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Ireland's Demand For Self-Government.

John Redmond Pronounces England's Rule of Ireland a Failure and Disgrace.

In a recent address at Cleator Moor, before the West Cumberland Liberal Association, John Redmond presented Ireland's demand for self-government in a forcible address. He dwelt upon the emigration question, the power of the Irish in the United States, showed how England's interests in Parliament were neglected, and concluded by stating that Ireland's demand for Home Rule has the unanimous sympathy of the whole American nation. The following address in part is taken from the Irish World:

JOHN REDMOND'S SPEECH.

The present system has meant in the past, and I am sorry to say, continues to mean in the present, the drawing away from Ireland of the flower of her sons and daughters. In fifty years four and a half million of Ireland's population has gone down enormously. Every State in Europe has increased its population in the period. You may say that is bad for Ireland, and you may think that it only indirectly injures this country, but it does directly affect you. Those Irish people have not followed the flag. Ninety-seven per cent. of them have gone to America. Look at the work they have done there building railroads, rearing industries, adding to the greatness of America by their strength and intelligence.

Is not that a loss to your Empire just as much as it is a gain to the United States, and don't disguise this fact from yourselves. They have gone from your Empire with their hearts filled with hatred of the system of rule which drove them forth, and they are to-day largely bitter enemies of your country. I know America, and the Americans. I have conversed with men of all parties in America, and I tell you that one thing in the way of a great alliance between America and England is the existence of the Irish question. So long as it remains unsettled, so long will the Irish in America prevent that alliance, and they have the power to prevent it.

VITAL QUESTIONS AFFECTING THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

The present system means the breakdown of your Parliamentary institutions. There is nothing more remarkable to any one who has sat for the last few years in the House of Commons than the growing inability of the Parliamentary machine to turn out work. It is easy to exemplify that. If any great measure like the Budget is brought forward, if there is any pressing Imperial question like the South African War, it occupies the entire time of Parliament for the whole year, and every other measure is put upon the shelf. Just think of the multitude of great social reforms waiting in your own country to be dealt with. Why are they waiting? Because there is no time and they are accumulating—all those English questions, all those Scotch and Welsh, all those Irish questions, one on top of the other and there is an absolute block in the House of Commons. If the House were to sit every hour of the day and every day of the year, there would not be time to consider or to deal adequately with a hundredth part of all these questions waiting for discussion. That is quite natural. It is inevitable.

Turn to the experience of other countries. I won't ask you to look at America with its House of Representatives and State Legislatures. Take the example from your own Empire. There are only six millions of people in Canada, and they have eight Parliaments. Each one of these is as busy as it can be attending to the needs of its own district. There is work for them all; but here in the Imperial Parliament you are endeavoring to do in Assembly all the local business of the teeming millions of England—education, land taxation, and I know not what; and also all the questions affecting Scotland, Wales and Ireland. In addition to that, you are endeavoring, in one Assembly, to do all the work of your Empire, to govern hundreds of millions of people in India and throughout the world, and to control all your relations with other Powers. It is an impossibility. I tell you that Ireland is suffering more to-day from this Parliamentary breakdown than from anything else.

THE IRISH QUESTION BLOCKS THE WAY.

I tell you people, who call yourselves democrats, and who think

ago you were conferring Home Rule on South Africa, and I met the South African leaders in London. Before than an Imperial Conference of representatives of all the colonies took place in London, and I met all the Prime Ministers of your colonies and dominions—Sir Wilfrid Laurier from Canada, others from Africa, Australia, New Zealand. They all came to us. It was a remarkable occasion. They accepted the invitation of the Irish Party. All the Prime Ministers of your Empire sat round a table, and they all expressed their sympathy with our movement and their desire to see the Irish people get the same Home Rule that they enjoyed.

Am I not right in saying that the maintenance of the present system in Ireland brings discredit on the Empire in the minds of the nations of the world, and especially on the self-governing nations within the Empire itself? Have I not shown to you that its unity, in its public credit, in its military strength, its moral strength, and even in pounds, shillings and pence, the settlement of this Irish Question would be the greatest blessing to England and to the Empire. What is the objection? It is some undefinable fear of the Irish character and of the Irish people. If you ask an Englishman—that is my experience—who is hostile or doubtful about Home Rule, that is what he will say. He does not trust especially the Irish members of Parliament. Ask him exactly what he fears. He cannot give you a definite reply. He cannot put this fear and distrust into words.

NOT ONLY TOLERANCE, BUT GENEROSITY.

Do they fear intolerance? I gave facts and figures at Barrow and I will not repeat them. That is the fear in their secret hearts, though they don't like to admit. They fear that the Protestant minority will not get fair play under Home Rule. I beg of them to look at the facts and figures I quoted, or make for themselves some inquiry into the working of local government in Ireland. They will find that whilst the Catholics, who are in a minority in a few countries in the North of Ireland, do not get fair play from the Protestant majority, the Catholic and Nationalist majority in every other part of Ireland give the Protestant and Unionist minority fair play. They could have wiped out that minority on local affairs and local appointments had they been animated by any spirit of intolerance. The fact is that every where officials are appointed without regard to their religion where they are considered the best qualified. There is not only tolerance, but generosity.

We are described as a disloyal people. Yes, the Irish are intensely disloyal to a system forced upon them by another country, just as Englishmen would be if they were governed by a Parliament sitting in Paris with the majority of Frenchmen. The present system depends upon force. So far as that force is material it would not be diminished by Home Rule, but England would be far stronger towards her maintenance of the integrity of her Empire that she is now, because she would have that moral force which would spring from having done the right thing. We are called turbulent, rebellious, unreasonable, violent, irresponsible people, but no one will say we are a nation of idiots. I suggest for your consideration this argument—unless the Irish people are a nation of fools and idiots such as the world has never seen, they would not be likely, if they got Home Rule, to run the risk of losing it again.

NO RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.

As we have no responsibility for the government of Ireland, we must agitate, we must push our cause along, often at great risk and even of suffering to ourselves. You cannot expect us to put on the manner of statesmen, but put the steadiness of those who have responsibility upon us and from the moment you give freedom to Ireland, from the moment you give us a constitution like those of Australia, of Canada, of the Transvaal, that moment we will settle down. We will abandon the arts of agitation. We will devote all our energies, all our heart and soul, to the effort to make the new Constitution work, to make it permanent, and make it lead to the improvement of the country. Is it not worth while to take the risk? I believe there is no risk. The risk lies in the maintenance of the present system, but if you honestly think there is a risk, remember that some element of risk lurks in every great reform.

One of our political parties has as its creed that there is risk in every reform. I have heard every reform for the last thirty years denounced as certain to lead to the ruin of the Empire. You must either continue the present system, which every one admits is a failure, or take the other course. That is the risk. There is no half way house. You must go on with poverty, depopulation, coercion, disloyalty,

The Centenary of William E. Gladstone.

A Tender Tribute of Appreciation to the Loyalty and Statesmanship of the Grand Old Man.

William Ewart Gladstone was born in Liverpool, on the twenty-ninth day of December, 1809, of Scotch parents. His father, Sir John Gladstone, Bart., who was born in Leith, Scotland, went to Liverpool, as an assistant to a firm of corn merchants. He soon rose to a partnership in the firm, and, in time, became one of the great merchant princes of the city on the Mersey. Lady Gladstone (a Miss Robertson) had Gaelic blood in her veins. From her Gladstone, the statesman, must have inherited his literary gift such as it was; while, if he shone as a maker of world-renowned budgets, and successfully managed the imperial money, he owed it to his father's shrewdness and care of detail. That was, indeed, a happy blending of character, genius and temperament that could give the world such a man as the Grand Old Man of England was.

At the age of thirteen William Ewart, the youngest son, was sent to Eton, where he spent six years. Though he did not carry off the honors of his class, yet he left a good record for work and behavior after him. It was while there he made his first attempt at journalism, editing the college paper—a task luckily permitted and encouraged at such schools as Eton. The seventh year of his studies he spent at home under private tutelage; then he entered Christ Church, Oxford, where after a brilliant course of three years he graduated with a double first. He was one of the leaders of the "Union," which later proved to have been the nursery of many of the great Victorian leaders of church and State, but especially the latter.

Oxford was the soul of England in Gladstone's day, the ghost of the Establishment, and the novitiate of the Empire. Wordsworth's first sonnet on the school, written May 30, 1820, spoke classic England's mind: "Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth! In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours, The air of liberty, the light of truth; Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth: Yet, O ye spires of Oxford! domes and towers! Gardens and groves! your presence overpowers."

Thus throughout the fourteen verses, each lamb of the pentameter laden with the atmosphere in which Newman became a leader and iconoclast, but which kept Gladstone entranced to the end. It was while at Christ Church, with Pusey and

HOME RULE IS A NECESSITY FOR IRELAND.

The Irish people are by nature faithful and loyal. History proves that. They fought for English kings when the English deserted them. We are not loyal. Give us something to be loyal to. You talk about conciliating the colonies. All the colonies put together are not of as much value to you as a prosperous and contented Ireland would be. Why cannot the English people and English statesmen apply the same common sense to Ireland that they bring to bear upon their relations with their colonies? Home Rule is a necessity for Ireland. I have not touched upon that aspect of the question. I have tried to interest you in it from the point of view of your own interest in it, and I have only touched the fringe of the many considerations that arise. Once the English people are aroused to consider the question in all its bearings the cause is won. Then we may see England and Ireland each self-governed, each prosperous, each happy and contented, working out a great future for themselves.

Manning, that William Ewart became imbued with the spirit of Establishment, which spirit he never cast off, even when he called for Disestablishment in Ireland, and when he introduced the Catholic Disabilities Bill. Irish Disestablishment cost him Queen Victoria's deep friendship, it is true; but, when she told him that as Queen of England she could not sign the Bill, he told her that he, the People of England, demanded that she do so.

He entered public life as a Tory, but, like Sir Robert Peel, he changed with the years, under the spell of sincerity. In 1847, he was returned for Oxford, his Alma Mater, which he represented during eight years; his policy on the Irish Church honestly cost him his seat, but his honesty could face the trial, as it faced ten thousand trials, and stood bold and undaunted under the rain of ten thousand accusations. About 1838-41, he published two books which plainly stated his views on the relations of church and State. Lord Macaulay retorted and England was thrown into a national debate. Just at that time, Macaulay had returned from India, where, during four years (1834-38) he had acted as President of the Law Commission, but had found time to continue his contributions to the Edinburgh Review. Again, at that time, he was desirous of devoting his time to a lifelong project, as present to his ambitions throughout as his Epic to Milton, namely, the History of England from the accession of James II, to a time which is in the memory of men yet living. In 1847, he lost his seat for Edinburgh, to which he was elected in 1839, and, although returned again in 1852, his parliamentary life may be said to have terminated with the reverse of 1847. In the year of his overthrow Oxford returned Gladstone for the first time, as was its natural tribute to its champion, he having stood for the claims of Anglicanism, while Macaulay voiced the opposition of the Non-conformists. In 1852, Gladstone, in opposition, took up the cudgels against Disraeli, Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and so unremotely did he fight that his opponent soon fell on the financial policy he had defended. With the advent of Gladstone began the series of brilliant budgets which have stirred the world and the press of nations.

It was at this time that he denounced the Neapolitan prisons, and forced the King of Naples to reform the prison state of his country. In 1853, the war of the Crimea broke out, and that while Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer. Accusations rained upon him from the enemy's camp, although he had tried to do his best, under the pressure of trade conditions enough to crush any man but himself. Later he denounced the war, and declared it to have been an infamy for France and England in the face of Europe.

