

The Globe and Witness



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"Mediaeval and Modern History"

Its Introduction into Catholic Schools a Calamity

(Buffalo Union and Times.)

"The Mediaeval and Modern History," by J. A. Dewe, A.M., must prove a bitter disappointment for all who expected it to supply the long-felt want of a brief and suitable text-book of history. It is a complete failure. Not only are some of the most important subjects omitted, but whole historic movements are placed in a false light.

The Reformation period, in particular, is altogether misrepresented. In treating of the abuses and scandals on the eve of the Reformation, the different countries drawn into the religious revolt must be dealt with separately. The English clergy and people, v.g., were good and averse to any change of religion. They had to be cheated and bullied out of the faith.

LUTHER'S ATTACK ON INDULGENCES. The presentation of Luther's attack on indulgences could hardly be more unfair and incorrect. The author does not even know what an indulgence is.

CONTROVERSY BETWEEN LUTHER AND ECK. The famous dispute of Leipzig is travestied in the following terms: "The discussion was long and quaint in character. Some of the bystanders, we are told, fell to blows, others slept. On the whole, Dr. Eck, a big man, gifted with a stentorian voice and a remarkable flow of words, seems to have won the day."

THE DIET OF WORMS. Luther at the diet of Worms is represented as a hero. The illustration on page 296, Luther defying the Emperor, the bishops and all the other dignitaries, is an insult to Catholics.

THE PEASANTS' OUTBREAK. Luther's responsibility for the peasants' war is practically denied by the author. All he has to say on that point is this: "It was not long before the peasants seemed to find in Luther's writings a direct encouragement to revolt."

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION. The history of the English Reformation is told in the same unscrupulous way. On page 803 we read: "Henry VIII began to have scruples"

What the Laity are Doing in France.

At this time, when the eyes of the whole Catholic world are turning sympathetically towards the Church in France (writes a correspondent), it may be of interest to your readers to hear a little of the efforts which are being made by the French laity to counteract the secularism of the education of the poor.

The Patronage of S. Joseph Mairieson, established in the parish of Ste. Anne in Paris, was instituted to preserve the virtue and Christianity of the children in the communal schools, from which all moral and religious teaching has been banished by the law of 1881.

The Society opens its doors whenever the communal schools are closed: on all Sundays and Thursdays, and on all festivals, besides during the long annual holidays. The children are expected to attend eight a.m. Mass at the British Church, where an instruction is given them by the curate.

After Mass breakfast is served on festivals, and games are enjoyed until noon. At three p.m. lectures, with magic-lantern slides, and at five benediction. Already 800 boys belong to this one-Society, and numbers of young Catholic laymen teach and benefit them.

In connection with the Patronage of S. Joseph are many other works. There are free meals for the necessitous poor, cooked and served entirely by voluntary help.

as to the legality of his marriage." The truth is that Henry VIII. was incapable of having any scruples. He was a confirmed profligate. Dr. Brewer and other Protestant historians tell us that the "royal scruples" presented no phase of Henry's life but that of his hypocrisy.

Any further remarks on the book are superfluous. We endorse without reserve the withering criticism in which a writer or in the Catholic Fortnightly Review sums up his remarks on this "Mediaeval and Modern History."

Roman Opinion of Encyclical on Modernism.

The Sovereign Pontiff has proved himself a great captain in the latest of his moves against the innovations of "Modernists" within the fold. The great Encyclical has, in an old expression, taken the ground from under the very worst enemies of the Church, namely, those who under the guise of zeal for truth put forth in seductive language and delusive reasoning, their own views in place of the teachings of Jesus Christ, arguing for the progress of faith as well as of science.

The Encyclical has attracted the attention of the world. Proud would be teachers of the Church learn from it that they must not lift up their voices in the Church in any new interpretation of Jesus' words. Those outside the Church who would have cheered these on in their contumacy are astonished at the clearness with which the danger ahead and his strong grasp of the helm with which he steered clear of it.

"Still He guides who guided Her Two thousand years ago." From all parts of the world letters and telegrams of gratitude and loyalty are coming in to the encouragement of the Holy Father. The covert enemies of the divinity of Christ are dismayed at this intellectual battle offered them by a mere churchman, for they never suspected Pius X. to be a great leader of the world.

As the great white Shepherd of Christendom, he has saved once again his world-wide flock from the inroads of the wolf in sheep's clothing. "Vox Urbis says of the Encyclical in "Home": "The measures adopted by Our Holy Father to prevent the further growth of this heresy are as practical as they are severe."

Readers of the Encyclical will note with interest the Holy Father's reference to the establishment of a new institute for the advancement of science. We have reason to believe that before long another papal document will announce the formation of a special commission of Cardinals, with a body of learned consultants, especially dedicated to promote science in all its branches.

