

The True Witness



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PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF VALLEYFIELD, ON THE OATH.

(Continued.)

It is not desolating, dearly beloved brethren, to think that there are numerous occasions of falling into the sin of perjury, and that, especially if we count upon the impunity on the part of men, that we are so often exposed to commit this terrible sin. In law suits, under the pressure of repeated and pressing questions, suffering from the influence of certain sentiments, pressed by various devices, with a memory more or less confused and which the interests of the moment tend to confuse to a still greater extent, we want great courage and perfect lucidity of mind to place our hand upon the Holy Gospel and say to ourselves that we are swearing the exact truth. Outside of the tribunals, every place where the oath is required in virtue of the civil laws or by the more restricted administration of certain financial organizations, the danger is perhaps still greater; either on account of the mind being already troubled, disturbed by the noise of events, or that the taking of an oath, true or false, should result in the success or downfall of a transaction, we are very much exposed in these moments of perplexity to forget the holiness of the sacred Name and the respect due to it.

To what extent should be on their guard not only those who swear, but again, those who demand the oath, and who have as a special mission, by their state or profession, the exacting of testimony from those who have taken it. It is evident that their only object should be to obtain the truth, to make it known to the tribunal, and not to uselessly provoke flagrant contradictions, in no way necessary to the wants of their case, with the one purpose of tormenting the witness, and having as an only result the augmenting of the number of perjurers and the destroying of the public confidence which the oath should possess. Are not those still more guilty, who, in order to serve a mean and passing interest, forgetting all religion and abdicating all dignity, imitate the sacrilegious impety of Caiaphas, do not fear to summon false witnesses, and to induce them either by flattery or by threats, to commit, even in courts of justice, the most abominable perjuries? What an odious traffic of consciences! What a dreadful treason against God and against society!

In the second place, judgment is necessary, that is to say, wisdom and discretion, not to swear for vain things and on all occasions, but only when such is necessary. It was the habitual sin of the Jews to swear frequently, without reflection, without serious motives, without scruple, at every turn in life and on the smallest contradiction. Our Lord Jesus Christ takes them to task severely for this: "You have learned that it has been said to the ancients: You shall not perjure yourselves, you shall acquit yourselves of the oaths that you have taken to the Lord; and I say to you that you shall not swear, neither by heaven, which is the throne of God, nor by the earth, which is His footstool, nor by Jerusalem because it is the city of the Great King, or even by your head, because you have not the power to turn a hair either black or white. Limit yourselves to saying that is, that is not; if there is any more, that becomes wrong." Our Lord does not intend to forbid all oaths by these words, but he condemns the pernicious habit of swearing without necessity and judgment. Jesus Christ, says St. Augustine, forbids us to swear in any way, fearing that through swearing we should contract a facility for swearing, and that from the facility we contract the habit and that from this habit we fall into that of perjury.

Does he not condemn by the same token the lightness of conduct, the misplaced obstinacy and irritation of those who, being momentary deposit-

aries of certain vested rights, do not fear, in order to serve their ambition, or that of their friends, to press the taking of the oath without any real motive, and even when truth is otherwise well known and incontestable?

It is during election times, can we believe, that the most of the rash oaths are taken? Is this not too often the place of the unworthy profanation of the oath? Is not that the way to make of it something common and trivial; something over which we laugh, without dreaming that we thereby contribute to sap away the bases of the social edifice. It is certainly not meant to serve as a toy in the inexperienced hands of men possessed of little seriousness, and who seem to have as a special mission to create trouble and raise embarrassment among their adversaries, that the oath has been instituted with the august and sacred character from which it is inseparable.

Do not accustom your mouth to the oath, because it will result in great evils. The man who swears frequently shall be filled with sins, affliction will not depart his house (Eccles. xx.). Let us again cite the unqualified conduct of those persons who, even in private life, in their daily relations, are always ready to formulate oaths in order to accentuate affirmations or promises, often ridiculous in themselves, and which possess no interest relating to the public good.

Impudent, no less than frivolous, oaths recall to our minds that of Saul, who swears to put to death any one who would partake of food before the end of the day, and who finds himself bound by his word in regard to his own son, Jonathan, who had partaken of some honey.

The third required by the Holy Ghost for the holiness of the oath is that it be taken in justice, that is to say, that a person never should swear otherwise than in a manner conformable to the law of God, to the rights of society and those of our neighbor, and that it is never permitted to bind one's self by an oath to things that are contrary to our conscience. This is what happens when we support by an oath affirmations, or when we promise to do certain things that touch unjustly the honor, the reputation or the fortune of others; when we promise, again, under oath, to seek vengeance for an injury, to keep ill-will, not to become reconciled, in a word, to do harm to his neighbor. Interest and pride blind, upon this point, certain men who do not fear to invoke the name of God so as to make it serve their ambition or their anger. It is thus that we see in the Holy scriptures that forty Jews, irritated against St. Paul, leagued themselves together and swore, in the most frightful terms, to neither eat nor drink before they had killed the apostle (Acts xxiii., 12). Is it truly unheard amongst us that people swear to be revenged. If they have not always the intention to take a real oath, according to all the malice of their words, at least make use of expressions calculated to lead a person into the belief that they bind themselves by a formal oath.

Those also swear against justice who, becoming members of societies condemned by the church, or that are gravely suspected in her sight, pronounce in entering their oaths which bind them down all their lives, chain their liberty, and can eventually compel them to work in a manner, conscious or otherwise, calculated to trouble and even to sap away religious and social order. By this oath, as imprudent as it is unjust, the one affiliated to a secret society poses in rebellion against the most legitimate authority, and as a bound adversary of all those who are not members of this same society. This oath, which they have thus pronounced to keep secrets with the legitimacy constituted authority, to practice absolute submission to unknown chiefs, and to execute, in extreme cases, orders, the object of which they are ignorant, is at the same time a profanation of the name of God and an injustice towards our neighbors. It is for this reason that the Church forbids it to the faithful and that the latter, when they have had the misfortune of taking such an oath, should understand that not only they are not obliged by it, but

even that they are not permitted to keep it. What imprudence on the part of Catholics to thus expose themselves against the direction of the Church and in spite of her formal prohibition, to find themselves one day engaged between their word given under oath and their Christian conscience, which will command them to break it because the object thereof is criminal.

Herod had promised, under oath, to a courtesan, all that she should ask of him, even though it were half of his kingdom. She demanded the head of John the Baptist, and the Precursor was forthwith put to death to satisfy the keeping of a foolish and criminal promise.

Who can say to what length may be brought, some day, those who in spite of the formal forbidding of the Church, affiliate themselves to secret societies and take oaths, all the more dangerous that their formula is more vague and general? It remains with us now, dearly beloved brethren, to say a few words to you concerning perjury, of the terrible malice of this crime, the consequences which it entails, and the punishments which it merits.

Perjury is the crime of him who swears against truth, or who fails in the promises he has made under oath. A perjurer, consequently, is he who, before the tribunals, or in elections, in public business office, or elsewhere, by invoking the name of God, or with his hands on the Holy Gospels, or taking in any other way God to witness, affirms or denies something in a manner not exactly conformable to the truth as he actually knows it, without any doubt, without any possible hesitation.

A perjurer is also the one who, before undertaking the duties of a certain function, swears to be exact, faithful, disinterested, impartial in the discharge of his duties, and yet who has no well-defined intention to fulfill all those conditions, as would also be a perjurer he who, having taken the same oath, would subsequently take no pains to regulate the affairs of public interest confided to his care to the extent of this promise.

The violating of the oath of office and false swearing are two forms of perjury equally contrary to the sanctity of God and the general interests of society.

The perjurer, says Bossuet, is an impious man and a blasphemer, who takes the name of God in vain, and who thereby treats God as something vain, who does not believe that God is just, able to punish, or who defies him to do him any harm, and does not fear his justice, which he invokes against himself, any more than that, instead of God, he invoked the name of a vain, mute idol.

At the same time that it is a terrible profanation of the name of God, it also tends to shake the very bases of the social edifice, since it takes away from authority the only means that it possesses of knowing the truth in points interesting the peace of families, the security of contracts, the administration of justice, and in general all that either attaches itself to, or maintains the rights of every body, staple and firm.

This is one of the crimes which God holds most in horror: I will draw near to you for judgment, and I shall appear suddenly as a witness against those who swear falsely. (Malach. iii., 5.)

And again: I shall spread the malediction of the oath, which shall spread itself over the face of the earth, it shall enter into the house of him... who swears falsely by the name of God; it shall remain therein and consume it even to the wood and stones thereof (Zach. v., 4.)

(Continued on Page 4.)

Time tries all things, and as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by relieving the irritation, and restore the affected organs to healthy conditions. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

The real calamity of life is to become bitter; to let go, to cease striving; to cease unfolding and growing.—Angela Morgan.

ABOUT CONFESSION.

If It Be an Incentive to Sin, How is it That the Best Catholics are Seen Most Frequently at the Sacred Tribunal.

Does not confession weaken character?

Is not confession an incentive to sin by making forgiveness too easy? Do not Catholics go to confession and then commit the same sin over again?

On the contrary, we have already seen that certain conditions are absolutely required before God will ratify the absolution of the confessor. Pardon is granted, for instance, to the drunkard who has a mere natural sorrow because of his degradation and the poverty and shame of his wife and children; to the thief who has no intention of giving back the money he has stolen; to the impure man who will not avoid the proximate occasion of his sin; to the bitter, angry soul who refuses to forgive the offending brother, etc.

We know perfectly well that human nature is weak, and human passions strong; that the world of wicked men and women is full of temptations; that the flesh rebels against the spirit (Rom. vii., 23), and the devil does his best to tempt us (I. Pet. v., 8). But if a Catholic yields to these temptations, it is not in virtue of the sacrament he has received, but because he is false to the sacramental promise he made to God to sin no more.

We are willing also to grant that there have been abuses; that some Catholics go to their confession in a mechanical, perfunctory sort of a way, and do not realize the dignity and sacredness of this divine sacrament. But is there any good thing in the world that sinful man has not sometimes abused? The Sacrament of Matrimony, intended to sanctify and bless the pure union of man and woman, has often been made a mere tool for worldly advantage or a mere instrument of lust, as divorce statistics show. The Sacrament of Baptism, established to initiate the Christian into the Church of God, has been used to serve an unbeliever's worldly aims. The Bible has been abused by every false prophet from the beginning, in imitation of Satan (Matt. iv., 6). The press, the pulpit, the theatre, the stock exchange, the arts—all these have been abused. Would you, then, abolish them altogether?

The history of the Sacrament of Penance is proof positive of its being one of the greatest incentives to virtue the world knows of. Could it have survived during these nineteen hundred years if it were indeed an incentive to sin? Would millions of the most intelligent men and women still bend their knee? It is impossible to think so. The corruption of morals that everywhere followed the abolition of confession in the sixteenth century made many of the reformers wish for its re-establishment. Voltaire wrote in the eighteenth century: "The enemies of the Roman Church, who have opposed so beneficial an institution, have taken from man the greatest restraint that can be put upon crimes" (Dict. Phil., art. Cathec. du Cure).

If confession were an incentive to sin, how is it that the most hardened sinners never go and the best Catholics are seen frequently at the sacred tribunal? If it weakened character, how, then, do you account for its reformation of the habitual drunkard, its recall of the penitent Magdalen and the comfort and peace it gives the condemned criminal? If it encouraged crime, why should Catholic fathers and mothers rejoice so much in seeing their boys and girls go frequently to confession, and be sad of heart when they begin to neglect this duty? If it made Catholics worse, how, then, do you explain the fact that Protestants often desire for their servants and employees Catholics who go regularly to confession?

The fact is evident. The Sacrament of Penance is a guide to the doubting, a comfort to the afflicted, an encouragement to the weak, a warning to the young, a strong arm to the wavering, an adviser to the ignorant, a menace to the hardened sinner, a joy to the truly penitent; it is Jesus Christ speaking to the world: "Come to Me, all ye that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you" (Matt. xi., 28).

Why, sometimes non-Catholics, tormented by the anguish of unconfessed sins, have desired to receive the sacrament; and finding this impossible, have craved the privilege of unburdening their conscience to the trusted Catholic priest.—Monitor.

THE ONLY CATHOLIC BISHOP OF THE NEGRO RACE.

(From the Boston Transcript.)

The widespread and enthusiastic celebration the other day of the Garrison centennial makes more than ordinarily interesting any bit of news about the achievements of any member of that long-oppressed (and indeed still oppressed) race for which Garrison dared and did so much. Hence the interest which attaches to an account in a Spanish-American newspaper of Monsignor Gomez Pimenta, Bishop of Marianna, Brazil, who up to his recent death had the distinction of being the only Roman Catholic Bishop of the negro race in the world. There are, of course, in that world-wide Church clergymen of the negro race (there are two or three in the United States), and over one of our North American dioceses there presided until recently a man who had some trace of negro blood in his veins. But Monsignor Gomez Pimenta, the Brazilian prelate, was the only full-blooded negro Bishop, and now that he has passed away there remains in the Catholic Church no Bishop of the African race.

The story of Monsignor Pimenta's life is an inspiring record, a proof of what ability and merit will do, and a further proof (if any were needed) after beholding the rise of Pius X., the present occupant of Peter's chair) that in the Roman Catholic Church, apparently so autocratic and aristocratic, lowly origin is no bar to the attainment of the highest offices and honors. Still further than this, Monsignor Pimenta's life history is a most striking instance of negro progress and achievement.

Silveira Gomez Pimenta was the son of slave parents. Born in extreme poverty, he knew what it was to be destitute and hungry. When a child he attended school half naked and barefooted, but he was from the first remarkable for his application and his good conduct. He was, in fact, so excellent a schoolboy that his case came to the attention of the Archbishop of Bahia, who took a liking to the exceptional young negro, and placed him, after some time, in the seminary of his see city. Here Pimenta, now a young man, pursued his studies for the priesthood, winning admiration on all sides, not only for his intellectual powers, but for the kindness and nobility of his heart. Ordained a priest, he overcame the prejudices which exist against the negroes even in Catholic countries (though these are by no means so strong as the prejudice against negroes which prevails in the United States) and was given ecclesiastical charges and offices of much importance, in which he bore himself so well and so creditably that while still quite young, he was raised to the episcopal dignity as Auxiliary Bishop of the diocese of Bahia. In this office he still won favor, and when, in 1902, the late Pope Leo XIII. restored the Diocese of Marianna, Amazon, whose area was 300,000 square kilometers and whose population was two millions, he designated as its prelate the negro Bishop.

This new office was by no means a sinecure. For years the Bishop's territory had been more or less neglected, and the state of religion was far from ideal. He was almost alone and without resources in his vast diocese. Added to this, it had been the scene of an anti-Catholic propaganda which rendered the new Bishop's task particularly difficult. But this son of slave parents, who had overcome so many obstacles in his life, was not discouraged by the situation, no matter how hopeless it seemed. He bent every effort to the

work in hand—the building and maintaining of churches, schools, seminaries, houses of charity, etc., and gave so little thought to himself and his own dignity as a Bishop or even to his own comfort as a man, that he often went almost as poorly clad, and certainly with his feet as destitute of covering, as when he attended school years before in Bahia. But he succeeded before his death in rehabilitating the diocese, which he had found in ruins, and in elevating the tone of its religious and social life.

The merits of this negro Bishop were not confined to his own diocese or to Brazil; nor did his life of labor prevent him from continuing those studies in which he showed himself so brilliant at school. He was a man of vast learning, and had a high reputation among Orientalists for his knowledge of the Semitic languages. He was besides held as authority of great weight in Biblical questions; and in Rome, that city of religious experts, his opinion was much esteemed. His death removes a man of whom the negro race of North as well as South America may well be proud.

HOW THE CATHOLIC PAPER HELPS.

Hardly anything can be more helpful than the right kind of Catholic weekly paper.

