

# TRUNK SYSTEM

YORK EXCURSION

Montreal

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# The True

Commons R. R.  
Dec. 1909



# Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 25

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## Local and Diocesan News.

### LOCAL CALENDAR:—

Sat. Dec. 18. Expectation of Bl. Virgin.  
Sun. " 19. 4th Sunday of Advent.  
Mon. " 20. St. Christian.  
Tues. " 21. St. Thomas.  
Wed. " 22. St. Zeno.  
Thurs. " 23. St. Victoria.  
Fri. " 24. Christmas Eve. Fast.

### FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.—

Monday, 18. Novitiate of Brothers of Charity; Wednesday, 22. Grey Nuns, Motherhouse; Friday, 24. Novitiate of Christian Brothers; Sunday, 26. Juvenate, Terrebonne.

**BLESSING OF STATIONS.**—On Sunday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock, there will take place at St. Michael's the solemn blessing of Stations of the Cross, the gift of a parishioner.

### EARLY CLOSING OF SALOONS.

A petition from the temperance workers of St. Michael's was presented last Sunday, the object being the early closing of saloons, to which was appended many signatures, which goes to show that the temperance movement is spreading greatly. May the good work go on.

### LECTURE ON IRISH MUSIC.

Rev. Father M. Callaghan will deliver a lecture on Irish music in St. Ann's Hall on Tuesday next. The lecture will be interspersed with vocal and instrumental selections. The ability of Father Callaghan as a lecturer is widely known, and the subject—one dear to the Irish heart—will be in the hands of a master, so that those who desire to enjoy a thorough treat on the nature and history of Irish music should not fail to be present in St. Ann's Hall on Tuesday next.

### IMPORTANT MEETING AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

Immediately after the High Mass on Sunday last, the largest meeting ever held at St. Michael's convened to endorse a resolution from the parish school board maintaining their independence and appointing the pastor, the Rev. J. P. Kiernan, to appear before the School Commissioners to express their views. In connection with the Board of Control the following three gentlemen were appointed as delegates: Mr. Malcolm McKenzie, Mr. Patrick Murphy, Mr. Edward O'Grady.

### NO. 2 DIV. A.O.H., ELECTIONS OFFICERS.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 2, A.O.H., held in their hall on Richmond street, on Dec. 9th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Bro. Quigley; vice-president, Bro. Walsh; financial secretary, Bro. P. Ryan; recording secretary, Bro. Donohue; treasurer, Bro. Hogan; sentinel, Bro. Donnelly; marshalls, Bros. M. Mullins and Hannay. After the meeting one of their regular scheduled games of eucher took place, which was very much enjoyed by all. The contestants were No. 4 vs. No. 2, resulting in a win by a few points by the visiting Brothers.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE

The following Resolution of condolence was passed by Division No. 5, A.O.H., to Bro. J. L. Devine, Treasurer of the Division, on the death of his mother: Resolved, that we tender to you and to the family our most sincere sorrow and sympathy; Be it further resolved, that while bowing down in humble submission to His divine will, we pray that Almighty God may console her sorrowing family and grant them grace and strength to bear with fortitude the loss they have sustained; and it is our fervent prayer that she is now enjoying with her Eternal Father the reward which God gives to those who do their duty. Signed on behalf of the officers and members of Division No. 5. P. MALONEY, President, J. BROPHY, Secretary.

### ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year at the regular meeting of Division No. 5, A.O.H., held on Friday evening, Dec. 10. Chaplain—Rev. T. F. Heffernan. President—Bro. P. Maloney. Vice-President—Bro. J. Brennan. Rec. Secretary—Bro. J. Brophy. Fin. Secretary—Bro. W. E. O'Flaherty. Treasurer—Bro. J. L. Devine. Medical Examiner—Bro. J. J. McGovern, M.D. Marshall—Bro. P. Tracey. Finance Committee—Bros. H. Tracey, chairman; J. Delaney, J. Walden. Sick Committee—Bros. E. Walden, chairman; T. Lane, J. Dowling. Literary Committee—Bros. J. Brennan, chairman; B. Munday, D. Downey, P. Tracey, J. Brophy. This Division is making great

preparations for the increasing of their present membership during the coming winter, and by the programme outlined the membership will not only be doubled but trebled, as the series of entertainments are up to the standard and with such an excellent body of officials prospects are bright.

### RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of Branch 1024, L.C.B.A., held on Monday, Dec. 13, the following resolutions were adopted on the death of Sister Anastasia O'Donnell. Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to take from our midst our beloved sister, Anastasia O'Donnell, and

Whereas, in her death the Branch sustains the loss of one of its charter members, and an earnest worker and her husband and children a loving and devoted wife and mother;

Be it resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for a period of thirty days, also that the members and officers of Branch 1024, L.C.B.A., hereby tender our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved husband and children in the hour of their great affliction:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be inscribed in the minutes of the Branch and be published in the Montreal Daily Star and Montreal True Witness, and that a copy of same be forwarded to her bereaved husband and children.

Sisters MARY HOGAN, MARY RIDDLELL, MAUD NEHIN.  
Montreal, Dec. 15, 1909.

### CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB EXECUTIVE MEETING.

Last Thursday afternoon, the parlors of Loyola College were the scene of a busy gathering, as the members of the executive committee of the Catholic Sailors' Club held a preparatory meeting. The progressional reports made by the managing director, the secretary and the treasurer show the institution to be in a very hopeful condition. This Club is constantly carrying on an eminent good work, and ever ready to aid those coming within its range. The full account of the year's doings was deferred until the third Thursday, in January, 1910, when detailed reports of the last year's business may be looked forward to. Membership in this grand work may be had for the modest sum of one dollar per year, which is an extremely low figure when it is taken into consideration the amount of genuine good done within the precincts of the institution.

### ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

We hope to have a long list of benefactors to delight the readers' eyes the next time we have occasion to speak of this unpretentious little institution. The following will show that Christmastide is approaching and Father Holland is thankful to those who are thinking of his proteges and his efforts. Mr. T. McCarthy, twenty dollars; Miss Daly, seven dollars to buy a ton of coal; A friend, two dollars; Mr. Sam Rowan, three dollars; Mr. Levine, three dollars; Mrs. C. Shanahan, two dollars; Mr. Jas. Kelly, two dollars; Mrs. Huber, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Connolly, one dollar each, and Mr. Donoghue one bag potatoes. Mr. McCarthy of McCord street did a job of necessary plastering gratis. We hope he will not have to be called upon again before Christmas.

### Committees of Eucharistic Congress.

We take the following official list of committees having charge of ceremonies, decorations and processions, from the current issue of the Semaine Religieuse. President—Rev. G. Lepailleur. Ceremonies—Vice-Presidents, jointly: Rev. C. Laforce, P.P., St. Vincent de Paul; Rev. H. Gauthier, P.S.S., Rev. J. U. Demers. Decorations—Vice-presidents jointly: Rev. J. A. Belanger, P.P., St. Louis de France; Rev. J. H. S. Rosconi. Processions—Vice-Presidents jointly: Rev. A. V. J. Piette, P.P., Villarey; Rev. T. F. Heffernan, P.P., St. Thomas Aquinas; Rev. A. Deschamps, Almoner Deaf and Dumb Asylum; Rev. A. Martin, Almoner Providence Convent. Secretary, Rev. T. W. O'Reilly, St. Patrick's. Members—Rev. H. Bedard, P.S.S., Rev. L. J. Boucher, P.S.S., Rev. E. Colclough, S.J., Rev. L. Deslauriers, secretary, Loyola University; Rev. O. Gauthier, St. Leo's; Rev. V. Hudon, S.J., Rev. Abbé Luche, P.S.S., Rev. Father Piché, P.S.V., Rev. Father Pitre, S.S.S., Rev. Father Raymond, O.S.F., Rev. N. A. Troie, P.S.S., P.P., Notre Dame; Rev. C. G. Villeneuve. General Committee—Honorary President, His Excellency Mgr. Shear, Apostolic Delegate. President—His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi. Honorary Vice-Presidents, Their Lordships the Archbishops and Bishops of Canada. Vice-President—Canon Gauthier. Secretary-General, Rev. Father Pelletier, Superior of Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament.

## IS ENGLAND CHRISTIAN?

Father Vaughan Startles a Fashionable Audience by His Question and Masterly Reply.

We take the following timely sermon of the Rev. Bernard Vaughan from the Catholic Times, the lessons it teaches being so applicable to ourselves:

Having opened his discourse with an explanation of his plan of sermons, Father Vaughan said they must start by answering the question:

### IS THE MIND OF ENGLAND CHRISTIAN?

You will ask me, he continued, what are the chief characteristics of the mind of a Christian, in what respect does it differ from the mind that is not Christian, what are its dominant principles, what its laws, its outlook, its aim and aspirations? In answer to these questions, I may say that the Christian mind realizes as no other mind does or can that man belongs to God absolutely, and depends upon God entirely. The preacher then gave a vivid description of the true Christian's devotion to God, and continuing, said the Christian mind, then, is bent upon, and occupied with not temporal things most of all, but things eternal; its motto is borrowed from Stanslaus: "Non caduca, sed aeterna." Having sketched the thoughts, the projects, and the ambitions of the mind of a true Christian, Father Vaughan proceeded: For a moment, let us pause to ask ourselves, is this the mind of the average Englishman whom we meet to-day in this twentieth century? or, to put the question less directly, a little more in the abstract, is the mind of England to-day Christian? To answer this question we must first of all know something about the output of her mind. It is in the library, on the platform, in the press, and upon the stage, that England reveals to us her mind Go forth, then, and enquire, not merely at the different free libraries, but at the chief lending libraries of London and the provinces, what is the type of book having the widest and largest circulation. You will find that there is little, very little demand, I will not say for

### THE SUPERNATURAL IN LITERATURE.

but for what is clean and wholesome and instructive in the natural order itself. What Alexandre Dumas once told his Parisian audience I might with some truth say to an English audience, that "the only books which make a sensation are bad books," bad as regards questions of faith or morals, or both. "The modern novel and the modern play," says a recent writer, "take infidelity as their text. They are destroying the nation's life." This, I take it, is too sweeping a denunciation, but there is an element of truth in it.