Miss A. E. Murphy is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Martin Murphy, of this place. Mr. David O'Callaghan, of Cryster, Ont., visited Mayo last week. Mr. Jerry McAndrews and Miss Lillian McGuire visited Mrs. J. Donnelly Sunday last.

MAYO NEWS. Miss A. E. Murphy is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Martin Murphy, of this place. Mr. David O'Callaghan, of Cryster, Ont., visited Mayo last week. Mr. Jerry McAndrews and Miss Lillian McGuire visited Mrs. J. Donnelly Sunday last.

Death of Newman's Successor.

(Pittsburg Observer.) Catholic literature has suffered a loss by the death of Father Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, Cardinal Newman's successor as Father Superior of the Birmingham Oratory.

To many Father Ryder was chiefly known by his association with Cardinal Newman. And his name, it will be remembered, is written large in that memorable passage at the close of the "Apologia," where, as George Eliot justly said, Newman made music of the very names of the Oratory Fathers: "I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast day, and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this house, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory."

But apart from this connection with Cardinal Newman, Father Ryder's name is worthy of honorable remembrance for his own sake and for his services to Catholic theological literature. His works, it is true, do not fill a large space in our libraries, nor are they of a kind likely to win a wide popularity.

This may be clearly seen in the case of the book by which he is best known, the "Catholic Controversy," which he put forth in reply to the late Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons Against Joining the Church of Rome." This careful consideration of most of the main difficulties in our Church history and polemical theology was obviously no task lightly undertaken for its own sake, or as a literary and theological exercise.

It owed its origin to the necessities of the hour, and to the vigorous attack of the agile Anglican controversialist. It was necessary that some one should come forward to answer the assailant. And happily Father Ryder felt it to be his duty to undertake the thankless office.

The publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia received the following letter from a non-Catholic, which is a fair example of the letters received daily giving an expression of opinion of their publication: Ripley Hutcheon, Editor of Harper & Brothers' Publications, New York.

shown in these pages invests the work with a consequence that no historian or well educated general reader can afford to ignore. "As an author and an editor familiar with the making of books, I should like to express my admiration of the worthy and dignified aspect of the volume which I have received. The typography, illustrations, printing, paper and binding are a credit to American bookmaking, just as the quality of the text is assuredly a credit to the scholarship of the Roman Catholic Church in America."



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Clupeco shrunk "Arrow Brand" Collars in 1/4 sizes.

Michael Davitt as a Linguist.

The late Michael Davitt spoke German and French as fluently as English, and used often to relate that he owed his proficiency in the French language in large measure to his imprisonment in Portland. The prison had been used for the incarceration during the Napoleonic wars of a Frenchman gave the prison authorities for the recreation of his fellow-countrymen a choice assortment of the best French authors.

This office is prepared to do all kinds of printing on short notice and at reasonable prices.

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Catholic Encyclopedia.

The publishers of the Catholic Encyclopedia received the following letter from a non-Catholic, which is a fair example of the letters received daily giving an expression of opinion of their publication: Ripley Hutcheon, Editor of Harper & Brothers' Publications, New York.

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HOUSE AND HOME
Conducted by Helene.

If marriage meant the wedding of a saint and an angel, there would be no problems to solve, no perfection to attain, no progress to make.

The spirit of compromise does not mean a continuous performance in the way of self-surrender and self-sacrifice; it does not mean ceasing to be a voice and becoming an echo.

FRENCH HATS.

With autumn comes the love for warm coloring, and never have hats been more effective than this year.

The smart French women have discarded curls and puffs for braids, which are worn around the head in German fashion.

The small or serviceable hats have more severe outlines and are of every shape that a clever milliner can twist a felt hat into.

OUT OF TUNE.

The world is too much with us; late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

PACK YOUR OWN TRUNK.

"I never will let any one else pack my trunks for me again," said the girl who had just received from her

things didn't even have the sense to go overboard. I mean the stockings and the sponge—of course not the men.

With the revival of the old-fashioned embroidery stitches and markings there has come about a desire among the women devoted to fancy needlework to possess samplers just like those that were once used as patterns for all sorts of stitches and designs.

The modern sampler may or may not differ in some of its essential features from the sampler of a century or more ago. Those who have a fondness for accuracy use even the same kind of foundation upon which they cross stitch alphabet and rows of fancy stitches.

It is intended by the woman who makes her own sampler that it shall be framed and have a place of honor on the wall, possibly by the side of a sampler which dates back to the nineteenth century.

Like her royal grandmother, we are informed in the article in one of the current magazines, the English Queen of Spain is an early riser, and the breakfast with the king is a very pleasant time for the young couple.

Moreover, the young queen is much occupied at home in working for the poor, and when a priest draws her attention to any object of charity, she is sure he will receive the royal sympathy and support.

