

The QUIET HOUR

SIMEON'S PROPHECY.

(By Jeanette Collier.) Who is the man whose snow-white beard Descends upon his breast? And who the maid, with modest mien Of beauty fair possessed? What Child so fair, with golden hair, Upon her bosom pressed?

This is the Babe of Bethlehem, His mother, Mary, mild, And Joseph, who with loving care, Protects both Maid and Child. (And oh, how blest to be the guest Of three so unadorned!)

'Twas Simeon who saw the three Apart from all the rest, Who hastened out with happy heart And to his aged breast The beautiful Child, Who sweetly smiled With tender love, he pressed.

Raising his eyes to heaven above His thanks to God he gave, That he had lived to see the One Sent all mankind to save. 'Now after this, O Lord, dismiss Thy servant to the grave.

'Lo, Thou Thy promise hast fulfilled, Mine aged eyes have seen The little King, Whose humble birth Long heralded has been. And thou, fair Maid, be not afraid, For thou art Heaven's Queen.

'Thy Son is sent this world to save From wickedness and sin; He comes unto His own, but they Will not receive Him in; But by His life of bitter strife Pardon and peace will win.

The Virgin Mother knew full well The prophecies he spake, She knew, alas, the sacrifice That she had come to make; All he would tell, she knew full well Her throbbing heart would break.

But Simeon paused, The Virgin spoke: "Why art thou silent now?" He raised his head, within her eyes And on her saintly brow Courage and love sent from above Blend in a heavenly glow.

"Since God so wills," the old man said, "Thy soul a sword shall pierce. Sorrow and pain and suffering Shall tend in anguish fierce His Sacred Heart," of thine a part Throughout the coming years."

IN ASSOCIATION WITH NON-CATHOLICS.

It is not the correct thing: To be unable to give a lucid explanation of one's belief.

To be fond of arguments and religious discussions.

To agree weakly to slanders on the reputation and integrity of the Church or her ministers.

To manifest surprise or impatience at the failure of any one to grasp a truth that seems so plain to one's self.

For a Catholic to say that one Church is as good as another; for every intelligent Protestant knows that a consistent Catholic cannot think so, and that a Catholic who says he does is telling a deliberate falsehood.

To try and find excuses for doctrines which the Church never taught.

To go to a Protestant church and then neglect to mention the fact in confession, on the plea that one only went "to look on," "to pass away the time," "to listen to the music," "to see what it was like," "because a friend desired it," etc., and not to take part in the service.—Missionary.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

(By Paulist Fathers.) Men and women in the world are so busy with their countless affairs that it is truly necessary for them to have such a season in the year as Lent.

With the care and anxiety which every person experiences making a living, there must be joined a sort of check-rein to prevent him from forgetting entirely his one great purpose in life. During this holy time all Christians are expected to call a halt, to consider spiritual matters, and if necessary, make the needed changes in life.

Were a great bargain-sale announced by some department store every year,

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, digesting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loner, Bowwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trademark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that is Dr. Wood's.

Don't Walk the Floor With Baby

But put your treasure in our Little Beauty Hammock Cot where babies never cry.



During the day your time is valuable, taken up with other duties, and at night you need your rest.

Write a postcard asking for our booklet of "Babies' Sleep."

The Geo. B. Meadows Toronto Wire, Iron and Brass Works Limited

To Saint Patrick

(By D. F. Hannigan.) Holy Patrick! Great Apostle, called by God to save our nation From the hideous yoke of heathendom, the servitude of sin! Thou didst carry to our fathers the glad tidings of salvation; Thou didst teach them how by faith and love the bliss of Heaven to win!

Thou, enslaved in pagan Ireland, wert inspired with glorious visions Of a future when our country should be called the Isle of Saints, When in spite of bloody frays and vengeful hates and base derisions, Ireland should be like the Paradise some mighty artist paints!

