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**Synopsis of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**
AN Even numbered section of Domi-
nion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending home-
steader.
The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected therewith
under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his personal
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
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"Fuit!" ---The Doctor's Epitaph.

Some years ago, while on the staff of a nursing home, I was sent to fill temporarily the position of night nurse in a provincial Poor-law infirmary. It was not a large place, but extremely well managed, as so many of these places are.

The matron was a splendid woman, whom I shall always consider it a privilege to have known and worked under. The resident doctor was usually a young man who was glad to hold that position for six months in order to gain experience. It was pretty hard work. The ward contained ten, and a small ward adjoining, two beds; and at that time each bed was occupied. It was winter, and winter usually drives into the infirmary cases of chronic bronchitis and pneumonia. In the small ward we had two pneumonia cases, one that had been complicated with delirium tremens. These two cases required continual watching.

In the larger ward-eight of the cases were not very serious, but the man in No. 7 had been a source of much anxiety to us. He was on the mend then, but had been very ill. We were all greatly interested in him. His card stated that his name was John Blank, his trade, sewing machine canvasser, his age, thirty-five. Nobody believed that John Blank was his real name. He was a very gentle, refined person, spoke like an educated man, had delicate, beautifully shaped hands that had evidently never done any manual work. His face was very pleasant in spite of the traces of dissipation which it bore, and the evident weakness of mouth and chin. "Poor John Blank," I used to think as I looked at him sleeping. "You've gone too far and too fast to make the best of your life. I wonder what the future holds for you if you go safely out of here."

We all liked him, he was such a good patient, and grateful for the smallest kindness.

The man in the bed next to him, No. 6, was a road engine driver who had had his hand torn off by some of the machinery of his engine.

Poor fellow, he was in an awful condition when he was brought in by the vicar of the parish he was working in. He was shouting wildly, "What shall I do? I'll lose my work. What will the missis and the kids do?"

The "missis" was the bravest little woman, who cheered him up every time she came.

His employer came to see him, and told him he was sure it would be all right—that they would employ him in some capacity.

It seemed odd, but that man really had an affection for his engine, and talked of it as though it was a living thing. John Blank was a great help to him in his quiet way, and the two men so widely different in every way developed quite a friendship.

At last it was decided that No. 6 must have his arm amputated. His employer had visited him the day before the operation, and told him he would be quite able to drive with only one arm he believed. His wife told him she'd rather have him with one arm than any other man in the world with twenty arms (a statement we quite believed). With all this encouragement, he prepared himself bravely for the ordeal.

On the night after No. 6's operation, when I went on duty, matron said: "Well, nurse, I'm afraid you are going to have a heavy night. The D.T. man is very restless again and you'll have to keep a sharp look-out on No. 6 for hemorrhage; the rest are as usual. If you need me you must ring for me, but I hope you won't—I'm frightfully tired."

Then the doctor paid us a final visit. He was a very quiet, shy man, as shy as I am, I believe; so we always said what we had to say in as few words as possible. That night he said:

"Don't hesitate to ring for me, nurse, if you need help; matron is very tired. I would rather you called me up—I have some work to do anyhow, and I shall be sitting up pretty late."

In the ward kitchen we had an electric bell which communicated with the night porter's quarters and he roused the doctor when necessary. All went fairly well till two o'clock in the morning. The D.T. man was restless and rambled a good deal, so I walked from one ward to the other keeping an eye on him and also on No. 6.

At two o'clock he began to sit up in bed and try to get up, so I poured out a dose of medicine, gave it to him, and watched him till he quieted again. As I entered the door of the large ward, to my horror, I saw a figure standing by the bedside of No. 6. I hastened forward—John Blank was gripping firmly the arm of No. 6.

"Quick, nurse," he said in a businesslike tone, "a bandage and something for a tourniquet—your forceps—speculum—anything." He deftly applied the bandage and twisted it tightly. "Now some wool and bandages to cover this up and watch if it comes through. O, I forgot, you had better send for the doctor."

I obeyed him meekly, even saying "sir" to him.

When he had applied the new dressing I hurried from the ward to ring the porter's bell, and returned quickly to No. 6. John Blank was shivering and his teeth were chattering—he had got back into bed. Then I realized what a risky thing he had done.

The porter came immediately and hurried for the doctor. When the doctor arrived he examined the

Want a Catholic Day in England.

The Catholic press of England is agitating the discontinuance of Catholic conferences as heretofore held in that country, and the substitution of general Catholic gatherings patterned after the great "Katholikentag" of Germany. The Archbishop of Westminster in a recent address to the Catholic Truth Society strongly advised Catholic unions and societies to select a number of their best men and send them to Germany to study the methods of their great meetings. The Bishop of Southwark in a pastoral letter also urges the formation of Catholic societies and the upbuilding of those already existing in order to prepare for general Catholic mass meetings patterned after the German ones to discuss religio-political questions and to bring pressure to bear upon public opinion by these demonstrations.

K.C.'s Support Missionary.

On the initiative of Mr. P. H. Rice, State Deputy of Georgia, the Knights of Columbus of that state have undertaken to maintain one missionary priest who shall visit the outlying and unprovided districts of the Savannah diocese. Rt. Rev. Bishop Kelley has approved the plan, and to prepare for its proper execution, is now going over the diocese, giving missions of two and three days, until every town, and hamlet shall be reached. August, Mr. Rice's home council, has guaranteed more than half the required amount annually to the missionary fund, and the zealous State Deputy has further arranged that the members of each council shall send what Catholic books, newspapers and magazines they can spare to the Secretary, who shall forward them to the Chancellor of the diocese for transmission to Catholics in isolated districts.