But what about the Press? The Press has its hand upon the public pulse; the press judges to a nicety what sort of mental pabulum its patient will take; what most of all he dislikes, and what he relishes gluttonously. The bulk of its readers, the Press assures us, will have nothing to do with the supernatural or the miraculous. To be candid,

### THE AVERAGE DAILY PAPER

would lead you to suppose there was no God at all. Not that it denies the existence of a personal Deity, but because it undertakes to explain all occurrences without even the mention of His name. It is a daily record of daily events, and its discourses are wholly devoted to the interests which belong to time and sense. It takes no cognizance of revealed truth, it professes no knowledge of the Kingdom of Heaven; it is silent about the future of the immortal soul. If the Press is non-Christian, the reason of it is that the mind of its readers, the people of England, is not Christian. It grieves me to say that in our seething modern cities there is an ever-increasing population "drinking at Stygian pools of foulness, feeding upon the offal of literature and learning, the language of shame."

And now to come to the drama. Whatever may be said in praise of it, we cannot pretend that it could define its mission as the dramatic method of drawing people to put eternity before time. Heaven before earth, and the soul before the body. On the contrary, theatres, music-halls, and other places of amusement provide entertainments best calculated to fill a house. They exist to supply a demand they reflect the mind of the country, and like the book and the paper.

### THE THEATRE AND MUSIC HALL

tell you in terms about which there can be no mistake the character of England's mind to-day. I do not



ST. ALOYSIUS CHURCH, WHICH WILL BE BLESSED ON SUNDAY.

## BLESSING OF ST. ALOYSIUS CHURCH.

On Sunday Next Pastor and People Will Witness Happy Consummation of Their Hopes.



REV. M. L. SHEA.  
Pastor St. Aloysius Church.

Sunday will be a joyful day for the parishioners and pastor of St.

Aloysius, when the Archbishop kindly comes to bless their new edifice to the service of Almighty God, and when many friends will come likewise to participate in their joy. Among the societies that have accepted invitations to be present are the Catholic Order of Foresters, the Knights of Columbus and the A.O. H. In the sanctuary with the Bishop will be the pastors of the English-speaking parishes and representatives of the religious communities of the city. The solemn High Mass will be chanted by the Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's, who will be assisted by deacon and sub-deacon, and the sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Father Doyle, S.J. A specially augmented choir under the direction of Mr. J. S. Shea, will render the Mass of St. Theresa with orchestral accompaniment.

The parish of St. Aloysius was formed by His Grace the Archbishop less than two years ago, and its progress has been indeed remarkable. A temporary chapel was opened in the basement of St. Joseph's School, Desory street, on Feb. 2nd, 1908, and the pastor with his small congregation continued services there for upwards of sixteen months.

On Sept. 1st, 1908, ground was broken for the new church and fairly good progress has been made since then. The corner-stone of the new edifice was laid by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Racicot on Nov. 1st, in the presence of a large gathering

of the clergy and laity among whom were representatives of the English-speaking societies of Montreal, and distinguished representatives of the City Council.

The new church is now practically completed and is the just pride of the English-speaking Catholics of Hochelaga and Maisonneuve. The style of architecture is pure Renaissance, and was designed by Mr. A. Karch, architect. The contractors for the stone work were Messrs Sparrow and McNeill. Its extreme length is 160 feet and extreme width 56 feet. The church will have three handsome altars—the main altar the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Ryan, of Windsor St.; the altar of the Blessed Virgin, the gift of Mrs. M. P. Ryan, and the altar of the Sacred Heart, the gift of Mrs. M. A. Healy and family—and 12 stained windows. Those with a beautiful set of the Stations of the Cross, life sized statues, and a Communion rail of neat design in brass, all gifts of generous friends, will prove highly effective ecclesiastical ornament.

The pastor and parishioners of St. Aloysius are to be congratulated on the realization of the long and fond cherished hopes for a church of their own and for the wonderful success achieved during the short period of the parish existence.

After the blessing of the Church, and the Holy Mass on Sunday, the ladies of St. Aloysius have organized to give a dinner to all those who may wish to attend. The proceeds of the dinner to be devoted to the fund for furnishing the sanctuary.

The highest faith makes still the highest man. For we grow like the thing our souls believe, And rise or sink as we aim high or low.

**RETREAT AT THE PALACE.**—His Grace the Archbishop and household are on retreat all this week. Mgr. Latulippe vicar apostolic of Temascoring, is in the city and is following the exercises at the Palace.

Rev. Gerald O. Nolan, professor of Irish in St. Malachy's College, Belfast, for the last ten years, has been appointed to the chair of Irish in Maynooth.

## Sailors' Club.

Sailors Welcome.

Every Wednesday Evening

Talent invited. The

9.30 a.m. on Sunday.

concert on Sunday eve-

days from 9 a.m. to

from 1 p.m. to 10

& COMMON STREETS.

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## Let Me But Do My Work.

Let me but do my work from day to day,  
In field or forest, at the desk or loom,  
In roaring market-place or tranquil room.  
Let me but find it in my heart to say,  
When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,  
"This is my work, my blessing, not my doom;  
Of all who live, I am the one by whom  
This work can best be done in the right way."  
—Henry Van Dyke.

## Exaggerating Trifles.

You can always take a man's measure by the way in which little annoyances and petty exactions affect him, says an exchange. If he exaggerates them, talks a great deal about them, spends valuable time fussing over them, you know that he is not a big-souled man.

The habit of making a fuss over a little thing, of exaggerating the importance of what, to great characters, would be but a trifling annoyance, is not only indicative of smallness and narrowness of nature, but is also demoralizing and weakening.

The really large man will not allow himself to be troubled by trifles. If he wants to go anywhere, he does not make a great ado because it rains, is hot, is muddy, or because he "does not feel like it." This would be too small, too picturesque for the broad, large-minded character.

Some people are upset by the least obstructions thrown in their path. They "go all to pieces" over somebody's blunder—over a stenographer's mistake or a clerk's error. Large natures rise above such trifles.

Some men do splendidly when they have the encouragement of good business, the tonic of good times, but when business is dull and goods remain on the shelves unsold, or they have any little discord in their home, they are all upset. They are like children, they need to be encouraged all the time, for they cannot work under discouragement.

"I have seen men lose their temper and waste energy swearing at a knot in a shoestring, or something else just as insignificant. The foolish or ill-tempered have no range in their scale. Small, irritating things come to and 'tag' us all, but the only way to conquer them is simply to smile and 'pass them up.'"

Of all the beautiful creations of God there is surely none so beautiful or so dear to Him as the pure, unsullied heart of a little child.

Whether it be cherished in the palace of the rich, or in the squalid dwelling of the poor, it is the same lustrous pearl, shining in radiant splendor like the star in the morning, until, alas! the world, the flesh, and the devil may despoil it of some of its virginal beauty.

## Lessons to Learn.

Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine.

Learn to attend strictly to your own business—a very important point.

Learn to say kind and encouraging things, especially to the young, and those in trouble.

Learn to avoid all ill-natured remarks and everything calculated to create friction or irritation.

Learn to stop grumbling. If you can not see any good in the world, keep the bad you see to yourself.

Learn to keep your troubles to yourself. The world is too busy to care much for your ills and sorrows.

Learn to greet your friends and those whom you ought to love with a smile. They carry too many cares in their own hearts to be bothered with any of your frowns.

## The Bath For Tired and Nervous People.

Every bath is not soothing to the fatigued, but here is one for the tired nervous woman who cannot sleep at night and is too weary-worn even to want to live.

Dissolve four ounces of sea-salt in a quart of hot water and let stand until cool; pour two ounces of spirits of ammonia and a like amount of spirits of camphor into eight ounces of alcohol; add this to the sea-salt water and shake well. In using wet the body all over with a sponge dipped in this mixture and rub vigorously till the flesh glows. The relief is almost magical. The worn feeling vanishes, a sleepy sensation creeps over the tired nerves and one

sinks away into slumber sweetly. If one bathes the eyes when they are tired in water just as hot as it can be borne it will give great relief.

Delicate and nervous children who are restless at night should be bathed and gently rubbed with warm water in which a heaping tablespoonful of salt has been dissolved. This saline bath does wonders in toning up young nerves.

When a person has a slight temperature from fatigue or nervousness bathe the face and hands in warm water in which a teaspoonful of common baking soda has been dissolved.

## Bite Your Tongue.

Study self-control. Keep up that study till temper gusts can be stillled at will. When you feel yourself getting "hot under the collar," bite your tongue or anything to keep that heat from bursting forth. Loss of temper generally means loss of friends, and of self-respect as well. No matter if you are "mad," so long as it does not reach your tongue. The pent-up fires of this old globe never yet harmed any one—while they stay pent up. Stop hunting trouble. Half the lost temper is for imaginary injuries or fancied slights.

## Some Delicious Home-Made Candies.

Home made candy is always the most wholesome, for in much of the confectionery one buys there are bad ingredients, not to mention actual poisons. Here are some receipts for some delicious candies that are quite easy to make.

## CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Four cupsful of granulated sugar, one half-cupful of butter, one-half cup of thick cream, one-third of a pound of chocolate, grated fine. Place the mixture in a saucepan and boil from twenty to thirty minutes. When nearly done add the juice of half a lemon. Stir as little as possible while cooking. Try from time to time in water; when it remains hard in the water it is done. Pour into buttered tins, and when nearly cool mark off into squares with the back of a buttered knife.

## MARSHMALLOW PASTE.

Dissolve one pound of clean gum arabic in a quart of water; strain and add one pound of fine granulated sugar, place over the fire, stirring continually till the sugar is absorbed and the mixture has become of the consistency of honey. Add gradually while stirring the whites of eight eggs that have been beaten to a stiff froth. Continue to stir the mixture till it ceases to adhere to the fingers when handled. When done pour out into a shallow dish, dusted with starch, and when cool divide into squares and roll in powdered sugar. If one wishes flavoring it may be added just before the mixture is done. Rose is one of the best flavorings for this paste.

## OLD-FASHIONED CREAM CANDY.

Take two cupsful of granulated sugar and two cups of water, place in a saucepan to boil. Do not stir at all after the sugar has dissolved. While the sugar and water are boiling dissolve a little starch in cold water and set it aside ready for use later. Test the sugar and water mixture every few seconds, and when it grows hard at once upon dropping into water add the starch, stirring very rapidly, and boil a minute or two longer. The pour into a buttered dish and let cool sufficiently to handle, just as one does old-fashioned molasses candy. It will become as white as milk and be of a smooth, delicious consistency when done. Draw out long and cut with large shears into the desired size pieces.

## MAPLE CREAM.

Take one cup of maple sugar, one and a half cups of butter, and half a cup of cream, and boil together steadily until it grows instantly brittle in water. Pour into buttered tins. Do not stir while cooking. If nuts are added this is still more tempting.