The English 5 o'clock tea has become quite an institution in the royal palace. The king generally returns from his shooting at this time, and when he has been accompanied in the Casa de Campo by his aunt, the Infanta Isabel, and his brother-in-law, the Infante Ferdinand of Bavaria, it is quite a family gathering for the queen mother and the Infanta Maria Teresa generally join the young sovereigns at this time.

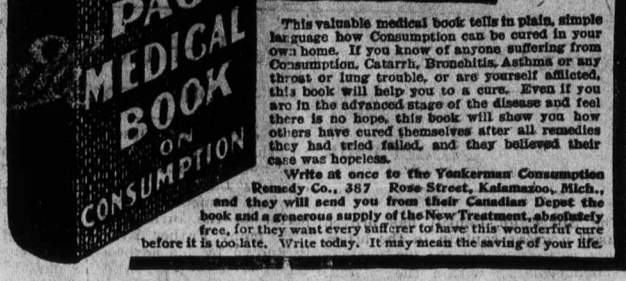
Queen Victoria's love for music is a great resource to her, and in the evening the king, who is proficient in pianoforte playing, likes to listen to his young wife as she renders her old favorite pieces on the piano, on which instrument she is like her mother, the Princess Henry of Battenberg, a skilled performer.

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Although good sunning is the best thing in the world for the hair, it is not, particularly good for it, to be dried in the sun after shampooing. The sun seems to make each individual hair stand out separate from the others, and, as a consequence, it is difficult to arrange it nicely.

The washing of ribbons is not always attended by the best results. The following is a milliner's method and most successful, says the Detroit News-Tribune: Put the rib-

Consumption Book
FREE



To Queen Victoria, who is so fond of children, the king's little motherless nephew and niece are a great delight, and on returning from her drive in the morning, she often pays a visit to the apartments of the little 'infants.'

THE SPEAKING VOICE.

"Fine words butter no parsnips," runs an old saying; but one may question whether it is as true as it is old.

Ever since the tribute of poor, distracted Lear to his dead Cordelia, the voice "soft, gentle and low," has been esteemed "an excellent thing in woman," and to-day there is especial timeliness in a plea for the refined breeding, not only in women of gentle breeding, but in those who, far and wide in this land—behind counter and in kitchen and on the street—shriek and yell at a helpless, suffering public.

There is often, if not always, some sort of an examination by which it is sought to test the fitness of girls who wish to be clerks or waitresses, but no one ever thinks to ask one question which ought to be asked: "Is it pleasant to hear you speak?"

A certain girl who sells stockings in a big city store sets forth their merits in a voice so pleasing that her customers are sure to buy more

SEEING IS BELIEVING. TASTING POSITIVE PROOF that BLUE RIBBON TEA is what you should use in your home

Do any of us women realize how much of our ordinary talk consists of criticism? There is no doubt that it is interesting to watch people, to study their characters and ways, and to communicate our impressions about them to others.

Ruskin says: "The soul's armor is never well set to the heart, unless woman's hand braces it, and it is only when she braces it loosely that the honor of manhood fails." This is a serious charge and true.

SALT WATER FOR THE EYES. Salt water, fairly strong, used regularly several times a day, will wonderfully strengthen the muscles of the eyes.

SUNNING THE HAIR. Although good sunning is the best thing in the world for the hair, it is not, particularly good for it, to be dried in the sun after shampooing.

HOW TO WASH RIBBONS. The washing of ribbons is not always attended by the best results. The following is a milliner's method and most successful, says the Detroit News-Tribune: Put the rib-

WITH THE POETS

LINKS WITH HEAVEN. Our God in Heaven, from that holy place, To each of us an angel guide has given; But mothers of dead children have more grace, For they give angels to their God and heaven.

How can a mother's heart feel cold or weary, Knowing her dearest self safe, happy, warm? How can she feel her road too dark or dreary, Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding, Our God forgot, our holy Saints defied; But can a mother hear her dead child pleading, And thrust those little angel hands aside?

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever Nearer to God by mother love—we all are blind and weak, yet surely she can never, With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall.

She knows that when the mighty angels raise Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone Is hers forever, that one little praise One little happy voice, is all her own.

We may not see her sacred crown of honor, But all the angels flitting to and fro Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her As mother of an angel whom they know.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet— The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings A little chant to please them, slow and sweet, Or smiling strokes their little folded wings:

Or gives them Her white lilies or Her beads To play with—yet, in spite of flowers or song, They often lift a wistful look that pleads And asks Her why their mother stays so long.

Then our dear queen makes answer she will call Her very soon; meanwhile they are beguiled To wait and listen while she tells them all A story of Her Jesus as a child.

At, Saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will And pity for their weak and erring brothers;

ARE YOU CRITICAL? Do any of us women realize how much of our ordinary talk consists of criticism? There is no doubt that it is interesting to watch people, to study their characters and ways, and to communicate our impressions about them to others.

THE AUSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR. Among seven distinguished men who were to speak at the opening exercises of a new school was a professor well known for his lapses of memory.

THEY WAKE THE TORPID ENERGIES. Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear.

FUNNY SAYINGS. GETTING ON FAMOUSLY. Rodney, who was six years old, and small for his age, made his first appearance at school one bright Monday morning, entering the school room just as the bell rang, and plumping himself down in the first vacant seat that caught his eye.

A GINGHAM Little Miss Margaret town, And wore such a lovely dress, That it made Elizabeth sink To think that she had ham pink.

The doorway opens on a crumpled line, Whose windy sign is creaking overhead With worms and weather where a name has been— Telling the empty title of the dead.

Was he a hind man in his time of gain? Or were his cronies costly to his purse? Had he a good wife? Was she wise or vain? How many mourners followed at his bier?

I asked a barefoot girl, who from the road Silently watched me, conquering her fears, Who had been host of the antique abbey— "Oh, he's been dead," she said, "for years and years."

I asked the countryside, and no one knew I asked the wasted signboard overhead, And heard the hinges and the wind that blew, Crying the empty title of the dead.

His ledger broken, debt and debtor gone, His corner dark with rotteness and rust, Somewhere mine host was paying flesh and bone To lengthen out his lodging in the dust.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID AT EVENING. Rest, life and be still. The task of the day is done, What you have sown God trusts to the soil, rain and the sun. His thought of days that are yet to be, What you have dreamed in the sheaves of eternity.

Rest, life, and be still. God gave this the night—sweet boon! Truth lives in eternal day—like the sun, in eternal noon. Touch, O soul, the soul of the infinite, patient God. Who plants the seed of the ages in the moment's mouldering sod.

Rest, life, and be still. God gave this sunset hour That, watching, you might feel the peace of His quiet power. In lights and colors of life no dusk of death can mar. God plants this day in heaven, and over it hangs a star.

Weeks—That man Claver is a shrewd fellow. Sweet—Why? Weeks—He gave a lawn mower party yesterday and had the guests out the grass.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Sure Regulators—Mandrake and Dandelion are known to exert a powerful influence on the liver and kidneys, restoring them to healthful action, inducing a regular flow of the secretions, and imparting to the organs constitutive power to perform their functions. These valuable ingredients enter into the composition of Farmale's Vegetable Pills. There are few pills so effective as they in their action.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

A GINGHAM DRESS.

Little Miss Margaret came out from town. And wore such a lovely gown. That it made Elizabeth Ann's heart sink.

But when they went out to play, oh dear! Elizabeth Ann thought it very queer for they couldn't do this and they couldn't do that.

They couldn't play at all near the water line, Miss Margaret's shoes were so very fine.

But all day long they sat in state, and they couldn't do nothin' but draw on a slate.

Said Elizabeth Ann, as safe in bed she tucked the quilts most over her head.

THE CROWDED BRAIN.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Son," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, haven't you?" "Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?" "Don't know, sir."

"Put them in?" "No, of course you can't put them in. You said you didn't know why you fell behind at school, and I will tell you why.

"Why, you're close to where we lunched. It's only just round the bend of this valley. I went there first, and when I couldn't see you, I thought you and papa must have gone already and passed me somehow, but then I saw the gun-bag and I knew that couldn't be."

KING PENGUIN LAND.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

But even when she had got to the foot of the hill and was beginning to ascend it, no uncle had met her, nor could she discover any sign of him, though she reigned in her pony and gazed about her in every direction as far as she could see.

Nothing was to be seen, indeed: there was a wild expanse of rocky hills and marshy valleys, peat-bogs fern, diddlee, all blotted and blurred by a driving mist of rain; and when she shouted as loud as she could—

"Uncle Charles, Uncle Charles!" the wind seemed to seize the words and blow them away in a faint cry.

Suddenly a dreadful idea occurred to her. Suppose her uncle did not come back at all! Suppose the chase had carried him too far, or that knowing his gun to be safe he had not cared to come back through the storm for it, or had forgotten all about it! And indeed the first ones for at that moment Mr. Burnett was a long way off, cantering home through the rain in happy ignorance of the property he had left behind him; and only anxious lest the children should have been far from the settlement before the storm he had seen coming broke upon them.

But even though Hilda did not know this, or the real danger of the situation she was in, the mere idea of being thus abandoned was sufficient to terrify her; and from the bottom of her heart she regretted not having accompanied the others, and decided that the best thing to do now would be to follow them as quickly as possible.