He it was who introduced the Income Tax Bill while President of the Board of Trade, under Sir Robert Peel, a fact which prepared the Repeal of the Corn Laws, in 1845. In 1844, he gave England the penny mileage on her railways; while 1845 saw him Secretary of the Colonies. In 1858 he repealed the duty on paper; 1860, he afflu Cobden carried out the first commercial treaty with France; in 1861 he founded the Post Office Savings Bank. In 1866, he introduced the first Reform Bill, but having been defeated, proved his sincerity of purpose by defending Disraeli's new reform bill, the following year. In 1868, he became Prime Minister for the first time, when, with six years after thirty-seven years of strenuous fight and ambition. Then it was he disestablished the Irish Church, and passed the Ballot Bill. Thenceforward the Liberals could depend upon the undying support of those who must refuse to conform to the Establishment. In 1874, however, he stepped down from the Premiership and ceased to actively lead the party, although his followers still went to him for advice, and were goaded on by his pen and the force of his utterance.

In 1880, when seventy-one years of age, he again led the Liberal Party to victory; for the second time he acted as Premier and was again Chancellor of the Exchequer. It was during this administration that he passed the Franchise Bill, which gave a vote to thousands and thousands of the people. In 1886 again, although he had resigned in the year before, his third administration introduced the first bill of Home Rule for Ireland. The action

cost him many of his staunchest friends, and gave Joseph Chamberlain the first chance he had to inflict his opposition on a Premier for reasons none but himself could truthfully explain. Some of the Lords, the Duke of Westminster in particular, became affected with a strange kind of malady known among men of sense as the madness inspired by justice to the detriment of the purse. It must be remembered that Westminster had owed his Dukedom to Gladstone. The Home Rule Bill was thrown out, and the Grand Old Man defeated, even before the country. In 1892, he, however, was returned victorious, formed his fourth and last ministry, passed Home Rule through the Commons, with the backbone of Ireland to the rescue, but saw the House of Lords throw out the measure, the first serious attempt at suicide on their part. He resigned the Premiership, in consequence, and Lord Rosebery took up the position for which he was but poorly fitted by either grace or nature. Gladstone fell while fighting for Ireland, but not until the last faithful son of Ireland's land and people shall have disappeared from the face of the earth shall his name be forgotten and his memory cease to be blessed. We hope one of the first acts of Ireland under coming Home Rule will be to erect a monument in his honor.

In the midst of the stress and turmoil of parliamentary life, Gladstone ever remained a sincere believer in Christ and a staunch child of his church. Notwithstanding the distractions of empire, he gave scholarly works to the world. In 1839 he had married Miss Glynn of Hawarden, a great and good woman who ever stood by the Grand Old Man in joy and woe, until he died in 1897, on Ascension Day, a foreboding, let us hope, of his eternal reward. We are glad that it is in the year of his centenary that Lloyd-George could say, addressing his opponents, "We Have Got Them at Last." Peace to Gladstone and Home Rule for Ireland.

REMARKABLE MIRACLE.

Mr. Martin Hannon, of Quebec, Unable to Walk For Fifteen Months is Miraculously Cured.

The little oratory of St. Joseph, just opposite the College of Cote des Neiges, was the scene on Sunday last of a wonderful manifestation of the gift of faith. Mr. Martin Hannon, of Quebec, who had been seriously injured some fifteen months ago, to the extent, in fact, of being quite unable to move around without the use of crutches, came to Montreal on Saturday last with the intention of visiting the shrine of St. Joseph, and imploring the good Saint's intercession. Accordingly, on Sunday morning, after assisting at Mass at the Church of Bonsecours, he made his way out to Cote des Neiges, and climbed the steep hill, which to him was a very painful task.

It was on the 27th Oct., 1908, that Mr. Hannon met with the accident. He was employed by the C. P. R., and was engaged in unloading blocks of marble from the "Empress of Ireland," when through some carelessness four of the blocks, weighing 3200 lbs, fell upon him, crushing his limbs to a pulp. For six months Mr. Hannon was confined in the Hotel Dieu, Quebec, and he is grateful to the skilful treatment of the surgeon, who, notwithstanding the opinion of several doctors that amputation was necessary, nevertheless refrained from performing the operation.

After six months at the hospital, he returned to his home, but was practically an invalid, having no use whatever of his limbs, and he was fully convinced that science had done everything that could be done and he felt that it would only be a higher Power that could make him well.

Mr. Hannon had heard of Brother André, whose saintliness is becoming so widely known, and who is in charge of the Oratory, so he decided to come to Montreal. In consequence he took advantage of the excursion that ran in last Saturday from Quebec. As was said above, after assisting at Mass, he repaired to the little chapel. Brother André took him to his room and rubbed the mutilated limbs with oil. Then he commanded him to rise and walk. Which he did!

It may easily be imagined with what joy Mr. Hannon realized that his cure had been effected, and he was the recipient of expressions of happiness from his friends at his wonderful recovery. Mr. Hannon returned to Quebec on Tuesday, filled with deep gratitude to St. Joseph. His was indeed an intense faith and it received its just reward.



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Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
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Shane, P.P., President, Mr. E. J.
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retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even-numbered section of Dom-
inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending homestead-
er.

The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:

- (1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the homestead-
er resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his personal
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of the
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon such lands.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be per-
mitted.

Could Not Sleep
In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and
Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman to-
night after night upon a sleepless bed.
Their eyes do not close in the sweet
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.
Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rosemont, Ont.,
writes:—About two years ago I began
to be troubled with a smothering sensa-
tion 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 them. I took three boxes and can
now lie down and sleep without the light
burning and can rest well. I can recom-
mend them highly to all nervous and
run-down women.
Price 50 cents per box or \$3 for 12 boxes
at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt
of price, by the T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE HERO OF SAN JUAN.

By E. Tatum.

"Now where shall I settle myself
for the morning? There are several
friends waiting for cosy confidential
chats—mocking birds nesting in the
orange tree, and the red birds
over yonder in the apple trees. My
inclination leads me to the red birds
because from there I can overlook
my new neighbor's garden. I'll have
to own up to a larger share of curi-
osity than should rightfully belong
to one small person."

Book in hand, Marie Campbell
crossed the grassy terrace and seat-
ed herself in a rustic bench under-
neath a giant apple tree, its blossoms
of delicate pink forming a fragrant
canopy, while all around her
pear and plum trees laden with frag-
rant snow, and the white stars of
the dogwood gleaming against tender
greens. The girl leaned her chin
in her hand and fell into a reverie;
the sweetness and the beauty of it
all enfolding her and sank deep into
her soul, shutting out for a space
the world—the little world or sor-
did cares and mean ambitions.

Suddenly across her vision there
flashed a vivid flame of scarlet.
"Ah, there you are!" she cried,
instantly alert; "I thought you
would soon find me out—and there
is your little mate; you are nest-
building, aren't you?" In seeming
answer to her query the red-bird
dropped down near her feet and,
the apple tree; in a moment he was
picking up a straw, flew high into
the apple tree; in a moment he was
back again, swaying on a pink bough
near her.

"We are old friends, aren't we?"
she said to him, reflectively. "You've
been coming every spring for so long
and you've taught me more than I
ever learned at Madam La Mont's
school. Do you know what is trou-
bling me, little bird? Aunt Marg-
aret wants me to marry Robert
Reid—and he wants me, too. And
I—I don't know what I want."

"No, I don't know—and I'm afraid.
It was love—love and God and nat-
ure—that brought you and your
little mate together; but this is dif-
ferent. You see, I am an orphan
and penniless. I owe Aunt Marg-
aret everything, and Aunt Margaret
has notions. Do you know what
notions are, my friend? I hope
not, for they are such uncomfortable
things."

The birds twittered responsively
and the girl nodded at him approvingly.
"You understand, I know you do.
Aunt Margaret likes him so—he is
rich, awfully rich, and aristocratic,
and I like him very well myself, for
he is really a very fine young man,
but you see love is something dif-
ferent, as I said before."

"Scuse me, but are you talking
to the fairies?" asked a politely in-
quisitive little voice.
The girl started and looked around
her in surprise. "No," she answered
laughing, "but one is talking to
me, I think. Goblin, sprite, elf,
where are you?"

"Up here in this tree!"
A big pecan tree grew up on the
other side of the wall and in its
overhanging branches was perched a
tawny-haired boy.
"Ah, there you are! Well, come
down and pay me a visit and I'll
show you the fairy I was talking
to."

The child slowly swung himself to
the ground and, coming to her side,
gravely lifted his cap and held out
his hand.
"Good morning," he said, with
an odd little accent. "I am Hubert,
and I live next door."

"You are my little neighbor, aren't
you?" she said, making room for
him on the bench.
"Yes—father and I. I live with
father now, you know."

"Your father is such a fine looking
old gentleman," she said, cordially.
"Has such a splendid head."

"The child's face glowed with en-
thusiasm.
"Isn't he grand!" he cried. "Fath-
er is a soldier—he is Captain Ray-
mond Strong." The little figure
drew itself up proudly. "He led a
charge at San Juan and was wound-
ed."

"Yes, I see him always in a wheel
chair. I am very sorry; but I hope
he will soon be well."

Her voice was very tender and
sympathetic. Instinctively he drew
nearer to her.
"Will he never be well," he whis-
pered in an awed tone, "he can
never walk any more."

She did not answer, but put her
arm around the child and held him
close. Presently she said, speaking
brightly, "What a great comfort to
him you must be! You can be
little feet for him, can you not?"
"Yes, and I read to him."

wonder what was become of his
wife?"

In a short time Aunt Margaret re-
turned from her visit, bringing with
her a number of guests, and Marie
was so occupied that for several
days she found no opportunity to
talk with her little friend. But one
afternoon, growing weary of the
gaily and chatter, she picked up a
book and stole to her favorite seat
under the apple tree. Looking in
the invalid's direction, she suddenly
exclaimed:

"She's come!"
Sitting near Captain Strong was
a woman with auburn hair, clasping
Hubert in her arms. They both
looked radiant, but the Captain's
face was hidden by his hand.

"Now—now they will be quite
happy without me," and she walked
slowly and sadly back to the house.
"This is the first day of June,"
she said to herself next morning—
"Hubert's birthday. He has been
telling me of it so long; I am sure
he will be disappointed if he does
not see me to-day."

So, before the household was
astir, she slipped down stairs and
over into the other garden, with
gifts for the child. Save for the
chirping and twittering of the birds
silence enfolded the place—the sound
of flying footsteps nor silvery child-
ish laughter greeted her, and she
wondered at the strangeness of it.
She found the Captain sitting alone
on the vine-covered veranda.

"Good morning, Captain Strong,"
she said brightly; "I have something
for Hubert—where is he?"
Not receiving any answer, she
turned her gray eyes full upon him
and was shocked to see the tragic
despair of his face.

"Oh, what is it?" she cried anx-
iously as she tremblingly laid down
her gifts.
"Didn't you know?" he answered
slowly, controlling his voice with
difficulty. "His mother has taken
him away."

In that simple sentence there
thrilled a deep and patient suffering
that touched the girl's heart with
an answering pain, and her eyes
filled with tears.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she ex-
claimed sympathetically. "I had
hoped, so hoped she had come home
to stay!"