## ALMOND TAFFY.

Boil together half a pint of water and a pound of brown sugar for ten minutes. Blanch and slice through the middle one and a half ounces of almonds. Stir these into the syrup with two ounces of butter. Place the mixture again on the fire and boil hard for another ten minutes. Pour out into a buttered tin to the thickness of half an inch.

## NUT CAKES.

Nut cakes are made with one pound of confectioners' sugar, the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one tablespoonful of ve-

nilla, one pint of chopped hickory nuts and a pinch of salt; mix well together and mould into cakes. Finely ground coconut may be used instead of the nuts.

## Men More Sentimental Than Women.

The other day I discussed the marriage of her daughter with a devoted mother, says a woman writing in Black and White. "John," she complained (speaking of her husband) "is so foolish. He has been quite irritable since Betty became engaged, and she is making in every respect an excellent match. Twenty thousand a year and a big place in Scotland. He fancies she is not fond enough of the man. Dear John is so romantic."

From observation I should say, in a matter of this sort, men, as a rule, are more "romantic" than women. The latter seem invariably so much occupied with the material side of the matrimonial venture, they have no opportunity to consider it from any other point of view, and they say "Poor thing!" in a truly compassionate tone when a girl "throws herself away" on an impetuous younger son.

To accuse women of sentimentality is ridiculous. In affairs of the heart they are eminently practical, and it is much rarer for a woman to marry outside her own class than it is for a man. Yet surely she would be just as liable, were love the free thing pretended. The truth is, the sex in general worships success. In bygone times this was typified by the best fighting man, as nowadays it is by the richest. Wealth, influences a woman's imagination as beauty does a man's, especially when it exhibits such pleasant concrete results as diamonds and motor cars and Paris hats.

Money implies so much to women that to condemn them as mercenary for giving it so much thought is a harsh judgment. Thus I have a friend who lives now in a state of refined poverty, though her girlhood was spent in luxury. "Poverty is such a fearful waste of one's life and energy," she complains. "One has less time for everything, yet everything takes more time. If I go for a day's shopping, I cannot do it comfortably in a carriage, but am obliged to wait about for trains and buses, and spoil my skirts and sour my temper. When I come home there is no one to do a hand's turn for me, and probably the domestic machinery is all out of order because I have been away. If I receive an invitation to dinner, I must need sit up half the previous night doing up my frock, and, in spite of my trouble, it does not look like the other women's. When one is poor, one cannot entertain easily, one cannot travel easily, one cannot even dress without laborious stitching. Wealth simplifies the details of life. Poverty complicates them into a wearisome, heart-breaking, brain-splitting problem."

## Removing Ink.

A girl bookkeeper displayed fingers black and unsightly with ink stains.

"Now, look," she said. And, dipping her fingers in water, she rubbed the head of a match over them. The result was magical. The sulphur removed the stains as easily as a dust-cloth removes dust.

"Isn't that a good idea?" she said. "A chemist taught me. Thanks to it, I never have to go home with ink fingers."

## What is Worn in London

London, Dec. 9, 1909.—The great Hat Question which has been so hotly discussed this autumn has now been definitely solved, as are so many contested questions, by each side claiming a victory, or, in other words, each going as they please. "A woman convinced against her will, is of the same opinion still," was written by someone who knew and understood womanhood, and in these eclectic days each woman follows her own bent as regards fashionable details so long as her appearance is enhanced by her individual choice. Thus those who prophesied the death of the large hat can air themselves triumphantly in the draped toques which have suddenly jumped into favor, while those who swear by the gigantic hats of Gainsborough and Romney can hide themselves in the dark recesses of even bigger examples than we saw last summer. A friend of mine blew across from the Rue de la Paix the other day in one of the latest editions of headgear, which left so little of her face visible that for a moment I was in doubt as to her identity. It was an immense shape covered with black moire, the wide brim lined with black velvet and very slightly trolled up at one side, the only trimming being a really beautiful wide ornament made in dull gold set with a huge agate in the centre of the front, from which

started two abnormally long dark blue iridescent quills. The intense blackness of the velvet lining and the width of the brim gave one the feeling of peering into a dark cavern in whose depths one discovered a small patch of ivory, which represented a bit of the wearer's cheek. Everything on the wearer's right side was invisible to her, the "blinker" hat took care of that, and friends had to guess at a countenance of which they could only see a corner. And yet, absurd as it was, there was no doubt a curious fascination and mystery about the monstrous head-covering, and, as I have always upheld, any fashion which cultivates mystery and sets the imagination of the beholder, that most potent ally of all beauty, working in its favor, will achieve success.

Three excellent examples of the present fashions were seen in the show rooms of a fashionable milliner. One a big Cavalier shape in long-haired beaver or polichon, as the French, with whom this kind of felt is exceedingly popular this winter, call it. The wide brim is turned up very sharply at one side, and the only trimming of the hat was a clump of shaded ostrich feathers placed, not at the side, but quite at the back of the hat with the ends falling over the crown. The effect of these Cavalier hats is very picturesque and recalls certain pictures by Franz Hals with their gallant air; and they look particularly well on a tall woman or any woman who carries herself well with her head held high. Another was a most bewitching toque of folded panne of a deep royal blue color, with the narrow brim rolled up at one side to show the lining of emerald green. A band of oxidized silver galon encircled the toque and finished in a round cockade placed as low down as possible at one side in front, almost obliterating, in fact, the right eye of the wearer; and to balance this cockade there was at the right side of the back a sloping sheaf of silver wheat-ears. A mischievous, winsome face and dark hair should accompany this deliciously impertinent little toque, which is one of the quaintest and most successful hats seen this season. The third, which in outline somewhat resembled a raised pie, was meant for a blonde whose delicate coloring would be enhanced by so charming a harmony in rose and grey. The "raised pie" was entirely made of shaded pink roses, the wide border being of chinchilla, no further adornment being deemed necessary. This model would be equally effective in other combinations, such as Russian violets and ermine, or wine-colored velvet dahlias and sable.

The popularity of the toque, however, has a serious rival in the tricorne, which appears on all sides, and, one might say, in all sorts of disguises. Sometimes the turning up is only in front, the rest of the brim barely indicating the tricorne movement; in another, on the contrary, the brim is turned up sharply all round and cut down in deep indentations. A beautiful tricorne of this kind has just been sent over from Paris; it is in tabac beaver lined with dark brown velvet, and garnished with an immense clump of curling cock's feathers, falling over the square-topped crown and brim. This hat is worn very much on one side and has a most jaunty air. Another charming example, also hailing from the other side of the channel, is much smaller in shape, with a moderate-sized brim and a round crown. It is in black moire, lined with black velvet, the only trimming being an upstanding panache of grey heron's feathers at the back. These feather clusters placed at the back of the hat have a very picturesque effect, and rather help to emphasize the bareness and lack of trimming which characterizes nearly all the most fashionable hats this season. Indeed, some of the smartest tricorones in shining silk beaver like a man's "topper," have absolutely no trimming at all, or at most a cord of tarnished gold or silver ending in a loop and tassel at one side or a cockade of metal tissue or buckle. The flat cockades in metal tissue are exceedingly popular, and likely to become more so. Another tricorne seen was in black velvet lined with seal-skin (or more probably "real" lapin); the shape was a very large one, the brim turned up almost in front and caught with a huge flat cockade in gold braid from which sprang a tall black aigrette. Fur is employed on many of the hats, and tricorones lend themselves particularly well to its display, either as a lining in ermine, chinchilla, cone or breitschwanz, or as a beard round the crown which may be carried out in sable, fox, or any of the furs which are too long-haired to look well on the upturned brim of a tricorne. Many people, especially those living in the country, are adopting the charming fur "granny" bonnets which were found to be so deliciously comfortable for motoring and so quaintly becoming that they have crept into almost general use. A friend of mine, who is starting this week across the Atlantic, told me she meant to wear one of these old-fashioned bonnets all the time she was at sea, as they would keep her head and neck warm and hair tidy far better than any motor-cap and veil. As she is one of those women whose appearance is the chief, if not the only, thing that interests her I feel quite sure that the "granny" bonnet in question has been studied from all points before being thus adopted wholesale, and her example on board ship is likely to be widely followed. There is one new shape, however, that I would warn my readers against, and that is the Louis XVI. model, which is like a mammoth huntman's cap in black velvet, made unutterably ridiculous by a repetition of the front



deep peak over the eyes, which appears at the back only to be turned up over the crown. It is both ugly and absurd, and in spite of gold and jeweled galon round the crown and a panache of splendid feathers it remains a shape it is distinctly the best to avoid.

*Hortense*

## Funny Sayings.

## HER INDORSEMENT.

"I want to get this check cashed," said the young matron, appearing at the window of the paying teller. "Yes, madam. You must endorse it, though," explained the teller. "Why, my husband sent it to me. He is away on business," she said. "Yes, madam. Just indorse it. Sign it on the back so we will know and your husband will know, we paid it to you."

She went to the desk against the wall and in a few minutes presented the check, having written on its back, "Your loving wife, Edith."

—Bellman.

## A LITTLE ENCOURAGEMENT.

One evening when Irving was playing Macbeth he worked his audience into an unusually high pitch of excitement. He was in his best mood and had just reached the point where Macbeth orders Banquo's ghost to leave the banquet table.

"Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!" declared Irving in his most tragic manner, as with a convulsive shudder he sank to the ground and drew his robe over his face.

On the withdrawal of Banquo a high-pitched, sympathetic voice shouted from the top gallery: "It's all right now, 'Emery; e's gone!" —Family Herald.

Professor George Porter, principal of the Hallsville schools, has continually told the pupils that they should think twice before they speak. One cold morning recently Professor Porter backed up to the stove, after having given expression to his famous adage, when a little boy on the front seat, after having been given permission to talk, said: "Professor Porter, I've thought one."

"Think again," he replied.

"I've thought twice," said the youngster.

"Then speak."

"Yes, sir, I thought your coat tail was a scorchin', now I think it's ablaze," replied the obedienturchin. —Bombay Examiner.

## BRINGING THE LESSON HOME.

Isabel had been making heroic efforts to get on with the boy who had recently moved next door—and who wanted the lion's share of everything. "If we're going to play together, Billy Bond," she finally announced firmly, being at the end of endurance, "you've just got to be more generous. Mother says we've all got to be generous to each other."

"What's gen'rous?" demanded Billy Bond, skeptically.

"Why, it's giving some of what you've got to the other one," and Isabel began eloquently to expound the doctrine. "If I've got two nice, jointed dolls, 'n' you haven't a single one, I'd give you one of mine if you wanted it, an' that would be generous."

"Huh!" commented Billy Bond.