Through it the pastoral letter or timely advice of the Bishop easily reaches priests and people. A single thrilling presentation of God's word by some gifted preacher may, through the Catholic newspaper, carry light and inspiration to the homes not only of his own parish, but also to those of every parish in the diocese, or, as in our case, in a group of neighboring dioceses. Misrepresentations or misconceptions of Catholic doctrine and practice which appear only too often in the daily prints can meet with weekly correction at the hands of men who speak in the name of the Church with a fulness of knowledge and light. This is obviously an advantage of the greatest importance and one which could not be expected from a Catholic paper published in some distant city. Finally the edifying work done in one parish or diocese will serve, as read in the columns of the weekly paper, as a guide and stimulus to priests and people elsewhere.

How often has not every priest been asked what Catholics are to think of certain statements, alleged facts, or false principles read in the newspapers, heard from the lecture platform, or urged in conversation by men and women, ignorant or prejudiced it may be, but too influential to be ignored? The priest regrets that his information or exposition in the case is given only to one person. He rightly wishes he could reach all Catholics likely to be perplexed by such utterances and through them all the non-Catholics who honestly seek information from Catholic friends or neighbors. The Catholic newspaper gives him the opportunity of carrying out his wish. The contribution of an occasional article on such practical questions will bring the priest who does it to keep closer watch over such damaging statements and opinions. It would induce him to study matters more carefully and afford him a means for the fruitful use of talents and attainments which so often lie dormant for want of opportunity. And in its measure the same consideration applies to capable laymen and women.

These are but a few hastily written hints of the many advantages of a local Catholic newspaper. But let us add the paper we hope for must not be of the diseased, flabby or moribund type to which unfortunately some Catholic newspapers belong. To meet with success our paper must be generous in tone. Catholic in heart and spirit, virile in thought, pleasing in style, rich in interesting news, wise and fiber in doctrine. It must combine the knowledge, the firmness and above all the prudence and charity of Him whose cause it undertakes to further. The truth, the earnestness and the simplicity of Christ should be its motto.

It is no harder work to make friends than to make enemies. It pays much better.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A LADY'S COMPANION.

Of all the odd jobs that women turn to in desperation, that of "companion" affords the longest list of horrible possibilities, says The World Today.

A SIMPLE BEAUTIFIER.

The skin of the face can be strengthened and whitened with this lotion, said to be favored by a noted actress: Two ounces each of spirits of ammonia and camphor, five ounces of sea salt, and half a pint of alcohol added to sufficient boiling water to make a quart.

NURSERY NOTES.

Make sure that the children have plenty of sleep. Potatoes are not good for young children because they contain more starch than nutriment.

THE CHILDREN'S SCRAPBOOK.

The scrapbook is a pleasant and educative fad to indulge the children. The future years are likely to be the outcome of the child's life in his scrapbook.

BE A POSITIVE PERSON.

Don't be a negative person. Don't permit yourself to fall into negative ways of thinking and talking about yourself and your abilities, says the Denver Times.

the actual wrong they do themselves in failing to take an aggressive mental attitude. Success in this life consists in sharply, clearly, decisively determining what one intends to do and definitely starting out to do it, meanwhile thinking, talking and acting consistently.

Have you not frequently found yourself telling someone very earnestly about the things you could not do, the desirable traits you lacked, the unfortunate tendencies you possessed? Dwelling on your deficiencies enlarges them, establishes them more firmly in your mind, and robs you of the force you need to draw desirable conditions and to cultivate admirable qualities.

No matter how ambitious you are, nor how hard you work, if you hold a negative mental attitude you defeat your own purposes. Your thoughts must not be uncertain, wavering. You must not under-value your gifts. You must not waste yourself in longings, wishes, dreams that have no clear-cut line.

The great mirror you call your life reflects with wonderful accuracy the picture of yourself as it exists in your mind and shows with unerring distinctness the real beliefs you hold about your abilities and powers.

If your thoughts are negative, you cannot have a positive success. If you are continually talking of things you cannot do, you subtract from your ability to do well the things you can do. The more we dwell upon the positive side of things the more power and ability we attract to us.

ABOUT APRONS.

Why do many girls dislike to wear aprons? A gingham apron made with a band to fit the waist with bib and shoulder straps is pretty and becoming when nicely fitted, and somehow every boy and man seems to have a weakness for seeing a woman or girl in an apron, perhaps because it suggests cooking, and we all know "the surest way to a man's heart," etc.

TIMELY HINTS.

A piece of butter the size of a pea dropped into the oatmeal pot will keep it from boiling over.

It is a mistake to cook any meat in cold water unless soup is to be made. Cold water and slow boiling draw out all the juices.

When adding cream to a thick soup let the former be quite boiling; the result is far better than when it is added cold.

A dash of vinegar and a clove of garlic in the water is a great improvement to boiled meat or fish.

A pudding, whether steamed in a mold or boiled in a bag, must not cease boiling not even for a minute, or it will certainly be sticky. Keep the water boiling, and if more is needed as it boils away see that what is used to replenish it is boiling.

The woman who is awakened by the first streak of dawn will do well to drink a hot cup of cocoa if many hours are to elapse before breakfast is served. Cocoa furnishes both food and drink and is easily digested by most people. It will relieve any faint feeling and give one the necessary strength to dress. The cocoa may be made the night before and can be heated in three minutes over an alcohol lamp. If the cocoa is made with fresh milk it will keep perfectly overnight.

THE COIFFURE CURIOUS.

The custom of powdering the hair dates back as far as the sixteenth century, and was first, we are told, introduced by the nuns in French convents. Those who had occasion to leave the cloisters for any reason were wont to powder their hair so as to give them a venerable look. The fashionable dames were so struck with the novel effect of white powder on dark hair that they soon appropriated the device as one of the arts of the worldly toilet.

RECIPES.

Tomato Rabbit.—Tomato rabbit is a change from the ordinary Welsh rabbit if one is fond of the flavor of tomatoes. Stew one cupful of tomatoes and when they have simmered

for ten minutes add one teaspoonful of finely chopped onion; let this cook for five minutes and then add one cupful of cheese that has been cut into coarse pieces. Let the mixture cook until the cheese softens, then pour over hot slices of buttered toast.

Toasted Shrimps—Toasted shrimps will also be relished when the ordinary fish diet grows monotonous. Procure a can of the largest and finest shrimps obtainable, remove from the liquor, drain and place on a fine wire netting over the fire and toast a nice brown on both sides. Have ready some thin slices of toasted bread, lay the shrimps over them in a deep dish and cover with a rather thick tomato sauce.

Sweetbread Salad—Clean and parboil two pairs of sweetbreads, throw into cold water for one-half hour; remove the fat and skin and cover with fresh boiling water; add one teaspoon salt, and simmer gently for twenty minutes. When done stand away to cool. When cool cut into thin slices. Wash and dry the tender leaves from one head of lettuce. Rub a dish with onion and make in it a half pint of mayonnaise. Place a thin slice of onion in the centre of your salad dish, arrange the lettuce leaves around it; mix the sweetbreads carefully with the mayonnaise and put in the centre of the dish.

Marshmallow Candy Combinations—Marshmallow fudge is made with two cups of granulated sugar, two squares of chocolate, or four rounded tablespoonsful of cocoa, and one cup of milk or cream, and two even tablespoonsful of butter. Cook until the candy begins to string, then add twenty marshmallows and a half pound of hazel nuts. Stir in a teaspoonful of vanilla flavoring and stir hard. Pour into buttered tins to cool. The flavor of the hazelnuts and the marshmallows is said to be an especially good combination.

F UNNYSAYINGS.

This little story comes from the South: The first slice of goose had been cut and the negro minister, who had been invited to dine, looked at it with as keen anticipation as was displayed in the faces around him.

"Dat's as fine a goose as I ever saw, Brudder Williams," he said, to his host. "Where did you get such a fine one?" "Well, now, Mistah Rawley," said the carver of the goose, with a sudden access of dignity. "when you preach a special good sermon I never axes you where you got it. Seems to me dat's a trivial matter, anyway."

HE GOT AWAY.

An exchange tells a funny story of a motoring doctor who ran into and capsized a pedestrian. He looked behind him, and, seeing the man still prone, made a circuit and ran back, intending to stop beside and help him. But the motor shot a yard or two beyond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. The doctor turned his car once more and was cautiously stealing near to the prostrate sufferer when an excited spectator rushed from the sidewalk, and, shaking the victim, exclaimed: "Look out! He's coming at you again!" Whereupon the man scrambled up and started to run.

A NEW USE FOR A SERMON.

One of the most convincing sermons in the world was never preached; it was devoted to another use. Archbishop Tait was driving to Enfield, poring over the manuscript of his sermon as he rode. His attention was attracted by a roar and a clatter behind, and, turning round, he saw a horse attached to a huge lorry careering down Holloway Hill at a gallop.

The animal was quite beyond the control of its driver, and was making straight for the back of the dogcart in which the archbishop was riding. The runaway drew rapidly nearer, but Tait waited calmly, and, as it thundered up to the light trap, he selected the right moment, then, with all his force, flung the many-leaved sermon full in its face. It must have appealed to the horse's sense; at any rate, the runaway stopped short to think it over, and as he did so his driver got him to hand again, and the situation was saved. "The poor beast never had such a 'blatter' of theology before," was the Archbishop's comment.

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the casual, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. E. Hutchinson, 180 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

POPE PIUS X. AND THE WID OW'S MITE

Touching Incident Connected with the Calabrian Relief Fund.

Writes the Roman correspondent of the London Tablet under date of December 3:

"Last Monday Father Brandi, editor of the Civiltà Cattolica, made his fifth Calabrian visit to the Holy Father with over eighty thousand francs in his inside pocket—a sum which brought the Civiltà subscription to over 550,000 francs. The Pope was agreeably surprised, and as he took the printed list from the Jesuit to look it over he remarked: "There must be some large offerings here to make such a fine total. 'Yes, Holy Father,' replied the editor, 'but you will find that the largest offering is from a poor woman,' and he pointed at the foot of the page to the only letter which has been printed in connection with this very successful subscription—just a few lines from a parish priest to explain that the five pence enclosed reached him too late to be sent with the offering from his parish. It was from a poor woman who had been present in the church when the appeal was made, but who had not even a penny to give. A couple of days later, however, she managed to earn half a franc, and at once hastened with it to the Parroco, begging him to send it to the poor sufferers in Calabria. Thus her five pence came to figure in the Civiltà list, wedged in between sums of thousands and hundreds of francs. The Pope read the letter. 'Yes, father,' he said, deeply touched, 'you are right; that is the greatest offering you have received, for it is the widow's mite over again.' Then he pulled down a drawer of his desk and took out a big silver medal struck in commemoration of the second year of his pontificate, one of those usually presented every year to the Cardinals and the high officers of the Papal court, and handed it to Father Brandi. 'Send this to her from me,' he said; 'and tell her that the Pope thanks her for her great generosity and sends her a warm blessing.'"

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY.

Of all the chairs of church or state—Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will—

'Tis written in the book of fate, The high-chair is the highest still.

Lolled in his office-chair, there sits The master of a thousand mills; Men toil or rest as he permits: Men fail or prosper as he wills.

Perched on the polished bench, where strife Cries to condemn or pleads to save, Sits one, and plots the light from life, Or nods another to the grave.

Squat in his place of power, behold The monarch of a mighty land! And destinies are lightly told, Toyed in the hollow of his hand.

But over all and over each Another sits, who must be reckoned: The eternal woman comes to teach The first of men he is but second.

Yeb hardly is her reign begun Till she must learn as she has schooled: For, lo! there comes the helpless one And rules the ruler of the ruled.

For chair of church, or seats of state Bench, woolsack, throne, or what you will— Are only relatively great: The high-chair is the highest still! —Edmund Vance Cooke, in St. Nicholas.

BABY'S HEALTH.

When a child is well, give it no medicine," is a wholesome adage. But at the first sign of trouble the careful mother will give Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and teething troubles. They contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff, yet they give refreshing sleep because they remove the cause of sleeplessness and the child awakens bright and well. Mrs. F. McIntosh, Wabigoon, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets wrought a wonderful change in my little one. When he was two months old he began to fall and cried almost night and day. But after giving him the Tablets he grew well and is now a bright, laughing baby, who scarcely ever gives any trouble. The Tablets are surely a blessing to both mother and child." All druggists sell these Tablets, or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is dangerous to abandon oneself to the luxury of grief; it deprives one of courage, and even of the wish for recovery.—Ariel's Journal.

A Magdalen, the scarlet Day Knocked at Eve's convent bars: Comes Twilight, penitent in gray, Telling her beads the stars. —Charles L. O'Donnell.

The Poet's Corner.

DAY DREAMING.

Beyond the purple hills the realm of Fancy

Spreads mile on mile in limitless domain,

A realm in which by spell of necromancy

One's quite absolved from heart-ache, care and pain.

In day-dreams of its quiet lanes I wander,

And take my rest beside its meadow hills,—

Enchantment raises this land of Way Off Yonder,

The realm that lies beyond the purple hills.

The valley where I live is most prosaic,

The lives lived there are those of greed and gain,

The building laws, dust covered and archaic,

Proscribe the castle-building known of Spain.

So circumscribed one is in speech and action

'Tis sweet to let Thought go the way it will,

To wander without tribute or exaction

The sun-kissed land beyond the purple hills.

I build my castles there with all of splendor,

In arbors sit where roses twine above,

And with my Knight beside me, brave though tender,

I learn the wondrous magistry of love.

Ah, day-dreams sweet, my foolish heart grows fonder

Each hour of your ecstasies and thrills,—

Let's roam once more the land of Way Off Yonder,

The realm that lies beyond the purple hills!

—Roy Farrell Greene.

Then his mother would be a great poet."

"A poet? There are more," his father would needs to play with other knock the nonsense out

But, oh! how disapproving small boy was that his parents were his friends. It pained very much, till he remembered the eyes of the aged are So, of course, his father could not be expected to one as tiny and transparent fairy.

Since no one understood boy stopped talking of it. But his mother always they came; for, if mother sometimes poor, mother see a great deal.

When his big blue eyes with a faraway look, the other never disturbed him knew his fairies were with the mischievous sprites nod land were the most stors, but the water kept most as often. Indeed, stayed away, then the sun bath was a very stupid affair when they came, what and spluttering there there were the golden-haired who lived in the heart of or deep down in the white lilies, who used such a fragrant perfume, and dressed in rainbow color, on the small boy's soap the little black imps who the sunbeams.

Strange to say, the sun never met the bad fairy very glad of this, for she had many dreadful tales their naughty kinswoman. To-day, as the small boy the chestnut tree, he was heart.

"Only that morning he his father say, "That boy like a bad weed."

Then the father sighed, will soon lose my baby, ing up so fast."

Now the small boy had intimate so long with them without knowing their grown people. He was a terrible dread that he, to soon be placed on their to

What could he do to growing up?

He thought and thought There were the hated nurse said made boys grow never eat another. But it also the good roast beef that nurse called regular sprouters"—they were happy up.

Could he do it? Just as he had decided everything to keep his faith he felt a sharp blow on the A rich red chestnut fell

—S. E. Kiser.

PSYCHINE PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN



A SIGN FOR EVERY HOME

If every home in Canada had this sign there would be far less sickness and disease and home would be a happier and brighter place than it sometimes is. PSYCHINE can help every member of the household. Mother wren out with her daily toil and complaining of Lassitude, Weakness, No Appetite, Dyspepsia and Decline. Father with a bad Cold or Chill brought on by exposure at his daily work. The Children with their innumerable little ailments.

All these can be cured by PSYCHINE; and when, through neglect some serious illness visits the home, such as Pneumonia, Pleurisy, Bronchitis, Consumption, La Grippe, etc. then is PSYCHINE just as valuable.

Purchase a bottle of PSYCHINE this winter and you will be surprised to find how much suffering it will relieve and how much money it will save you.

PSYCHINE (pronounced Si-keen) The Greatest of All Tonics All Druggists One Dollar Free Trial SEEK SAFETY IN PSYCHINE DR. T. A. SLOCUM, L.L.C., 179 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, CANADA

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: You surely could not meet your New Year that of writing to the then, I know school is the ant subject for little composition is one of the class list, and I would practice writing you would all stand a prize for letter writing of the term. I hope you well, enjoying the lovely ther, and not studying am always glad to hear my little friends, so write you can. Your loving

THE FAIRIES' F

Once upon a time a s down under a chestnut tree He was a very little fe the that the fairies still him their choicest secrets you know, would much r children than to grow n a boy starts to say there ries, you can be very s begun to grow up, and ple will have nothing m with him. But the boy under tree was still on their He had many callers from at the most unexpected they were always welcom Oh! how he loved the When the small boy w would cry to his father his face beaming with jo twick, tome twick: my fa Don't o see dem? Do dem?"