True, she did not know the way; but the hill round the base of which she had watched them disappear was a very peculiarly shaped one, and, as she remembered, was visible from Stanley at the other side, so that once arrived there she would be in sight of the harbor, and could make her way home without difficulty.

What was not so easy, however, was to arrive there. At first she got on pretty well, for the ground was firm, and she was able to keep her pony headed in the right direction; but by-and-by they came to a wide stretch of peat-bog and swamp which Harlequin—who knew more about bogs than she did—utterly refused to cross; and when Hilda found that neither coaxing nor whipping availed to make him change his mind, she was obliged to turn back and try to get around the bog

instead of across it. But the longer and more circuitous route took her much farther out of her way than she expected; and when she at last emerged from the swampy valley on to dried ground she could no longer see the odd-shaped peak for which she had been heading, and which was her sole landmark.

It was still in sight indeed, but seen from a different point of view it did not look the same; so she again turned her pony's head and made another detour in the hope of finding it, but only to discover that she had in truth lost her way completely and did not even know in what direction she was going.

Unfortunately, in the horror of realizing this fact, she gave her reins a jerk which Harlequin took for a signal to get on; and he forthwith started off with such a sudden bound that Hilda—unprepared for it—lost her balance, and found herself on the ground.

She was not hurt. Indeed by good fortune she had fallen on her feet; and Harlequin seemed so much ashamed of his impetuosity that, instead of making any attempt to run away, he stopped again almost immediately, and allowed her to come up and lay hold of the reins without any resistance.

But to get back into her saddle was quite another matter. Hilda did try, but her foot slipped on the wet spongy soil, and Harlequin sidled a little way off at the same time making the attempt impossible, and when she realized this, and the hopelessness of her position, lost on the edge of a dreary peat-bog miles away from home or any human being, the last remnant of poor Hilda's courage gave way, and leaning her face against the pony's neck, she sobbed and cried without restraint.

Suppose she had to stay there all night—and the nights were already getting very cold now—she might freeze to death before morning came, or anyone found her; freeze while Katie and Totie's curly heads were snugly resting on their pillows, with the warm red glow of the firelight playing both on them and on her own soft little bed, in the pleasant homely room she had so much despised. And if her hands got so numb that she could no longer hold the pony's reins, if he broke from her and ran away, who was to find her at all? She might lie there for ever and ever so long, a poor little dead girl among the wet grass and weeds, and none of them would ever know how sorry she had been for her discontent and ingratitude, and all the trouble she had given them. Oh! if she could but be given time to begin all over again.

Suddenly Harlequin threw back his head and neighed, and at the same moment Hilda seemed to hear a faint far-off cry, though so indistinct and deadened by her own sobs and the rushing of the wind and rain that she almost thought it must be fancy.

There it was again, however, louder and coming nearer as she heard it: Coo-oo-ee! Coo-oo-ee! and the next minute she was able to discern a small dark object a good way off, but getting bigger and bigger each moment; a horse, no a pony, with—wonder of wonders, a girl on it, and there, of all people in the world, was Molly dropping lightly out of the saddle beside her, her round face flushed with buffeting the wind, her short hair hanging in wet elf-locks round her neck, but her eyes bright with joy, as she exclaimed—

"Oh, Hilda, are you hurt? Oh, I'm so very, very glad I've found you!"

Hilda's gladness was still greater, for she could only cling to her cousin, as she had done a moment back



SILVERWARE

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Threat of King of Saxony To Become a Protestant Fails to Molest Holy Father to Grant Him a Divorce. A Rome despatch states that King George of Saxony, like Henry VIII., has failed to frighten Pius X. into declaring his former marriage null and void.

A Great Jesuit College. In the recent intermediate examinations in Ireland the great Jesuit college of Clongowes Wood, near Dublin, acquitted itself in a manner of which it may well feel proud.

99.90% Pure St. George's Baking Powder. That's what makes so satisfactory. It is the purest Cream of Tartar Baking Powder that Science can make. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Advertisement for a product, possibly related to the baking powder, with text describing its benefits and availability.

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1907.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

PAUL, of Montreal

ALL SAINTS AND ALL SOULS.

The members of the Great Church, united in one common belief in the communion of saints will honor to-morrow those holy ones the hidden saints to whom no special day has been assigned, who, after having fought the good fight, are enjoying the bliss of God's eternal sunshine.

Immediately following All Saints comes All Souls, a day set apart for praying for the departed, who have a penalty to pay before they obtain their ransom.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

A lecture on the present religious crisis in France by a member of a Protestant Faculty of Paris, Professor Bonet-Maury, deserves our attention less on account of its eloquence than on account of its inaccuracy, and the misleading impression it conveys.