"Or if I had two beautiful Shetland ponies"—Isabel began to draw on the imagination—"and you didn't have any, I'd give you one. And if you had two lovely automobiles, you'd give one to me, and—"

"And if you had two fox terrier pups"—the instructor began now to show real interest—"and I didn't have any dog at all, you'd give me the one with the yellow spot on—"

"No, I wouldn't," interrupted the instructor, with an emphasis borrowed from the impact of fact.

"Cause I've got 'em, an' you'd be just mean enough, Billy Bond, to ask—" —Catholic Columbian.

## ONE ON THE CHINK.

Like many of his countrymen, his Excellency Li Chung Fong is blest with a fund of humor. Nor is he averse to telling a story against himself. He once told an amusing anecdote of an occasion on which he lunched at the house of a well known English politician. After his arrival he was introduced to a small boy, who for some moments examined him carefully. For a second the boy was silent, wrestling with his problem, and then he broke one the boy was silent, wrestling friend, wouldn't he be funny?"

## The Call of the West.

The new territory in Western Canada which the Grand Trunk Pacific is opening up is so attractive to farmers, prospectors, and investors in the Western States that Minnesota and other States in the Union interested are organizing through their commercial bodies movements designed to counteract the heavy migration that has set in to the north. A meeting of the Minnesota commercial organizations has been called for November 23rd to devise a method whereby some constructions can be placed in the way of this emigration. The St. Paul Dispatch of November 10th says:

"Considerable interest in the gathering has been manifested by cities in North Dakota, and several requests that they be permitted to have the conference discuss only the possibility of securing settlers for Minnesota, it is now possible that a united effort will be made to keep American farmers this side of the Canadian border. The conference will prepare literature showing the actual land conditions in Minnesota and North Dakota. This literature will be scattered broadcast over the country, and special efforts will be made to see that it reaches the persons who are at present interested in Canadian lands."

"It is said that thousands of farmers, who have sold their land in the Eastern States, pass through Minnesota annually on their way to Canada. It is thought that if the advantages offered here could be shown to the immigrants a large portion of them would make this their home."

A Cure for Rheumatism.—A painful and persistent form of rheumatism is caused by impurities in the blood, the result of defective action of the liver and kidneys. The blood becomes tainted by the introduction of uric acid, which causes much pain in the tissues and in the joints. Parnee's Vegetable Pills are remarkable cures, and their use is strongly recommended. A trial of them will convince anyone of their value.

Joan J. Nolan, Omagh, has with high distinction taken his B.A. degree. He won the blue ribbon—1st place, in Ireland (Royal University). In experimental science and chemistry course he took first-class honors and won a first-class exhibition of £42. This talented young gentleman is a native of Omagh, and was educated at the Christian Brothers' schools.

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myself, and I have  
sufferer while trying  
household duties. I  
ing me without avail  
and plasters, but nothing  
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despair when my hus-  
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—Pope Pius X.

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make of the TRUE WITNESS one  
of the most prosperous and powerful  
Catholic papers in its country.

I heartily bless those who encourage  
this excellent work.

PAUL,  
Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

### WELL DONE, MR. ASQUITH!

Mr. Asquith has at last pledged  
the English Liberal Party to Home  
Rule for Ireland. This declaration  
of policy was made by him, amidst  
storms of applause, in Albert Hall,  
London, on the tenth day of Decem-  
ber.

"Speaking last year, before my ac-  
cession to the premiership," he said  
"I described the Irish policy as the  
one undeniable failure of British  
statesmanship. I repeat to-night  
what I said then, and on behalf of  
my colleagues, and I believe, on be-  
half of my party. I reiterate that  
this is a problem to be solved only  
in one way—by a policy which,  
while explicitly safeguarding the su-  
preme, indivisible authority of the  
Imperial Parliament, can set up in  
Ireland a system of full self-govern-  
ment, as regards purely Irish affairs.  
There is not and cannot be any  
question of rivalry or competing for  
supremacy, subject to these condi-  
tions. That is the Liberal policy."  
"That is the Liberal policy." We  
are glad now to know it is. We  
were in doubt beforehand; but Mr.  
Asquith tells us that "for reasons  
which we (the Liberals) believe to  
have been adequate, the present Par-  
liament was disabled in advance  
from proposing any such solution;  
but, in the new House, the Liberal  
Government, at the head of a Lib-  
eral majority, will be in this matter  
entirely free."

Mr. Asquith declares that British  
statesmanship failed in the Irish  
policy. Even the Hottentots know  
that; but it takes a man to say it  
in the face of England, as Mr. As-  
quith has. Centuries of misrule;  
millions of martyrs; the blood of  
men, women, and children number-  
ed; a nation made the victim of  
fiendish hate; the priesthood hunt-  
ed down; education refused the peo-  
ple; their language proscribed as a  
crime of high treason; spies official-  
ly paid; the accused brood of Jud-  
ases and informers made thrive; a  
nation visited with a Penal Code  
corroded and devised in Hell;  
famine, pestilence, sacrilegious out-  
rage; sons paid to betray their fa-  
thers—there is the story of English  
rule in Ireland, a rule especially  
dear to the majority of a House of  
Lords!

Was it any wonder the people re-  
sisted? Was it any wonder some,  
and many, rushed to arms? What if  
any wonder Ireland fought and bled?  
Any wonder we cherish memories of  
'98? Any wonder we hail the names  
of Lord Edward, Robert Emmet,  
Wolfe Tone? Any wonder we revere  
Henry Grattan, Nicholas Flood,  
Daniel O'Connell, Charles Stewart  
Parnell, Isaac Butt, Sexton, Davitt,  
Dillon, O'Connor, O'Brien, Blake,  
McCarthy, Biggar, Devlin and the  
illustrious John Redmond? Is it any  
wonder Gladstone and Parnament  
declared for us, and is it any wonder  
Balfour and Lans-

downe should be against us? They  
conquered us in a way, but they  
could never subdue us! If Ireland  
had been properly governed, would  
millions of her sons and daughters  
have gone beyond the seas, they a  
people who loved their country  
more than any other peoples love  
theirs. What says England? She  
knows what the Irish of the United  
States said when she sent Bryce to  
Roosevelt to ask for an alliance! Ah!  
let them take care the self-same  
Irish do not marshal their forces  
from the rising of the sun to the  
setting hereof, and thwart ten  
thousand other measures!

Whatever Ireland will get, she will  
not have to thank the selfish Tory  
Catholic Lords, the foul British press  
of twenty-five years ago, the rene-  
gade Castle sycophants, the Georges  
and the Williams, the Balfours, or  
the Chamberlains.

The Irish cannot rule themselves,  
they claim. The Irish can die on  
battlefields, they can be Supreme  
Judges of Great Britain, ambassa-  
dors, generals-in-chief, win Eng-  
land's victories for her, and their  
offspring can rise to the highest dis-  
tinctions of State in every other  
land but their own. Is that it?  
Perhaps they cannot rule themselves  
because they cannot be renegades or  
share the toil of Judas and Cain, or  
the spoil of Esau and Barabbas.  
Is that it? They cannot rule them-  
selves and be loyal to England, that  
people who, from St. Patrick and  
Celestin to Pius X and Cardinal  
Logue have proved loyal to God, in  
spite of sword and dungeon and  
scaffold and rack and famine and  
plague! Is that it?

If to-morrow our country is blessed  
with the boon of Home Rule, we  
shall not have to thank the Eng-  
lish Lords for it; we shall not have  
to thank the spies and renegades and  
traitors! We shall thank ourselves;  
we shall thank, not the inglorious  
broods of vampires and scorpions  
(not even the ridiculous Sinn Fein-  
ers), but the men of our Parlia-  
mentary Party, the unconquered Na-  
tionalists, and their unequalled leader,  
John Redmond.

Let us unite our forces still more;  
let the ranks be unbreakingly ser-  
ried! Onward! hand in hand! Union!  
Union! and still Union! Soon shall  
the green flag of our country be seen  
waving over a new and undying Col-  
lege Green, with Redmond, we hope,  
as our first premier, and his immortal  
colleagues there to frame Ireland's laws  
for the Irish! Well done! Asquith!  
and God Save Ireland!

### VERY REV. DR. A. CUIROTTE HONORED.

We were rejoiced—but not, in any  
sense, surprised—to learn that Very  
Rev. Dr. A. Cuirotte, of our own  
archdiocese, had been called to the  
Apollinarist Chair of Dogmatic The-  
ology, in Rome. Dr. Cuirotte was  
formerly Secretary of Laval Univer-  
sity (Montreal), and had al-  
ready taught Dogmatic Theology in  
our Grand Seminary, with very  
marked success and distinction. In  
fact, it is praise abundant to state  
that he had shared the noble work  
of the Sulpicians on their staff of  
eminent theologians.

Furthermore, he was lately named  
representative of Montreal archdioc-  
ese and the suffragan sees, by his  
Archbishop and the Bishops of our  
ecclesiastical province. He is a leader  
among the many priestly schol-  
ars who have shed lustre on our  
archdiocese. That God may con-  
tinue to prosper his work and  
achievements is the sincere wish of  
us all. Ad multos!

### A CALL FOR ACTION.

Montreal is doing very much bet-  
ter, but we need a more determined  
crusade against evil of all kinds.  
Our youth, at least, must be saved,  
and all respectable citizens, whether  
Catholic or Protestant, must take  
a hand in the action. Our Arch-  
bishop is there with the serried  
ranks of his clergy; and the non-  
Catholic clergymen, with Bishop  
Farthing at their head, Anglicans,  
Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists,  
Congregationalists, etc., are with  
us for a better and cleaner great  
city. Just think of it: hundreds of  
minors may obtain liquor in licensed  
drinking-houses; cheap theatres and  
moving picture shows of all kinds;  
some offices of business proving ver-  
itable hell-holes for children selling  
newspapers; little boys and little  
girls on the streets at all hours;  
filthy cheap reading for juveniles;  
cursing and swearing in the broad  
public; dens of infamy tolerated by  
respectable residents in their neigh-  
borhood; blind candy shops, etc.,  
etc. Where is it all going to end?  
Are Montrealers forgetful of the  
traditions they have inherited? Are  
we going to permit our leaders' ideals  
to be cast overboard? No! We can  
sweep away the pestilence

and banish infamy from our midst.  
Let there be a grand Citizens' League!  
Let us all shoulder the  
wheel! We are not more badly off  
than is any other great city; we  
have a tremendous majority on the  
side of righteousness; but let us act,  
and act with a vengeance! On  
questions pertaining to righteousness,  
whether we be Catholics or Pro-  
testants, we can and should all  
unite! Let there be nothing short  
of a crusade! Let evil-doers find  
out that Montreal is determined to  
be the Montreal it can and ought  
to be. Onward! Onward!