Then his mother would be a great poet."

"A poet? There are more," his father would needs to play with other knock the nonsense out

But, oh! how disapproving small boy was that his parents were his friends. It pained very much, till he remembered the eyes of the aged are So, of course, his father could not be expected to one as tiny and transparent fairy.

Since no one understood boy stopped talking of it. But his mother always they came; for, if mother sometimes poor, mother see a great deal.

When his big blue eyes with a faraway look, the other never disturbed him knew his fairies were with the mischievous sprites nod land were the most stors, but the water kept most as often. Indeed, stayed away, then the sun bath was a very stupid affair when they came, what and spluttering there there were the golden-haired who lived in the heart of or deep down in the white lilies, who used such a fragrant perfume, and dressed in rainbow color, on the small boy's soap the little black imps who the sunbeams.

Strange to say, the sun never met the bad fairy very glad of this, for she had many dreadful tales their naughty kinswoman. To-day, as the small boy the chestnut tree, he was heart. "Only that morning he his father say, "That boy like a bad weed."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

You surely could not have counted among your New Year resolutions that of writing to the corner. But, then, I know school is the all-important subject for little people: still, composition is one of the items on the class list, and I am sure if you would practice writing to the corner you would all stand a chance of a prize for letter writing at the end of the term. I hope you are all well, enjoying the lovely winter weather, and not studying too hard. I am always glad to hear from any of my little friends, so write me when you can.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

THE FAIRIES' FRIEND.

Once upon a time a small boy lay down under a chestnut tree to rest. He was a very little fellow—so little that the fairies still whispered to him their choicest secrets, for fairies, you know, would much rather talk to children than to grown people. When a boy starts to say there are no fairies, you can be very sure he has begun to grow up, and the elfin people will have nothing more to do with him. But the boy under the chestnut tree was still on their visiting list. He had many callers from Fairyland at the most unexpected times, but they were always welcome. Oh! how he loved them. When the small boy was littler he would cry to his father and mother, his face beaming with joy: "Tome twick, tome twick: my fairies is here. Don't oo see dem? Don't oo see dem?" Then his mother would say: "He will be a great poet."

"A poet? There are none any more," his father would answer. "He needs to play with other boys to knock the nonsense out of him." But, oh! how disappointed the small boy was that his parents could not see his friends. It puzzled him very much, till he remembered that the eyes of the aged are very dim. So, of course, his father and mother could not be expected to see any one as tiny and transparent as a fairy. Since no one understood, the small boy stopped talking of his visitors. But his mother always knew when they came; for, if mother sight is sometimes poor, mother hearts can see a great deal.

When his big blue eyes grew dreamy with a faraway look, then his mother never disturbed him, for she knew his fairies were with him. The mischievous sprites from Nid-land were the most frequent visitors, but the water kelpie came almost as often. Indeed, when they stayed away, then the small boy's bath was a very stupid affair; but when they came, what a splashing and spluttering there was. Then there were the golden-haired fairies, who lived in the heart of the roses or deep down in the white depths of lilies, who used such a wonderful, fragrant perfume, and the sprites dressed in rainbow color, who danced on the small boy's soap bubbles, and the little black imps who floated on the sunbeams.

Strange to say, the small boy had never met the bad fairy. He was very glad of this, for the good fairies had many dreadful tales to tell of their naughty kinswoman. To-day, as the small boy lay under the chestnut tree, he was sad at heart. "Only that morning he had heard his father say, 'That boy springs up like a bad weed.'" Then the father sighed. "I fear I will soon lose my baby, he is growing up so fast."

Now the small boy had not been intimate so long with the fairy folk without knowing their dislike of grown people. He was filled with a terrible dread that he, too, would soon be placed on their black books. What could he do to keep from growing up?

He thought and thought. There were the hated crusts, which nurse said made boys grow—he would never eat another. But there were also the good roast beef and chicken, that nurse called regular "man-sprouters"—they were harder to give up. Could he do it? Just as he had decided to sacrifice everything to keep his fairy friends, he felt a sharp blow on his face. A rich red chestnut fell from an

overhanging bough; the shell opened and a veiled figure stepped forth.

"Small boy," she whispered in a tempting voice. "Do you, unlike most boys, wish to keep from growing up? I will tell you what to do—smoke! Get one of your father's cigars and smoke as hard as you can."

"How can that be?" said the small boy. "Nurse says bad boys smoke because they are grown up."

"Did you not hear your nurse say 'Smoking stunted a boy's growth'? Do it, and you need not give up the other nice things to keep your fairy friends."

With this, the veiled figure suddenly departed, saying as she left: "Take my advice and smoke."

Then the small boy ran into his father's library and took a big cigar. But because, somehow, his conscience did not feel very clear, he went down in the garden back of the stone wall before he lighted it.

Ugh, what a bad taste it had! The small boy had to say over and over, "Now, I won't grow," or he never could have taken another puff.

The cigar was almost burned out when the small boy's parents walked by: "My son! my son! what are you doing?" cried mother, horrified. "Can this be my good little boy whom the fairies love?"

"This is putting away childish things with a vengeance," said father. The small boy began to feel queer. He turned a sickly green, and oh, how ill he felt!

"I'm smoking so as not to grow up and lose my fairies," he cried. Mother ceased to scold, and began to coddle, while father said, "He'll not want another smoke soon."

That night, as the small boy lay in his little white bed, thinking mournfully that he would not see his elfin friends again, suddenly the queen of the Nid-nods perched on his pillow. "Oh, queenie, queenie: then I'm not too grown up for you to love?" he said, in delight.

"Boy," answered the queen, "you have at last met the bad fairy, though she was veiled, so you saw not her wicked face. Jealous of our love for you, she tempted you to do what will soonest drive the good fairies away. Fear not, boy, as long as you keep your child's heart the fairies will be true; but remember, that child's heart can be lost in no surer way than to follow our wicked cousin's advice."

BEATRICE'S SUN-PARLORS.

When Sara came in from school, her cheeks rosy with her brisk walk in the crisp air, she found Beatrice her chin in her hands, in a brown study.

"What is it now?" questioned Sara, laughing. "I know you are planning something. I can always tell."

Beatrice laughed, too. "You are a regular wizard, Sara, my dear. Well, this time it's sun-parlors."

"Sun-parlors!" "Exactly. You know what they are. The Evansas have one—a sort of piazza, only enclosed in glass. It is fitted up with comfortable chairs and palms and things, as pretty as can be. The sun just pours in on three sides, and it is the loveliest place to get warmed up and cheered up! Well, now listen to what I read just now: 'A mother said of her daughter, 'She makes a beautiful climate for me.' A great many people go South to escape the winter winds. Others build them sun-parlors and make a kinder climate around them.' That set me to thinking, and I've decided to build sun-parlors for at least three people I know."

"Where will you get the money?" demanded Sara incredulously. "It will not take money—at least, not much. It's the kindlier climate I'm after. There's that young Bennett girl on the next street. I've longed to send her South ever since I heard she had consumption. She doesn't know it, for I've never even called on her. But now I'm going to start a sun-parlor for her here."

"I don't see," began Sara. "You will. First thing I'm going to give her that year of magazines I have laid up. They are light to hold and the stories are as good as if they were not a year old. Then I intend to buy flowers for her instead of candy for myself, once in a while. Oh, I've thought of lots of brightening-up things for the parlor."

Sara nodded gravely. "I see. You are going to 'let a little sunshine in' by doing nice things for her."

"That's it. In the meantime, I'm sure that little Mrs. Black needs a sun-parlor—at any rate her three children do. She is as busy as a bee—a bumble-bee, I should think. She bumbles at them all the time, and I'm afraid she stings sometimes. But I think it is because she is nearly distracted, trying to take care of them and work at the same time. Two of them are too small for school. There isn't any reason why I can't take them downtown, sometimes, or over here. If mother will let me I think I'll make a regular thing of it, one afternoon a week or something like that. I think that would make a better climate for all of them. My third parlor is for Miss Price. Do you know, Sara, she is getting real bitter and sour, she has had so much trouble, and now she has to work so hard to support herself. I think she feels as if nobody cared. I'd like to show her that somebody does. You know we have an extra ticket to the concert Friday night: would you mind very much if I asked her to go with us?"

"Mind, you blessed girl! Of course I wouldn't! You needn't think you are going into the sunshine business without me. We'll do all these things together, and think up a lot more. If the people don't get quite cured and thawed out they will certainly be a little healthier and happier for sitting in the kindly climate of our sun-parlors a while, and I am sure we will ourselves. Let's go and tell mother about it. And of the two, went, singing in a sweet duet:

"Let a little sunshine in, Let a little sunshine in. Clear the darkened windows, open wide the door. Let a little sunshine in."

THE LITTLE HEN WHO HATCHED A GOOSE EGG.

A small brown hen, whose maternal instincts were remarkable, one day hatched a goose's egg, and became the mother of what eventually proved to be an abnormally large gander. The little hen was immensely proud of him, and paraded him about before her neighbors with broods of chickens with the air of a mother who had gone one better than any of them. Every night she conducted the gander to the corner of the barn where her nest had been, and, hopping on his back, she would spread her wings over as much of him as she could cover, brooding over him as in his goslin days. One evening the gander was given some sponge cake soaked in sherry, and, strange to state, he became so disgracefully intoxicated that when his little brown mother came to take him to bed he waddled unsteadily beside her, his wings hanging at his sides as he made feeble pecks at her, uttering a maudlin sort of cackle. This seemed to be more than the little hen could stand. She walked with her inebriated son to the barn, then left him, and went to the hen-roost, and from that night she has never taken the faintest notice of him.

LESSONS OF LIFE.

The meditative mind finds lessons of life and beauty everywhere, just as the robin finds its breakfast in the grass where eyes of superior discernment see nothing. William Cullen Bryant saw a waterfowl cleaving its way through the sky and it inspired one of his finest poems. As the flying creature melted away until it became a mere speck and then vanished, it brought a beautiful thought into the poet's soul:

"Thou'rt gone! the abyss of heaven Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given, And shall not soon depart:

"He who, from zone to zone, Guides through the boundless sky Thy certain flight, In the long way that I must tread alone Will lead my steps aright."

If the flight of a waterfowl led the gifted poet's thoughts to note the merciful providence of God in his own life, surely it needs only a soul in touch with God to find rich symbolism in His goodness everywhere.

A CREEPING TREE.

This curious tree is an oak near Monterey, California, locally known as "The Creeping Oak." It has made an extraordinary growth in former years, and appears to have been depressed by the winds until its many branches reach out from the trunk, and appear to be creeping along the ground, while other branches fill the air above them, presenting an appearance difficult to describe, but resembling a mass of snakes more than anything else. The tree covers an acre of ground, and has resisted for many years the vandal wood-choppers who covet the mass of timber.

HIDDEN BEAUTY.

Beauty does not always lie on the face of things. The microscope is the discoverer of a thousand secrets which the field-glass knows nothing of. We learn the hidden beauty of another soul by stress of trial and fellowship of a common heartache. It is then the human eye becomes microscopic and discloses what the lens of prosperity could never have uncovered. "Beauty is the best that God invents"—but it takes God to bring it out.

JACK'S LESSON.

Jack was cross; nothing pleased him. His mother gave him the choicest morsels for his breakfast, and the nicest toys, but he did nothing but fret and complain. At last his mother said: "Jack, I want you to go right up to your room, and put on all your clothes wrong side out."

Jack started. He thought his mother must be out of her wits. "I mean it, Jack," she repeated, looking earnestly at him. Jack had to obey; he had to turn his stockings wrong side out, and put on his coat and trousers and his collar wrong side out. When his mother came up to him there he stood—a forlorn, funny-looking boy, all linings and seams and ravelings—before the glass, wondering what his mother meant; but he was not quite clear in his conscience. Then his mother, turning him around, said: "This is what you have been doing all day—making the worst

of everything. You have been turning everything wrong side out. Do you really like your things this way so much, Jack?"

"No, mamma," answered Jack shamefacedly. "Can't I turn them right?"

"Yes, you may, if you will try to speak what is pleasant. You must do with your temper and manners as you prefer to do with your clothes—wear them right side out. Do not be so foolish any more, little man, as to persist in turning them wrong side out."

A QUESTION FOR 1906.

What will you do in the New Year? What have you done in the Old? Shall it come like a benediction, Shall it leave you callous, cold? Shall it leave like the solemn tolling Of a gruesome funeral knell? See! It comes like the joyous chiming Of a merry marriage bell.

Have you lifted a load of trouble, By a kindly word or smile, From the shoulders of some one stumbling O'er the shards of life's long mill? Will you whisper a word of comfort, Will you laugh a tear away, And glad the heart of a brother Forever and a day?

We stand on a towering mountain, Far below us sings the sea, Straight down o'er the crags and boulders Lies the path for you and me, Straight down through the thorns and briars, And the way is hard and long. Come, give me your hand, my brother, Let us seek the sea's soft song.

Let us find the surf's low crooning, And rest when the journey's done; Let us dream of the tempting trials And smile at the vict'ries won. There, down o'er the crags and boulders, Lies our rough and thorny way; Come, let us depart rejoicing This blessed New Year's Day.

What shall we do in the New Year? What have we done in the Old? See! it comes like a benediction! Shall it leave us callous, cold? Shall we turn, when it is dying, To its hours regretfully? God grant a happier ending And sweeter for you and me. —John Ferguson.

Good Digestion Should Wait on Appetite.—To have the stomach well is to have the nervous system well. Very delicate are the digestive organs. In some so sensitive are they that atmospheric changes affect them. When they become disarranged no better regulator is procurable than Parlee's Vegetable Pills. They will assist the digestion so that the hearty eater will suffer no inconvenience and will derive all the benefits of his food.

We mourn our dead beneath the sod, Yet those we mourn will never die, Their spirits safe at last with God, Immortal wait, beyond the sky.

EARN CASH

In Your Leisure Time

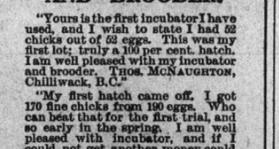
If you could start at once in a business which would add a good round sum to your present earnings—WITHOUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't you do it?

Well, we are willing to start you in a profitable business and we don't ask you to put up any kind of a dollar. Our proposition is this: We will ship you the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until After 1906 Harvest.

Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is out-classed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

The poultry business, properly conducted, pays far better than any other business for the amount of time and money invested. Thousands of poultry-raisers—men and women all over Canada and the United States—have proved to their satisfaction that it is profitable to raise chicks with the



CHATHAM INCUBATOR AND BROODER.

"Yours is the first incubator I have used, and I wish to state I had 62 chicks out of 63 eggs. This was my first lot, truly a 100 per cent. hatch. I am well pleased with my incubator and brooder. THOS. McNAUGHTON, Chatham, B.C."

"My first hatch came off. I got 170 fine chicks from 190 eggs. Who can beat that for the first trial, and so early in the spring. I am well pleased with incubator, and if I could not get another money could not buy it from me. Every farmer should have a No. 3 Chatham Incubator.—F. W. RAMSAY, Dunnville, Ont."

"The incubator you furnished me works exceedingly well. It is easily operated, and only needs about 10 minutes attention every day. E. McGUIPPE, MOORE JAW, Assa."

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is honestly constructed. There is no humbug about it. Every inch of material is thoroughly tested, the machine is built on right principles, the insulation is perfect, thermometer reliable, and the workmanship the best. The Chatham Incubator and Brooder is simple as well as scientific in construction—a woman or girl can operate the machine in their leisure moments. You pay us no cash until after 1906 harvest. Send us your name and address on a post card to-day. We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Address all correspondence to Chatham. The Manson Campbell Co., Limited Dept. 298, CHATHAM, CANADA. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT. Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health. The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood. The second period that constitutes a special drain on the system is during pregnancy. The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all three periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto Ont.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Ybong and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26 —Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Maiden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and G. E. Delaney; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Herrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Ybong and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1906.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

The British general elections have already swept the wave of Liberal triumph so far over the face of the country that what was not only doubtful but regarded as improbable on the eve of the contest is a certainty at the present writing.

such an election issue as was within the power of the Liberal party to accomplish.

