

MY HERO.

(By Florence Gilmore, in the Catholic Columbian.)

Twenty years ago I spent six long dreary months in Paris. My husband was called there on important business which detained him week after week and entirely monopolized his time and attention...

One day as I was passing the Madeleine, I noticed a man just ahead of me raise his hat in reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, and perhaps it was because it is unusual to see that eloquent little act of devotion on the boulevards of Paris...

After our first "meeting," as I laughingly called it to my husband, I saw him almost daily, and I fear that in the one short hour Martin spent with me each day I frequently annoyed him with my conjectures as to who and what the stranger was...

Early in June there was a magnificent military pageant in Paris, the occasion of which I cannot recall. I do remember well how delighted I was to learn that the troops would pass our pension and that I could see them easily and satisfactorily from my room...

He hesitated for an instant before he answered. "Well, since you are an American, I shall not Frenchman would believe it, but I am sure you will..."

fallen to his side he seemed suddenly to recollect himself and overcome with what I took to be embarrassment, he slipped through the crowd and out of sight.

The next time I saw my friend was in the Gallery of Battles at Versailles. I had been standing fascinated before the magnificent Battle of Rivoli and when at last I reluctantly turned away I saw him sitting near by...

"He not only was a soldier but he would like to be one now," I was thinking, feeling that I had advanced a step in my knowledge of him, when I observed an elderly man who was standing near the door...

"He looked at me sadly, and spoke with an evident effort and in a queer, constrained voice. 'There is little to tell, Father, beyond what the whole world knows. Soon after the siege of Metz I was accused of having had treasonable communications with the enemy...'"

"Before God I swear that I am innocent," he answered solemnly. "Why don't you vindicate yourself? I cried, not doubting his word for an instant. 'Why live under such a load of shame?'"

"I was too much moved to speak but what I have said or done to comfort your grief? But perhaps I am tiring Madame. The old priest interrupted himself."

much interested and was delighted when he sat for half an hour and talked as if he had seldom had the good fortune to hear any one else. He was thoroughly informed on all matters of moment and I was charmed by his clear intelligent views of men and affairs and his kindly, lenient judgment even of those whose course he could not sanction or even respect.

"When he rose to go I invited him to come again adding 'But you have not told me your name, my friend.' 'What was your name, my friend?' I asked. 'I am Colonel...'"

"I shrank back involuntarily at the sound of a name all France held in execration, and my companion hung his head silently for an instant then looking at me squarely said an abrupt good bye. Well, after one keen glance (an old priest like me has learned to know human nature on his soldier's face) I could not think of the owner of that strong, humble, noble face."

"Oh, that is how I have felt, Father! I overheard him called a hypocrite but I could not think it possible that he is one. 'I exclaimed, rejoiced that there was still a chance that my hero would prove to be a hero indeed.'"

"I realized that he spoke the truth, for I knew, perhaps better than he could, how strong was the feeling against him, a feeling I had shared until that hour. He could not make the whole nation see him as I did."

"I was too much moved to speak but what I have said or done to comfort your grief? But perhaps I am tiring Madame. The old priest interrupted himself."

Letter of Thanks.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Now that the navigation season of 1908 is ended and the sailors have left the port of Montreal, will you kindly allow me, on behalf of the management of the Catholic Sailors' Club, to thank those Catholic societies and choirs who have organized the concerts for us, as well as those ladies and gentlemen who have given their services so ungrudgingly to provide healthy and refined entertainments to the seamen while in our midst...

For it must be remembered that while the Catholic Seamen's Club excludes no seaman whatever his nationality or creed, from its material and moral benefits, but rather welcomes him, as all confess, still the Club was primarily instituted for the relief of our own Catholic seamen, who consequently have the first call on our charity. Thus we are very jealous of the religious side of our institution.

Many of our patrons who honor us with a visit to our concerts and our club rooms, and see only the social aspect that goes on day by day for the physical, moral and spiritual uplifting of the seaman. Many a distressed or stranded sailor is helped; if ill in the hospitals, he is visited by sympathetic fellow Catholics—a work which has lately been entrusted to the members of the Loyola Ladies' Club. If he should die while in port, there is an honored place for him in sanctified ground in the Club's cemetery at Cote des Neiges.

Moreover, he has a chaplain, the Rev. J. J. Kavanagh, S.J., who every Saturday night is at his service and again next morning at Holy Mass and in the evening for devotions and illustrated lectures. Thus great power for good is being unostentatiously exerted for the poor sailor who otherwise might never get near a church or put himself under any uplifting circumstances while in port.