### OUR GRATITUDE.

The True Witness, all its readers,  
and all Canadian Catholics are very  
grateful for the recognition English-  
speaking Catholics have received at  
the hands of the truly distinguished  
men in charge of arrangements for  
the coming Eucharistic Congress.  
We have been shown the lists of  
names on the different committees,  
and it is easy to see that we are not  
forgotten, but that, on the con-  
trary, English-speaking Catholics  
have been more than remembered. It  
was no surprise, however, that  
greeted us. It was what we ex-  
pected, for we know the kind of  
men in charge of the whole work  
and its various departments.

In return, we hope English-speak-  
ing Catholics will respond generos-  
ly, far exceeding even what is ex-  
pected of them. In the Eucharistic  
Congress we shall have an opportu-  
nity of working shoulder to should-  
er with our French-Canadian breth-  
ren, for the common good, and for  
the common glorification of  
Jesus in the Most Blessed Sacra-  
ment. Let us then be up and do-  
ing. Let us remember that God is  
not surpassed in generosity. The  
pageantry will be glorious, the cele-  
bration thrilling; but the experience  
of all experiences will be missed if  
the quest does not include the ex-  
perience of mingling our spirit-life  
with God-life. Men, a few, may  
perhaps smile at the suggestion, and  
deride our faith in the Most Blessed  
Sacrament; but let us remember that  
men scourged, spat upon, crowned  
with thorns, crucified, denied and  
blasphemed the Redeemer Himself.  
Our respectable non-Catholic neigh-  
bors in thousands, on the contrary,  
will admire the honest profession  
and confession of the faith within us.

### HIS GRACE DETERMINED TO SAVE.

The dailies tell us that a numer-  
ous delegation of members of the Li-  
censed Victuallers' Association and  
other persons connected with the li-  
quor trade called upon Archbishop  
Bruchesi, a few days ago, to dis-  
cuss with him the license question.  
They explained that their object was  
to come to some understanding by  
which the liquor traffic could be  
sufficiently controlled, while at the  
same time protecting the large mon-  
etary interests involved in the busi-  
ness.

It was pointed out that the mod-  
ern system of taking licence down  
town rendered the apparently very  
large number of licenses in the cen-  
tre of the city necessary, as the  
restaurants serving meals derive  
their profit from the sale of drinks  
to their clients.

The delegates also suggested an  
indemnity be paid by the govern-  
ment to those affected by a gradual  
reduction in the number of licenses,  
the amount to be made up from an  
increased license fee. They opposed  
the proposed early closing by-law,  
on the ground that it opened the  
door to many abuses.

His Grace reminded the visitors  
that he was in duty bound to pro-  
tect his flock against the ravages  
of intemperance, but he was dis-  
posed to consider the question of  
justice to those interested in the  
trade.

The Licensed Victuallers' Associa-  
tion and all our fellow-citizens must  
understand by now that His Grace  
will never be a party to shadowy  
compromise. No one better than he  
understands the evil too much li-  
quor has been doing here in our  
great city of Montreal. Fortunately  
the old custom of many a man who  
came by a few hundred dollars of  
investing it in the sale of alcohol is  
being given a rude shock nowadays.  
The Licensed Victuallers' Associa-  
tion assuredly approached His Grace  
in the best of faith. Whatever an-  
swer he will give will be for the  
greater moral and spiritual good of  
all concerned. We are glad that  
the Temperance wave is  
rolling the way it is. There are  
fewer barriers to-day to stop  
its progress than there were a few  
years ago. Our bright young men  
must be saved. Montreal must have  
less dreamy youths on its streets.  
The grand old habit of teaching  
young men the beauties of social  
life by making drunkards out of

them must stop. Enough have been  
irretrievably lost already, and we  
want all we have left saved, with a  
work of reclaim for the downfallen.

### OUR CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

Canadians are justly entitled to  
feel proud (in a good sense) of their  
parliament and the men who go  
to make it up. First of all, no  
more truly and deservedly popular  
man could occupy the Speaker's chair  
than the Honorable Charles Macell.  
Then, our Prime Minister, Sir Wil-  
frid Laurier, sits at the helm of  
state with a calm dignity and a  
mastery of the entire situation  
about and around him, that makes  
of him the very greatest parliamen-  
tary leader in the world. Opposite  
is Hon. Mr. Borden, a gentleman be-  
yond reproach.

There is nothing of the Duma to  
Canada's parliament, and nothing of  
the cad in the men who represent  
us, whether among the Liberals or  
Conservatives. There may, it is  
true, be a few harmless bigots, but  
they are needed as exceptions to  
confirm the general rule. They do  
not represent Canada, but only cor-  
ners in Canada. They are on hand  
as warnings of what a Canadian  
member might be, if he ceased to  
be truly typical of his country.  
There are great Catholics in our  
House and great Protestants, as  
well. There are next to no penny  
pagans among them. The holy  
name of God is in veneration, and  
there is as much difference between  
Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Combes, for  
instance, as there can be between a  
gentleman and a vulgar cad. Irish-  
Canadians are not abundant, but  
the quality relieves the number. If  
ever the Church's best and legiti-  
mate interests are at stake, they can  
be relied upon to act unanimously,  
as did their kind in 1896. French  
Quebec need not feel ashamed of its  
men, for the Parliament holds no  
better. Their early training was  
good. The golden age of "voting  
and talking machines" is fast de-  
clining. We are getting orators and  
statesmen in their lieu and stead.  
Both parties, however, should try  
to remove leaden bullets from their  
feet. Wings are of little use, if  
you do not. Let bigots be a party  
to themselves.

### THE JESUITS AGAIN.

The only Church that could ever  
succeed in producing an admirable  
body of men such as the Jesuits,  
with their thousands of members  
spread over the world, is the Church  
that can feed strong intellects, build  
bravny bodies, and fill great souls.  
But there they are, those noble sons  
of Ignatius, and in no other part  
of the world are they doing better  
work than in the United States of  
America. Not content with George-  
town University, they now have  
Fordham, St. Louis, Chicago,  
Creighton, etc., with Arts, Law,  
Science, Theology and Medicine. In  
a free land like the United States  
(or like Canada, for that matter)  
they can show Flatlanders what  
they can do; and it is because they  
can effectively accomplish so  
much, that Combes, Dreyfus, the  
Czar, Mme. Steinheil, Ferrer and  
Jack-the-Ripper find them uncom-  
fortable. Where the Jesuits have  
been given an honest chance, they  
have beaten everybody else, handi-  
caps notwithstanding. In the  
United States, they are giving us  
telling proof of their worth. "Pre-  
sident Taft, Vice-President Sherman,  
and all the Cabinet attended the  
ten o'clock service, in St. Matthew's  
Catholic Church, on Thanksgiving  
Day. On that day and hour," re-  
marks Father Phelan, "bigotry was  
declared officially dead in the United  
States." Just imagine a Cana-  
dian ruled by Orangemen, and just  
imagine what a companion would  
look like with its chieftains on one  
side, and the most learned Jesuits  
on the other. We shall never see  
anything like this until we all finally  
meet in the Valley of Jehoshaphat.  
We hope that, in the mean-  
time, Jesuit universities will con-  
tinue to multiply, for the sake of  
profane learning, if for no other  
reason.

### IT'S BEGINNING TO TELL.

The fight the Bishops of France  
are making against the ungodly gov-  
ernment schools of France and the  
fiendish school books in use, is be-  
ginning to tell. Briand can al-  
ready feel the rope of Judas choke  
him. He has more sense and de-  
cency than Clemenceau, and, thus,  
can understand why Catholics, the  
world over, stand for peace and  
charity, but, if forced to the is-  
sue, they can fight to the death.  
Briand is finding out that he is  
not going to have it all his own  
way, and he would just as well  
postpone the rejoicing of Combes  
and Clemenceau at his downfall.  
The Chamber of Deputies is some-  
thing like the children's game known  
as "The Devil Among the Tailors."

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ruci, Madonna Sichte.

Write for catalogue of larger sizes.  
D. & J. SADLER & CO.  
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then, he must remember that the  
Canadian market is exacting on the  
score of eggs.

### "THE WOMAN AND THE ANGEL."

A priestly friend and admirer of  
the True Witness asks the editor  
what he thinks of a piece of poetry  
(we mean a cord of wood) that ap-  
peared in one of our Montreal dailies  
—not the Star, and assuredly not  
either the Witness or the Gazette—  
called "The Woman and the An-  
gel."

From the view-point of Hot-  
tentot morality it would be unfit  
for even a rag-pile. The author,  
some ignoramus or other whose  
name is often under a collection of  
daily newspaper stanzas, should de-  
vote his genius to valentine work.  
He has no more knowledge of what  
a poem is than has the author of the  
"Ballad about the bells that ring  
at five o'clock."

The present poet's cord of wood  
tells how an angel came down from  
heaven and fell in sinful love with  
some demirep or other. We could  
not think of publishing his poem for  
many reasons, in consequence; while  
from a purely humanitarian point of  
view, we could not do so without  
going against the anti-leprosus-  
crusade. Our poet is past master as  
far as bad English is concerned,  
however, and has evidently written  
"Come-all-ye's" in his day.

"Poets! birds of spring! in sooth  
All the seasons are your spring!"  
Especially is this true of the  
crows and buzzards among them.  
One of our poet's stanzas reads as  
follows:

"Never was seen such an angel, eyes  
of a heavenly hue,  
A form that would shame Apollo,  
hair of a golden hue,  
The women simply adored him, his  
lips were like Cupid's bow,  
But he didn't know how to use  
them, and so they voted him  
slow."

Now, what do you think of that?  
If changed, they might read:

"Never was such a poet; gall of a  
billy-goat;  
A rhyme that would shame the "Bal-  
lad"; and verses not worth a  
groat;  
The dailies simply adored him; his  
touch that of asinine hoof;  
But that he did know how to use  
it, his poems convincing proof."

We now ask the S.P.C.A. to do  
its share. The Board of Health  
should attend to the matter as  
well.

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"Wolsey's"  
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### Echoes and Remarks.

What has happened? Why didn't the Presbyterians celebrate Chiniquy's centenary?

Then John Calvin's memory was very tamely dealt with, too. History often plays unexpected tricks.

Brother Lebeau, of the Baptists, when going to Quebec, asked for prayers. The Maritime Baptist promised them, but Brother Lebeau thinks he has been forgotten.