Whilst Mr. Balfour has fallen in his own tracks the ruin of Mr. Chamberlain in the rout of the Unionist-Protectionist allies is simply overwhelming and irretrievable.

There is another feature of the election returns that must not be lost sight of. The labor party has come back to Westminster so strong in numbers that its influence upon any Government programme of the future must be reckoned with.

In the next Parliament the Irish vote and the labor vote will be united, though by no written bond; and even though the Campbell-Bannerman Government might be disposed to ignore Home Rule—which is most unlikely—it could not ignore the vigilant and effective allegiance of two powerful parties associated in the House of Commons by every democratic principle.

OUR FORESTS.

That Canadians are paying more attention to the fast disappearing woods is evident from the convention held at Ottawa lately. The importance which this step has upon the natural resources and wealth of the country must be judged not by immediate results but by the bearing it has upon the timber supply, climatic changes and water ways in the future.

covered with timber was worth \$400,000 per acre—and that five acres, worth, therefore, two millions, had been replaced by potatoes. Even admitting changes of prices and the necessity which obliged the early settlers to provide for food, admitting also the difficulty they were under, their policy and want of system were undoubtedly extravagant and destructive.

The etymology of this word has long been a mooted question. Many eminent theologians and philologists from St. Thomas Aquinas down have written on the subject, but not one of them, so far as the present writer is aware, has ever traced the word Mass to the Hebrew word Maseath which signifies the elevation or lifting up of the hands whilst offering sacrifice to God.

In the Old Testament the Mass was foreshadowed (Gen. 14, 18) and foretold (Mal. 1, 11). In the New Testament we find it promised (St. John, 4, 23; 6, 51, 62); instituted and commanded by our Savior Jesus Christ (St. Luke 22, 19, 20); and celebrated by the first Apostles (Acts 13, 2).

Now the first Apostles were Hebrews, and the Hebrew word for the elevation of the consecrated host in the Mass is "Maseath." This word is found in the second verse of the 140th psalm in the Hebrew Bible: "Let my prayer be directed as incense in Thy sight: the elevation of my hands (Maseath) as evening sacrifice."

The word Mass, therefore, was in all probability first applied to the daily sacrifice of the New Testament by the Christian Jews of the early ages, who were accustomed to witness the elevation of the priest's sanctified hands in sacrifice (Maseath) every day, immediately after the consecration, when the bread of earth became the living bread from heaven and the blood of the grape became the blood of the true Vine—Jesus Christ.

(Rev.) ALBERT MCKEON, S.T.L., St. Columban, Ont.

A bitter or unjust word irritates. Let it pass: he from whom it escapes will be only too happy to see that we have forgotten it.—Golden Sands.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The Church of England in Australia having resolved to raise Melbourne to the rank of an archbishopric and to make it the capital of a new ecclesiastical province, trouble has arisen with the Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, who has been there for thirty years. He has just made a public protest against the assumption of his title by his Anglican rival. Not only, he says, has it occasioned "confusion in the delivery of correspondence," but it has also led to certain papers and people ignoring his territorial title.

MASEATH, OR MASS.

To the Editor of True Witness:

Dear Sir:—The word Mass in its various forms is found in nearly all languages. In every land under the blue canopy of heaven this word is used to denote that great central act of Christian worship known as the sacrifice of the Mass. In Portugal the Mass is called Missa; the Danes, Germans and French call it Messe. In Spain, South America and Mexico it is Misa. In every part of the United States and the British Empire it is called the Mass.

The etymology of this word has long been a mooted question. Many eminent theologians and philologists from St. Thomas Aquinas down have written on the subject, but not one of them, so far as the present writer is aware, has ever traced the word Mass to the Hebrew word Maseath which signifies the elevation or lifting up of the hands whilst offering sacrifice to God.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

DOMINICAN PREACHER TEN SERMONS. Rev. Father Plessis, preacher, will occupy the Notre Dame Church during ten seasons.

NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR. The Rev. Abbe Sylvestre appointed vice-chancellor Archbishop's Palace in St. Abbe Perrier, recently visitor to the Catholic

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT. Report for week ending 14th January, 1906: The following people had lodging and breakfast: French, 53; English, 8; nationalities, 7. Total, 68.

DIVISION OF PARISHES. Complying with numerous presented by the parties Archbishop Bruchesi has divided the Catholic parish St. Paul and the pastor parish will be appointed date.

MGR. BERNARD'S COATS OF ARMS. Mgr. Bernard, the new St. Hyacinthe, has chosen coat of arms a shield crossed and two hearts motto will be "Fiat volens" ("Thy will be done.")

FOR THE REPOSE OF SOULS. HON. R. PREFONTAINE. A number of friends of Hon. R. Prefontaine belong to a solemn requiem Mass, the repose of his soul at Tuesday.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE'S CHARLES CHURCH

On Sunday afternoon last Archbishop Bruchesi made a visit to St. Charles Church a large congregation was present, the repose of his soul at Tuesday.

PRESBYTERY AT LA POINTE ROBBE

Early Tuesday morning broke into the presbytery Pointe and carried off a lamb overcoat, valued at \$200 overcoat, worth \$250 cash worth \$50 and \$250 belonging to Father Lecour broke open the safe where ornaments are kept, but to from it except the \$25 in

REV. FATHER BRADY'S SNEAK THIEF

As the above-named priest was hurrying to on Sunday evening, some up behind him and stole. Although Father Brady gave chase, the thief managed to get away. A theft is always a theft, but it is doubly so when that a priest in the administration of his minister the victim.

HIS GRACE VISITS FOR INCURABLE

His Grace the Archbishop yesterday afternoon visited the for incurables. Much consolation was thus afforded suffering ones of this institution, each of whom the Archbishop dressed words of comfort and his blessing. On Saturday His Grace celebrated hospital chapel, at which the inmates who could as

PROJECTED NEW CHURCH

The old Ryland mansion on Chester street east, at 111, captured by the "Assistance" has been purchased by colony for the sum of five dollars, and will be into a Catholic Church for the use of the poor. As a consequence of the then the directors of the "Public" have decided to once a building of their mise of sale of a suitable already been secured, and that aid is at the disposal of the work.

At last week's meeting directors, Messrs. J. Ald. T. Boston and J. points each subscribed dollars. Mr. Boston also

ITEMS OF INTEREST

DOMINICAN PREACHER FOR LENTEN SERMONS.

Rev. Father Plessis, Dominican preacher, will occupy the pulpit at Notre Dame Church during the Lenten season.

NEW VICE-CHANCELLOR.

The Rev. Abbe Sylvestre has been appointed vice-chancellor of the Archbishop's Palace in the place of Rev. Abbe Perrier, recently chosen to be visitor to the Catholic schools.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 14th January, 1906:

The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 160; French, 53; English, 8; other nationalities, 7. Total, 228.

DIVISION OF PARISH.

Complying with numerous petitions presented by the parties interested, Archbishop Bruchesi has decided to divide the Catholic parish of Cote St. Paul, and the pastor of the new parish will be appointed at an early date.

MGR. BERNARD'S COAT OF ARMS.

Mgr. Bernard, the new Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, has chosen for his coat of arms a shield with two crosses and two hearts, and his motto will be "Fiat voluntas tua" ("Thy will be done.")

FOR THE REPOSE OF SOUL OF HON. R. PREFONTAINE.

A number of friends of the late Hon. R. Prefontaine belonging to the electoral division of Maisonneuve had a solemn requiem Mass, chanted for the repose of his soul at the Church of the Immaculate Conception last Tuesday.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE AT ST. CHARLES CHURCH.

On Sunday afternoon last Archbishop Bruchesi made his pastoral visit to St. Charles Church. Quite a large congregation was present. His Grace, who was received by Rev. Father Bonin, parish priest, delivered an address to the faithful dealing with the most important questions, and afterwards gave his benediction.

PRESBYTERY AT LONGUE POINTE ROBBED.

Early Tuesday morning burglars broke into the presbytery at Longue Pointe and carried off a Persian lamb overcoat, valued at \$500, a tweed overcoat, worth \$25, a fur cap worth \$50 and \$25 in cash, belonging to Father Lecours. They broke open the safe where the church ornaments are kept, but took nothing from it except the \$25 in cash.

REV. FATHER BRADY VICTIM OF SNEAK THIEF.

As the above-named reverend gentleman was hurrying to a sick call on Sunday evening, some one came up behind him and stole his cap. Although Father Brady immediately gave chase, the thief managed to get away. A theft is always reprehensible, but it is doubly so when it comes that a priest in the administration of the duties of his ministry is made the victim.

HIS GRACE VISITS HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES.

His Grace the Archbishop last Friday afternoon visited the Hospital for Incurables. Much pleasure and consolation was thus afforded the suffering ones of this institution to each of whom the Archbishop addressed words of comfort and imparted his blessing. On Saturday morning His Grace celebrated Mass in the hospital chapel, at which those of the inmates who could assisted.

PROJECTED NEW ITALIAN CHURCH.

The old Ryland mansion on Dorchester street east, at present occupied by the "Assistance Publique," has been purchased by the Italian colony for the sum of fifteen thousand dollars, and will be converted into a Catholic Church for their use. As a consequence of that transaction the directors of the "Assistance Publique" have decided to erect at once a building of their own. A promise of sale of a suitable site has already been secured, and substantial aid is at the disposal of the promoters of the work.

At last week's meeting three of the directors, Messrs. J. Lamoureux, Ald. T. Bastien and Ald. L. A. Lapointe each subscribed a thousand dollars. Mr. Bastien also placed an

additional sum of ten thousand dollars at the disposal of the board.

The directors have besides two thousand dollars cash on hand, and other smaller amounts having been subscribed, work on the new building will be commenced without delay.

EUCHERE IN AID OF ST. COLUMBAN, QUE., CHURCH FUND.

The English-speaking parishioners of St. Henry intend holding a eucHERE next Thursday evening, the 25th inst., in aid of the Church of St. Columban, Que. His Grace, in a pastoral letter, directed the attention of the Irish Catholics of this city to the crying need of rendering assistance to this church, and, as now seen, the English-speaking parishioners of St. Henry have taken the initiative, and so far everything bids fair for a brilliant success. We trust that the energy of those good people who have answered the Archbishop's appeal will have splendid results to show for their zeal.

Pastoral Letter of His Lordship the Bishop of Valleyfield.

(Continued from Page 1.)

The perjurer, menaced by God Himself, with the most terrible chastisements, of which we have many examples in the sacred writings, has also been from time immemorial, the object of severe repression amongst all people. The old laws sometimes punished him by death, but of tenor by tortures the cruelty of which marked the horror which this crime inspired. In our days, if the laws have mitigated the rigor of corporal punishment, they inflict, nevertheless, upon the one guilty of a false oath a stigma of dishonor still worse than all physical sufferings could be. The perjurer is marked upon the forehead an ineffaceable stamp that renders him an object of reprobation to his fellow men; he has lost all right to public consideration and to the confidence and esteem of his neighbor. His word has no longer any value, and we refuse to believe him even under oath, which is a supreme injury. If his crime remains secret, he is nevertheless forced to confess it to himself, to say interiorly that, as a liar and falsifier, he used the name of God in order to have accepted as truth what he knew to be falsehood and treason. He is dishonored in his own eyes.

The Church, knowing how holy and terrible the name of God is, with what sovereign respect, with what fear and trembling it should be pronounced, has always stood up in her strength against the horrible crime of perjury; she has done it particularly in our country, frightened, as she was, at seeing the occasions for swearing becoming multiplied, not only before the tribunals, as the custom has always been practised, but again, in those days of license when public elections are carried on, when there is so much danger of taking rash, false or unjust oaths. She has, by a special decree of the Fifth Council of Quebec, made of perjury a sin, the absolution from which is a case specially reserved to the Bishop; the Council of Montreal has confirmed the severity of this discipline throughout the entire extent of our province, and juridical perjury is inscribed amongst the number of those offenses from the guilt of which the offender can be regularly absolved only by the Ordinary of the Diocese.

There, then, dearly beloved brethren, is what we had to say to you upon this grave subject of the oath. May our words serve to profoundly engrave in your hearts the respect due to the name of God; may they serve especially to keep away from you the terrible crime of perjury, may they also keep you from useless swearing, and cause to disappear the abuses of which we may have had reason to complain in the past. Let us always remember that God is the Lord of all truth, that we speak as we act in His divine presence, and that he hates lying, that if he hates and punishes perjury with severity, he draws his glory from all oaths taken conformably to just laws, in truth, judgment and justice.

The present pastoral letter shall be read in all the churches and chapels of the diocese where the Divine Office is celebrated, and at the Chapter of the Religious Communities, to commence on the first Sunday of its recitation. Given at Valleyfield, at our Episcopal Palace, under our seal and stamp, and the counter seal of our secretary, this 8th day of December, 1905, Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

JOSEPH MEDARD,

Archbishop of Valleyfield.

By order of His Lordship, J. de la C. DORAIN, Secretary.

LOYOLA CLUB.

With the regular meeting of Jan. 17, 1906, the first half of Loyola Club's session of 1905-06 will end, and those who have been members since its foundation emphatically assert that the work far surpasses that of previous years. The attractiveness of the year book with its ambitious program has been highly complimented.

A source of great pleasure is the "Dilettante half-hour," somewhat of an innovation, the nature of which is sometimes disclosed at the meeting antecedent to its date in year-book. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and Loyola Club has been gratified by the news of its adoption by a sister club.

French and German literature is the course of study this year, and up to date the papers have been: Epic poetry, Miss Bussiere; Lyric, Miss Mary Tansey; French Drama, Miss Evelen McKenna; German, Miss Burtzell; French novel, Miss Frances McCabe; German, Miss F. Prendergast. Each subject has received conscientious study and treatment from a Catholic standpoint.

Those to be read in second half of session are: Critics and Essayists, Miss Anna Lanning; Ethical literature, Miss Mary Christy; Fables—their place in literature, Miss F. Wickham; Memoirs, Miss Egan, and the previous contributions of these young ladies justify the anticipation of literary treats.

One "special" paper is read at each meeting, and so far have been of a very high order of merit; but the palm has unanimously been awarded Miss Anna Lanning for her paper on "The Poet Keats."

Several of the members having spent many months abroad, two have kindly contributed to the programme. Miss Cecile Quick, "Impressions of Europe," and Miss Margaret Drummond "In other Lands." "Opportunities of a Convent Graduate," generously contributed by the D'Youville Reading Circle, at the request of the President of Loyola Club, was gratefully received and much appreciated. "Religion in Art," Miss Mullaly, illustrated beautifully, as well as profusely, by the Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., was given in the Free Library Hall on Jan 3, inst., and refreshments served to the large number present.

In the near future an analysis of one of the world's masterpieces—Newman's "Dream of Gerontius"—will be given by Miss Margaret Jones and selections from Sir E. Elgar's oratorio of the same name will be rendered under the direction of Miss Madeline Sheridan.

Loyola Club has its philanthropic side, as well as its educational, otherwise its existence lacked completeness. But their way seems to have been to "do good by stealth," though later succeeds the "blush of fame," so a few words are permissible.

A Christmas tree, bending with a weight of toys, golden oranges, bags of candy, and gaily dressed dolls, on Dec. 27, 1905, renewed that faith in Santa, which should be the heritage of rich and poor alike, and the contented faces of the hundred or more eager little waifs who were made blissfully happy by rifling it more than repaid those who so generously contributed to it. Mrs. C. F. Smith, Mrs. Doyle, Mrs. Charlebois and Miss Gethin, of the lady patronesses assisted the members of the club, and the Rev. Fathers Devine and Cox were also among those present.

But the event of the year is always the visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor, that haven of rest for soul and body rendered so by the gentle self-sacrificing ministrations of these humble Sisters of Clare whom "to name is to bless."