"Come to stay!" he repeated in
bewilderment.
"Yes, your wife, I—"

"My wife!" he interrupted. "Did
you think that? But after all, why
not? It was only natural that you
should. What a fool I was not to
have thought of that possibility!"

Then, seeing her wondering look,
he went on more quietly: "Hubert
was the son of my best friend. His
parents were never happy together,
and separated when he was a baby.
Soon afterwards the Spanish-Ameri-
can war sent our regiment into ac-
tive service and Hubert's father
was mortally wounded. Just be-
fore he died he gave the baby to me
—neither of us dreaming that his
mother would ever want him. She
was a gay, careless young thing,
averse by nature to care or respon-
sibility of any kind, and never loved
the little fellow, and rather re-
sented his existence."

"Perhaps I did wrong to allow
him to call me father, but he was
as dear to me as my own son; and
it prevented unnecessary talk and
gossip to call him by my own
name—but his mother has taken
him away and I am to be alone
the rest of my life."

The tears gathered in the young
woman's eyes, and she dared not
trust herself to speak.
"But I am selfish to lay my grief
on you," he continued, "to mar
your happiness. I'll get along some
way, for I have my books, you
know."

With a cry she flung herself on her
knees by his chair and hid her face
against its arm, sobbing bitterly.
He lifted her gently and begged her
not to grieve for little Hubert and
him.

"You must go," he said, and his
voice was very grave, "and only
remember that you have cast a ray
of light into a darkened life. I shall
be better and stronger for having
known you, and let no thought of
me or my desolation dim your fu-
ture. Go, and God bless you!"

The moon rose fair and glorious in
a clear sky of soft dim blue, and
touched a beloved and silvered head
with its shimmering light. A mock-
ing-bird sang drowsily to his nest-
ings high in the branches of a
steadily pecan, and, uprising mysteri-
ously in the evening air, was the
fragrance of crushed and dew-damp
roses.

The reverie was broken by foot-
steps, and from the deepening twi-
light shadows came the greeting
voice of Marie Campbell.
"Why did you come?" he deman-
ded sternly. "You should not have
come, Marie."

Irish China Made in America.

China is not the only Irish prod-
uct that is now manufactured in
this country. Belleek ware is be-
ing turned out in Trenton, the clay
being imported from Ireland for
the purpose. Belleek china is of a
fineness and daintiness hardly
matched in the world at present.
The china takes its name from Bel-
leek, a hamlet in County Fernmanagh,
where the pottery is operated by
a band of monks. A Belleek cup
is the color of rich cream on the in-
side, and a soft white on the out-
side. Held up to the light, objects
show in outline through it, and the
china is the delight of all experts.
In Belleek one of these dainty little
cups may be bought for twelve cents
while here \$2 to \$5 is cheerfully
paid. Trenton is turning out a
pretty good imitation, but it de-
ludes only the inexperienced buyer.
The Irish workers have the excel-
lence which comes from generations
skilled in the finishing of the pecu-
liar and almost priceless clay, which
so far has been found only in Bel-
leek, and there, too, in limited quan-
tities.

France is a government-ridden na-
tion. Its civilian employees num-
ber over 900,000. In the last year
of the Empire they numbered only
250,000. Yet the population has
not materially increased. These
900,000 employees cost \$260,000,000
a year.

ECZEMA CURED
THROUGH THE BLOOD

By the Aid of Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills—That Wonderful Tonic
Medicine.

Eczeema or salt rheum is a dis-
ease of the skin which shows itself
in small, red watery blisters—these
blisters break, and leave a scab
which may be rubbed off by the
hand. The affected parts are in-
tensely itchy and the victim cannot
bear the touch of any article of
clothing over the parts.

The disease is caused by bad
blood and must be cured through
the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
have cured many cases of eczeema
simply because they are the one me-
dicine that acts wholly on the
blood—the seat of the trouble.

Among those cured by these Pills
is Mrs. Chas. Davidson, of Am-
herst, N.S., who says: "I suffered
greatly from salt rheum or eczeema
and my hands were badly cracked. I
tried several ointments but they
did me no good whatever. I was
advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills and had only used them for
a few weeks when the trouble dis-
appeared and my hands were entire-
ly healed. I am very grateful for
what the Pills have done for me,
and would advise other sufferers
from this trouble to try them."

What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did
for Mrs. Davidson they have done
for many others—not only in cases
of eczeema and salt rheum but for
eruptions and pimples, chronic crys-
talline, scrofula, and all other mal-
adies which arise from poor blood.
They banish these troubles simply
because they clear the blood of all
impurities and leave it rich red and
health-giving. The Pills are sold
by all medicine-dealers or direct by
mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes
for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Notable Instance
of Protestant Decline.

Dorchester, Massachusetts, used to
be a sectarian stronghold, now there
are eight Catholic churches in the
district, and half of them have been
erected within the last decade. As
to the population, less than one in
five is Protestant. So remarkable a
change within so short a time
could not fail to escape the obser-
vation of the Protestant clergy,
some of whom became thoroughly
alarmed when a new Catholic Pa-
rish was created, and asked with
bated breath if something couldn't
be done about it. The pastors of the
Unitarian Church, with the laud-
able intention of allaying the excite-
ment of his brethren, prepared a
sermon on the matter. He review-
ed the situation with care, and re-
gularizing that nothing at all could be
done to prevent the increase of Cath-
olic population or the multiplication
of Catholic churches, made a
plan for religious toleration! Which,
of course, was a ludicrous thing to
do, considering the changed condi-
tions in Dorchester. We suspect
that the good man has been delv-
ing too much in divinity of late.
Our advice to him would be to lay
aside his theologues and attend to
what contemporary writers have to
say about the Catholic Church.
These few words of Mr. William Al-
len White might be meditated upon
with the greatest profit all winter
long by every Protestant minister
in the United States.

"The Holy Roman Catholic Church
—whether we like it or dislike it—
still must be admitted by serious-
minded persons of every faith to
be the cement that is holding civiliza-
tion together. For if the influ-
ence of the Catholic Church were re-
moved, barbarism and anarchy would
arise rampant in the world.... The
debt of civilization to the Catholic
Church is the greatest single debt
in the world.... Perverence is due to
this great fundamental force in ro-
dern civilization working toward the

Don't Cough! It's Dangerous!

"Father Morrissey's No. 10" will stop
the Cough and Cure the Cold

Are you one of those who say, "O,
it's only a little cold," and let the cough
hang on, doing nothing for it?
If you are, just think a minute.
It is true that most colds, if left to
themselves, will leave you after a while
—but they leave you with the delicate
lining of throat and lungs weakened—
an easy prey to the next cold. Every
cold you neglect makes it easier to
catch the next one, and harder to get
rid of it, and it doesn't take many such
colds to give you Catarrh or some
serious lung trouble.

"Father Morrissey's No. 10"—Cough
Cure and Lung Tonic—is a preparation
of roots, barks and Balsams that will
prevent all this. It promptly clears
away the mucus, removes the irritation
and inflammation that causes the cough-
ing, and heals and strengthens the
delicate membranes. Besides, it tones
up the whole system and gives you
strength to resist the next attack.

Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size, 50c.
At your druggist's, or from Father
Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd.,
Chatham, N.B.

common coming of the kingdom for
which every earnest man and wom-
an is striving, each in his own
way, and, by striving, becomes the
brother of all men.—Ave Maria.

The Busy Vatican.

Prof. Rudolph Marschall, the fam-
ous painter, just returned from
Rome, where he did a portrait for
Pope Pius in oil, said to a corres-
pondent:

"I have been in many royal pa-
laces in my professional capacity,
but never saw such a beehive as the
Vatican. The Pope's palace is a
house of work. There seems to be
nothing but worship and work going
on there. The Pope, his secretaries,
officials and prelates are forever
busy with business of state on
Church. Even while the Holy
Father sat for me he was receiving re-
ports of one kind or another. The
majority were delivered by tongue,
and I never heard more concise lan-
guage in my life. And the Pope's
answers and decisions were just as
brief and to the point as the mes-
sages delivered. In the Vatican pa-
lace all languages are heard, morn-
ing, noon and night. Aside from
the regular ambassadors accredited
at the Holy See, delegations from
foreign countries are constantly re-
ceived. The Papal Secretary of
State's business hours are from 7
a.m. to 10 p.m., and he told me he
has the hardest time in the world
to secure sufficient leisure for meals.

"A story was printed some time
ago picturing Pius as a great news-
paper reader. He told me more
than once that the longer he sat
on the Papal throne the more he
felt the necessity of keeping up with
the daily press. Very frequently he
has a secretary read the papers to
him while promoting in the Papal
gardens or during dinner.

"The Pope has his own ideas about
art and told me exactly how I must
paint him before I started the work.
When the picture was done he sent
for a number of Cardinals and show-
ed them my work. He seemed
pleased when they agreed with his
own conception of art."

Lent.

This year, Lent will begin on Febru-
ary 9, fifteen days earlier than it
did last year, so that Easter Sun-
day will fall on March 27 instead of
April 11, as it did in 1908. Inas-
much as Easter is fixed as the Sun-
day after the first full moon after
the vernal equinox, which falls on
March 21 of each year, it is evident
next year will be near the record for
early dating.

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY
PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An
Equal For COUGHS,
COLDS, And All Affections
Of The
THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for
a minute recital of symptoms as they are
known to everyone, but their dangers are
not understood so well. All the most
serious affections of the throat, the lungs
and the bronchial tubes, are, in the begin-
ning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the
admonition to all persons affected by the
insidious earlier stages of throat and lung
disease, as failure to take hold at once will
cause many years of suffering, and in the
end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is
not sold as a Cure for Consumption
but for affections tributary to, and that
results in, that disease. It combines all the
lung healing virtues of the Norway pine
tree with other absorbent, expectorant and
soothing medicines of recognized worth,
and is absolutely harmless, prompt and
safe. So great has been the success of this
wonderful remedy, it is only natural that
numerous persons have tried to imitate it.
Don't be misled by cheap imitations that
lack Dr. Wood's. Put up in a yellow
wrapper; three glass bottles for 50 cents.

Eye Strain
Headache

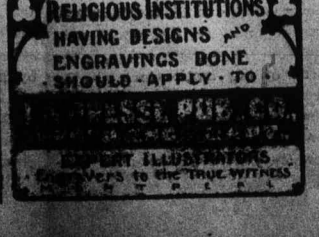
Manitoba lady tells how head-
aches disappeared with the
use of Dr. A Chase's Nerve
Food.

Women who use their eyes much for
reading or fine needlework are sure
to find eye-strain and nervous, sick
headaches among the first symptoms
when the nervous system gets run
down.

As a positive cure for headaches,
not merely relief but cure, Dr. A. W.
Chase's Nerve Food stands without
a rival because it gets at the cause
of the trouble and builds up the
nervous system to health and
strength.

Mrs. Geo. Fuller, Lakeland, Man.,
writes:—"Dr. Chase's Nerve Food
cured me of Nervous headache, from
which I was a great sufferer, and I
am no longer troubled with twitches
of the Nerves in the arms and
legs."

The portrait and signature of A.
W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt
Book author, are on every box 50
cents at all dealers, or Edmanson,
& Co., Toronto.



Dr. A. W. Chase's
Nerve Food.

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TERMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: LOCALITY.

IN vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

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.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 13, 1910.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL WORK IN GERMANY.

Father E. J. Devine, S.J., editor of the Canadian Messenger, has sent us a copy of "Catholic Social Work in Germany," a learned brochure from the pen of Father Charles D. Plater, S.J., M.A. (Oxon.). Next week we intend to deal with Father Plater's study in a careful and conscientious manner.