The Toronto Saturday Night is typical of its city, and Montrealers know what that means. With the Telegram and the Orange Sentinel you have the trio. Toronto is welcome to them. It will take a long time to make Canadians out of some people.

The best proof that the English Protestant Alliance is made up of men not bent on being sincere is due to the fact that when convinced of fraud and trickery they still go on with lies and calumny. They do Beezlebub's work for him.

According to a story in some of the dailies a preacher was saved through a cannibal's "superstitious" belief in the crucifix. More power to the cannibal chieftain; he, at least, did not grow enraged, as do some heretics, at the sight of the emblem of mankind's redemption.

It is not long ago since the Kenesites belonging to an Anglican church in Eastern Canada tore down the Cross from their church and threw it into the river. Their respectable minister was too "High Church" to suit them. No wonder Combes has friends in Canada.

And now Anglican Canon Talbot, over in England, has canonized Ferrer. As bad as the Spanish anarchist was, he did not deserve that. But what a blasphemy to interpret the blessings of Holy Writ in a sense to be understood of Ferrer. Fighting the Catholic Church may be a trade, but we had thought all Anglican canons were above the tactics of the "Black Hand."

We know and feel that the vast majority of non-Catholic clergymen look with disgust upon the non-sensical doings of the few, but why does their sect tolerate the like? The antics of many of the preachers are driving more men from Christianity than could as many Ingersolls. For instance, just think of a preacher in his pulpit arrayed as a knight of old to give stress to St. Paul's teaching about putting on armor and helmets! And the other preachers mute!

Although we do not care to interfere, yet we must say we commend Archbishop (Anglican) Matheson's action with regard to his Brandon

clergy. If the latter gentlemen know what episcopal authority is supposed to be, they ought to be honestly obedient. We are glad Mr. Matheson does not believe in getting up synods for the daily press. If Canon Hensley Henson's bishop had some of Mr. Matheson's courage, it might help us believe he understands what his office is supposed to mean.

Archbishop Hamilton, Bishop Dunne, and Bishop Richardson, three of Canada's Anglican prelates, are men we truly esteem. They are evidently men of sincere purpose. They believe in a Christian education for Anglican children, and they are bent on having marriage considered a sacred and unbreakable contract, if not a sacrament. The same is true of worthy Bishop Farthing, of whom Montreal Anglicans may justly feel proud.

Rev. Dr. Hart, in a recent lecture on the "Varieties of Profanity," unconsciously invented another one, to make up the fifty-seven, we presume, when he spoke of different celebrities, assigning them their characteristics. When we think of Garibaldi we think of patriotism, says the rev. doctor. He did well, however, to place Judas in the same enumeration, but he should have left out Gladstone, Solomon and Shakespeare.

We were grieved to hear that Bishop Dunne, of Quebec, was not at all well some time ago, but we hope he is better now. Bishop Dunne is deeply respected by the Catholic people of the Ancient Capital; he is a model of courtesy and a bright example of righteous citizenship. He is an indefatigable worker and has succeeded in fostering a deep piety in the souls of those for whom his church has called him to care. May he speedily and thoroughly recover the health he lost through arduous work and endeavor.

The Lloyd-George budget which is the greatest political issue in England just now, imposes heavy special taxes on the very rich, who are well able to pay, but these confiscatory taxes may drive the recipients of large incomes out of the United Kingdom. Make the rich pay their honest share in the taxes, but do not drive capital out of the land. We have no sympathy for the

ignorant demagogues who get rich themselves by dishonestly fighting the wealth of the nation. We know there are very good points to the calm Socialist's programme; nor is any Catholic paper going to say the contrary. What we denounce are the bad points—and, then, some of us may have read more on the subject than we care to rehearse. Sociology is not treated in a paragraph, however sweeping the writer may deem it; while our friends the Nihilists, Anarchists, and utter Socialists can thrive easily even if deprived of our philosophy on the subject.

The Evangelical Alliance of Halifax, N.S., lately thanked a minister for his services, just because the gentleman "converted" people who had not previously obtained leave of their former pastor to undergo the change. Strange to say, the conference work was not meant for the daily press this time. The poor preacher is now practically excommunicated from his sect, even if all the Evangelical Alliance can put out of the Church is a fire. But there you are. They admit "free interpretation" of Holy Writ, they denounce the tyranny of Rome, and yet they banish a preacher for having proved loyal to their teachings. Is that what they mean by the "Free Gospel"? How would their Canon Law work in the case of proselytizers? Whether excommunicated (?) or not, the poor preacher has just as much right and power to preach now as he ever had. He ought to appeal to the Binghampton General Council of the "Bishops of the World!"

### OBITUARY.

#### MR. JOHN T. McNAMEE.

The death occurred suddenly on Saturday last of Mr. John T. McNamee, only son of the late Mr. F. B. McNamee. He was born in Montreal 48 years ago, and leaves a wife and three children. His funeral took place on Tuesday morning from the residence of his mother, 469 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, to St. Leo's Church and thence to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

#### MRS. M. J. O'DONNELL.

Although not suddenly called away, a long illness having prepar-

ed the sorrowing family for the inevitable, yet the passing away of Mrs. O'Donnell, beloved wife of Mr. M. J. O'Donnell, of the Inland Revenue Department, has been a bitter blow to the bereaved husband and children. A great sufferer for almost a year, yet Mrs. O'Donnell was always cheerful and full of hope that she might be spared to the ones who needed her so much.

The funeral took place to St. Patrick's Church on Monday. The Rev. Father Singleton, assisted by Rev. Fathers Killoran and Elliott as deacon and sub-deacon. Besides the husband, the chief mourners were the four sons, Martin J., Patrick E., William J., and Gerald S. O'Donnell, M. O'Donnell, father-in-law; Leo. Hennessy, Richard Hennessy and George Bradley, nephews.

#### THE LATE MR. BERNARD LAW.

By the death of Mr. Bernard Law Montreal loses one of its well-known citizens and most prominent society men. Mr. Law had been ill only a short time and his death came as a sad shock to his many friends. Deceased was born in County Antrim, Ireland, 47 years ago and came to this country when quite young and was for many years connected with the Montreal Brewing Co. Later he embarked in business for himself and was for twenty years a successful hotel-keeper. Mr. Law had many engaging qualities, but will perhaps be best remembered by his cordial manner, warm sympathies and his readiness to aid any one in distress. Besides a wife and three children, Mr. Law is survived by his father and mother, who still reside on the old homestead in Ireland.

The funeral, which took place on Monday, December 6, was one of the largest seen in the city for years, being attended by many prominent citizens. A solemn requiem Mass was celebrated in St. Mary's Church by the Rev. Father P. Heffernan, assisted by Rev. F. Singleton and Rev. M. O'Brien.

The chief mourners were Master Bernard Law, son; Mr. John Law, brother; Mr. John Keegan and Mr. Peter Gilronan, brothers-in-law. The interment took place at Cote des Neiges cemetery. May he rest in peace.

#### MR. MICHAEL SULLIVAN.

After an illness of but two weeks Mr. Michael Sullivan passed away in Brockville, Ont., on Wednesday last.

Born in County Kerry, within sight of the famous Lakes of Killarney, the late Mr. Sullivan was a typical representative of the South of Ireland. He came to Canada fifty-five years ago when the construction of the tunnel was under way and that was his first employment in Brockville, the con-

tractors being the late D. S. Booth and his father, who followed Sykes, Dubergue & Co., the original contractors. Upon the completion of that big undertaking Mr. Sullivan accepted a position with the late J. B. McGregor, lumber dealer and general forwarder, who a few years later established himself in the coal and fuel business where the Geo. E. Shields estate is now located. The late Mr. Sullivan remained with Mr. McGregor for many years, and during that employment saw hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of lumber shipped from the present C.P.R. property to points south, east and west.

Thirty-five years ago Mr. Sullivan accepted the position of janitor of what in those days was known as the East Ward Market Building, later Victoria Hall, and now Victoria Building. This position he retained until his death. That he discharged the duties incumbent upon him faithfully and well is but saying little. Thirty-five years in the service of the public is a long period, but when it is accomplished without as much as a complaint being registered against his work, it is something remarkable. Naturally, Mr. Sullivan saw many functions of a different character held within the walls of the building, but the occasion never arose when he was known to disappoint their promoters through negligence of any sort. Year after year the deceased saw the members of the town council and other public bodies meet and legislate and though the hours to him must have been long and the debates, at times, tedious, yet he never flinched and Michael Sullivan was always present to turn out the lights when the last member or official left the building. Upon resuming his duties two weeks ago Mr. Sullivan noted the fact to a few friends that the latest council meeting held while he was confined to his home was the first he had missed since he accepted the position and that it was the first time since he came to Brockville that a physician had stood by his bedside. The latter explains itself—a wonderful vitality coupled with tireless energy.

Shortly after settling in Brockville the late Mr. Sullivan was married to Miss Mary Gallagher, sister to Mr. Patrick Gallagher, Apple street. She passed away on the fourth of May, 1908. A family of seven daughters now mourn the loss of an affectionate father, namely, Mrs. S. Ryan, Mrs. F. X. Connolly, Misses Elizabeth, Mary, Annie and Carrie, all of Brockville, and Miss Catharine Sullivan, of Binghampton, N.Y. Of a family of seven brothers, one alone survives, Mr. John L. Sullivan, still residing at the homestead in County Kerry, Ireland.

During his long residence in Brockville deceased formed the acquaintance and enjoyed the respect and esteem of scores of citizens, all of whom will greatly miss him. Possessed of an upright and straightforward disposition, of unswerving character, he was a man whose bond was as good as gold and whose word was worth one hundred cents on the dollar.

The late Mr. Sullivan was a devoted member of St. Francis Xavier Church and in politics an ardent Liberal, one who saw and assisted through many a hard-fought campaign.

The funeral took place on Friday morning to St. Francis Xavier Church and was very largely attended. May his soul rest in peace. Com.