A programme is prepared of music, song, recitation and dance, and the club is assured that the inmates enjoy it so much that they live in anticipation of the next reunion. Irish airs on the piano and stringed instruments, of which there were several this year, brought tears to the dear old eyes dimmed by sorrow or life's hard struggle; but "Peggy in the Low-backed Car" dispelled them, and was lifted in unison with the fair singer by not a few who undoubtedly had the same sweet dream of love and pleasure, and realized it too, so evident were the traces of the colleen das of forty or fifty years ago.

A Parisian dancing master, young in spirit though eighty-four years had passed over him, danced intricate and graceful steps, with a graceful partner, of whom it may be said, as of Perdita, "she dances feely," to the rhythmic melody drawn from the two worn out strings of the old musician. His heart has since been

gladdened by a real silver string and complete set.

Handkerchiefs, shawls, tobacco and candy were distributed, and so varied and sincere were the expressions of thanks that every one realized that gratitude, like mercy, is also "twice blessed."

Mrs. Bacon and Mrs. Charlebois, lady patronesses, interest themselves specially in the hospitals, and visits to the poor; but the direct supervision of the work is in the capable hands of one of the active members, Miss Stella Brown, who is assisted by such other members as offer their services.

The honorary President is Lady Hingston. Regular meetings are held on the 1st and 3rd Wednesdays of each month, in the club rooms, 96 Alexander street, at 4 o'clock sharp.

If after reading this incomplete summary of the good works and aids to mental improvement of Loyola Club, the young lady readers of the True Witness feel that they would like to share them, a card to Miss Bussiere, 114 Ste. Famille street, will bring them a Year-book giving all particulars. But while waiting go to a meeting—it may awaken undreamed of possibilities that will bring soul-satisfying results.

Interesting Manuscripts.

Among some manuscripts, once belonging to the Marquis de Lafayette, to be sold in London in the early part of this month, are several letters from Washington and Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States. Jefferson hated England and all her works and pomps with a tremendous hate, and his communications to Lafayette and his wife bear full evidence to the fact. In the earliest letter of all, June 16, 1792, he says:

"Behold you then, my dear friends, at the head of a great army, establishing the liberties of your country against a foreign enemy, may heaven favor your cause, and make you the channel through which it may pour its favours. While you are exterminating the monster aristocracy and pulling out the teeth and fangs of its associate monarchy, a contrary tendency is discovered in some here. Agitators which have been hatched in a bed of corruption made up after the model of their beloved England."

In a letter to Mme. Lafayette, dated December 8, 1813, he speaks of England's rulers:

"Yet by such worthless beings is a great nation to be governed and even made to defy their old King because he is only a fool and a maniac, and to forgive and forget his having lost to them a great flourishing empire, added 900 sterling to their debt, for which the fee simple of the whole island would not sell, if offered farm by farm at public auction, and increasing their annual taxes from 8 to 70 millions, more than the whole rent roll of the whole island."

Several of the other Jefferson letters are of general interest, and deal with the progress of the war with Great Britain; in one, dated May 14, 1817, he states:

"The British war has let us in debt, but that is a cheap price for the good it has done us; the establishment of the necessary manufactures among ourselves, the proof that our government is solid, can stand the shock of war, and is superior even to civil schism."

"If another, dated a year earlier, he says:

"I believe the loss of the battle of Waterloo was the salvation of France. Had Bonaparte obtained the victory, his talents, his egotism, and destitution of all moral principle would have riveted a military despotism on your necks."

Even the holy name of Christ will not serve us unless it reigns in our inmost heart and in our most personal affection.

Many conditions are necessary for happiness which are rarely encountered together.

Not one kind word ever spoken; not one kind deed ever done, but sooner or later returns to bless the giver.

Pure hearts are glad, and they who tread the paths of duty find God's world sweet.—Bishop Spalding.

IBOLIZED FATHER JUDGE.

A Story of the Good Work of a Jesuit Father in the Klondike—Priest, Physician and Comforter.

I landed with 40,000 other men in the middle of June, 1898, writes Arnold F. George, in December Donahoe's. Dawson was a city of tents and sickness. The first familiar face I saw was that of an acquaintance of many years before. He had been in the Klondike a year, and was accounted rich.

"Have you been to see H—?" was the first question after the usual salutations and mutual explanations.

"Charley H—? Why, I didn't know he was here."

"Yep!" he replied. "Been down with scurvy six months. Father Judge took him in. Guess he saved his life. But he's bad off. Guess it'd do him good to see you."

"Who is this Father Judge?"

"Father Judge? Why, you don't mean to say you haven't heard of Father Judge?"

"I surely have not," I replied somewhat tartly. "I've been in Dawson only an hour."

"Well, all I've got to say is that you are forgetting your newspaper business, if you've been here an hour and haven't learnt of Father Judge. I guess he's a priest. Don't know much about those things anyhow. But I do know as he's saved I don't know how many lives this winter. I reckon he was the only one of us as had time, or wasn't crazy about gold. Saved more'n a thousand. Doctors all mining, and the bummiest lot you ever saw. Charged two ounces a visit, and the sick fellows mostly broke, or they wouldn't a' been sick. Any way! You just ought to know Father Judge. He's the biggest jollier—the merriest fellow you ever met. When he runs out of medicine he goes and gets a lot of bark and spruce bows, and he's kept a whole lot of 'em alive up there, waiting for medicine to come in. You didn't bring any with you, did you?"

"Yes," I said. "I've got some for myself in case I'm sick."

My acquaintance, B—, of the Arctic meat market, broke into a laugh as if something funny had occurred to him.

"I guess you had better not let Father Judge know you've got it," he said. "He'll get it out of you, if you do."

"Is he pretty good on the bag?" I asked, grinning at B—'s infectious merriment.

"Well, I should say so. Twice this winter he got nearly a quarter of meat out of me—two dollars a pound, too. But you go and see H— and ask him."

So I went over the Father Judge's hospital and was greeted warmly by him and my friend H—. I became so interested I made several visits.

"I don't suppose you have brought any potatoes?" he queried some days afterwards.

"Only the evaporated," I replied. "You all seem to want potatoes. I suppose from what Father Judge said to me that potatoes are medicine to you fellows."

"A sure cure," spoke up everyone at once. Then H— broke in:

"So you've seen Father Judge!" Then with a confident smile, as knowing the inevitable answer: "What d'ye think of him?"

Every one in the room looked up, as if a well-worn and interesting theme of conversation had been brought up.

"Oh," I replied, diffidently, "I really haven't seen anything of him much. B— was telling me down town that he is sort of popular about here."

"Popular!" echoed H—, in protest. "Don't use the word 'popular' here. He's the finest man that God ever put a soul into. Where'd we all have been this winter without him, I'd like to know. He's just killing himself trying to take care of everybody."

"I'm sure he's a good man," I replied, sympathetically, for all had joined in silent but evident hearty approbation of my friend H—. I continued:

"You're not a Catholic, H—?"

"O, that doesn't cut any figure here. Why, God bless me, here's a bunch of sixteen of us here now in the room, and not a blessed Catholic in the lot—unless it's Jack over there. But Father Judge is making Catholics fast. Never preaches or talks doctrine or forms of faith, you know, unless you ask him or show him your mind is uneasy on that score. Not he just does all a mortal man can do for you, and evidently wishes he could do more. Then he jollics you and goes to church, and you feel you'd give one of your two useless legs if you could follow him. Whizz! Here he comes."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

QUEBEC TRAINS

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR 7.45 a.m. *2.09 p.m. *11.30 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.

OTTAWA TRAINS

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION 7.45 a.m., *9.40 a.m., *10.00 a.m., *1.00 p.m., *5.35 p.m. LEAVE PLACE VIGOR 7.20 a.m., *5.35 p.m. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only. Parlor or Sleeping Car on all trains from Windsor Station.

NOTICE.

SHEARBOCKE, ST. JOHN, HALIFAX PASSENGERS. Dining Car service after 6.30 p.m. daily, except Saturday and Sunday, on 7.25 p.m. train from Windsor Street; also on 4.30 p.m. train Saturdays. Breakfast served in train which leaves Sherbrooke 5.35 a.m. daily, except Monday.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leave Bonaventure Station. "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED." Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4.30 p.m., Hamilton 5.30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6.45 p.m., Buffalo 8.25 p.m., London 7.45 p.m., Detroit 9.45 p.m., Chicago 7.42 a.m.

Elegant Cafe Service on above train MONTREAL AND NEW YORK. Shortest Line. Quickest Service. 2 Day Trains daily, except Sunday, each way. 1 Night Train daily, each way.

Lve. MONTREAL 7.40 a.m., 11.10 a.m. Arr. NEW YORK 12.00 p.m., 10.00 p.m. *Daily. †Daily except Sunday.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.

Lv. 8.40 a.m. week days, 4.10 p.m. daily. Ar. Ottawa 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Cure and the Fabrique of the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel, of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec at its next session for certain amendments to the school law of the Province of Quebec in the interests of the cause of education in said parish.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, Priest. JOHN DILLON. CORNELIUS MCGEE. MONTREAL, DECEMBER 28, 1905.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION

IN AID OF

St. Michael's Parish, Montreal.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

To the Debtors of THE CANADIAN STAMP COMPANY.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the credits and book debts of the CANADIAN STAMP COMPANY for advertisements, and for trade stamps, etc., sold and delivered, have been sold and transferred to Wilfrid A. Leclair, of Montreal, by virtue of sale made by the curators of the said Canadian Stamp Company, duplicate whereof has been deposited in the office of the Prothonotary of the Superior Court at Montreal. Montreal, January 5th, 1906.

"To hide a fault with a lie is to replace a blot by a hole."

Fiction has no right to exist unless it is more beautiful than reality.

All are not called to a state of perfection, but all are called to the perfection of their state.

use, Sale, DEPT., Fur Chest, Cellarette, Weathered, Lemish design, piece Library, 3-piece Lib-ty, 1 extra, 125. Less 20, Mahogany, 50 p.c., 3 per cent., 75 per cent., 4-inch, Christmas trade, pretty French, in panels, \$6.50; spe- per cent cash. JERSEYS, Collar, Large buttons, Colors, also com- with Red, and \$2.38, less 5, Mail Orders, Montreal

The History of Erin's Music Tells the Story of Ireland.

Into the texture of the fabric of Irish history is woven with colors of once bright and dun. It symbolizes Erin's power, it typifies her misery. Its proud music exulting and majestically in the halls of Al-lech and Tara, its hearse-like strains told in saddest numbers the ruin of castle and cabin, of chieftain and clansman, of country and prosperity.

The harp was evolved by primitive man from the tightly-strung bow, "when by accident the stretched string emitted a musical sound on being plucked by the hunter. From one string to three strings was an easy transition, and the form of the hunter's bow was retained."

Foreign writers have constantly shown that the highly-developed arts of Pagan Ireland bear a wonderful similarity to those of Egypt. Whether the Egyptians came direct to Ireland, or the Irish to Egypt, or whether the Phoenician colony on the western coast line of Ireland were the bearers of this skill and culture there is no certain means of knowing.

When a truth is expressed in beautiful words, its repetition seldom palls. Reciting of the words of Montalembert will be no act of garrulity: "There is nothing in his legend more poetic than the meeting between St. Patrick and the Irish bards, who formed a hereditary and sacerdotal class. Among them he found his most faithful disciples. Oslan himself, the blind Homer of Ireland, allowed himself to be converted by him, and Patrick listened in his turn as he sang the long epic of Celtic kings and heroes. Harmony was not established between the two without being preceded by some storms. Patrick threatened with hell the profane warriors whose glory Ossian vaunted, and the bard replied to the apostles: "If thy God were in hell, my heroes would draw him from it." But triumphant truth made peace between poetry and faith.

"When once blessed and transformed," says an old author, "the songs of the bards became so sweet that the angels of God leant down from heaven to listen to them; and this explains the reason why the harp of the bards has continued the symbol and emblazonry of Catholic Ireland."

"Giraldus Cambrensis (as late as 1190) tells of the bishops and abbots "who travelled about with their harps," utilizing their instrumental powers as means of gaining converts. During the seventeenth century, as many entries in the Annals of Ulster prove, the cruit, the clairsheach, the timpan, as also the fiddle were very popular.

An Irish saga of the same date gives a very interesting account of the dress of these important minstrels, the harpers: "Gray winding cloaks, with brooches of gold, circles of pearls round their heads, rings of gold around their thumbs, torques of gold around their ears, torques of silver around their throats.

and harpers. Wales received its musical instruments and not a little of its musical culture from Ireland and Irishmen, and the Scottish kings honored Irish bards and harpers in their courts and palaces. Nor were they unknown in European courts. For Charlemagne, at least, had his Irish harpers. There is mention of them in French, German and Flemish records from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. When the first crusade was preached by Peter the Hermit the Irish Gaels and Sean Ghalls, chiefs and clansmen went in large numbers to aid in winning back the Holy Land from the Saracens.

Quaint old Fuller, the English writer, says, "the consort of Christendom could have made no music if the Irish harp had been wanting." Lion service to the cause of French freedom was done by Philip the Irish harper, and his harp was faithfully honored at the annual requiem mass sung in his memory for over 500 years in the churches of Cherbourg. This talismanic revolutionists, in their mad fury, destroyed in the year 1789.

Vincenzo Galilei, the renowned Italian author, who gives Dante as his authority, declares: "This most ancient instrument was brought to us from Ireland, as Dante says, where they are excellently made and in great numbers, the inhabitants of that island having practiced on it for many and many a century. Nay, they place it in the arms of the kingdom, and paint it on their public buildings, and stamp it on their coinage, giving as a reason their being descendants from the royal prophet, David. The harps which these people use are considerably larger than the Irish harps and have generally the strings of brass, and a few of steel for the highest notes, as in the clavicord. The musicians who perform on it keep the nails of their fingers long, forming them with care in the shape of the quills which strike the strings of the spinet."

The harp entered very largely into the social life of Ireland. "The soft lay of love and the light note of gladness" found its chords subtle exponents. The most famous story of Mediaeval Europe, "Tristram and Isolt," was often chanted to the strains of the harp. It was meet that it should be so. Tristram, whilst visiting the King of Dublin, recreated himself, delighted the house (for great was his skill upon the harp), and fell in love with La Belle Isold, the King's daughter, and she with him. "In process of time," says the old romance, "the Queen arranged a marriage for her with Mark, King of Cornwall, and Tristram lauded the virtues and great beauty of La Belle Isold to his royal master. He brought her to Mark, who celebrated his marriage with great joy and solemnity. But the old secret between Tristram and her had taken such impression in both, and so inflamed their hearts, that it could not easily be quenched; so in process of time Mark espied it, and in his furious jealousy slew him as he played upon the harp to recreate La Belle Isold; and thus, as his, love began with the harp, so it ended with the harp."

The love story of Eileen O'Connell and Carrol O'Daly, a famous Irish harper of the fourteenth century, had a happier ending. On the eve of her intended wedding to a rival lover, Carrol O'Daly, disguised as a minstrel, so captivated Eileen with his skill that she eloped with him the same night. The song, "Eibhlin a Ruin," preserves the memory of his passionate love. Until the fall of the Clan Ireland the harp was often employed to capture the mysterious elusive thing known as a woman's heart. No gathering of Gaels, whether for business, war, or pleasure, was complete without the harper's presence. So potent was the harper's power in rousing the patriotism of the clan that England massacred them without mercy.—New York Daily News.

A Pill for Generous Eaters.—There are many persons of healthy appetite and poor digestion who after a hearty meal, are subject to much suffering. The food of which they have partaken lies like lead in their stomachs. Headache, depression, a smothering feeling follow. One so afflicted is unfit for business or work of any kind. In this condition Par-melee's Vegetable Pills will bring relief. They will assist the assimilation of the aliment, and used according to directions will restore healthy digestion.

TRUTH WILL OUT. From a recent examination paper on religious instructions at a boys' school: "Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the provocation of man and woman."—Punch.

MARTIN LUTHER

Taught and Defended the Doctrine of Immaculate Conception 100 Years After His Apostasy.