Great Franciscan Church.

St. Anthony's Church, in St. Louis a majestic temple 226 feet long and 94 feet wide, with a seating capacity, exclusive of the gallery, of 1400, will be dedicated on January 16th. The edifice was erected by the Franciscans, and the entire plans and specifications of the church and of the altars and adornments of its interior are by Brother Anselm, O. F.M., who is the architect. Under his superintendence the contracts were let to firms, companies or individuals who did the work, there being no general contractor, and under his direction, and subject to his approval, the erection of the church has proceeded. The style of architecture is strictly Romanesque.

Spanish Bishops and Godless Schools.

The Spanish Bishops, seeing the ruin which godless education is bringing on France and the disaster for which anti-Christian teaching was responsible at Barcelona, are on the alert against the danger that threatens their country. They have addressed to the Government a joint letter, in which they point out that the so-called neutral schools at Barcelona laid the seeds of the revolutionary outbreak in that city, and in view of the report that the Premier intends to allow M. Lerroix and his friends to reopen those schools, they call upon the Ministers to see that the provisions of the Concordat be

Laid Up Five Years

Until Half a Bottle of Father Morrioy's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.

Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith of Bathurst, N.B., July 16, 1909:

"I cannot let this opportunity pass without letting you know what benefit I received from your Liniment. For five years I had a sore shoulder, which prevented me from working or from sleeping at night. I had tried everything possible and still could find no relief until I was advised to try a bottle of your liniment, which I purchased without delay. I only used one half of the bottle when I was completely cured, and now I feel as if I never had a sore shoulder. I would advise anyone suffering from Rheumatic pains to give your liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it too highly."

A liniment that will do that is the liniment you want. It is equally good for sore throat or chest, backache, toothache, ear ache, sprains, sore muscles, cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains. Rub it in, and the pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your dealer's, or from Father Morrioy's Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Death of Bishop Brady of Boston.

Rt. Rev. John Brady, auxiliary Bishop of the archdiocese of Boston, and titular Bishop of Alabanda, died in his home in South Boston, on Thursday last, following a paralytic shock.

Bishop Brady was born in County Cavan, Ireland, in 1842. He was educated at All Hallows college, Dublin, and was ordained priest in 1864. He immediately came to America, and the same year was appointed assistant pastor at Newburyport. Four years later he was transferred to the pastorate at St. Joseph's church, Amesbury.

To relieve the late Archbishop Williams of many episcopal labors, Father Brady in 1891 was appointed auxiliary Bishop of Boston, and was consecrated titular Bishop of Alabanda.

Tabernacle Uncovered.

An important discovery was made by accident in the Church of Santa Maria di Maggiore, at Florence, in the side chapel dedicated to the Virgin of Mount Carmel. Monks attempted to enlarge two small niches in the wall where holy oil was kept. While removing the plaster they discovered concealed underneath two marble tabernacles representing the figure of Christ surrounded by angels and flanked by two columns supporting a cornice bearing a graceful floral decoration.

The workmanship is described as exquisite. It is unhesitatingly attributed to Mino da Fiesole. Several of the figures are damaged, having been broken by a chisel. When the superimposed wall was raised, the tabernacles were plastered over, but the masterpieces are sufficiently well preserved not to diminish their artistic value.

The Hall of Fame.

With characteristic generosity and fine feeling the Jesuits are about to give expression in a very impressive manner to a long-felt want. The president of the Boston College, Rev. Thomas J. Gasson, S.J., is going to erect a Hall of Fame in the university grounds of the New Boston College in Newton, and to dedicate it to the Irish people and to the memory of the great Emancipator, Daniel O'Connell.

It is to be a magnificent polygonal building with the lines so softly

brought together as to give the whole an appearance similar to the famous Dublin Rotunda in the metropolis of Ireland. It will have a spacious ornamental vestibule, through which one may pass to a hall which will hold from two to three thousand people. In this is to be an arcade composed of lofty Gothic arches. The hall will lack nothing that will lend power and dignity to its great purpose, which is to commemorate the name and fame of the men of Irish birth and descent who have done so much meritorious work in the interests of the Irish race, that the name of Ireland is a hallowed one on the lips of humanity.

Father Gasson wants to have the memorial building and Irish Hall of Fame amongst the earliest constructions of the new Boston College and the architects, Messrs. Maginnis and Walsh, have completed the drawings and have estimated that approximately the sum required for the erection will be \$300,000. The two buildings are so designed as to form a single architectural composition, and yet so as to permit each a most interesting individuality.

Although the Hall of Fame in the ground plan is of a round type, the structure is of a polygonal outline. On entering the hall through the vestibule, with triple doors, you find yourself in a circular space surrounded by massive stone piers, which form the background for the series of marble portrait busts, which will adorn the place. Surrounding this arcade are two corridors, one above the other, which communicate with a series of thirty-two minor apartments, symbolizing the thirty-two counties of Ireland. These are to be furnished as museums of Celtic antiquities illustrating the particular genius and history of each county in Ireland. The central spaces rise to a height of sixty feet, so that the effect of the apartment, with the light from above throwing the statuary into bold relief, promises to be in the highest degree impressive and dignified.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Countless have been the ones worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It has a power of its own not found in other preparations.

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