#### The Late Brother Joseph, C.S.C.

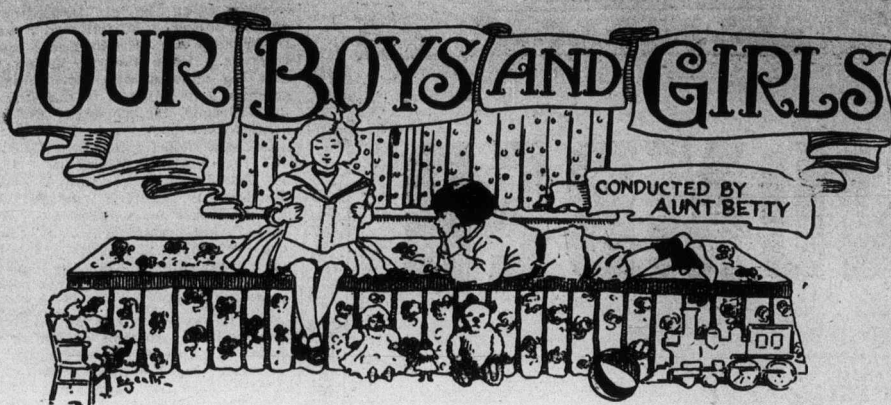
O harmless death, whom still the valiant brave,  
The wise expect, the sorrowful invite,  
And all the good embrace, who know the grave  
A short, dark passage to eternal light!

—Davenant.

A few days ago there died at the Cote des Neiges College of Our Lady a lovable old religious, Brother Joseph, by name. For years he had served God as a humble lay brother, beloved by all who knew him, and the foe of none he knew. Brother Joseph was not called by God to work in the classroom, or to train the minds and hearts of youth, through the precept of word and the message spoken; and yet he won souls to Christ through the gentle manner of his life and the chastened tenor of his way. There is in the maxims of a truly consecrated life, such as his, a nobleness and grandeur which the sordid world cannot appreciate. The Christian religion is the religion of great souls and the works of a devoted religious are second only to the deeds of angels.

There, in the little cemetery of his congregation at St. Laurent, P. Q., his mortal remains have been laid, while generations of boys and students who once knew and loved him will breathe a felt prayer for the repose of his soul. Brother Joseph's leading trait was his admirable charity for his fellowmen, fostered by an earnest and unflinching devotion to the Most Blessed Virgin and his holy patron, the foster-father of the Infant Jesus. Such a life as his, though hidden with God from the gaze of the worldling, makes life all the more worth living. While, then, we grieve his passing, we cherish it as a blessing to have known him, and as a boon to have dearly loved him. "Beati pacifici quoniam filii Dei vocabuntur!" May the gentle soul of dear Brother Joseph have already found its dwelling-place for eternity amidst the heavenly Plains of Peace! R.I.P.





## Who's Afraid in the Dark.

"Not I!" said the owl,  
And he gave a great scowl,  
And wiped his eye,  
And fluffed his jaw.  
Tu-whoo!"

Said the dog, "I bark  
Out loud in the dark.  
Boo-oo!"

Said the cat, "Mew!  
I'll scratch any who  
Dare say that I do  
Peel afraid.  
Mi-ew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,  
"Of the dark in a house?  
Hear me scatter  
Whatever's the matter,  
Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,  
And the mole in the ground,  
They both shook their heads  
And passed the word round.

And the birds in the tree,  
The fish, and the bee  
They declared, all three,  
That you never did see  
One of them afraid!

In the dark!  
But the little girl who had gone to  
bed  
Just raised the bedclothes and  
covered her head.  
—The Play Box.

## Tom the Newsboy.

Tom was in despair. For two days  
he had been trying to set himself up  
in business as a newsboy and boot-  
black, but the big boys cuffed him,  
and the people wouldn't pay atten-  
tion to his cries. At last the  
poor little fellow—he was only eight  
years old—crept sopping into the  
railway station, out of sight of his  
torturers.

The girl who worked at the sta-  
tion went to comfort him. "What is  
the matter?" she asked.  
"I can't sell a paper," whimpered  
Tom, "and I can't get a shine."  
"Well, maybe it's because you are  
hungry, and don't look good natu-  
red. Come and get something to  
eat."

Tom was hungry—he had had no  
breakfast—and the lunch from a  
box which a traveller had left—did  
make him feel better natured. When  
he was finished he was ready to  
answer questions—his father was  
dead; his mother was sick and poor;  
he must earn his own and his moth-  
er's living.

"But I can't earn nothing," he  
said again. "The boys chase me  
off, and the people won't buy."  
"What do you say when you ask  
for a shine?"

"Have a shine?" The voice was a  
disagreeable whine.

"But you must be cheerful and  
polite if you want to succeed. You  
must say, 'Please, sir, have a shine?  
Only five cents!'" The girl's voice  
was animated and her face beamed.

Little Tom caught the enthusiasm  
and a smile broke through the  
tears.

They started out to find a cus-  
tomer.

"There's a man who needs a  
shine!" the girl said.

Tom ran with all his might.  
"Please, sir, have a shine?" he  
shouted, "only five cents."

The man looked into the boy's  
expectant face, and put out a soiled  
boot. Tom fell to work, pausing  
only to give the girl an occasional  
exultant glance. When he had fin-  
ished he showed her six cents the  
man had paid him.

"Did you offer the gentleman a  
paper for the extra cent?" she  
asked.

This was a new idea and the  
boy darted away again. The man  
bought a paper and gave Tom an-  
other cent.

"I must go now and take the  
money to my mother," he exclaimed.  
The girl gave him the rest of the  
box of lunch, and watched him  
trudge away in high spirits.

But there was a storm brewing  
among the older boys. Business was  
none too brisk, and the smaller boy  
was liable to damage their trade.  
Tom would fare worse than ever at  
their hands when he returned flush-  
ed with his success. So the girl  
told them Tom's story. "And boys,"  
she finished, "you don't know how  
hungry he was this morning. And  
he was crying when I found him."

"We'll give him a fair show,"  
they promised heartily.

And little Tom has gone bravely  
on with his own business, and has  
never been molested since.

## Neal's Moving Day.

"If I could only live in a tent  
or the barn," grumbled Neal, "it  
would suit me lots better than here  
in the house." Neal had been sent  
from the table to wash his hands,  
and came back pouting. "I just wish  
I was an Indian."

"It would be very nice in some  
ways to be an Indian or a tramp,"

remarked papa, pleasantly. "I al-  
ways enjoyed camping out when I  
was a boy."

"I wish I could do that now,"  
said Neal, letting a little of the  
frown fade away. "The new corn-  
crib would be a dandy place."

"Why don't you try it?" asked  
papa, as if living in a corncrib were  
an everyday affair with small boys.  
"We won't put any corn in it till  
cold weather comes."

"Mamma wouldn't let me," said  
Neal. "Please, please let me do it,  
mamma. It would be such fun."

"Well, you might try it," said  
his mother, easily. "When do you  
want to begin?"

"This very day," cried Neal, hur-  
rying down his food. "I'll have this  
for my moving day."

No one seemed to notice that he  
hurried through his dinner nor that  
he left without saying "Excuse  
me." He hurried to the playroom  
and began selecting things to move  
to his new home. It took only a  
little while to get all the things out  
that Neal wanted. By one o'clock  
all were in the corncrib.

"I-I guess I'm hungry," said  
Neal to himself after he had tried  
the blanket in which he was to  
sleep, and had arranged his play-  
things to his liking. "I'll go  
and see if Mary has some cookies."

"So you are a tramp, are you,"  
asked Mary, looking him over as he  
rapped at the back door. "I never  
feed tramps unless they earn what  
they get. You carry all those kind-  
lings and I'll see about something to  
eat."

Neal had seen the real tramps  
splitting wood for Mary many a  
time before she gave them bread  
and meat and coffee, but he did  
not know how they felt doing the  
work before eating. Long before  
the wood-box was filled he thought  
he must take one of the nice fresh  
cookies; but, when the last stick  
was neatly piled in the box, Mary  
was ready with a tin of milk and  
some bread and butter.

"Sit on the step," she said.  
"Please, Mary, I'd like to have a  
cookie," said Neal, timidly. "I'll  
wash my hands before I take it, if  
you'll only let me."

"Beggars mustn't be choosers,"  
said Mary, grimly. "If I fed cookies  
to every tramp that comes this  
way I wouldn't have any for my  
folks."

Neal was very glad for the bread  
and milk, but he could not forget  
the smell of the warm cakes. Mary  
always saved the big corner cakes  
for him when he washed his hands  
particularly clean, but to-day she  
scrubbed and soaped to no pur-  
pose. After the little lunch he wan-  
dered forlornly to the new corn-crib  
and wrapped himself in his blanket  
to cry.

It was twilight when he  
awoke, and he went to the house  
to find the family eating supper.  
Just as if they had forgotten all  
about him. He could stand it no  
longer, but rushed in and sobbed  
out his troubles.

"I want to move back," he wept.  
"I-I don't like the new corn-crib a  
bit."

"All right!" said papa and mam-  
ma together. "Come right up to  
the table now." But Neal would  
not come until he had washed his  
hands and brushed his hair, and  
from that very day there was no  
more pouting about being clean.

Two movings in one day have been  
all Neal has ever wanted.—Hilda  
Richmond, in S.S. Times.

## Everywhere First.

They were in Venice at last. Li-  
lian leaned from her window, trying  
to make herself realize that this was  
not a dream from which she would  
soon awake. Below were the wa-  
ters of the Grand Canal, rippling  
over the stone steps as the light  
breeze ruffled them. A gondola  
shot past, and the picturesque fig-  
ure in the stern looked up eagerly  
in her face to see if she desired his  
services. Below the window flew  
a white pigeon, one of the world-  
renowned pets of this strange sea  
city. Before her eyes rose towers  
on which her eyes had never before  
rested, and which were yet oddly  
familiar, like the half-forgotten  
scenes of childhood.

"Venice at last!" cried Lilian.  
She sprang from the window, and  
threw her arms about Mario. "What  
shall we do first?" she demanded.  
"Shall we go to St. Mark's, or take  
a ride in a gondola, or find the  
Bridge of Sighs? Say, quick! I  
am all impatience!"

"I'll leave you to choose the se-  
cond thing we do," was Mario's re-  
ply. "But first I'm going to write  
a line to mother. She comes first  
everywhere."

As Lilian looked at her friend  
her face changed. "It's true," she  
cried. "Whether you're in Venice  
or at home, your mother comes first.  
It's no wonder that she always  
looks happy. Well, I don't believe  
I could do anything better than

follow your example."

And so out of the first hour,  
amid scenes of enchantment, came  
two letters, carrying loving mes-  
sages to hearts across the sea.

## New Tricks with Soap Bubbles.

It is easy enough to blow three  
soap bubbles one inside of another.  
It is very simple when you know  
how, and here is the explanation of  
the trick:

In the first place the important  
matter is to have the right kind  
of water to make good bubbles.  
Take some soap containing a large  
amount of glycerine, or better still,  
take one-third of a part of chemi-  
cally pure glycerine and one and  
third distilled water containing a  
little oleic acid natron.