(From The Messenger.) Some of our Protestant contemporaries may feel surprised when they learn that Martin Luther taught and defended the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. In 1627 Luther published at Wittenberg a book of sermons entitled "Explanation of the Gospels for the Principal Feasts of the Whole Year." In order not to have the text tampered with he himself took care of the editing. The collection contains a sermon preached by the reformer on the "Day of the Conception of the Mother of God." But this is not all; there are passages in the sermon which not merely state the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, but defend it, too, with some of the arguments used to-day by our Catholic theologians.

"We celebrate to-day," he says, "the Feast of the Virgin Mary, how she was conceived without original sin. . . . We believe justly and happily that it (Mary's conception) occurred without original sin. . . . At the first moment, when she began to live, she was sinless and adorned with God's grace, full of grace; and this is not unbecoming. . . . This is implied in the words spoken to her by the angel: 'Blessed art thou among women.' For she could not have been addressed, 'Blessed art thou' if she had lain under the malediction. Again, it was right and befitting that she should be preserved without sin from whom Christ was to take the flesh that was to overcome all sins. For that is properly blessed which is adorned with grace, i. e., what is without sin. Many others have written much about this, and have pointed out the beautiful reasons, which are too lengthy to be enumerated here."

These sentiments were penned by Luther ten years after his apostasy from the Church, at the time of his most active campaign against her.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

FRANCE'S LAST MILITARY CHAPLAIN.

A noble and venerable son of France has passed away. Mgr. Lanausse, the chaplain of the military college of St. Cyr, has died, at the age of 87. He was of the type of the fighting priests of the middle ages, this white-haired, upright old man, upon whose soutane were half a dozen military medals. In 1865 he had, without leave from his Bishop, gone out to Mexico with the French army. Five years later he was with the army in the Franco-German war, was wounded at Sedan, and had the enamel of his Cross of the Legion of Honor broken by a spent bullet. When all the military chaplains of France were dismissed by law, Gambetta retained the Abbe Lanausse, and each succeeding government of France has confirmed his position. As Gambetta said: "The lads who are to be officers of the French army can never hope to find a better mentor."

During the last thirty years of his life Mgr. Lanausse compiled what is, perhaps, the most extraordinary manuscript history of his life and times written in a small, neat hand and illustrated with pictures of battles in which he took part, and with portraits of famous men he has met, all drawn and painted by himself. The initial letters in the paragraphs are beautifully illuminated. This book, a triumph of patience, is in 220 great folio volumes. Mgr. Lanausse has given it to the French National Library.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Features an illustration of a woman washing clothes and the text: 'Makes Child's Play of Wash Day', 'SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP'.

HE IS EMPHATIC IN WHAT HE SAYS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Robt. Bond of Bright's Disease.

His Doctor Who said there was no Hope for Him, now Pronounces Him Well.—M. W. L. Bond's Story. Mr. Brydges, Ont., Jan. 15.—(Special.)—Among the many people in this neighborhood who tell of the great work Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing, none is more emphatic than that old and respected citizen, Mr. Robert Bond.

"I believe I owe my life to Dodd's Kidney Pills," Mr. Bond says. "My attending physician said I was in the last stages of Bright's Disease and that there was no hope for me. Then I commenced to take Dodd's Kidney Pills and used in all twenty boxes. Now I eat well, sleep well, and my doctor says I am well. Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else cured me. Do you wonder I am always ready to say a good word for Dodd's Kidney Pills?"

What will cure Bright's Disease will easily cure any other form of Kidney Disease. Dodd's Kidney Pills will always cure Bright's Disease. They are the only remedy that will cure Bright's Disease. Be sure you get Dodd's.

A SHAMEFUL WAY OF CELEBRATING CHRISTMAS

The way Christmas is celebrated by some people is certainly shameful, says the Sacred Heart Review. Instead of making it a time of holy and peaceful joy, Christmas is turned by too many so-called Christians into a period of drunkenness and strife. It is indeed deplorable that the anniversary of the birth of Christ the Savior should be made an excuse for all kinds of intemperate excesses; and that in all too many homes, Christmas, which should be a day of special joy for children, is only for them a day of sorrow and suffering and deprivations.

If there is one day in the year which should be celebrated temperately and happily it is the day when the Christian world remembers and celebrates the birth of Him Who came to suffer and die for us. If there is any one day when drink and all the devilishness it leads should be shunned it is this day. If there is any one day when the father should spend his time in sobriety, making, by his presence, his wife and children happy, it is on Christmas. Yet what do we too often see? We see this sacred season of Christmas turned into a time of drunkenness and dissipation, of sin and unhappiness. We see the peace of the household destroyed. We see quarreling and fighting among those who should be united. We see, sometimes, alas, murder resulting from Christmas dissipation. Is not this shameful?

The cause of it all is the foolish tradition or custom which makes of this beautiful holiday a time for "treating," and which seizes upon a great religious festival as a time for unlimited drinking. No Catholic worthy of the name ought to do anything to perpetuate the foolish and deplorable custom which has done so much to make Christmas Day a day of horror to so many unhappy wives and children.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folks.

Self-development is, after all, the very greatest achievement in life. You may compel a bitter disappointment to serve you as a means to such development.—Angela Morgan.

MONUMENT TO BISHOP MACDONNELL

(Glengarry.) The proposal to place a fitting monument over the grave of the late revered Bishop Macdonnell should meet with the hearty approval and co-operation, not only of the members of the Roman Catholic community, but we feel assured that Glengarry men abroad as well as at home, no matter what altar they may worship or what dogma they believe, will enter energetically into a proposition to place an appropriate memorial over the tomb of one who for half a hundred years went out and in among us, as pastor, counsellor, neighbor and friend.

WATER FLOWING UPHILL.

One of the few instances of a stream running uphill can be found in White County, Ga. Near the top of a mountain is a spring evidently a siphon, and the water rushes from it with sufficient force to carry it up the side of a very steep hill for nearly half a mile. Reaching the crest, the water flows on to the east and eventually finds its way to the Atlantic ocean. Of course it is of the same nature as a geyser, but the spectacle of a stream of water flowing up a steep incline can probably be found nowhere else in the country and appears even more remarkable than the geysers of the Yellowstone.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

The more life we have, the more we feel that to be alive is a good and happy thing. Pessimism is born of waning vitality, of lack of faith, hope and love.—Bishop Spalding.

The world seeks to buy from us our immortal souls, and the price it offers is summed up in these brief words: Riches, honors, pleasures. Are you bargaining?

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to incorporate "The Antonian Daughters of Our Lady of Good Hope," as a charitable and religious institution.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Table listing various drugs and their prices: Doan's Kidney Pills, Ferrous, Little Liver Pills, Belladonna Potent Powder, Dr. Chase's K. L. Pills, 2 St. Fauntleroy Syrup, N. Y. Elastic Dressing, Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills.

THE F. E. KARN CO. Limited

Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House, 32-134 Victoria St., Dept. W, TORONTO. Send for large illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free.

ROOFERS, Etc.

FOR A TIGHT ROOF, Or DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS Or Any SHEET METAL WORK

CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 337 Craig St. W.

BUSINESS CARDS. M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 - - TEMPLE BUILDING

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

CONROY BROS., 328 Centre Street. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters. ESTIMATES GIVEN. Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

The Angle Lamp. The new principle of coal oil lighting employed in The Angle Lamp is fast displacing gas and electricity. Partly due to the quality of light, best in the world. Soft, mellow, restful to the eyes.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, 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. Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him. The homesteader is required to perform 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 homesteader 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 permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent. N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be held for.

SOLIT. By REV.

CHAPTER II.—(Contd.) "I see—I understand," "I wish to do everything. You will not blame me if I should occur contrary wishes." "Certainly not. I am obliged by your candor. I am as he bowed him out. You take good care that nothing contrary to those wishes, when his visitor was gone, faint scent of the perfume the air.

"By George, but this is his first word when a few thought had revealed the plot. "If there were any letters to call I might as well render at once." "But for the serious story he might have laughed. Buck's romance. Sara was shallow a creature as ever and that any man of education attracted by her was absurdity in itself. She was smart-looking, tasteful, and glib, however, and Mr. Bu have been taken by the compliments which she No doubt she had encouraged and this made Florian an doubt, too, she intended to him, and opposition would but they owed it to their to do what was possible the unpreventable. "Anyway," said Florian, "I am a home-wrecker, a fellow who is meddling in the business of another, and there is nothing bothering the brain with it."

CHAPTER III.

Supper that evening in the dining-room was a dull and threatening affair. The me the family as they sat face another at the table presented a depressing appearance, since individual bore the slight blame to any other. Mr. W. a mite of a man, whose face was excessively wrinkled, whose no special color, and who too, was ever spitefully, winning or finishing his sentence with a dark-skinned and mannered, and evidently an keep the waters around her as oil richly poured out of them. Linda was a darkly, lively, sharp, and fond of Florian himself was of a just mind and of a sober bearing. Sara showed the irritability temper by a continual snarl which she cast in her way when her eye rested on some ed bit of jewelry did a pleasant light up her rat face. Florian watched her and saw that his glance was uneasy. She must know, her reverend lover had sp him that day. It made her, and he scarcely answered questions which his mother him.

"It's going away that said Mr. Wallace suddenly, upon a thinking spell which upon him." "Won't have it away indeed! Let me hear of it. What does it amount to?" "Seemingly, dear," said whom long experience had the deviousness of Mr. Wallace's methods, "it amounts to more of us imagine." "Oh, of course," blazed always with the boys, with the boys always, wrong with the boys, right boys. Wrong, right, and "Isn't that natural," said with a smile, which was on the old gentleman, "wasn't cause of siding with a boy was young that she left and went with you?" "Right, Flor, always right, that to Pere Rougevin with right and wrong all the life." "You are putting ideas in my head," said Linda, "I fuse him. And they are out in his arguments with in the funniest way." Sara started at the mention of the minister and blushed when all eyes turned upon her w picious looks. "I wonder," said Florian, "what you think of this?" "So very few think of him," said Linda. "I am not so sure of the He is a desirable husband of a virtuous village girl who m

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"I see—I understand," he said, "I wish to do everything honorably. You will not blame me if anything should occur contrary to your wishes."

"Certainly not. I am greatly obliged by your candor," said Florian as he bowed him out; "but I'll take good care that nothing occurs contrary to those wishes," he added when his visitor was gone, leaving a faint scent of the perfume bottle in the air.

"By George, but this is luck," was his first word when a few moments' thought had revealed the position to him. "If there were any other ministers to call I might as well surrender at once."

But for the serious side of the story he might have laughed at Mr. Buck's romance. Sara was about as shallow a creature as ever breathed, and that any man of education could be attracted by her was a bit of absurdity in itself. She was a pleasant-looking, tasteful, and imperious girl, however, and Mr. Buck might have been taken by the exterior accomplishments which she possessed. No doubt she had encouraged him, and this made Florian angry. No doubt, too, she intended to marry him, and opposition would be vain. But they owed it to their principles to do what was possible to prevent the unpreventable.

"Anyway," said Florian, as he strode homeward, "a few talks will end this wretched business one way or the other, and there is no use bothering the brain with it."

CHAPTER III.

Supper that evening in the Wallace dining-room was a dull and even threatening affair. The members of the family as they sat facing one another at the table presented an interesting appearance, since no one individual bore the slightest resemblance to any other. Mr. Wallace was a mite of a man, whose face was excessively wrinkled, whose hair had no special color, and who talked nervously, even spitefully, without beginning or finishing his sentences. His wife was dark-skinned and smooth-mannered, and evidently anxious to keep the waters around her as calm as oil richly poured out could make them. Linda was a dark-eyed beauty, lively, sharp, and fond of teasing. Florian himself was of a judicial cast of mind and of a sober bearing, while Sara showed the irritability of her temper by a continual snarl at everything that came in her way. Only when her eye rested on some cherished bit of jewelry did a pleasant expression light up her rather pale face. Florian watched her silently, and saw that his glance made her uneasy. She must know, then, that her reverend lover had spoken to him that day. It made him moodier, and he scarcely answered the questions which his mother put to him.

"It's going away that does it," said Mr. Wallace suddenly, in winding up a thinking spell which had fallen upon him. "Won't have it. Going away indeed! Let me hear no more of it. What does it amount to?"

"Seemingly, dear," said his wife, whom long experience had taught the deviousness of Mr. Wallace's thinking methods, "it amounts to more than most of us imagine."

"Oh, of course," blazed he, "side always with the boys, that's you—with the boys always, wrong or not. Wrong with the boys, right with the boys. Wrong, right, and boys."

"Isn't that natural," said Florian with a smile, which at once calmed the old gentleman. "Wasn't it because of siding with a boy whose she was young that she left her family and went with you?"

"Right, Flory, always right. I'll tell that to Pere Rougevill. Siding with right and wrong all through her life."

"You are putting ideas into daddy's head," said Linda, "which confuse him. And they are sure to pop out in his arguments with Mr. Buck in the funniest way."

Sara started at the mention of the minister and blushed when she saw all eyes turned upon her with suspicious looks.

"I wonder," said Florian, "he never thinks of marrying."

"So very few think of marrying him," said Linda.

"I am not so sure of that, Linda. He is a desirable husband for an ambitious village girl who never ex-

pects to get beyond the village line all her life."

"If he takes the one report is giving him," Linda began.

"There, there, no gossip," said Florian, with a warning look.

"Is there talk of him marrying?" said the mother.

"A little," Florian answered, "but how many times have people talked of it, and he is still a bachelor."

"But you're not going away," said Mr. Wallace, who was still pursuing his first idea, "Clayburgh is big enough for any Wallace that ever lived."

"Not till Mr. Buck is married," said Florian. The old man gave a snort of contempt, and began a brief description of the minister's errors, which the family cut gracefully short by rising from the table, and laughing as they went off at what Mr. Wallace thought a very laughable matter.

Linda went out on the veranda, while Sara at a sign from her brother followed him into the little room he called his study. It was filled with books, papers, and optical instruments. One window only admitted the light, and had painted on its narrow panes a water-view, with pine-fringed islands and the northwest sky for a background. Florian motioned his sister to a chair. She was pale but calm and obstinate looking. Her face had set itself in a cold and hard expression, and, although it did not daunt the youth, it rendered him uneasy.

"I was a little surprised to-day," he began.

"You always are," she retorted tauntingly, but without looking at him.

"To have a visit from Mr. Buck. It seemed to be understood that Mr. Buck is an accepted suitor of yours, and that before long matrimony would make a convert to Protestantism where conviction could not."

"Well, what of it? Is Mr. Buck less a gentleman because he is a minister?"

"Excuse me if I do not argue that point," her brother interrupted. "I admit he is not, otherwise I would have knocked down the man who dared to mingle your names in my presence. Mr. Buck is a gentleman, though a little shallow and sometimes silly. What I desire to know is, have you given any reason to others to talk of you in this way?"

"And if I have, am I bound to tell you of it?"

"You misunderstand me, Sara," he said, gently. "I am not your master but your brother, and I ask the question, not because you are bound to answer it, but because it will be better for you to do so."

"Well, people will talk," she replied lightly. "I have never given him the slightest encouragement."

"Why, then, should he come to me?" Florian persisted. "Are you sure that you have not even thought of encouraging him? May not some of your actions which you thought light and unmeaning have given him reason to think—"

"I won't answer any more," she said, bridling. "Why, one would think I was in the witness box, sworn to tell my very thoughts to you. It's worse than the Inquisition!"

"Then the Inquisition!" repeated Florian in astonishment. "Perhaps it might be worse than that, if the matter comes to father's ears."

Sara's lips quivered at this implied threat, and the tears niled her eyes. They were tears of spite, not grief.

"You are mean enough to tell him," and her voice trembled despite her pride. "I am persecuted everywhere. No one seems to care for me."

"It is just because we care for you, all of us, that we trouble you so much. Is it no pain to us that you should marry a Protestant minister and be lost to the faith?"

She broke into fitful sobbing. Florian walked to the window and looked gloomily out on the scene. Sara dried her tears at length, and from tears proceeded to frowns. She became suddenly vindictive.

"I won't stand this persecution any longer," she said, rising. "You may tell every one, you may tell the wrinkled old bore yonder"—she alluded to her father—"you may tell the world, but I shall do as I please, and if you attempt any more of this I have at least one refuge open to me."