And, when free, in thine own country, still thy heart was drawn to Ireland; In thy dreams she rose before thee, lovely as the Virgin Dawn; And with love more deep and tender than if she had been thy sireland, Thou didst vow to save her maidens fair, her sons of dauntless brawn!

Ah! how fruitful was thy mission! Eagerly did Ireland's daughters, Delicately-veined princesses, warrior kings, fall at thy feet, Conquered by the Saviour's Gospel—then no more dark feuds and slaughters! For the Island thrilled and trembled with a joy serene and sweet!

All the fabled gods our fathers worshipped then were crushed and broken! Druids flung aside their idols gladly where thy footsteps passed; Every Irish heart responsive, quivered when the Lord had spoken, And our people held the Faith—as they will hold it to the last.

Vain were cruel persecutions to destroy that Faith eternal, Ah! how many died in anguish since thy feet our green fields trod! But they scarcely felt the pain—their eyes were fixed on Realm's Supernal, And their souls, released by Death, rose up triumphantly to God!

For the fragrance of the lily cannot typify the beauty—Of the home our homeless fathers found when famine chilled their blood, When they perished—humble martyrs, facing death as if 'twere duty—Oh! I know the deaths have purchased some imperishable good!

And no diamond the Orient, and no pearl beneath the ocean, Can be weighed in the same scale with gems hid deep in Irish souls. Oh! the angels gather up that wealth coiled by such rare devotion! It enriches even the heavens counted on God's judgment rolls!

Who can touch our silent harp-strings? Who can write our Island's story? Who can paint the wondrous picture of our monks, our vestals' lives That rise up like star-eyed spirits robed in everlasting glory—Like some sun with light too blinding that our mortal frailty rides?

But to thee, O Heaven-sent leader, we owe all that makes our nation Foremost in the high achievements of the knighthood of the cross! Let the others keep their lucre—ours the heav'nly exaltation That makes suffering a splendor that consoles us for all loss!

Holy Patrick! Great Apostle! thou wilt be with us for ever, For not dead, but ever-living, art thou now, beside God's throne! All the evil of the ages, us from thee will fall to sever, Thou hast won us, we have won thee, Saint, and thou art ours alone!

Toronto, St. Patrick's Day, 1908.

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

99.90% Pure —That's what makes St. George's Baking Powder so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make.

Send for our free Cook-Book—full of choice new recipes. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



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- 7. On all days lard or the dripping of flesh meat may be used in preparing food. 8. The Faithful are recommended during Lent to abstain from all intoxicating drinks in remembrance of the Sacred Thirst of Our Lord on the Cross. 9. They will take no part in public amusements. 10. They will assist regularly at the Lenten devotions held in the Parish church, and will recite in their homes at least a third part of the Rosary during the family night prayers. 11. The obligation of the Easter Communion, to be fulfilled any day from Ash Wednesday until Trinity Sunday, both these days included. By fulfilling it early in Lent our acts of penance and of other virtues, done in the state of grace, will be more pleasing to God and more meritorious for ourselves. If you have any children, apprentices, or servants, you are obliged in conscience to have them instructed in the knowledge of God, the mysteries of religion, and in the maxims of the Gospel. You must likewise give them the means of accomplishing the Lenten duties according to their age and strength, and induce them by your advice and example to make a preparation for their Easter confession and communion. We exhort you not to put off going to confession, to prepare yourself for this great duty, and to accomplish it as soon as possible, that your fast, being observed in the state of grace, may be the more meritorious and acceptable to God. Do not defer your confession till the last days of Easter, particularly you, who are engaged in bad habits, or who live in enmity; that we may not be under the painful necessity of seeing you at that time, deprived of the happiness of making your Easter Communion; but we wish that, on the contrary, you may all rise again in Jesus Christ, after having died to sin during those penitential days. This time is propitious for obtaining mercy from God. Behold the days of Salvation. We exhort you not to receive the graces of God in vain, but to do all in your power to employ them properly for your salvation. Every day, as far as your occupation will permit, you should assist at Mass and at the public prayers. Pass the three days before Lent in prayer, begging of God the grace to make a good use of the holy time, which perhaps will be the last Lent you may ever see. Beware of being drawn into the fatal custom of worldlings, who pass these days in criminal excesses, in idle amusements, and in all sorts of scandalous disorders. Remember that you have strengthened all these things at your baptism, and that you are obliged to regulate your conduct as children of God and of the Church, at all times and places, with strict attention, modesty and piety. (Published by authority of His Grace the Archbishop of Toronto.)