It is when facts are alloyed with fiction, and reality made to do service to the desire of prejudices or the fancy of the imagination. This present lecture by M. Bonet-Maury is an example of this kind of attack upon the Papacy and the Church.

Government had the right to present names; but nothing more. Some of the names presented were acceptable to the Holy See, others were not.

It seems incredible that a reputable paper, catering to people of all nationalities, should give space in its columns to such trash as the so-called joke which appeared in last Sunday's Standard.

It appears obvious, while quite timely, to remind our readers that their own paper is not the worst thing to support, and if they only show a little good will, they will have a journal of their own second to none.

Mr. Kipling made some friends—as well as some enemies when he gave the advice to "pump in" immigrants to develop Canadian resources.

ONE OF THE LATE QUEEN'S LETTERS.

By permission of King Edward VIII., a collection of the private letters of his mother, the late Queen Victoria, has just been published in London.

about one of the greatest measures ever proposed. I am sure poor Peel ought to be blessed by all Catholics for the manly and noble way in which he stands forth to protect and do good for poor Ireland.

The Maynooth grant was \$120,000 a year, and it continued down to the disestablishment of the Irish church, when it was abolished, and something over \$1,200,000 was given outright to Maynooth college.

STRUGGLE AGAINST "YELLOW" JOURNALISM.

It gives us much satisfaction to note the resolutions recently passed by a Presbyterian minister's association, because they deal with an evil which The True Witness has been calling attention to for a long time.

"We deprecate the recent publication in a local paper of a mass of disgusting scandal in connection with a notorious case. To invade the homes with this moral filth is a breach of confidence and an offense against decency.

Catholic church pulpits have been crying out against the evils of modern "yellow" journalism for years. We would like to see every ministerial association in the land taking the stand quoted in the above resolutions.

FAMOUS MINISTER DOUBTFUL.

Evidently the Rev. Washington Gladden, the famous Congregational minister, is becoming doubtful of what Protestant Christianity is accomplishing in the United States.

In a sensational speech before the National Council of Congregational churches he admits that his church is inoperative as a social force. He regards his church as the Christian church, still he asked:

"Where was the Christian church when the grafters were ravaging the cities and the rebate robbers, and the frenzied financiers and the insurance sharks—were getting in their work?"

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE NEW FREEMAN.

Last week's issue of The New Freeman, our esteemed St. John, N.B., contemporary, makes the announcement of having recently purchased a new and commodious home, accompanying the announcement with a picture showing a handsome three-story and basement building.

HOW BRAMPTON CAME TO ROME.

There died recently a most eminent British judge. He tells us in his "Reminiscences" how he became a convert to the Catholic Church.

me my own free, uncontrolled, uncontrollable action. My reception into the Church of Rome was purely of my own free choice and according to the exercise of my own judgment.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

That the young King of Spain is in failing health is quite apparent, he already having been operated upon in order, if possible, to stay the dread malady which carried off his father at so early an age.

Up to a short while ago Clifden, in County Galway, Ireland, was the most isolated spot in the world. It had no railway communication with anywhere, and to get to the place one had to ride forty miles on an outside car, generally through rain most of the journey.

Saint-Saens, the composer, has been paid a singular tribute by the Socialists of the Ain Department in France, who evidently consider him a canonized saint.

The marriage of Marion Crawford's eldest daughter, Miss Elenore Crawford, with M. Pietro Rocca, of Naples, will take place in January at Sorrento.

The Italian Catholics continue to organize their forces. A meeting of the Catholics of Mantua was held recently to consider what attitude should be adopted toward the political parties and to take measures for interesting the young in social questions.

During a great earthquake in Calabria, Italy, the Cathedral at Gerace was crushed into ruins.

Restless Babies.

If your little one is restless and cross it is more than likely the trouble is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, and if Baby's Own Tablets is given the child will soon be bright and cheerful, and when the mother gives her child this medicine she has the guarantee of the government analyst that it contains no opiate or poisonous drug.

FRENDS TO TWO.

Some little girls were boasting of their respective families. They had passed from clothes to personal appearance and finally came to parental dignity.

"STERLING" The Trade Mark Found on all Products of this Company. The Guarantee of Quality. Canadian and American Illuminating and Lubricating Oils, Prepared Paints, White Lead, Colors, Painters' Supplies, Varnishes.

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Where to Dine in the City. ST. ELMO RESTAURANT. Corner McGill and Recollet. Now is the time for a good hot dinner and not only hot but the best 25c meal in the City.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS FOR ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUB. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS. Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS.

Agents Wanted. We want agents. We want to push our circulation. It will make you popular to work for a paper everywhere popular and well liked. We will pay high commission. Write us today.

Holy Land, Rome, Lourdes, and Loretto. A Pilgrimage to the above together with a grand tour of Egypt and the south of Europe is offered by McGrane's Catholic Tours, 187 Broadway, N. Y. City, to leave New York, Jan. 16, 1908. Write for particulars.

