful words are coming, and the assemblage sinks into a silence so profound, so absolute, that it seems as if all movement had ceased. The noises of the streets are subdued and the tinkling of a little bell tells of the sacrifice so long foretold.

Now the men troop out, and again the world resumes for a time its incessant, angry sway, but God's grace has been poured out, and no man leaves the room just as he entered it, and no more shall he be as he would have been had he entered not.—The Boston Pilot.

(To be Continued.)

Ordination of Chinese Priests.

Vicariate Apostolic of S. E. China. Hainan-hainan, March 30, 1905. For his first ordination of priests Bishop Maquet, S.J., chose the feast of St. Joseph, the special patron of China.

three hundred miles from here, and spent twelve days on the journey. How the heart of that other young priest must have throbbed with joy at the sight of the following incident.

Catholic Sentiment in Thackeray. How sad it is that there are not a few wholesome men and women who recognize that the Catholic Church is the only true Church of God.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM. SUMMER SUBURBAN TRAIN SERVICE. EFFECTIVE MAY 1st, 1905. The Grand Trunk Railway System will commence running their full Summer Suburban Train Service between Montreal and Vancouver and Intermediate Stations on May 1st, 1905.

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.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

Children shudder at castor oil, and with good reason. Castor oil is a relic of old-time barbarism. Not only is it repulsive to the taste, but it grips and tortures delicate children.

A PROMPT REBUKE.

Catholic Columbian. The Irish people of the State and nation, and particularly the members of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, owe a debt of gratitude to Rev. F. W. Howard, of the Cathedral.

MYSTERIES OF THE BRAIN.

In the course of his most interesting article on "Modern Surgery," in McClure's Magazine for March, Samuel Hopkins Adams writes of the surgeons and the mysteries of the brain, as follows:

THE MARITIME EXPRESS.

One of the finest solid vestibule trains on this continent, leaving at noon daily, except Saturday, connects at Halifax with the PICTFORD 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.

DIED.

BARRY--At Denver, Colo., April 19, Francis Joseph Barry, of John Barry & Sons, Fruit Merchants, son of John Barry, aged 33 years.

McANALLY--On the morning of the 24th, at his late residence, 289 St. Charles Borromee street, Frederick J. McAnally, eldest son of Mr. Patrick McAnally.

It is a far cry from the praying of Moses and the fighting of Joshua to the simple statement of James, that "faith without works is dead."

BOYS' FIRST COMMUNION SUITS. BOYS' TWO-PIECE SUITS in fancy black Venetian cloth, lined throughout with best quality farmer's satin, pleated back and front, finished with silk.

IRISH LACES. True lace is like pure gold—the longer you have it the more it is appreciated. The difference between it and the imitation isn't seen nearly so much as it is felt.

CARPETS AND HOUSE FURNISHINGS. Our Carpets and Floor Coverings for this Spring outfit all past efforts and must be seen to be appreciated. Just received three car loads of Fancy Furniture in Watered and Golden Oak.