We are glad Catholic reviews and weeklies are taking up the study of Socialism thoroughly and determinedly. We understand that scholars only can properly treat the question, and yet we wish they would speak a language more intelligible for the parties immediately concerned.

SOME REASONS WHY.

A non-Catholic correspondent fails to see how we may say that it is as plain as daylight to us why forty millions of Protestants in the United States are unchurched.

- (1) The American is too practical a man to content himself with half-truths; (2) The unchurched folks never pray; (3) Half the preachers attack the Scriptures; (4) Hundreds of preachers make fools of themselves in the pulpit; (5) Protestantism rejects the principle of Church authority, and so the preachers fail; (6) There is no Holy Mass to draw the crowds, and people grow tired of the minister; (7) The American mind is too

practical to believe in churches that admit their own liability to err;

(8) Nine-tenths of the non-Catholic sermons deal with subjects which laymen can better explain;

(9) Hundreds of thousands have been lost to heresy through the lying pamphlets against the Catholic Church, which they have found to be false and malicious;

(10) Mixed marriages between the sects have left all the sects in the lurch;

(11) Class distinction has driven hundreds into Socialism of the worst kind;

(12) The writings of "Higher Crickets" among the ministers have unchurched hundreds;

(13) The inherent weakness of the Protestant system is not calculated to make very earnest church-goers of the multitude;

(14) Truth-telling history has worked havoc in the sects.

(15) But, then, of course, the sects are without the Sacraments of Our Lord Jesus Christ;

(16) Protestantism necessarily fails in a republic;

(17) The unchurched were never taught ten proper lessons in doctrinal belief and practice;

(18) The preachers have no real influence over the lives of their flocks;

(19) Preachers say the Church of God is the pillar and ground of truth, and yet they declare she was sunk in idolatry for eight hundred years. (Americans do not see through teachings of that kind.)

(20) Heresy is of its nature self-destructive;

(21) "Protestantism, fallen to the rank of simple negation, is scarcely any longer held seriously by anyone."—Montalembert.

(22) Protestantism has never worked a miracle;

(23) It has destroyed the idea of mortification in the minds of millions; they find it more inviting to sleep or read on Sunday than to attend church;

(24) The sects have weakened the belief in baptism, and have cast the Bible to the winds;

(25) Protestantism offers Heaven to everybody irrespective of creed and conduct, and so, millions prefer to be saved by staying away from church.

These are only a few, very few, of the reasons why millions of Protestants are unchurched in the United States to-day. True, the atmosphere in which they live and breathe is not conducive to either holiness or heaven, but Protestantism itself has made that atmosphere. Many Catholics are lost, too, eternally lost, just because of that atmosphere, which, in larger cities, breathes the very breath of hell. The older the United States will grow the smaller shall the percentage of church-going folks among American Protestants be. What is true of the big American cities is true of our own.

THE URSULINES OF GREENWICH, ENGLAND.

We lately told our readers of the Ursuline Convent, Greenwich, London, S. E., England. We called their attention to the fact that willing postulants are sorely needed for the good work. We asked our readers to consider the matter a little at least. Let us remember that the Ursulines of Greenwich are exiles from France. From a second letter we received from the Reverend Superioress we learn that people "would feel more keenly for us, if the sufferings of the first year in England were known to them—fire in the parochial school, scarlet fever among the boarders, threatening collapse of an old wing, ensuing debts, etc., etc. Why, if all the crosses sent by Almighty God, between September, 1907, and Easter, 1909, were recorded in a book, they would seem incredible; and yet these statements are bare truths and facts witnessed by all our acquaintances."

But "hard as it is," gently remarks the good Sister, "we have not lost our confidence in the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and we feel sure to find mercy with our dear Lord, and hope that these trials will be our sanctification." "What is resignation? Putting God between us and our grief." Thus Mademoiselle Swetchine. We hold no brief for the Convent of Greenwich, but we trust we have enough kindness of heart to be moved to pity when we hear of how pure and gentle women have suffered. God is never outdone in generosity; so let those who can help the good French runs of Greenwich. Who is the heroine traversing the field of battle, like an angel of peace, in order to relieve the dying, heedless of the leaden hail, of the canon's roar,—that heroine who is present wherever disease holds sway, where infancy is to be instructed, where pain is to be

assuaged, and tears to be dried? It is a woman—a gentle nun.

REVEREND PASTOR ROOT'S WORRIES.

"The Catholics have 16,255 clergymen, 8000 more than the number of their churches. The Protestants have only 149,472 ministers, or 50,560 less than the number of their churches. This number of churches must either be without pastors or divide a man's time," says the Rev. Edward Tallmadge Root, Field Secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, in the Delinquent for January.

Let us remind Pastor Root that:

(a) A priest's work is altogether different from the preacher's;

(b) Priests of religious orders receive no personal salary;

(c) College priests receive, as a rule, but a mere pittance, not a salary;

(d) Thousands of Catholic pastors receive but a small income in return for their services;

(e) Thousands of Catholic priests work under conditions impossible for a preacher with a family;

(f) One priest has more work to do than have a dozen ministers;

(g) The priesthood is a sacred calling, not a position or a money-making profession;

(h) Sermon-preaching is far from being the ordinary priest's chief weekly work.

But, further, Pastor Root remarks:

"What can this mean, in the light of concrete cases studied, but that at least 100,000 churches are too small to support a pastor alone? To be sure, their weakness is not always due to duplication; but, on the other hand, many are enabled to support a pastor only by receiving missionary aid and paying a starvation salary. If these be added, we may allow for those weak because in genuine missionary fields, weakness proves that half of the churches in the United States are superfluous."

If Pastor Root would only say that "half of the Protestant churches in the United States are superfluous," we should most cordently agree with him. He must remember that if there are too many Protestant churches, it is due to the fact that Protestantism itself, with its sects and divisions, is to blame.

In hundreds of little towns there are five or six Protestant houses of prayer, each with but a small congregation; while one Catholic Church filled several times on Sunday, suffices for all the Catholics in the place, even when their number exceeds that of the Protestant brethren added and combined. Before Pastor Root will succeed in mending the matter of too many Protestant churches, he will have to undo the nefarious work of the Reformers and their non-commissioned successors.

But Mr. Root adds (with reason):

"It is safe to say that the same proportion holds of buildings; for if there are church organizations without houses of worship, on the other hand there are buildings, as our citations show, standing idle. Twice as many churches as are needed seems a high estimate, but the reader will note that some such estimate notoriously characterizes our quotations of facts or statistics for city as well as country."

Yes, there are buildings standing idle! Many of them, in all corners of the United States especially.

Twice as many Protestant churches as are needed seems no high estimate, in our eyes, with the millions of unchurched heretics in the United States. Old towns in New Hampshire and Vermont and New York and Massachusetts are there to bear witness to what we say; while, in some of the younger states, thousands of the neo-Pagans do not know what religion is.

We defy Pastor Root, however to give even a short list of unneeded Catholic churches in any part of the land. The only superfluous Catholic church we ever heard of was destroyed by a fire started by bigots, in token of their love for religious light, tolerance, and liberty.

Furthermore, according to Mr. Root,

"There is \$500,000,000 sunk in needless church buildings, and \$100,000,000 a year is needlessly spent in their maintenance and erection. But this is a small item of waste compared with those of which society as a whole is guilty. How petty is seen in comparison with \$2,000,000,000 spent for luxuries and tobacco—needless incomes to say the least. Or in comparison with the 200,000,000 tons of coal annually wasted in improper methods of mining; with the similar waste of water-power, forests and all our resources."

Now, Pastor Root is not a bad man, after all; he quite agrees with us, and we are glad to share his views on questions pertaining to needless expenditure, if he will only exclude coal in winter, when the stewards of big institutions are on the premises; but he must remember that English-speaking Protestants, at least, will have taken Mammon as their god, and worldly success as their virtue, before they succeed in remedying the evils of Protestantism, that "there is probably not a dollar more expended in church property than is actually needed somewhere." (Amen!) "The trouble is that it is not expended to meet real need, that it is wasted so far as the real interests of the kingdom of God are concerned." And there you are!

As Pastor Root likes to dwell on the liberty-loving soul of Protestantism, we shall give him a subject of meditation in the words of O'Connell: "Geneva was free till the Protestant Bernese conquered it; Sweden was free until the Reformation was established in it, and Denmark was free until the Reformation struck down its liberties." Protestantism is the best mother of high taxation, and has always been such.

As his last word, Pastor Root very truthfully says, as long as he means to confine himself to Protestantism, that "there is probably not a dollar more expended in church property than is actually needed somewhere." (Amen!) "The trouble is that it is not expended to meet real need, that it is wasted so far as the real interests of the kingdom of God are concerned." And there you are!

MURDEROUS FOOTBALL.

It is a patent fact that athletics occupy too big a place in the American student's life. If there is so much base-ball and football at the American school, it is, perhaps, due to the fact that the average American youth is no friend of table games, and is, as a rule, of very clean habits. Human nature, in his case, asserts itself in rough play. To say the least, we prefer even that roughness and semi-brutality to something else that could be in the American colleges. Uncle Sam's boys at school are too strong and tender hearted to keep football as it is. A change will come. Even colleges that do nothing else but play ball will be affected. The following from the Ave Maria is very interesting reading. Says our leading magazine:

"Now that the football season is well over, it is to be hoped that all openminded advocates of this game will be disposed to consider some objections to its American type,—that it is exceedingly dangerous to life and limb, and calculated to develop brutalizing instincts both in those who take part in it and in those who look on. Of the danger, there can be no question. The number of fatalities reported during the season proves that the sport is an extremely dangerous one. But, instead of developing the brute dormant in human nature, the defenders of College football contend that it makes for manliness, and militates against "molly-coddling," as if rather than a moral courage; as if due care for physical well-being and the preservation of life were something to be despised.

What serious objections can there be to a sport that is encouraged by so many eminent educators, that is so much patronized by the reverend clergy and the sex called gentile, and that has become nationally popular? It would indeed be quite useless for ordinary persons to offer any objections, and they may as well spare themselves trouble and abuse. But the defenders of football ought to be willing to listen to what military men have to say about it—men like William Everett Hicks, associate editor of the Army and Navy Journal, and Col. John S. Mosby, Confederate chieftain and alumnus of the University of Virginia. Both denounce the game in severe terms. The former declares: "Viewed as a necessary part of the training of a cadet, it will be found not only unessential, but, without question, detrimental to the best interests of the military education of cadets, and opposed to the spirit of modern tactics."

In expressing his objections to the popular sport, Col. Mosby decried the college ideals of manhood. He compared the game to actual warfare, to the detriment of the former; maintained that the great number of fatalities represents so many murders, and proclaimed that the past and present ideals of manhood in the great American universities represent the distance between Stone-wall Jackson and John L. Sullivan. The veteran Confederate officer, whom nobody ever accused of being a molly coddle—no one certainly that had to contend against him during the Civil War,—remarked further:

"I have read with indignation mingled with sorrow the account of the murder of young Christian, a student of the University of Virginia, in a football game in Washington with Georgetown University. I use the word murder advisedly—the killing was not an accident. The very fact that a university surgeon went on with the team shows that they were going to war. They neglected, however, to provide an ambulance to carry off the wounded."

The inductive philosophy teaches that the main object of education should be to gain the empire of mind over matter. Even man is by no means a mere collision of physical forces. Napoleon would have made a poor quarterback."