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MARTYRS' SHRINE

(Continued from page 6.) gave a list of ten sites: "Amongst the villages that in this way prove to have been palisaded were: Nos. 3, 11, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 13, 37 and 53." A very convenient way.

OH, MR. ANDREW HUNTER! Well, well! So when Mr. Hunter determined that these ten sites and all the others in Tinty and Tay, set down as palisaded, were so in reality, he had done no delving, "this was not attempted by the writer in any case."

I think that settles the question of palisading. Hereafter we shall know just on what a "real expert" a "competent person" bases his judgment when he decides that a village was palisaded or was not palisaded. Mr. Andrew Hunter visits the "Martyrs' Hill." Now, at last, we shall have some digging. Listen, please. A few months before this visit "the land had been mostly plowed for crops, and turned up to a depth of six or seven inches, thus exposing what it contained." Any "competent person," a farmer's boy, for instance, could have told our expert that a wooden post sunk in the ground rots sooner at the surface, when in contact with the air, and unprotected from moisture, than one buried deep in the earth.

Six or seven inches of excavation would not suffice to read any remains of a post planted two and a half centuries ago. And Mr. Hunter was right when he said: "It would require much examining with a spade to find the palisade of any particular site," which investigating process was not so congenial, nor as expeditious, as taking a mental snapshot of the position and pronouncing judiciously both upon its commanding position and upon the fact of its having been palisaded. To prove a negative is not an easy matter, and to demonstrate beyond doubt that the Martyrs' Hill was not palisaded he would have to dig all around the brow of the hill and all over the level approach at the rear. But this he has refrained from doing either at the place in question, or anywhere, for a similar purpose, in Tay, Tinty or Medonte. And now what if there were no post-holes in this palisade?

After we shall be able to appreciate at their just value, without

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WEAK TIRED WOMEN

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

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore their blessings of good health. They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

doing violence to Mr. Hunter's rules of guidance for experts, such summary pronouncements as the following: "At other palisaded villages sites of the Hurons in the same townships, the palisade lines are readily traceable at this day, and they could be traced here also (at Martyrs' Hill) if it were not an imaginary site. Even if the village were no older than the beginning of the winter there would be village debris and palisade lines, and the preposterous assumption as to the absence of anything of this kind is too ridiculous to merit any serious attention, etc., etc."

NOW FOR THE RED HOLLY-HOCKS.

I come now to the question of ash-beds, refuse heaps, and the remnants usually found in such deposits, which are somewhat analogous to the kitchen-middens of Northern European countries. None has yet been discovered on the hill-top, save iron axes, and why, I shall explain later on. Mr. Andrew Hunter is at fault if he supposes none exists on the farm "too hastily purchased in behalf of the Corporation of St. Mary's College of Montreal." This shows that his observations were too superficial.

On the very morrow after the discovery of the site, Father Quirk, Mr. J. C. Brokowski, barrister of Coldwater, and myself, returned to the spot to continue our investigations. Hammocking in a tomato patch in the southeast corner of the Martyrs' Hill farm, we came across the characteristic light soil of the ashbeds blackened by the fine particles of charcoal, and yielding not a few relics. Most of these were potsherds, some of which I collected myself and have them still.