Make two tubes out of rolled  
wrapping paper, covering the paper  
with mucilage on both sides before  
rolling it up. Let one tube be  
about an inch in diameter at the  
outer end and the other two inches.

Whip the water up so that it is  
soapy, and after a little experi-  
menting, if soap is used, the proper  
consistency will be obtained, so that  
the bubbles stand well. Do not  
blow the bubbles in too warm a  
room, as the evaporation bursts  
them. Then cover a plate with a  
thin layer of the soapy water. Blow  
a bubble from the widest tube and  
lay it gently on the plate. Soak  
the other smaller tube in the soapy  
water, so that it is wet some dis-  
tance from the outer end. Then very  
gently insert the tube and blow a  
bubble with it in the large bubble  
already on the plate. Now you have  
two bubbles inside one another.

To make a third, take a  
common claypipe, wet it well on  
the outside in the soapy water, and  
then, inserting it very gently into  
the inner of the two other bubbles,  
blow a bubble, not too large, and  
fill it with smoke through the pipe  
to make it more distinct. Release  
the bubble from the pipe end, with-  
draw the pipe and you have three  
bubbles miraculously inside of each  
other, or at least it seems miracu-  
lous to any one who does not know  
how it is done.

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said Mary, grimly. "If I fed cookies  
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Two movings in one day have been  
all Neal has ever wanted.—Hilda  
Richmond, in S.S. Times.

## Origin of the Moving Pictures.

Although it is true that the mov-  
ing picture machines are of decidedly  
modern invention, the idea, or dis-  
covery, upon which motion photo-  
graphy is based is older than Chris-  
tianity.

In the year 130 B.C. the Egyptian  
scientist, Ptolemy, ascertained that  
the human eye had the property of  
retaining a light, or object, for some  
time after it had vanished from its  
radiancy. To prove this by practical  
demonstration, he traced a color  
line on a section of a piece of glass,  
or glazed surface, after which he  
was able to show that, by revolving  
the glass with great rapidity, he  
could make it appear that the com-  
paratively short color line extended  
completely around it.

While the importance of this dis-  
covery is now recognized, it was the  
middle of the eighteenth century be-  
fore further investigations were made  
along these lines, and practically  
the end of the nineteenth century  
was reached before the experiments  
brought any very tangible results,  
says John R. Meader in the "Bohe-  
mian Magazine."

It is true that, during this period,  
several toys, like the "Wonderdum,"  
were devised to provide parlor tests  
of the duration of objective impres-  
sion upon the eye, but it was not  
until 1877 that the celebrated pho-  
tographer, Muybridge, succeeded in  
actually taking a moving picture.

This was a series of views in which  
the motions of a running horse were  
consecutively shown.

As there was no camera that could  
be used for this purpose, Muybridge  
placed twenty-four cameras side by  
side at the edge of a racing track,  
parallel with a wall facing the sun.

Each camera was provided with a  
rapid snap-shot shutter, operated by  
electricity, these being kept open by  
means of a thin silk thread which  
crossed the track and was fastened  
to the opposite wall. Thus, when  
the horse came down the "stretch,"  
he broke the threads successively,  
and as he snapped the shutters in  
rapid succession the effect was that  
of a continuous picture.

Revolutionary as this experiment  
was from a scientific point of view  
the practicable results were anything  
but satisfactory. As the highly sensi-  
tive plate had not then been invented  
the photographs lacked that sharp  
detail that is so necessary to suc-  
cessful enlargement or reproduction,  
but when, in 1888, the dry plate ap-  
peared, much of this difficulty was  
obviated and motion photography  
ceased to be the dream of theorists.

## A CHAPEL IN EVERY HOUSE.

## REACHING FOR OLD STANDARD

## An Appeal to All Who Worship God.

The following striking editorial  
from the Philadelphia North Ameri-  
can, is a healthy indication of the  
sentiment which is rapidly gain-  
ing ground, that religion is a ne-  
cessary concomitant of every na-  
tion's growth, says the Catholic  
Chronicle.

"Joseph R. Wilson, LL.B., lawyer,  
and layman of the Protestant Epis-  
copal Church, has published a book-  
let under the title of 'A Chapel in  
Every Home.'"

"This editorial is to deal with the  
suggestion of that booklet. Perhaps  
some persons not interested in re-  
ligious life or activities may say  
that editorials on religious subjects  
have no place in a secular news-  
paper, that it is doing quite enough  
for religion when a great daily gives  
up part of its news space to record  
the doings of religious bodies, and  
that the Sunday edition of the  
North American has acquitted itself  
of all obligations to the religious  
side of its readers when it has print-  
ed a weekly sermon that appears at  
the head of this column.

"We might take up these proposi-  
tions categorically and show that,  
as a matter of fair play, religious  
matters do not receive a tithe of  
the consideration that is due them,  
measured simply by the part that  
they fill in the life of the individual  
and the community.

"By having warned our friends to  
whom religious topics may be dis-  
tasteful, we will proceed to view  
Mr. Wilson's idea in the larger sense  
of its potential good to the State  
in the making of a sturdy and high-  
minded citizenship.

"Mr. Wilson's appeal is made to  
all who worship God, irrespective of  
creed or denomination. In its fi-  
nal analysis it is not a new move-  
ment, but a reaching for the old  
standard when religion was not  
something for one day of the week,  
but was part of the life of the fam-  
ily and the individual.

"The religious spirit is necessary  
negative.

"Service is the latter-day test,  
but there is no reason to believe  
that devotion and a sense of re-  
sponsibility to a higher power are  
not potent motives for service in  
humanity. The most striking ex-  
ample of self-effacement in service  
are in the charitable sisterhoods of  
the Roman Catholic Church, and  
these are intensely devotional.

"History teems with proofs that  
the religious spirit has been the  
mainstay of the highest citizenship  
ever developed in man. The patri-  
otism of the Jewish state was  
identical with the religion of the  
Jews. The Greek and Romans were  
devoted to their gods held them  
true. With the decay of Greek and  
Roman religion came the decay of  
Greek and Roman citizenship.

"Closely related to our own his-  
tory is the civic character of the  
Roundheads, whose religious zeal  
encouraged them to take up arms  
against corruption in the state. In  
our own generation we have seen  
the spirit of the ancient Japanese  
religion inspire the nation to sub-  
lime sacrifices against what seemed  
to the rest of the world to be an  
overwhelming foe.

"The value of a religious spirit to  
a nation is almost self-evident. That  
its decadence is a distinct loss,  
marked by civic disintegration, is  
almost indisputable. Proofs of this  
lie on every hand.

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## Unfair Comparison.

## Catholic and Protestant Criminality from Records.

Dom Gilbert Higgins, C.R.L., in  
an article in the Catholic Times,  
Liverpool, says: On the faith of  
old and incomplete statistics the  
number of Catholics compared with  
that of non-Catholic offenders is de-  
clared in the North Middlesex  
Chronicle to be out of all propor-  
tion to the size of the  
Catholic body in England. There  
are, I admit, specious grounds for  
the unsentimental, the unwary and  
the prejudiced swallowing this hackney-  
ed statement. There are solid  
grounds for rejecting, or, at least,  
doubting it.

First—The size of the Catholic  
body, a vital factor in the com-  
parison, is not accurately known  
even by priests.

Secondly—Conviction statistics  
would be more helpful than mere  
gaol returns in establishing the re-  
lative criminality of the Catholic  
and the non-Catholic. It is con-  
ceivable, owing to a circumstance I  
shall dwell on later, that many non-  
Catholics escape with a fine, where  
their Catholic fellow-culprits go to  
gaol. There is no creed register for  
the unimprisoned, though convicted  
offender.

Thirdly—Those engaged in the  
struggle for life, the horny-handed  
sons of toil, not the refined, the  
wealthy, constitute the bulk of  
those who inhabit our prisons. Now  
the Catholic Church in England, for  
reasons obvious to all fair-minded  
students of English and Irish his-  
tory, is largely made up of the  
aforesaid, horny-handed, and conse-  
quently possesses a vaster portion  
of these handicapped strugglers for  
bare subsistence than any of the  
sects. If, then, the prison statistics  
were to show a larger propor-  
tion of Catholic culprits, what wonder?

Fourthly—Regard must be paid  
to the fact that many of the poor-  
er class of culprits are habitual of-  
fenders. Each time, however, they  
are imprisoned, their record is ascer-  
tained, and the same individual may  
appear many times in the denomi-  
nation register. Every appearance is  
assumed to mean a fresh culprit.

In other words, one Catholic may, like  
Falstaff's men in buckram, be multi-  
plied into a dozen, a score, a hun-  
dred.

Fifthly—Should not the quality of  
the crime be taken into account by  
our censurers? Is a brawl to be put  
on a level with a murder, a case of  
pilfering with bogus company-making?  
Is an unfortunate tramp, caught  
sleeping out, to be ranked with  
Ferre, the Fagin of Barcelona?

Sixthly—It should not be for-  
gotten that crime punishable by law  
is not the only criterion of a peo-  
ple's morality or immorality. Pun-  
ishable crime is not always the  
most heinous crime; nay, oftentimes  
it is not. Respectability, as the  
Times puts it, must not be confused  
with morality. "Vice is vice, whether  
it be gross or refined—especially  
refined—but it is a melancholy  
comment on our legislation that the  
former alone, and that only when  
overt, is punishable by human law.

Only those, therefore, who have not  
yet matriculated in the art of whi-  
perine their sepulchres are eligible  
for graduate's honors in our cri-  
minal universities." (Irish Eccl. Re-  
cord p. 400, October).

Those desirous to pursue this sub-  
ject should read the record from  
which I have just quoted.

A Pill That Proves its Value—  
Those of weak stomach will find  
strength in Parmelee's Vegetable  
Pills, because they serve to main-  
tain the healthful action of the  
stomach and liver, irregularities in  
which are most distressing. Dys-  
pepsia are well acquainted with  
them and value them at their pro-  
per worth. They have afforded re-  
lief when other preparations have  
failed, and have effected cures in  
ailments of long standing where  
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stomach and liver, irregularities in



There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose heart and nerves are right. Some constitutional disturbance, worry or disease has so debilitated and irritated the nervous system, that it cannot be quieted.

Calvin Stark, Rosemore, Ont., writes: "About two years ago I began to be troubled with a smothering sensation at night, when I would lie down. I got so bad I could not sleep in the dark, and would have to sit up and rub my limbs, they would become so numb. My doctor said my heart and nerves were responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to try. I took three boxes and could now lie down and sleep without the slightest burning and can rest well. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run down women."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price, by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