Well said. Let us hear no more about the importance of football as

REMEMBER HIM AT BRENNAN'S

Hundreds of gentlemen friends have been remembered from our stores.

All that's desired for men, in smart, new creations, are fully represented--Ties, Mufflers, Scarfs, Fancy Vests, Stick Pins, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, and a host of other hints.

BRENNAN BROS.

Hatters and Men's Furnishers 251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST Phone Up 3627. 7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

a means of developing manly qualities, or of the military value of this sport.

It is gratifying to learn that the New York Board of Education has passed a resolution ordering that football in the public schools of the city be abolished on and after January 1. Speaking in favor of this resolution, Mr. Frederick R. Coudert said: "There have been twenty-seven deaths from this game during the past season, and a large number of young men injured. The game is barbaric and brutal and ought not to be tolerated in our public schools. Dr. Butler of Columbia, has had the good sense to abolish it from that University. It has been shown that when a football player has been injured and appears in another game when partly recovered, the opposing players mass their men against this injured youth so as to overcome him. . . . The game is worse than it ever was, and all talk of reforming it amounts to nothing."

Last Sunday the Rev. Dr. Symonds preached an eloquent sermon, so the papers say, on sport, which was pretty hard on the bass bawlers in the choir, and the result will be a well crowded attendance the next time the club that he had in view will appear on the ice. At Douglas Methodist Church, the Rev. Dr. Young preached on civic politics. Rev. W. D. Reid announced that his congregation increased in a few years from 268 to between 1200 and 3000 in very round numbers. He did not state, however, where they attended church, nor how often. At a mass meeting Rev. Dr. Johnson, in a brief address, attributed the worldliness of the city to the large foreign population, deplored the manner in which sports monopolized the attention of the young people, and stated that ignorance and superstition were the worst enemies of the church. Superstition, as defined in the dictionary, is false worship or religion, belief in what is absurd, without evidence. So that it is not, according to the dictionary, an enemy of the doctor's church at any rate, and the blame of ignorance should be laid at the door of those who encourage it from the pulpit. Rev. Mr. Montgomery said that no minister was ever equal to the perfect performance of all tasks which attend their office, whereupon the ladies of the congregation presented him with a new gown to enable him, no doubt, to become equal to the arduous labors incumbent upon him. General Booth of the Salvation Army is coming out as a prophet. He has the whiskers, a good start, but if he will examine the much abused Book, he will find that there were others. In all cases, let the good work go on, and before long we will hear as little mention in the reports from Protestant pulpits, of man's duty to God as we do of the Bible.

Advertising Value of Religious Press.

What may be regarded as an authoritative utterance on the subject of the value of advertising in religious publications was recently published in Printers' Ink. The arguments are as interesting as they are correct:

"Probably a little of the rapidly disappearing prejudice against religious paper advertising worth has been due to the condition of the religious press years ago. Religious journalism a long time ago was exceedingly different from that of today. . . . In those days very little advertising in any medium was either individual or progressive, and when it came to the religious publications the advertising was rendered somewhat ineffective by the attitude of the mind of religious people toward it, and by the supposed incon-

Religious Pictures For Framing.



No. 2862, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Plate size 6 x 8.

These subjects are printed in black only. Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Conception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodenhausen, Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Perpetua, Madonna Sichelé.

Write for catalogue of larger sizes. D. & J. SADLER & CO. 13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

gruity of any advertising with anything religious.

"At the present time the change is almost phenomenal. Advertising is now regarded by most religious papers and their readers as legitimate as any other clean business. The care with which advertising is now accepted by the leading religious publications indicates the means by which this frame of mind has been brought about. The advertising columns have been made quite as reliable, if not more so, as the merchant who is recommended by a friend.

"Religious people have many qualities in greater degree than others, and among them is serious-minded loyalty. The very fact that their convictions about religion are settled and held fast, proves their mental attitude toward other things. When this attitude is turned to the advertising columns of their favorite religious papers, the advertising propositions are viewed in the same serious spirit and are clung to with the same intense and faultless loyalty as is manifested in their religious beliefs.

"The best religious press is peculiar in that its subscribers represent a somewhat higher and more stanch order of religious people than one generally pictures simply by the term "church people." While nearly one-half of the country's population is enrolled in church membership, a great many are necessarily lukewarm. These lukewarm church members represent perhaps the unstable element in the religious field, and may be considered unstable also in their capacity as consumers of advertised goods.

"The subscribers to the best church papers, however, are a particularly distinct class. A church paper, to most people, is one of two things—either the result of deep religious conviction, which makes the paper almost an oracle of infallibility, or else the result of financial ability to add to the list of family publications for a combination of reasons, chief of which is the desire to have a generally readable magazine of religious tendencies. In either case every subscriber of a church paper represents an unusual advertising prospect.

"This may be a partial analysis of the reasons why advertisers are discovering the peculiar advertising value of good religious mediums. There can be no stronger medium than one which a reader takes up with a strong religious feeling, which gives every word contained in it additional force and conviction.

"The fact that women are the largest buyers and are also notably religious in temperament has considerable to do with the excellent advertising value of a live and well-edited religious publication."

A bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup taken according to directions, will subdue a cough in a short time. This assertion can be verified by hundreds who have tried it and are pleased to bear testimony to its merits, so that all may know what a splendid medicine it is. It costs you only 25 cents to join the ranks of the many who have been benefited by its use.

Are Pois You

THE b day, to health, the wast the system a self blo Poor d of bile in or weak contract bowels, Constipation Abbey's

Echoes an

How often do said for your det It makes a pers reads of "Fun Moderate Prices,"

A good way, a Catholic paper in the Orange Sentinel shall still keep up all that. We ha to hit back, and

Some people, please, will never for having re-esta in Scotland and swear by Landse Lords. If they land's chances fo would do so—the

Considering that Irish blood runs some of the best F families, the horrid produced by La I is very much out the least.

No man may cl who, to vent h must laugh at ano It is easy to par even if the shadow than a cowardly was men with the up the Maria Mon

"Who dares to cur bless Shall know of sin The patience of the Beholding man's t Whittier wrote t eaters" and self-c meditate the words

We hope our read good and kind Fatlaghan's paper on Music." Another is to hear Father especially when he periods with selecti vorte violin, of he is a past master, treat being able to as he does. But priest is known a Halifax to San Ant ly needs our praise.

It may not be gre that Father Marti last to receive a lett Reverend Edmund W not know what the letter were, but Fatl sures us that it rel on the departed clerg uses and thorough si pose, and that is cident for us and our latest accounts the a large class of inte under instruction.

We cannot underst very brilliant brot French-Canadian press Irish people responsi letter written by son man or other. Like ples we have some v duals among us, those few of us who the French-Canadian leaders of our nation They are generally would deem it a sin ture to sing "God S Let the French-Canad the liars, but we do blame as a people garies of a few madm

"I shall know by the glitter Of the golden chain y By your heart's calm loving, Of the fire they have Beat on, true heart, fo Shine bright, strong g

BRENNANS'

ds have been re- smart, new cre- -Ties, Mufflers, Pins, Dressing other hints. BROS. rnishers CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

ous Pictures Framing. christ at Twelve Years, Ho- Plate size 6 x 8. r Dolores, Immaculate Con- art of Jesus, Sacred Heart of The angels, Christ in the last in Gethismane, St. Antha- nina of San Sisto, St. Cecilia, twelve Years, Madonna Fer- nique of larger sizes. DLIER & CO. Dame St., Montreal.

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Anti-Consump- according to di- a cough in a scription can be who have tried have tried testimony all may know cine it is. 16 ents to join. of who have use.

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation. *Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion— increases the flow of bile — and restores the natural downward action of the intestines.

Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood.

Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

Echoes and Remarks.

How often do you have a Mass said for your dead?

It makes a person "shudder" when he reads of "Funerals Furnished at Moderate Prices," in any paper.

A good way, at times, to hit a Catholic paper indirectly is to hit the Orange Sentinel directly. We shall still keep up the editorials for all that. We have learned "how" to hit back, and we'll do it.

Some people, Catholics, if you please, will never pardon the Irish for having re-established the Church in Scotland and in England. They swear by Landsdowne and the Tory Lords. If they could destroy Ireland's chances for Home Rule they would do so—the cads!

Considering that a great deal of Irish blood runs in the veins of some of the best French Canadian families, the horrid caricature of Pat produced by La Presse last week is very much out of place, to say the least.

No man may claim to be sincere who, to vent his petty jealousy, must laugh at another man's illness. It is easy to pardon an open foe, even if the shadowed enemy is worse than a cowardly proselytizer. It was men with the dagger that got up the Maria Monk story.

"Who dares to curse the hands that bless Shall know of sin the deadliest cost, The patience of the heavens is lost, Beholding man's unthankfulness." Whittier wrote that. Let "priest-eaters" and self-canonized saints meditate the words.

We hope our readers have relished good and kind Father Martin Callaghan's paper on a "Study of Irish Music." Another thing altogether is to hear Father Martin lecture, especially when he punctuates his periods with selections on his favorite violin, of which instrument he is a past master, no one in Montreal being able to play Irish music as he does. But then the good priest is known and loved from Halifax to San Antonio. He hardly needs our praise.

It may not be generally known that Father Martin was one of the last to receive a letter from the late Reverend Edmund Woods. We do not know what the contents of the letter were, but Father Martin assures us that it reflects great credit on the departed clergyman's earnestness and thorough sincerity of purpose, and that is testimony sufficient for us and our readers. From latest accounts the good priest has a large class of intending Catholics under instruction.

We cannot understand how our very brilliant brothers of the French-Canadian press may hold the Irish people responsible for a crazy letter written by some one Irishman or other. Like all other peoples we have some very odd individuals among us, but, as a rule, those few of us who tell lies about the French-Canadians are not the leaders of our national struggles. They are generally fellows who would deem it a sin against culture to sing "God Save Ireland." Let the French-Canadian papers flay the liars, but we do not want to be blamed as a people for the vagaries of a few madmen.

"I shall know by the gleam and the glitter Of the golden chain you wear, By your heart's calm strength in loving, Of the fire they have had to bear. Beat on, true heart, forever, Shine bright, strong golden chain;

And bless the cleansing fire, And the furnace of living pain!" —A. A. Proctor.

Certain people may get into their heads at times that they, of themselves, constitute the Catholic Church. They try to undermine the work of a Catholic paper (not necessarily our own), but they have never been known to fight in the open as yet. They have no commission from either God or His Church to rule and determine, and yet people will soon have to include in their profession of faith an oath of allegiance to these irresponsible teachers and directors. If the fellows had a little learning or common sense, at least, we should not be so surprised when they seek to play the part of the Czar. For the time being we all have competent authority over us, The "tailors of London" need not worry.

The manner in which the Waldenses and other heretics in Latin countries tried to disseminate their principles among the Catholic peasantry was by carrying with them a box of trinkets, or articles of dress. Having entered the houses of the gentry and disposed of some of their goods, the imposters cautiously intimated that they had commodities far more valuable than these,—inestimable jewels, which they would show if they could be protected from the clergy. They would then give their purchasers a garbled Bible or Testament; but lying and calumny proved more effective at working perversions. Heresy ever needed a cloak to do its work. Like the proselytizers of to-day, the Waldenses entered a man's house under false pretences. Error in return for a night's lodging, is poor pay.