Among the objects in my collection, picked up later, are two axes from the high level plateau, fragments of clay pipes and potsherds from the south-east corner. This summer a hatchet six inches by three, a pipe bowl in clay with a human head, the familiar bugles and beads of shell, bone, glass and stone, enough for a string four inches long, were picked up at the same spot, and are now in my possession. Other axes belonging to different persons, and which were found on the farm, have been shown me. It is strange that neither Mr. Morrison nor Mr. Canavan, both of whom have worked the farm, should have been questioned by Mr. Andrew Hunter, who was so painstaking on the occasion of his visit.

MR. HUNTER SAW THEM.

But what is stranger still, is that Mr. Andrew Hunter seems to have overlooked what he himself placed on record in his monograph on Tay Township, p. 29, No. 25. There is question here of the meeting of four farms, Mr. Robert Warden's land lying adjacent to Mr. Patrick Canavan's in concession VIII, on the east side of the road, and Mr. John Morrison's lying adjacent to Mr. Robert Lockhart's (the present Martyrs' Hill, the site of the shrine) on the west side. After speaking of the rather surprising ashbeds found by Mr. Warden, when he was digging the cellar for his dwelling house, which situated, as in so many other instances, near the Martyrs' Hill, the author tells us: "Numerous relics were also found, including beads (native and European), iron knives and iron tomahawks, the latter in considerable numbers. Across the road in Concession 7, near the boundary between the farms of John Morrison (lot 2, east half) and Robert Lockhart (lot 4, east half), (now the Martyrs' Hill) were some refuse mounds. And in the adjoining corner of Patrick Canavan's land (south-west quarter of lot 4, concession 8), a few relics have been picked up. It is estimated that the camp here covered about fifteen acres altogether, situated, as in so many other instances, upon an old lake terrace." Precisely. Here are the middens, and here the camping grounds which the army of workmen, French and Hurons, occupied at the time the palisades of St. Ignace II, were being erected. (The "red hollyhocks" behind the barn.)

EXTRA MUROS.

But do not think for one moment that Mr. Hunter had no recollections of what he had consigned to print. Oh, no, but he must forestall any use being made of it: "It will not be sufficient," so he rules "to say there are sites in the neighborhood producing evidence of occupation." That is, translated into schoolboy parlance: "Play fair—over the fence is out." Now, does Mr. Andrew Hunter seriously think that the concession road had any retroactive effect on the Indian sites of two hundred and fifty-eight years ago? Modern fences are no bar to him when it suits his convenience, and when he does not write for effect. Instance, on page 31, same Monograph, No. 41: "A similar small site occurs on the east half of lot 34, concession 9. In the extreme southeast corner, the usual relics have been found; and a part of this site extends into the adjoining land of Joseph Greatrix." So it does, and so does the same camping-ground extend over the four corners and into the four farms mentioned above. (Cf. also Tay, p. 27, No. 16; p. 28, No. 20 et passim.)

Of this out-dwelling there are numerous instances, owing to various reasons, no doubt, throughout the many Indian villages of Huronia.

Mr. Hunter, for reasons best known to himself, has not always been so positive in deciding that they did not belong to an adjacent site: "But whether they were outlying habitations of the last mentioned site (No. 18) or a distinct site altogether, I have not been able to decide." (Monograph on Tay, p. 27, No. 19.)

Still, taken altogether, and in comparison with what is to be met with elsewhere, the tokens of lodge fires are not plentiful around the Martyrs' Hill, howsoever extensive the land surface may be over which they were scattered, for many have disappeared totally, washed out by the rains of over two centuries and a half. They had not had time to accumulate to reach the thickness of deposits which are to be found on other village sites, where the occupancy had lasted eight, ten or fifteen years.

(To be Continued.)

A SECONDARY AMBITION.

A Washington lad was being catechised one day by a well-meaning visitor to the house. "Well, Harry," said the lady, "don't you think you have a chance to be President of the United States?" "Oh, I don't know," answered Harry carelessly. "Maybe I'll try for it after I get too old to be a baseball pitcher."