The So... Notice is hereby given for the period of four weeks that the same will be published on and after Monday, December, both days in... BY C...

What France is Subs... Hodonism, or the doctrine of drink and merry, for you die, is what they are substituting in France for M. Paul Meunier, a Frenchman, was recently asked to address to the children of the Aube who had their certificates of study speech may be thus: "Boys and girls, amuse procure yourselves pleasure possible means. Do not be the men in black, who are joys."

Two Horns of the D... The New England Journal of Education pays this tribute to the work of the Catholic Church in a religious education text book: "There is one Church makes religion an essential part of the education of the child in which the mothers teach to the infants at the breast lullaby songs, and whose hoods and priests, sister nuns imprint their religion as indelibly as the diamond the hardest glass. They impart faith in the touch. A wrong, are they stupid, ignorant, that they found schools, convents, colleges, religion is taught? Not if it is worth more than a dog human soul, with eternity ration, is of more value than span of animal existence. If they are right then we are then we are foolish."

A New Indulgence... In a document dated 1907, His Holiness Pope Pius X grants an indulgence of 300 days to all those who devoutly recite the following: Sacred Heart of Jesus live in Thy love for me. Devotion is an act of faith. It is a remedy for tears against the Providence of God.

No Entertainments in Church... Bishop Thomas D. Beaven, of the Springfield, Mass., diocese, ordered that the churches under his supervision must stop hold entertainments in the churches.

New Redemption College. Last Friday marked the opening of the new Theological College Redemptorists at Bayswater, Ontario. The dedication ceremony was formally made by Archbishop Hamel, assisted by Monsignor Lamer, in the presence of many of the clergy. The new institution is attended by about twenty students for the priesthood, was erected by the Redemptorists who selected Bayswater after removal from Ste. Anne de last year. The staff at present composed of Father Lamontagne, and Fathers Trudel, Parent, Rochet, Dubar, Garrahan, Derrievae, Philosophy, theolo the other ecclesiastical subjects.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. A PILGRIMAGE TO THE ABOVE TOGETHER WITH A GRAND TOUR OF EGYPT AND THE SOUTH OF EUROPE IS OFFERED BY McGRANE'S CATHOLIC TOURS, 187 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY, TO LEAVE NEW YORK, JAN. 16, 1908. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.

SOCIETY—Established 1866; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Lawrence Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, Montreal. Monday of the month last week. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. P.P. President, 1st Vice-President, 2nd Vice-President, Secretary, W. J. J. Recording Secretary, T. P.

A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of 'The Land of Longworth,' 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'The Ghost in Hamlet,' Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A Proposal. It was Mr. Percival's private opinion that Katharine would be entirely spoiled by her entrance into that charmed circle which people call 'society,' and which was only one of a hundred circles calling themselves by that name. He was interested in her, he regretted, though that she had not had better preparation for life, for it was his opinion, too, that convent training left a young woman without the self-dependence necessary in this world-of-to-day. She was a study; he had never met anybody like her and he determined to watch the effect of the new life on her and to stop in and avert disaster, if it should be necessary.

Deverill's poet, you know, he is from Boston—poets don't grow in Philadelphia, you know—listen!—'Oh, I assure you it's quite different over there.' Biddy was saying in a high voice—'nobody ever carries a package in the streets of Dublin. People here don't seem to mind it.' Katharine was disappointed at this; she strained her hearing to hear the golden words the poet was evidently about to utter.

Katharine was terrified at the young man's boldness. 'Do hurry—they'll find you out!' 'I don't think they will—if they do they will be too well-bred to say so here. If somebody doesn't talk, I shall have to be brilliant again!' 'I think you have been brilliant enough for one night. Do you really arrange topics of conversation in that way before you go out?' 'I have to,' said her neighbor gravely. 'I can't talk shop, you see—gargoyles, and oriel windows, and front elevations would not do. For instance,' he continued, with a glimmer of mischief in his eyes, 'in order to vary my conversation, I glanced at an American dictionary of biography and fell by chance upon the De—Depeux. That reminded me of an anecdote told by Mr. Chauncey Depeux. I change it a little and it fits me!' 'Oh, don't!' said Katharine, laughing in spite of herself.

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

hand and announced the minut. 'Now she will surely make a fool of herself,' murmured her aunt, putting up her eyeglass. But no—with crimson cheeks and bright eyes she glided over the floor with the grace of a swan, and when it came to the courtesy, Mr. Percival said—'By Jove, those nuns have preserved for their pupils all the old grace of Versailles!' Katharine enjoyed it thoroughly; and the great tinselled fan she received in the last figure pleased her mightily; it should go the first thing in the morning to her little Spanish pot at the convent. Mrs. Sherwood gained courage as Katharine's grace in the minut was remarked and began to explain that it was Katharine's first appearance; she had never been 'brought out' formally.