A trick resorted to by some of the heretical proselytizers among the French-Canadians in outlying districts, consists in representing oneself as a Catholic, indeed, but as one displeased with the Church and the priests. "The end justifies the means." Some of the few very ignorant families listen to what the lying proselytizer has to say, and, thus, in a very small number of cases, the hypocrite does some harm. Now, this our Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian friends cannot deny. Unitarians, the vast majority of Congregationalists, and Anglicans, as a rule, are above such low, contemptible methods; but what a Baptist proselytizer will not do, a Presbyterian zealot will attempt, and a Methodist envoy undertake. We wonder if some people know that it is sinful to bear false witness.

A very brilliant light in the journalistic world has been extinguished in the sudden passing of "Francisque" (Miss Robertine Barry). Up so two years ago, when its publication ceased, the "Journal de Francisque" was a magazine much sought for and always found on the desk of those who liked refinement and instruction in literature. The imposing cortège, the profusion of floral tributes, the innumerable spiritual bouquets were a most eloquent tribute to the memory of her who was good and charitable, the sympathetic friend of every noble cause and at the same time a distinguished woman of letters. May her soul rest in peace.

It is Wise to Prevent Disorder.—Many causes lead to disorders of the stomach and few are free from them. At the first manifestation that the stomach and liver are not performing their functions, a course of Par-melee's Vegetable Pills should be tried, and it will be found that the digestive organs will speedily resume healthy action. Laxatives and sedatives are so blended in these pills that no other preparation could be so effective as they.

The Catholic Church.

First of a Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.

(The Editor of the True Witness is beginning, this week, a series of fifty or sixty weekly contributions on "The Catholic Church" and its claims as an institution of Christ. We hope our readers will grow interested in the subject. Catholics, we think, will be helped to a fuller belief and a more intelligent faith; while non-Catholics will, perhaps, through the contributions, and under God, be guided to fuller investigation and a better understanding. Death alone will prevent their weekly appearance. Let us hope God will second our good purpose.

While the sects are shedding the doctrines once taught in their creeds, the Church of Christ is ever the same, faithful to the symbol of the Apostles, true to the tenets of Nice and Constantinople, and as undaunted as in the days of Athanasius of Alexandria. Bold with the boldness of faith and truth, she proclaimed her own infallibility in the face of a decadent age. Let us hope we shall do a little good, strengthen the wavering, if not win a few souls to belief. The effort we make, we place under the love and help of our Blessed Lady.

Our studies will deal with the question: Which is Christ's Church? and will, in the course of our weekly papers, show that the Catholic Church is the Church founded by Him.—Ed.)

FOREGOING NOTIONS.

In our extended foreword, or setting-stage, to the matter proper with which we intend to deal, we shall consider: (1) the concept of the Church; (2) the various bodies claiming Christ as founder; (3) the arguments to be used; (4) the usefulness and arrangement of the matter we are going to use.

THE CONCEPT OF THE CHURCH

A concept of what the Christian Church is may be drawn from the Figures of Holy Writ, the Parables of the Gospel, and the Names and Definition of the Church itself.

(A) Figures of the Church.—Before the days of Moses the Church was prefigured in the Garden of Paradise in which all good things abounded; by Eve, the mother of the living, formed from one of Adam's ribs; and by the Ark of Noah, outside of which there was no salvation from the flood. Under the Mosaic law there were three forebodings of the Church, namely, the Jewish people themselves, chosen by God, according to St. Augustine (Cont. Faust, Bk. 13, c. 4). An idea upheld in the "Latin Fathers" (xli., 283). Then the Temple of Jerusalem was another prototype, it being the home of worship for the one true God; thirdly the stone heven from the mountain flank, which grew until it filled the whole land (Daniel II., 34 and 35). In the New Testament, the Church was adumbrated by the two acts of fishing from the bark of Peter, under the command of Christ. Himself (St. Luke, v., 4 to 7; St. John xxi., 6; by the seamless garment of Jesus (St. John, xix., 23), signifying the Oneness of His doctrines and its estrangement from either schism or heresy; and by that vessel which Peter saw in vision (Acts x., 11) "descending, as it were a great sheet, let down by the four corners from heaven to the earth."

PARABLES OF THE CHURCH.

(B) Parables of the Church.—The principal parables dealing mystically with the Church are those of the Barn (St. Matt., iii., 12) in which the wheat and chaff were found, but which wheat was fanned; the Wedding Feast, to which all were invited, but from which those were driven away who did not wear the nuptial garment (St. Matt., xxii.; St. Luke, xiv.); the Net Cast into the Sea (St. Matt., xiii., 47); the Sheepfold (St. Matt., xxv., 32 and 33); the Field, in which the enemy sowed cockle (St. Matt., xiii., 24) And Parables five the Church indeed foretold, The Barn, the Feast, the Net, the Field, the Fold.

(C) Names of the Church.—Besides the name of Church itself the Body of Christ, the Church is principally called: the House of God (1 Tim., iii., 15); the City of God (Ps. xlvii., 1 and 2); the City Built on a Mountain (St. Matt., v. 14); the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven (St. Matt. xii.; St. Luke, xiii., 18 to 20); the Body of Christ (Eph. iv., 15 and 16); the Spouse of Christ (Cant., iv., 18); the Sheepfold of Christ (St. John x., 16); the Queen clothed round about with varieties (Ps. xlv., 10).

DEFINITION OF THE CHURCH.

(D) Definition of the Church.—(Greek, Kyriake, or Kyriakon; kyrios, lord; A. S., circ., circles, or cyrcie). This word appears to have been originally derived from the Greek, through the Anglo-Saxon. The Goths, on the Lower Danube, as stated by Dr. Trench, were first converted to Christianity by Greek missionaries from Constantinople, who imparted to them the Greek names given above; and the Goths lent the word to the other German tribes, including the Anglo-Saxons. The official Latin name "Ecclesia" comes from the Greek, too, from

Ekkaleo, I call, I congregate, a convocation or congregation, and may be understood as the assembly of those who were called. With St. Augustine, other Doctors of the Church show that Ecclesia is a nobler name than Synagogue; the latter may be said of any gathering, while the former is applicable to a gathering of rational beings only. The Jews very seldom known as Ecclesia (a church), whereas the Christians were never known as Synagogue of the faithful. The name of Church (or Ecclesia) is used diversely, even in the Scriptures, to signify either the place of assembly, for assemblies of all kinds, or for the congregation of God's servants. (a) For the place of assembly:—"And afterwards all the people were called together; and they prayed all the night long within the church, desiring the help of the God of Israel" (Judith, vi., 21). "What, have you not houses to eat and drink in? Or despise ye the church of God, and put them to shame that have not? What shall I say to you? Do I praise you? In this I praise you not" (1 Cor., xi., 22).

(b) For assemblies in general:—"I have hated the assembly ('Ecclesiam,' in the Vulgate) of the malignant" (Ps. xxv., 5); and in the Acts of the Apostles (xix., 40) "And when he had said these things he dismissed the assembly" ("Ecclesiam," in the Latin Vulgate again).

(c) For the congregation of God's servants both in the broader and stricter sense of the word. In the broader sense, inasmuch as the Church embraces the whole Communion of Saints, whether in Heaven, or in Purgatory, or on earth, and both before and after Christ's advent. Thus in the Epistle to the Ephesians (I., 22):—"And he hath put all things under his feet and hath made him head over all the church." In a stricter sense, the word Church is understood of God's servants here on earth. Further—"church," in a stricter sense, the word Church is used to designate the assembly of the Church's chief pastors, the Church teaching, in other words: "If he will not hear the church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican (St. Matt., xviii., 17); it may also mean the people or the Church taught (Acts xx., 28): "Take heed to yourselves and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops to rule the church of God, which he hath purchased with His own blood." At other times the whole Church of Christ on earth is meant, both the teaching and the taught. In such a sense shall we use the word in our study, although, at times, we may use it more freely.

SOCIETY OF LIVING MEN.

Catholic theologians are generally agreed upon the following definition of the Church given by Bellarmine, namely, "The Church is the society (coetus) of living men, united in the profession of one and the same faith and in the communion of the same sacraments, under the government of legitimate pastors, and principally of the Roman Pontiff (Tome

2, Bk. 3, c. 2). In these words the nature of the Church is expressed in strictly set words; its essential character is made to consist in social union. Now the union itself exists in virtue of a triple link; namely, (1) the profession of one and the same faith, which fact excludes, infidels, apostates, and heretics; (2) participation in the same sacraments, by which fact all catechumens and excommunicates are removed; (3) submission to the same pastors, principally the Pope, whereby schismatics are excluded; for, while they have the same faith and sacraments as we, they do not submit to the lawful authority ordained of God. All others, no matter how unholy, are members of the Church in one way or other. Innovators do not like this definition of Bellarmine, because it fails to mention the elect, who, according to them, constitute the principal part of the Church. But with them and their contention we shall deal later.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION MEANS SICKLY BABIES.

The baby who suffers from indigestion is simply starving to death. If it takes food it does the child no good, and it is cross, restless and sleepless, and the mother is worn out caring for it. Baby's Own Tablets always cure indigestion, and give the little one healthy natural sleep. Mrs. A. P. Daigle, Lower Sabin, N.B., says: "For severe cases of indigestion I think Baby's Own Tablets are worth their weight in gold. My little one suffered terribly from this trouble and the Tablets was the only thing that removed the trouble." Sold everywhere at 25 cents a box or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Boston Chinese Catholics.

Six Chinese were baptized in Boston on Sunday, December 26. The ceremony took place at St. James' Church, in which parish the Catholic Chinese Catechumens are located; and the sacrament was administered by Right Rev. Mgr. William McQuaid, assisted by the directors of the Propagation of the Faith.

"These six catechumens," says the Pilot, "are from the Province of Wang-tung, China, of which Canton is the principal city. They have been under instruction for the past five months. One of them is a well known merchant in Boston Chinatown; the others are laundrymen occupied in various sections of the city proper or in the suburbs. "The Chinese are good propagandists. One brings another, usually a relative. The tie of blood is well accentuated among those people, who, here in exile, cling together as members of certain families, and help one another."

There will be no tariff war between France and the United States according to M. Auguste Calvet, a senator of France from the department Charente Inferieure, who has been in this country since November 19 to confer with representative Frenchmen. Before sailing, M. Calvet said he believed in a schedule between the two countries which would be settled before next April.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will drive worms from the system without injury to the child, because its action, while fully effective, is mild.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

Application to the Legislature.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Atimios Offesh, Chahen Aboud, Essa Boosamra, Salim Boosamra, Najeb Tabah, Fahed Tabah, Mansour Shattila, Michael Zegayer and others, all of Montreal, to incorporate them as a religious congregation, under the name of "The Saint Nicholas Greek Syrian Orthodox Church," with power to acquire and possess movable and immovable property, to keep registers of acts of civil status, and to exercise all other rights incident to a religious corporation and for other purposes.

Montreal, 15th December, 1909. BARNARD & BARRY, Solicitors for Applicants.

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? Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach? Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause. Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, had sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may use my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters"

Just a Few Copies Left True Witness Christmas Number At 10c per copy. In tubes ready for mailing, 15c.



ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

The patter of feet was on the stair As the editor turned in his sanctum chair And said—for weary the day had been—"Don't let another intruder in."

Don't Interrupt.

One of the social tricks that a young girl must guard against is the bad habit of interrupting some one else's conversation.

Courage in Failure.

The boy's face was a dull red under his tan. He would rather have taken any kind of punishment than face his father, but he went straight to the office.

Stella's Walk Home.