"Then it is true," said her brother, with ominous quiet in his voice.

"You can believe it, if you wish to," and she attempted to leave the

room, but he stood between her and the door, with so stern a face that she grew frightened again.

"You must remember," he said, "that this is no child's play, and that until you satisfy me one way or another as to what you have done in this matter your life will be twice as unpleasant as you say it has been. Your father shall know of it at once, the priest shall hear of it as soon as may be, and Mr. Buck shall receive such a warning from me as to make a union with you undesirable. Now you can take your choice—make a clean breast of what you know or prepare to suffer."

She walked over to the window for a moment and burst out crying again. Her brother, stern as he looked, felt a sudden pang, and sighed.

"It is true," he thought, "and, worse than all, she cares for him."

There was a long silence until Sara had dried her tears once more and was calm enough to speak. Her first words showed that she had become reasonable.

"You make me suffer for nothing," she said.

"I suffer myself much more," he replied, taking the olive branch and changing his stern mood to one of tender appeal. "You are too dear to me that I should look on you throwing yourself into an abyss, and not feel troubled. Have you no pity for us who love you? Do you not know that our grief would be less hopeless, less keen, to see you dead than to see you the wife of this man? Dead, you would still be ours; living and his wife, our separation would be eternal. Sara, think for a moment and you will see your folly."

"I haven't been guilty of any folly. Mr. Buck was foolish enough to pay his addresses to me, but I never encouraged him, never responded even. And, since you don't wish it, I'll not look at him again."

"Thank you," said Florian, but he was not at all satisfied. Sara may have thought that her last speech was exceedingly frank, and truthful enough in appearance to deceive her brother, but her face was not reassuring. He saw no sincerity there, but only the assumption of sincerity, and went away, sad, to join Linda outside, while Sara, after making a face at him, as he retired, hurried away to her own room and a new novel.

Linda was standing where the sun could fall on her face through a veil of green leaves, and peering down on the river.

"Well, you got little satisfaction from Pearl, I see," were her first words.

"How do you know?" he replied, tartly. "My face doesn't show it."

"I didn't look at your face, but I know my sweet sister to a dot. No that I do look, your face is clearer than a map. Don't flatter yourself that it can hide your thoughts so easily. It is ridiculous to see how vain you are on that point."

He laughed good-naturedly.

"I am beginning to think we don't treat Sara fairly."

"Sara?" she interrupted.

"There it is," he said. "You call her names and tease her. Her father scolds her, her mother quarrels with her, and I—well, I—"

"Well, you would like to take her

part, and can't. No one can. Her name is Sara, and she actually cries sometimes to think her name isn't Pearl or Gwendoline. She is as shallow as a mud-puddle; and as for her faith—well, she'll marry Rev. Mr. Buck and follow him through every shade of opinion to Mormonism."

"How you women describe one another!"

"Then you see I speak the truth. I have no patience with her. She hasn't one soft spot in her heart that responds to a gentle emotion."

"Wouldn't it benefit some of us," said he gently, "if we could count our own faults as readily as we count hers?"

"I can count mine," she replied gayly, "and it doesn't make me one bit better, as far as she is concerned. Yet won't we cry our eyes out when she becomes Mrs. Buck? O Florian! it's simply horrible."

And straightway the tears were in her eyes, and she turned away as if indignant with herself. He watched her with affectionate admiration, and then started suddenly and looked again.

"Come here," he said, and when she came, laughing, he pulled her cheeks and pinched her arms.

"You have been losing flesh."

"And you never noticed it! What a compliment!"

"And you noticed it and said nothing."

"No, but I did very much. I ate more, and studied and read less. But tell me, what did Lady Gwendoline Vere-de-Vere—"

"I would rather—"

"Well, Sara, then—what did she say?"

"Nothing; neither admitted nor denied, but fussed a good deal, wept and defied me, and wound up by declaring that she was innocent and would never do it again."

"I wish we could believe her."

"And don't you?" he said reproachfully.

"I am sorry to think I do not. But Pearl—Sara is not very truthful. While you are here it may do very well; when you are gone—"

"I am not gone yet," he said when she hesitated.

"This incident may hinder your going. I hope it will. I would be tempted to favor Mr. Buck if it would."

"Be reasonable, child. We must all part one day, and why not now, when health and youth belong to us? Separation is to be expected, and has happened to so many families that we should not wonder if it happens to ours."

"No one wonders; one only grieves. I know just what thoughts actuate you, Florian, and they astonish me. You are too ambitious."

"It is the falling of great minds," he quoted, smiling.

She shook her head sadly and turned her eyes on the river, now shrinking behind night's shadow.

"Look at it," she said. "What a fine spot to live and die in!"

"Sometimes I have thought it, too," he replied, musingly. "I know every feature of the place so well, and the idea of living sixty quiet years among the same scenes is pleasing. What a placid face, what an untroubled heart an old man would have after six such decades! He would naturally graduate into eternity then. But pshaw! what a dream. Impossible! The soul was made for action. I couldn't think of it."

He jumped up in his eagerness, and noticed that his sister had burst into tears. The next moment she laughed.

"That is the end of it, Florian. You have pronounced the separation of our family; and myself to—"

"The prince of course; and you will find that such changes, though bitter, leave a honey in their wound. Come, get your cloak and hat, and we shall walk."

Linda was glad to hide her confusion at his last words, and ran away to prepare herself, while he remained on the veranda and allowed his thoughts to drift away into space.

Belinda, in a gypsy hat and cloak, felt better able to withstand the annoyances which brought the tell-tale colors to her cheek, and looked unusually pretty and bewitching beside her tall brother.

"I wonder," she said, as they went down the hill to the bay, "that Sara did not think of throwing Ruth Pendleton at you in reproaching her for encouraging Mr. Buck."

"It is a wonder," replied Florian; "she is so—well, she knows I would not marry Ruth if there was not a prospect of her conversion."

"And wouldn't you?"

"Why do you ask that question, Linda?" he said, looking down at her serious face.

"I thought, you know—that is, I heard you extol the power of love so

Mrs. Sutherland thought she had Serious Heart Trouble

"Fruit-a-tives" cured her when Doctors failed.

Hundreds of people suffer with Irritated Heart. Pain comes over the heart, especially after eating. Palpitation or fluttering—headaches—belching gas—indigestion and constipation follow. And the sufferer takes heart tonics and sees heart specialists, and steadily grows worse.

The heart is irritated by the stomach. The nerves of the heart and stomach are identical. When the stomach is distended by gas—when food sours or is not properly digested—the stomach nerves are irritated and this soreness extends to the heart. That causes pain which makes so many people think they have serious heart disease.

"Heart disease and Dyspepsia cured by Fruit-a-tives."

OTTAWA, July 14th, 1905.

To Fruit-a-tives Limited.

Gentlemen—

I never gave a testimonial to any medicine before but I like "Fruit-a-tives" so much I will gladly do so. I had every symptom of heart disease and I had a very nasty pain over my heart, I tried purgatives and consulted several physicians but nothing did me any good. After taking "Fruit-a-tives" I am entirely well again. My digestion was very



bad and I suffered from long standing constipation and now I am quite well from these complaints. I wish to say also that my complexion was very bad, sallow and muddy in the extreme but now after taking "Fruit-a-tives" it is as fresh as ever. To any one suffering from constipation and had digestion or liver complaint and to any one with a bad complexion, I can recommend "Fruit-a-tives" with every confidence.

(Signed)

MRS. A. SUTHERLAND.

"Fruit-a-tives" CURE IRRITATED HEART because they cure stomach, bowels, kidneys and skin. "Fruit-a-tives" set the gastric juices flowing—clean and sweeten the stomach—insure the perfect digestion of every meal. They make the liver give up more bile, move the bowels regularly every day, and strengthen and heal the kidneys, as well as act directly on the skin.

"Fruit-a-tives" are concentrated fruit juices, combined by a wonderful process which increases their medicinal action many times. Tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets.

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50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50.



often, and—well, the thought doesn't come to me, I mean wouldn't it hurt you a little to give her up?"

"If she didn't become a Catholic after all? Yes, it would hurt me."

"They walked along in silence for a time.

"Ruth is so Quakerish, so thoughtful, and so determined," said Belinda. "If she couldn't feel convinced she wouldn't become a Catholic—not for twenty Florians."

"Her highest praise that I would never have given my heart otherwise. If my wife is to be a Catholic she must be a good one."

"But just think, Florian, if she didn't believe!"

"You are bound to think disagreeable things to-night," he said, laughing, "but let us work on the it."

"In that case Ruth and I would part and there would be an end of it."

"A cool description of a hot affair," she said.

"Well, what more would you have? Do you know, the Pere gave me a fright on this very matter not more than two hours past. He thinks Ruth will not become a Catholic."

"It has often occurred to me," she replied with spirit; "nor would I, were I a Protestant, for the sake of getting a husband."

The next minute she laughed at his indignant face, and made an apology.

"No, no, Flory, you may be sure I did not mean that. Ruth has too good a heart, too strong a principle, to do such a silly thing. She's in trouble over her poor father. You ought to go and comfort her."

He was not very enthusiastic in taking the offer, but at all events he must know something definite about her change of religious convictions before that night had passed.

"I think I will go," he said. They were standing on the river shore, and his boat lay ready a few feet away. Linda pushed him into it.

"Try to make her promise to-night," she said, as he pushed off, "and here's good luck to you." With a sad heart she turned home.

CHAPTER IV.

Squire Pendleton's comfortable dwelling stood a mile from the vil-

lage on the south side of the bay, and was the first and plainest object which he saw that afternoon from the little island. The mistress of the house, at the same moment that her father looked with moist eyes upon his home, was pacing sadly the veranda which ran along the east side of the building; while Florian was listening to the priest's painful remarks about her religious inclinations she was still restlessly walking there; and yet later when Linda urged her brother to visit her and he had put off from the shore, she had not left the veranda nor lost her nervousness. She had been in deep trouble for days, ever since her father had been involved in the unlucky rebellion. She knew there was a political punishment in store for him, and would have been relieved to see him in the hands of the law. His night-and-day journeying to escape the officers, the exposure which an old man must suffer from considerably, the accidents which might happen to him, kept her in a state of nervous dread quite impossible to conquer.

Miss Pendleton was a very womanly young creature, of an original turn of mind, and a very plain address. The best point of her character was that she thought very little of herself. While her father was hurried on by the devil of delusion and Florian was wracked at the thought of losing her, and Linda wept over the chance of her non-conversion, she alone thought of nothing but the foolish father taking risks of exposure and consequent sickness. She had a single eye for her duty, and the truth. The sleepless nights and her present nervousness she never thought of. Her own risks did not present themselves to her consideration. It was this one quality that won for Ruth the tender love of Linda, the distinguished regard of Pere Rougevill, and the devotion of Florian.

It happened at the same time that she was well-read and very clever, that her complexion was good and her eyes large and expressive, and that she had matronly ideas as to a young woman's dress, speech and behaviour. The habit of ruling the Squire, and looking after him had made her a responsible being, and she was in general more troubled about the Squire's dress than her own. The charm of a prudent frivolidy, which belongs to pretty kitchen-girls with shrewd and watchful mothers, did not belong to Ruth. She was the mother of her own household at sixteen, and could have ruled and guided many a one as old as herself.

(To be Continued.)

Man is truly rich when his mind is rich and life is full of joy when his heart is full of love.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES BLOTCHES ERUPTIONS FLESHWORMS HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly blotches, pimples, eruptions, fleshworms and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

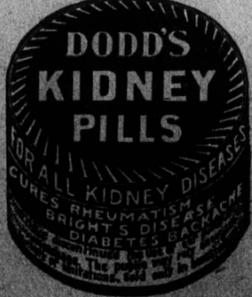
There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B.B.B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."



CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. BRIGHT'S DISEASE. DIABETES. GRAVEL. NEURALGIA. RHEUMATISM. SCIATICA. MIGRAINE. HEADACHE. BACKACHE. STOMACH DYSPEPSIA. INDIGESTION. CONSTIPATION. URINARY AFFECTIONS. GONORRHOEA. GLEET. HEMATURIA. CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. CALCULI. GRAVEL. NEURALGIA. RHEUMATISM. SCIATICA. MIGRAINE. HEADACHE. BACKACHE. STOMACH DYSPEPSIA. INDIGESTION. CONSTIPATION. URINARY AFFECTIONS. GONORRHOEA. GLEET. HEMATURIA. CATARRH OF THE BLADDER. CALCULI.

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ALLEGED PROTESTANT FEAR OF A CATHOLIC MAJORITY.

One of the objections to Home Rule for Ireland which some Protestants entertain, or profess to entertain, is that an Irish Parliament would be Catholic by a large majority, and that if would persecute Protestants or impose disabilities upon them because of their religion.

That, while we believe in an Irish Parliament, in which the rights and liberties of all classes of our countrymen would find their best and surest protection, we are willing that there should be incorporated in the Federal Constitution articles supplying the amplest guarantees that no legislation shall be adopted (in the Irish Parliament) to establish any religious ascendancy in Ireland or to subject any person to disabilities on account of his religious persuasion.

Commenting on this resolution, proposed over thirty years ago by his father, at an Irish National Conference, and passed unanimously, Mr. John E. Redmond, speaking in the name of the Irish Nationalists of today, reaffirmed and endorsed as follows the principle of it:

"That is still the spirit of the Nationalists of Ireland, and as we are now once again at the commencement of what I may call a rediscussion of the Home Rule question, I desire to use the opportunity given me to-night to respectfully appeal from this platform to our Protestant fellow-countrymen to dismiss from their minds that unworthy suspicion, and I say to them in the name of Ireland that there is no safeguard which they may demand on this point which we would not willingly accept, even though we know in our hearts that such safeguards are unnecessary, and even though we feel with some bitterness that such safeguards are unjust and humiliating to us."

Now, we think that in using the word "unjust" here Mr. Redmond put it very moderately indeed. He might, with entire propriety have used language very much stronger in protest against the idea of safeguards being demanded or expected or considered necessary for the protection of Protestants in Ireland against persecution by Catholics. He would have been fully warranted in characterizing such idea or proposal as impudent and audacious, in view of the fact on record in the pages of history that all the persecution on account of religion that has ever been in Ireland since Protestantism began has been persecution of Catholics by Protestants, and that nowhere in Irish history can a single example be pointed to of persecution of Protestants by Catholics.

To undertake to prove the truth of this statement would be embarrassing because, and only because, of the overwhelming abundance of the proof that could be cited. One hardly knows at what point to begin to catalogue the proofs, they are so plentiful at every point. They are to be found in every chapter and on every page of the history of Ireland from the "Reformation" down to the present day, and they are still plentiful at the present day for all to see who wish to open their eyes and see. Take, for instance, the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. By British law, still on the statute book and still in force, a person who is a Catholic cannot hold that office. This is a disability imposed on Catholics by Protestants. We say by Protestants, for the law was made by Protestants and a few years ago, when Mr. Gladstone introduced a bill into Parliament to make Catholics eligible for that office of Governor of Catholic Ireland, the opposition offered by Protestants in Ireland and their fellow bigots in England was so fierce that the great statesman withdrew the bill, seeing that there was no prospect or hope of getting it passed. There was a new Lord Lieutenant sent to Ireland the other day by the new Prime Minister of England. Of course he is a Protestant. Neither Prime Minister nor King could appoint a Catholic, because it would be against the law to do so, though certainly the Prime Minister, and probably the King, would be very glad if the law were otherwise. But Protestant ascendancy in Ireland won't have the law otherwise. They still insist on excluding Catholics

from the post of chief executive of the Government of Ireland. Yet they have the gall to talk about persecution of Protestants by Catholics in an Irish Parliament.