It has been remarked that the river front of Montreal is wonderfully free from the vice and crime of other great ports. No doubt this is due to the influence of the Catholic Sailors' Club and the Montreal Sailors' Institute, which are both at one in advancing the common work of Christianity—the relief of the brotherhood.

There is much talk in the air at present among Catholics of the "lay apostolate." We would remind your readers that the Catholic Sailors' Club was originated by the lay brothers and is supported by its lay promoters in the truest spirit of the above noble ideal. We cannot therefore too highly recommend this good work of Catholic zeal to the continued assistance of every Montreal Catholic, for there is work for each in his own sphere and measure of usefulness.

Our present duty has been especially to thank those who have helped us during the past concert season, but we no less extend our grateful recognition to all who have subscribed to our funds or who have attended our concerts, or have assisted by giving such useful articles as packages of reading matter, carpets, for the stokers and firemen, bachelors' comfort bags containing sewing materials, etc., rosary beads, games, stationery, comforts for the sick, and all the other things for which a Catholic Sailors' Club, conducted by voluntary contributions, is most grateful for.

Our needs are many in preparation for the coming spring. Each can help in this practical example of the Lay Apostolate in action. If your readers will only write or phone to us, we shall be delighted to make use of their zeal in our good cause. Relieve me, dear Sir, Yours sincerely, W. H. ATHERTON, Ph.D., Managing Director Catholic Sailors' Club.

Afflicted for years with a Diseased Liver.

Mr. L. R. Devitt, Berlin, Ont., better known, perhaps, as "Smallpox Ben," has used...

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

He has also used them for his patients when nursing them, and it is a well known fact that small-pox sufferers must keep the bowels well regulated. Read what he says: "I have been afflicted for years with a diseased liver, and have tried all kinds of medicine, but of no avail until about four years ago I tried your Laxa-Liver Pills, and got instant relief. Since then I have nursed different patients afflicted with small-pox, and in each case I have used your valuable pills. My wishes are that all persons suffering with stomach or liver troubles will try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I will advertise them whenever and wherever I have an opportunity and I hope that if at any time I cannot get the pills, I will be fortunate enough to get the formula."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial or 5 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers or will be mailed direct by The S. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Frank E. Donovan REAL ESTATE BROKER Office: Alliance Building 107 St. James St., Room 42. Telephone Main 3911-3836, 7. MONTREAL

Time Proves All Things One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour Is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office. 10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

YOUR DANGER BEGINS WHEN YOUR BACK ACHES. It is the First and the Sure Sign of Kidney Disease.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath. They act directly on the kidneys and make them strong and healthy, thereby causing pure blood to circulate throughout the whole system.

A CHRISTMAS RHYME.

Ring out, ring out, ye joy-bells all Like a trumpet sounding. Telling of the Birth of Christ, As they did in our fathers' day.

For the holly we twine, with evergreen boughs, And the mistletoe so gay, While the Yule-log, glows on every hearth, As it did in our fathers' day.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

To-night at midnight hour One will be born Who lived and loved and died—and still lives on. Thorn-crowned with human passions of the years, Wounded by sin and healed by human tears.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS ENGRAVERS TO THE TRUE WITNESS

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Doan's Kidney Pills Mrs. Frank Egan, Waukegan, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and now I do not feel any pain whatever, and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before."

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest." INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908 Capital and Accumulated Funds...\$47,410,000 Annual Revenue..... \$8,805,000

HEADACHE. Burdock Blood Bitters. What Medical Skill Could Not Do Was Accomplished With Burdock Blood Bitters.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS ENGRAVERS TO THE TRUE WITNESS

HEADACHE. Burdock Blood Bitters. What Medical Skill Could Not Do Was Accomplished With Burdock Blood Bitters.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS ENGRAVERS TO THE TRUE WITNESS

Satisfaction follows the surprise of every housewife who uses Surprise Soap. You wonder how it can make the clothes so white and clean, with so little rubbing? It is just SOAP—perfectly pure with peculiar qualities for washing clothes. Try it the next wash.

For New and Old Subscribers. Rates: City, U. S. and Foreign \$1.50. Newfoundland and Canada, \$1.00. Please send me "The True Witness" for... months from... 190... for which I enclose \$...

LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS ENGRAVERS TO THE TRUE WITNESS