Stella was fifteen minutes behind when she returned home from school.

town, their places of employment were at about the same distance from their home, and it was not uncommon for the two to meet on the doorstep. Jean had gone to the window twice and looked up and down the street before she saw her sister's little figure swinging along at a rapid pace which made it seem rather surprising that she should be behindhand.

Stella came in glowing. Her cheeks were pinker than usual, her eyes brighter. In fact, she looked more like a girl who had been off having a good time, and had come home to tell about it, than a clerk who had stood behind the glove counter all day, and then had walked home to save carfare.

"Not yet," Stella's laugh was as buoyant as if she expected this very thing to happen by next week at the latest. "I've had such an interesting time," she went on, as she hung up her jacket. "I came home by a new street."

"A new street?" Jean repeated, and looked puzzled. "Yes, it seems queer that when I've lived in this town all my life, there should be some streets which are strange to me. But Saunders street is one, and I took it. And I feel as if I'd made a trip to another city."

"I suppose Saunders street is entirely unlike the other streets here." The sarcasm which had been hinted at in Jean's previous remark was very pronounced now, but her sister smiled upon her, untroubled. "It certainly is unlike enough to be interesting. Why, downtown, Jean, the part where the buildings are so old, there's a barber's shop with a sign, 'Cupping & Leeching.' How's that for the twentieth century, if you please? It made me feel as if I were living in Colonial days."

"It was funny," Jean admitted, "but I don't suppose you saw queer signs all the way." "Not signs, but other things. For instance, in one window was a display of articles which had been made by blind children—woven baskets, and bead work, and all kinds of knitted things. Poor, dear, sightless little folks! I looked till I made up my mind that if children, without eyes could do all that, nothing was too much to expect of girls who could see. And then, a block further on, I ran into a wedding."

"A church wedding?" asked Jean, looking interested. "Yes, but not a big one. There were only two families, I fancy, and the dearest little pink bride, and a mother that looked just like her, and a whole flock of younger brothers and sisters. They threw the rice—the little ones, you know—and I got more of it than either the bride or the groom. Here's some on my hat bring home."

At bedtime Stella, was still recalling interesting things she had seen on her walk home. "I declare," her sister exclaimed, "I didn't suppose there were so many new things in this whole city. Who would suppose that taking a new route home would make such a difference?"

"I'll tell you the conclusion I've come to," Stella replied. "I believe that there are interesting things all around us, and the reason we get bored and tired is because we stick to the same old way, year in and year out. I'm going to make a point, after this, of finding how many ways there are of getting home, and trying them all."

children, who seemed not in the least afraid at so late an hour, in the dark, empty church. He was just about to ask them the cause of their delay, when both hurriedly rose, and with light footsteps turned away from the altar and went down the nave toward the door. Evidently, they were afraid of the priest, who had come upon them so unexpectedly. In vain he sought by kind words to calm their fears, they would not listen to him, but hastened farther away still, even to the end of the church. For an instant they stood before the big door and Father D— was close behind them. Before he reached them, however, the halves of the door swung outward and the two little figures passed out into the dark night.

A sudden inspiration came to the astonished priest. He recognized that heaven had sent him a wonderful sign through these messengers. For a moment he hesitated, then as if led by an unseen hand, he followed the children and heard the church door close softly behind him. All about, the noisy traffic of the street was stifled, the streets were empty, and everything lay in a solemn quietness of night. Father D— followed the boys through the lonely streets of the city. Their candles lighted the way for him, and he thanked God inwardly for the grace which had been vouchsafed him. At last the two stopped before a wretched little house in the suburbs, and permitted the priest to precede them. Then they again hurried ahead of him up a staircase. Father D— never for one moment lost sight of his little guides, and, praying earnestly, waited for what was to come.

Suddenly, the two children disappeared and left him groping in the dark, their task evidently fulfilled. At length he found the latch of a door. He knocked, and after a voice from within had answered, entered a miserable little room. An old white haired man came toward him and pointed sadly to a straw bed in the corner. The priest went over to it and found a poor, wasted figure in a deep swoon. "Thank God, you have come," said the old man, kissing the priest's hand. "My wife has been sick and ailing for a long time, but to-night she seems weaker than ever. Her end must surely be near."

While those words were spoken the sick woman opened her eyes. Father D— took her thin hand and bent over her. There was no time to be lost. "You should have sent for me earlier, my good man," said he to the husband, "still, I hope to God I am not too late."

He heard the sick woman's confession and hurried back to the church as quickly as he could to receive the Holy Viaticum. While the dying woman prepared herself to receive the Blessed Sacrament for the last time, the old man with the help of some other inmates of the house got the room ready for the entrance of the Divine Visitor. When the priest returned the old woman was rapidly nearing her end. With every sign of devotion she received her God. Her angelic smile lighted up her sunken features and the peace of heaven seemed to descend upon her. A sudden idea occurred to the pious priest, and he asked the old man if he had ever had any children. "Yes, indeed," was the answer, "two dear, good little boys, whose greatest delight was to serve Mass; but the Good God took them away from us in their childhood." The dying woman also heard and understood the question. A glimmering of the actual truth dawned on the priest's mind. He bent over her and asked softly, "Would you like to know who brought me to you to-night?" And as she nodded affirmatively, he continued, "It was your two little sons, who came from heaven and showed me the way here, in order that you might not die without the last Sacraments." A glorious happiness showed itself in her face, she whispered some words of thanksgiving, and a few moments afterwards drew her last breath.

Thus, in heaven did that good mother find her darlings, whom on earth she had trained with the greatest care in obedience and piety. In memory of this truly wonderful incident, there is to be seen over the entrance door of the church of the Holy Family in carving a stone. It represents two small, supple figures, kneeling with candles held in their right hands, and an expression of deep piety or their sweet childish faces. —Syracuse Catholic Sun.

Six "Mirids"

1. Mind your tongue. Don't let it speak hasty, cruel, unkind or wicked words. 2. Mind your eyes! Don't permit them to look on wicked books, pic-

tures or objects. 3. Mind your ears! Don't suffer them to listen to wicked speeches, songs or words. 4. Mind your hands! Don't let them steal or fight, or write any evil words. 5. Mind your feet! Don't let them walk in the steps of the wicked. 6. Mind your heart! Don't let the love of sin grow in it. Don't give it to Satan, but ask Jesus to make it His throne.

POET'S CORNER

RESTLESSNESS.

To-day my heart was like a bird, Clipped of wing, clipped of wing, Against its cage it beat and stirred, Crying, sorrowing, O heart, poor little heart! What would you do to-day? What would you do, were you free? Ah, free!

To-night my heart is but a girl's Set at home, set at home. But gypsy fever thro' it swirls Like rivers wild with foam. O heart, poor little heart! What would you do to-night? What would you do, were you free? Ah, free!

A VOICE FROM AFAR.

Weep not for me— Be blithe as wont, nor tinge with gloom The stream of love that circles home, Light hearts and free. Joy is the gifts Heaven's bounty lends! Nor miss my face dear friends! I still am near— Watching the smiles I prized on earth, Your converse mild, your blameless mirth. Now, too, I hear Of whispered sounds the tale complete, Low prayers and music sweet, A sea before. The throne is spread—its pure, still glass Pictures all earth-scenes as they pass. We, on its shore, Share in the bosom of our rest, God's knowledge, and are blest. —Cardinal Newman.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

Into our lives—a rose amid the thorns, A star in night—there came one perfect day; Framed all in sunshine, lit with light of love And compassed round with blessing every way. Hush! let us keep it sweet, By God's own grace, complete.

Now, though the shadows gather round our path; Now, though the darkness rise and hide the light; Now, though we never reap life's aftermath, Nor ever touch again so fair a height; Now, come what come may, We know one perfect day.

A DEAD FRIEND.

And yet, dear heart! remembering thee, Am I not richer than of old? Safe in thy immortality, What change can reach the wealth I hold? What chance can mar the pearl and gold? Thy love hath left in trust for me? And while in life's long afternoon, Where cool and long the shadows grow, I walk to meet the night that soon Shall shape and shadow overflow, I cannot feel that thou art far, Since near at need the angels are; And when the sunset gates unbar, Shall I not see thee waiting stand, And, white against the evening star, The welcome of thy beckoning hand? —Whittier.

Internally and Externally it is Good.—The crowning property of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is that it can be used internally for many complaints as well as externally. For sore throat, croup, whooping cough, pains in the chest, colic and many kindred ailments it has curative qualities that are unsurpassed. A bottle of it costs little and there is no loss in always having it at hand.

A Fair-Minded Editor.

The memory of the late Richard Watson Gilder, poet and editor of the Century Magazine, is endeared to Catholics by an incident recalled by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, an able non-Catholic minister of Columbus. Dr. Gladden wrote a spirited defense of Catholics during the A.P.A. agitation some fifteen years ago, and he recalls now that the editor of the Century accepted the article in spite of the probability of thereby losing subscribers. "Back in 1893, when the last violent anti-Catholic crusade was at its hottest, I felt it to be my duty to prepare an article exposing the brutal and venomous falsehoods and enmities on which the movement was founded. I sent it at once to Mr. Gilder; I did not believe that any other magazine would dare to print it. He replied very promptly. I cannot find his letter, but I remember the purport of it. It was something like this: 'I have read your article carefully. It is a serious business. If we print it, in the present excited state of public opinion, I have no doubt we shall lose many subscribers. But it is the truth, and it is the truth which the country needs just now, and I am going to print it. I don't know what a magazine like ours is for if not to tell the people needed truth.'"

FROM AWAY OUT ON THE PRAIRIES

Comes Proof of Another Wonderful Cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mark Southern Tells How They Raised Him From a Bed of Sickness, Cured His Kidney Disease and Made Him a Well Man.

Skipton, Duck Lake, Sask., Jan. 10. (Special).—After thirteen years suffering from Kidney Disease brought on by an accident, Mark Southern, of Heskler Farm near here, is a well man, and he is slow to state that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. "It began with pains in my back," Mr. Southern says, "and across my loins, and of late years I became very weak and for days I had to keep to my bed. I had all kinds of advice and tried a great many medicines, but all to no purpose. Reading an advertisement induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial, and I wrote for six boxes. After taking the first box I began to feel relief, and after using five boxes I felt quite well again. I am now able to get about my work and feel no effects whatever from the old complaint."

Dodd's Kidney Pills clean all Kidney Diseases and all diseases resulting from disordered kidneys right out of the system. That's how they cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Rheumatism and Backache. They do it by putting the Kidneys in good working order and they always do it.

Bishop's Generous Act.

The sum of \$7000 was the testimonial presented at the Cathedral auditorium, Duluth, Minn., to Bishop McGolrick at the reception given in honor of the twentieth anniversary of his consecration to the bishopric of the Duluth diocese. The bishop immediately turned over the entire sum to swell the funds for a new orphan asylum. The purse was subscribed to by many Duluth residents.

A Rare Ivory Cross.

An antique hand carved ivory crucifix, valued at upwards of \$1000, is the treasured possession of M. H. Wiltz, president of the M. H. Wiltz Company, picked up in Europe on one of his business trips, says the Catholic Citizen. The crucifix is 350 years of age and bears the marks of the centuries in the long, irregular fissures on the glass-like surface of the ivory.