And, needless to say, other examples are numerous—not "ancient history," but present-day disabilities imposed on Catholics in Ireland by Protestants controlling the ruling power. They may not be disabilities by statute law, as before Emancipation, but they are in practice the same—Catholics excluded from high offices just as they were a hundred years ago. There is no law now excluding Catholics from the office of Chief Secretary, yet that office is now occupied by a Protestant, and has always been occupied by Protestants. There has never been since the Union a Catholic Chief Secretary for Ireland. Protestants have to-day, and always have had, a monopoly of that post, with a salary of \$20,000 a year Irish money, yet they have the audacity to suggest as an objection to Home Rule persecution or disabilities for Protestants by Catholics in an Irish Parliament. And the same Protestant monopoly prevails through almost all the highly paid Government offices in Ireland. Here is testimony given little more than a year ago by Mr. Thomas W. Russell, himself a Protestant:

"Look at the position at present (October, 1904). Of the six great officers of State at the Castle, five are Protestants and only one Roman Catholic. There are sixteen Superior Court judges and thirteen of them are Protestants. Of the host of highly paid officials in the Local Government Board, Land Commission and Agricultural Department, not one-fourth are Catholics. The three Commissioners of Public Works are all Protestants. The Resident Magistrates and police officers (of high rank and pay) are largely Protestant. In fact, through the whole official hierarchy the story is the same. Leaving salaried offices and coming to positions of trust (honor) what do we find? The Privy Counsellors and Lords Lieutenant of counties and cities are almost exclusively Protestants. The predominance in the magistracy of Protestants is enormous."

And all that in a country in which three-fourths of the total population are Catholics. Try to imagine the colossal impudence of those Protestant monopolists opposing Home Rule on the ground of being afraid that disabilities would be imposed on them by Catholics. Of course, this is nothing but a hypocritical pretense. It is not disabilities imposed by Catholics they are afraid of at all, but it is EQUALITY. They are afraid that in an Irish Parliament representing the whole Irish people there would be equal rights for all of every creed, and favors or privileges for none. They are afraid that under an Irish National Parliament (the Protestant minority) would not have a monopoly of nine-tenths of the well-paid Government offices of the country. That's what they are afraid of. That is their objection to Home Rule. They know that under Home Rule there would be fair play, a "square deal" for Irishmen of all religions. They don't want that. They want ascendancy, and some of them are not in the least ashamed to say so. They said so openly and publicly when in 1869 Mr. Gladstone proposed his "Irish Church" disestablishment to stop the outrage that had gone on for two centuries of taxing the Catholic majority in Ireland for the maintenance of the church of the Protestant minority. At that time the ascendancy men raised a fierce agitation against the Gladstone policy. At a meeting in Saintfield, County Down, on July 12, 1869, Rev. Henry Henderson proclaimed the doctrine of Protestant ascendancy in the following very plain utterance:

"It is right we should tell our English brethren the truth. It is right we should tell them as long as there is Protestantism in the land and a Protestant sovereign occupying the throne, so long must there be Protestant ascendancy, and we are determined never to surrender that Protestantism."

In the same year, on March 21, Rev. Henry Burdett, at a Protestant meeting in Newbliss, County Monaghan, declared the same doctrine as follows:

"We see people telling us that we should not be aspiring to ascendancy. Now, I, as long as ever the Lord shall leave me breath, will never be content with anything but Protestant ascendancy."

But it may be said that this is somewhat ancient history, being so ancient as thirty-six years ago, and that the Protestant ascendancy spirit has considerably moderated since then. Has it, indeed. Look at the Protestant ascendancy attitude towards the claim of the Catholic people of Ireland for justice in the mat-

ter of university education. All the statesmen of England, Tory and Liberal, have declared repeatedly that the claim is a just claim, and ought to be conceded. Mr. Balfour, lately Tory Prime Minister, has said so scores of times in the House of Commons and on public platforms. The claim of the Catholics is for nothing but equality. They ask only for university facilities equal to those provided at State expense for Protestants. There is only one university in Ireland except the Royal University, which is merely an examining board and gives no teaching. The only teaching university is that known as Trinity College, Dublin. This institution, while richly endowed from State funds, is a purely Protestant establishment, controlled and managed exclusively by Protestants, and having Protestant divinity instruction and Protestant church daily religious services as part of its official curriculum. Manifestly, that is no place for Catholics, a point well emphasized by Mr. Balfour when he declared that if he, a Protestant, had a son to educate, he certainly would not send him to an institution as Catholic in its constitution and belongings as Trinity College is Protestant.

But Mr. Balfour, while recognizing and admitting the justice of the Irish Catholic claim as to university education, would make no move towards conceding it. Why? Because the Protestant ascendancy party in Ireland objected, and he was afraid of that party and its British allies, or, as Cardinal Logue well expressed it, he was frightened by "the tap of the Orange drum." Protestant ascendancy would not, and will not, so far as it can prevent it, permit justice to be given to the Catholic majority in the matter of education. They (the Protestants) impose on Catholics educational disabilities of the most grievous and injurious character, and at the same time they have the sublime assurance to argue against Home Rule that it would mean disabilities imposed on them by the Catholics.

What warrant have the Protestants of Ireland for any such argument as this? What ground have they for any fear of persecution by Catholics in an Irish National Parliament? None whatever. As we have already said, no instance of persecution of Protestants by Catholics can be found in Irish history. On the contrary, Irish Catholics have always been more than tolerant and generous towards their Protestant countrymen in political affairs, a present illustration of which we have in the membership of the Irish Parliamentary Party, which includes nearly a dozen Protestants, every one of them elected in districts almost exclusively Catholic. And it has been the same since the first formation of the party a quarter of a century ago. It has always had several Protestant members, all of them the elected representatives of towns or divisions of counties in which Catholics were and are more than nine-tenths of the electorate and of the population. When was a Catholic ever elected to any office or distinction in any district in Ireland having a majority of Protestants. Not in a single instance.

But it is not in Parliamentary politics alone that Catholics in Ireland have shown tolerance and generosity to their Protestant fellow countrymen. It has been the same in municipal politics everywhere throughout the country. In Catholic Dublin, "there have been (says a pamphlet issued a few years ago by the Home Rule Union) sixteen Protestant Mayors since 1850: in Catholic Limerick thirteen Protestant Mayors since 1841; in Catholic Waterford the same number since 1845; and in Catholic Cork one Protestant Mayor has been elected three times." The same pamphlet truly observes that: "Neither oppression nor exclusion is practiced against Protestants where Catholics predominate. Persecution is not an Irish instinct. It goes against the grain (among Irishmen)." Noteworthy testimony to this effect was given by the present Earl Spencer during Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule campaign. The Earl had been twice Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and here is some of what he said as to the character of the Irish people in the matter of religious tolerance:

"We have been told that Mr. Gladstone's scheme would lead to religious intolerance, that there would be oppression of minorities (meaning the Protestant minorities) in Ireland. Now, I have had some experience in Ireland, I have been there for over eight years, and yet I don't know

of any instance where there has been religious intolerance on the part of Roman Catholics against their Protestant fellow countrymen. I have known, and I deeply regret it, that there have been signs of bitter religious animosity, but where has the animosity been shown? Has it been shown in the Provinces where the Roman Catholics greatly predominate? No. It has been shown in Ulster, where more than half the population belongs to the Protestant faith. I believe that the Protestants have been the chief cause of nurturing and keeping up this religious animosity."

Such is the testimony of a man who for eight years was chief ruler of Ireland as Lord Lieutenant, and, of course, a Protestant, for, as we have already said, no Catholic could or can hold that office. Much more testimony of the same kind could be cited from many sources and authorities, all demonstrating the good feeling of Catholics towards Protestants in Ireland, and showing, moreover, that in offering such guarantees and safeguards as Mr. Redmond speaks of Irish Catholics are manifesting an excess of those sentiments of religious tolerance which has always characterized them and which have been so little reciprocated by the other side.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CRIPPLING SCIATICA.

A Sure and Certain Way to Cure this Terrible Torture.

There is just one sure, scientific cure for sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, headaches—you must drive the pain from your blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Liniments never cure nerve and blood diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike straight at the cause because they actually make new blood. Through the blood they conquer the painful poison, soothe the nerves, loosen the muscles and banish every ache and pain. Mr. Thos. J. Etseil, Walkerton, Ont., says: "When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. Only those who have been afflicted with sciatica can understand the misery I was in both day and night. I took six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before they helped me, but after that every day saw an improvement, and by the time I had used fifteen boxes, every vestige of the pain had disappeared. I have no hesitation in pronouncing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine in the world for sciatica."

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes rich, pure, health-giving blood. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, heart palpitation, and the ills that afflict women only. But be sure you get the genuine pills, with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Imitations are worthless—often dangerous. All medicine dealers sell these pills, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SAD LITTLE STORY.

Fifteen years the bachelor lawyer and Sam, his Chinese servant, had lived together in that peace which passes the understanding of all save those favored mortals who are their own servants. Sam was cook, valet, housemaid, watchman, friend—and perfect in each relation. He never took a vacation; he seemed not to eat or sleep. He was always near when needed; he disappeared when he should. He knew nothing, yet he knew everything. For weeks scarcely a word might pass between these two men, they understood each other so well.

But one morning, so the story runs in the San Francisco Examiner, as Sam poured his master's coffee, without a shade of emotion in his yellow face, he said quietly, "Next week I leave you."

The lawyer smiled. "Next week I leave you," repeated the Chinaman. "I hire for you better man."

The lawyer set down his cup of coffee. He looked at the white-robed servant: he felt the man was in earnest. "So you are going to leave me. I don't pay you enough, eh? Dr. Sanders—he knows what a treasure you are—has offered you more than a hundred a month. Well, I'll make it a hundred and fifty. Say no more."

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED. STORE WILL CLOSE AT 5.30 DAILY TILL FURTHER NOTICE. SALE PRICES LOWER THAN EVER!!

January Clearing Sale prices are by far the LOWEST on record. Stocks are faster and more varied. Scores of special purchases offer unheard of bargain attractions in every department. This great Store is daily thronged with busy shoppers who realize that what is bought here is BOUGHT AT A BARGAIN. And of course there's the CARSLY guarantee for quality behind everything.

ALL WHITE WEAR RECORDS BROKEN

And there is not the least wonder for we have surpassed all previous records in our preparations for this sale. Never made larger preparations, more beautiful garments nor offered values as liberal as we are doing this year.

- LADIES' DRAWERS of fine White Cambric, umbrella style, trimmed lawn frills and hemstitched tucks, finished wide hem, open or closed. Regular 30c. Sale price 18c
WHITE UNDERSKIRTS—Ladies' fine White Cambric Underskirts, cut very full, finished with deep hem and tucks. Regularly 50c. January sale price 35c
CORSET COVERS, made from Fine White Nainsook, full front, trimmed with torchon lace insertion, neck and sleeves finished with ribbon banding. Regularly 40c. January sale price 23c
LADIES' CHEMISES, of Fine White Cambric, cut very full and trimmed with lace edging around neck and sleeves. Regularly 35c. January sale price..... 22c

80 Doz. Men's Heavy Scotch Wool Underwear

Regularly \$1.50, at 95c Suit

A sale that will bring men here in swarms to-morrow, because it's the greatest Underwear Sale of the season. A well-known manufacturer wished to dispose of a lot of surplus stock. He offered it to this Store as his best customer. The price was so low that we are able to sell the Underwear to-morrow at cost price. Every piece is quite perfect, though some are slightly soiled.

Reg ALL WOOL UNDERWEAR — Double breasted Sale \$1.50 95c

HIGH GRADE SILKS GREATLY REDUCED

A January Sale involving thousands of yards of splendid, new, rich Silks, bringing prices down to the lowest point the silk selling world has ever recorded for Silks of equal quality.

- 75 PIECES OF SPLENDID MIRROR SATIN, Lyons fabric in a splendid range of colorings for evening wear. Regularly sold at 75c yard. January sale price, yard 44c
FANCY CHIFFON DRESS SILKS, plain ground with neat stripes, splendid color combinations, for evening and visiting costumes. Regularly sold at 85c yard. January sale price 56c

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China," said the servant, impassively.

"Oh, I see; you are going back for a wife. Very well, bring her here. There is work for two to keep this place in order; the place is lonely, anyway. I'll see the collector of the port myself and arrange your passage papers."

"I go to China next week; I need no papers. I never come back," said the man, with exasperating calmness and persistence.

"You shall not go!" thundered the lawyer.

"I go," answered the Chinaman. It was the first time in their experience together that the servant had used such a tone towards his master.

After an instant the lawyer said quietly, "Sam, you must forgive me. I spoke quickly. I do not own you; but tell me what have I done? Why do you leave me in this way? You know I need you."

"I will not tell you why I go—you laugh."

"No, I shall not laugh." "Very well; I go to China to die." "Nonsense! You can die here. Haven't I agreed to send your body back?"

"I die in four weeks, two days." "What do you mean?" "My brother he in prison. He twenty-six; I fifty. He have wife and baby. In China they take any man of same family instead to die. I go to China, give my money to my brother—he live, I die."

The next day a new Chinaman appeared as servant in the lawyer's household. In a week this new servant knew everything, and nothing just like Sam.

NOTICE.

During November and December I offer very special reductions in all lines of religious goods as follows:

Colored Statues—Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin, regular \$5.00 each for \$4.00, and St. Anthony, regular \$4.00 for \$3.00.

Prayer Books from 10c up. Prayer Beads from 5c up. J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, Ont. Phone Main 3158. Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Executed.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the Superior Court, No. 1537. The Molsons Bank, a Bank Corporation constituted according to law, having its principal place of business in the city and district of Montreal. Plaintiff, vs. D. L. Baumgarten, heretofore of the city and district of Montreal, and presently of parts unknown. Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month. Montreal, January 16th, 1906. J. A. GIRARD, Dep. Prothonotary.

Sam disappeared without saying good-bye. He went to China and was benighted, four weeks and two days from the day he broke the news of his intent to go. His brother was set free. The lawyer's household goes along about as usual, save when the master calls for "Sam," when he should say "Charlie." Then there comes a kind of clutch at his heart, but he says nothing.

GET THE BEST LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD. Manufactured by G. J. LUNN & CO., CHATHAM WORKS, 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL, Que. MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS. REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.



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A LETTER FROM

Father Charlebois, O.M. Lake, Sask., N.W.T., writes: "The other day we had a great box arrived. The I enjoyed opening them out the garments. 'Oh, fine!' they would say, just suit this boy or girl. I wish the benefactors could see our excitement as it was taken out; how we payed for the givers! Take out their share, and make over to fit the boys under their charge. The clothing we save for the woods. One day it is a sharp wind blowing; in I met an old Indian and they were shivering and shawabata Nota," said he to me: Look here, Father, send me that he had no shirt on, only an old shirt. His wife was badly off for 'Come with me," said I, will get you something out of box."

Dear friends, I wish you see their joy and the great all others when they get to cover their poor bodies. prayer they send up to the who has touched the heart kind people who sent me. Be assured that He war their prayers for you, doing a corporal work of clothing the naked. Any garments for men, women, rem are very acceptable to I want to see a poor Indian dying of consumption. He on a bare dirt floor, in his tepee, only a thin blanket him. I gave him the S and when I went back to I sent him a little comfort box of clothing.

Last week I visited my Batoche Reserve. I brought a lot of old clothing for family there. There is an over 80 years old, an old 90 years old, another old girl and one little boy, especially the girl. She has a ragged calico dress, no s fact nothing else. She was outside the cabin, cutting carrying water. I do not she could stand the terrible. The rest of them were none I gave them enough clothing them warm. How pleased I told them to pray for the people who sent the clothing tainly, we will," they said. God of mercy will remember charity to my poor Cree.

I get up at three or four morning to keep the school burning to heat the school. be fireman because I cannot pay a man to do this work is a debt of \$20,000 on it and I have a hard time to pay off the interest alone. easier for me to sleep out snow, travelling from one camp, than to be worried this debt. I have charge, a different reserves, many mil I have to visit these, to a and to bring my Indians' good dispositions. They Holy Communion the first of each month. They wish the Sacraments two or three monthly. The little girls have devotion to Our Lady of the Heart. It is wonderful what they can obtain from her. want a nice day for a picnic it; if they want rain for they also get it. That is a kind of soft water we can The children are well instructed the good Sisters of the Ord. Presentation. Besides the lessons, the girls learn how to cook, to make soap and laundry work. The boys are taught how to use farm ma The children can write beautiful letters. We wish to teach the self-supporting, to earn their like the whites.

Lately I had a great consolation. I baptized an old Indian, two daughters, and her grand is the mother of a good souls Napias, 15 years old.