'Well, she is very much out,' said Mrs. Worth cordially, 'and if Ferdinand Carey's eyes mean anything, she will soon be out of your chaperonage, Mrs. Sherwood.' Mrs. Sherwood smiled, but looked anxious; she preferred that Wirt Percival should be the man; a glance at him reassured her; he was fanning Katharine with his three-cornered hat, while a band of zithers stationed behind a group of orange trees played the licker Katharine had sung. Which would it be? Mr. Dillon sulked in a corner of the room, and the poet was writing an autograph on May Worth's fan—Mrs. Sherwood saw with relief that the detriments were out of the way.

ROOF RIGHT NOW. There is one roof that saves money because it will last 25 years. Guaranteed in writing for 25 years. 'OSHAWA' GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES. This roof saves you work because it is so easy to put on (do it yourself with a hammer and saw), and save you worry because they are proof windproof and weather-proof the building they cover. Write us about it and hear all about ROOFING RIGHT NOW.

An excellent man in Scotland took a circuitous route in seeking to demonstrate that the absorber of Jonah really was the leviathan of the deep. First he showed that the possessor of the swallow was not a tiger, nor a lion, nor any other quadruped. What 'fush' then, was it? 'Ablins a cod,' some of you may say," he remarked. "Na, na, ma friends," he went on, "no 'a' the cod in the Moray Firth could have swallowed in the prophet Jonah. 'Ablins a salmon,' some others o' ye a'ly say. Na, na, ma friends, no 'a' the salmon in the Tay could have swallowed up Jonah." An old lady, fidgeting in the congregation, here burst in with "Ablins a whale!" 'Faud your tongue, ye and doevil!' quoth the pastor. "Hoo dar ye tak' the word o' the Lord out o' the mouth o' his servant?"

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk. HELP! HELP! HELP! the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation? The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE. What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of many is becoming weak, such the need of teaching the full extent of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very uphill struggle here on behalf of this Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned. IT RESTS WITH YOU to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of 'littles' means a great deal. Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal. 'May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.' ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address— FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony. THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA. Constant prayers and good works for Benefactors.

DOES YOUR HEAD Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered? As Though It Would Crack Open? As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes? Terrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache! BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Put the Blood in Condition By the Restorative Blood Forming Properties of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is weakness that causes most of our sufferings—weakness of the heart, weakness of the liver, kidneys and bowels. The result is feelings of languor and depression, and impaired action of the vital organs, headaches, indigestion, spells of dizziness, and weakness, sleeplessness, irritability, and a general rundown condition of the system. Put the blood in good condition by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and you have a foundation for health to build on. Weakness and disease will give way to new strength and vigor, and languor and discouragement will yield to new hope and happiness. Mr. Ferguson, Lily Oak, Ont., writes: 'As a result of the severe winter and an attack of la grippe, I was all run down this spring. I soon improved very much by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and though sixty years of age I am able to do a man's work on the farm following a team. I believe that I owe my good health to the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.' Mr. George Beattie, Carr's Brook, Colchester Co., N.S., writes: 'Last spring I was very much run down, felt tired all the time, and did not seem to have life or energy enough to do my work. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food did me a world of good and made work a pleasure to me. I have not had occasion to use any medicine since, and have recommended Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to all my friends. 'We always keep Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in the house to better than for constipation pains in the back and stomach troubles.' By means of good blood only can Nature make weak people strong, and Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of the most powerful blood-forming elements known to medical science. Every dose is bound to be of some benefit to you: 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE. An excellent man in Scotland took a circuitous route in seeking to demonstrate that the absorber of Jonah really was the leviathan of the deep. First he showed that the possessor of the swallow was not a tiger, nor a lion, nor any other quadruped. What 'fush' then, was it? 'Ablins a cod,' some of you may say," he remarked. "Na, na, ma friends," he went on, "no 'a' the cod in the Moray Firth could have swallowed in the prophet Jonah. 'Ablins a salmon,' some others o' ye a'ly say. Na, na, ma friends, no 'a' the salmon in the Tay could have swallowed up Jonah." An old lady, fidgeting in the congregation, here burst in with "Ablins a whale!" 'Faud your tongue, ye and doevil!' quoth the pastor. "Hoo dar ye tak' the word o' the Lord out o' the mouth o' his servant?"

And every body laughed. "Now you may be brilliant," Dillon said to Katharine, "suppose you make yourself the heroine of the George Washington cherry tree episode. I'll lend up to it, if you like. I'll ask, Were you ever in Virginia? and you can say, 'When I was in Virginia I had a cherry tree and a little hatchet, and—'"