The crucifix was the original property of a family of the Italian nobility and was handed down from generation to generation, finally falling into the hands of a religious order, from whom Mr. Wiltz secured it. Its history is that of centuries of religious struggle from which it emerged whole and unscratched, even as did the faith of which it is emblematic. The crucifix is over three feet from tip to tip of the cross, but the corpus is only about twenty inches. The carving is of the most delicate finish, indicating the skill of the handiwork and the expression of the face of the Christ is almost perfect.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

The Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 Blouy Street, Montreal.

Advertisement for 'Laporesolene' medicine, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for various ailments like cough, croup, and throat issues.

The Abbe Bremond, who was suspended, as chronicled at the time, for his conduct at the funeral of the Rev. George Tyrrell, has made public retractions and has been absolved from all censures.

A Trip to Alaska.

A trip to Alaska is one seldom undertaken by the people in the British Isles, and of the many book-travelers undertaken by the Grand Trunk Railway officials in London, few tickets show the destination to be that part far north of Canada, where coal and gold, together with meteorological observations, are often supposed to be the chief reason for the existence of that land. That such a trip can be made with little out of the ordinary fatigue of travelling is well proved by the recent communication sent to Mr. Fred C. Saiter, European Traffic Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway, from Mr. Bromley Challenor, F.R.G.S., who has just returned from the northwestern limit of the North American continent. The letter has an added interest by reason of the fact that on the day of the official opening of the Grand Trunk Railway's new office at 17-19 Cockspur Street, S.W., Mr. Challenor was the first person to book a passage with the Company for Canada. On Dominion Day (July 1st) the trip was planned and provision made for the journey, and, in the first week in October, back in England again, the well-known geographer has been pleased to write to the Grand Trunk offices expressing his entire satisfaction with the easy way in which the journey was accomplished. After thanking the railway officials for making his means of transportation pleasant and comfortable, he says: "I was very pleased, indeed, with both the road and rolling stock of your Company, and in my opinion it is second to none on the Continent of America. The arrangements you made for me very much added to my comfort and enabled me to reach my destination in the quickest possible time, and I must say I experienced the greatest civility from the Company's staff during my passage on your road. The route you worked out for me was a most interesting one, and coming back as I did over the Rockies and the Great Lakes, I did not travel over a single mile between Sarnia and Toronto. Will you be good enough to send me particulars of your 'Round the World Tours.' I am thinking that next spring I may have another run out to the West, and if I do, I should like to return home via the East." Thus the whole of Great Britain is quickly put in touch by this great railway system, with what frequently is said to be the uttermost parts of the earth.—Dublin (Ireland) Daily Express, Oct. 19, 1909.

"Bronchitis."

THE SYMPTOMS ARE

Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and a Difficulty in Breathing, Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning. Chronic Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure the first symptoms of Bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Miss Martha Bourget, Little Falls, Que., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, had a bad cough, sick headache, could not sleep, and was tired all the time. I consulted two doctors, and both told me I had bronchitis, and advised me to give up teaching. I tried almost everything but none of the medicines gave me any relief. One of my friends advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had scarcely taken the first bottle when I began to get better and when I had taken the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my cough had left me and I could sleep well."

Dr. Wood's is the original Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pins across the trade mark, and the price 25 cents. There are many imitations of "Dr. Wood's" so be sure you receive the genuine when you ask for it. Manufactured only by The T. Millard Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 18, 1910. Many hours had mantle of night, quaint old city of spite the fact, the nearly every hour with the custom and which is still places of German or lighted and kept er midnight, but Child would not, was in darkness. The night was crescent moon hung and the purple ve studded with inn seemed a fitting Holy Night. Over the Judean aglow. The night enth lence lies; The earth is whit en snow And bright the skies. O Holy Night, O fair; that li O highest heav in heart in hea For what in heav With God's gran mortals give In the gray ca old, preparations ard for the celest night Mass. The struted of Italia ad exquisitely ca with gold and beautiful statuary. In the right tuary was the cr ed that mystic sig Bethlehem. The scene was Lights flickered adoring angels, a their niches seeme living creatures, ans radiated to filled their hearts Day. An hour before were to begin, the fill with worshipp choir loft, stood the music ready o light leaved to a singers arrived at places. When th drew near, and th sician of repute, d singers whispered and east anxious the door opened. thrown back and t alone. He stepped dressed the singer. "Our beloved ma an accident. He sl the result is a br been taken home. we do to?" A great silence army of singers, f for the occasion. I some very well, presume to take a great music maste haren youth step said: "In the Archbis Italian maestro. the French king a empress. He is said able. Perhaps he our difficulty." A murmur of the singe slight feeling again Italy at that time "Eldorado of com No Italian can tice," said one o do not want our majestic fugues tre volous arias that ear and never touc All the singers A feeling of desper of the director. "There is no mu who could fill the master. In twenty vices should begin. do?" A young girl, wit fair enough to ser the Madonna, step tor's side and said "We can pray to He whom we hono refuse to send us a ed his hand in the crib down, below, knees. The choir, fervent petitions a Christ Child. Th aid, when, from a point, no aid seem night! See, how t mother. What a p eve!" "Beautiful, indeed addressed by a boy years of age. The from a carriage a their way across th tal. "Do you think it night as this that came?" asked the clear voice. "Very likely. We was very cold, and ground. Ah, me, t comfort, may, actu those holy ones, wit room in the inn." The child listened gence far beyond hi versed on the them old, will be ever n ren of each generat They reached the a room. Soon the and sleeping soundly "Sleep, dear one,

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

Many hours had elapsed since the mantle of night had fallen on the quaint old city on the Rhine. Despite the fact, there was a light in nearly every home, in accordance with the custom which prevailed, and which is still observed in many places of Germany, of having a tap-light and kept burning until after midnight, because the Christ Child would not enter a home that was in darkness.

The night was clear and cold. The crescent moon hung low in the west, and the purple vault of heaven was studded with innumerable stars. It seemed a fitting anniversary of the Holy Night.

Over the Judean hills, 'neath stars aglow,
The night enthroned sits, and silence lies;
The earth is white with newly fallen snow

And bright the starry splendor of the skies,
O Holy Night, O night serene and fair;

O night that linked to earth the highest heavens!
For what in heaven or earth e'er can compare

With God's great gift—Himself—to mortals given?

In the gray cathedral, centuries old, preparations were going forward for the celebration of the mid-winter feast, the Christmas Eve.

The altar, of Italian marble, polished and exquisitely carved, was adorned with gold and silver candelabra, beautiful statuary, palms and flowers.

In the right wing of the sanctuary was the crib and high above it a pendant light, which represented that mystic symbol—the Star of Bethlehem.

The scene was most impressive. Lights flickered on the faces of adoring angels, and the saints in their niches seemed transformed into living creatures, whose countenances radiated the happiness that filled their hearts on Christmas Day.

An hour before the time services were to begin, the church began to fill with worshippers. Above, in the choir loft, stood the great organ, the music ready on the rack, the light lowered to a proper level. The singers arrived early and took their places.

When the appointed time drew near, and the organist, a musician of repute, did not appear, the singers whispered among every time and cast anxious glances every time the door opened.

At last it was thrown back and the director entered alone. He stepped forward and addressed the singers in a low voice. He was pale and his voice trembled:

"Our beloved master has met with an accident. He slipped and fell, and the result is a broken arm. He has been taken home. Now, what are we to do?"

A great silence fell on the small army of singers, all of them picked for the occasion. Many could play, some very well, but none would presume to take the place of the great music master. Finally a dark-haired youth stepped forward and said:

"In the Archbishop's suite is an Italian maestro. He has played for the French king and the Austrian empress. He is said to be very agreeable. Perhaps he would assist us in our difficulty."

"No Italian can do our music justice," said one of the soloists. "We do not want our grand chorals and majestic fugues transformed into frivolous arias that fall lightly on the ear and never touch the heart."

All the singers murmured assent. A feeling of despair took possession of the director.

"There is no musician in the city who could fill the place of our music master. In twenty minutes the services should begin. What are we to do?"

A young girl, with a face pure and fair enough to serve as a model for the Madonna, stepped to the director's side and said softly:

"We can pray to the Christ Child. He whom we honor to-night cannot refuse to send us aid."

The director bowed his head, waved his hand in the direction of the crib door, below, and fell on his knees. The choir did likewise, and fervent petitions ascended to the Christ Child. They besought His aid, when, from an earthly viewpoint, no aid seemed possible.

"How calm and beautiful is the night! See, how the stars sparkle, mother. What a perfect Christmas eve!"

"Beautiful, indeed," said the lady addressed by a boy probably twelve years of age. The two had alighted from a carriage and were making their way across the street to a hotel.

"Do you think it was on such a night as this that the Christ Child came?" asked the boy in a sweet, clear voice.

"Very likely. We are told that it was very cold, and snow lay on the ground. Ah, me, think of the discomfort, nay, actual sufferings of those holy ones who could find no room in the inn."

The child listened with an intelligence far beyond his years, and conversed on the theme, that although old, will be ever new to the children of every generation.

They reached the hotel and sought a room. Soon the child was in bed and sleeping soundly.

"Sleep, dear one," said the mother

of genius. May the Christ Child keep you pure, and may your guardian angel watch over your slumbers."

She pressed a kiss on his brow, drew the curtains around his bed and went into the outer room. Sitting by the open fire she fell to musing. She had come to the city, accompanied by her son, on rather an unusual mission. She had been educated in the convent by the Sisters of St. Dominic, and one of her teachers and her nearest friend was ill of an incurable disease. This friend, Mother Ignatius, had sent a message requesting her friend to come immediately and bring her son.

"I desire to listen to his music," were her words. "Do not disappoint one who has not many days to live."

The mother thought of her dear friend's words and tears came to her eyes.

"My son has played for princes, kings and an empress, but he shall play his sweetest music for one whom I love as a mother."

Intent upon her thoughts, which traveled back to her happy convent days, she did not notice a slight noise in the inner room. Suddenly the curtains were parted and the child appeared.

"Dear mother," he said, "I have had a dream—a strange, beautiful dream. A host of angels flew over my bed, and each one dropped a flower on my cheek in passing. The last one paused long enough to say: 'Arise and go to the cathedral.' As he flew away, the rustling of his wings awakened me."

"My child," said the lady, clasping him in her arms, "it was only a dream. Go back to your bed."

"No, mother, it was a dream but I think it was also a summons. I must go to the cathedral."

She was silent. Long ago she had seen that her gifted son had a mission in life far above the ordinary. She assisted him to dress and in a short time the two were on their way to the cathedral. When they arrived the large edifice was crowded to the doors. As they stood on the steps the child heard one young man say to another:

"There is no one to play the organ. On his way to church the music master fell and broke his arm. The director has given up hope of a High Mass, and I am going now to tell our pastor. Fancy the Archbishop, expected to celebrate Pontifical High Mass!"

As the young man started to go, he felt a hard laid on his arm. He turned in astonishment to the boy who spoke in a tone of authority.

"Wait, sir! Lead the way to the organ loft and I will follow. The Archbishop shall not be disappointed. I will play the Mass!"

The voice impressed the young man, but as he turned and noted the boy's stature, he laughed impatiently. The child raised his head and the light fell on him.

"Good heaven," he exclaimed, starting back. "It is the face of an angel. Can it be the Christ Child Himself?"

Willingly he led the way to the organ loft, followed by the boy and his mother. Gloom had fallen upon the choir. The director stood with bowed head. Some of the singers were weeping. The Divine Infant had refused to hear them and they were sorrowful. The guide opened the door, and all turned as the child entered. He removed his cap and gave it to his mother. His figure was slight and graceful, and he was dressed in blue velvet trimmed with fur. Flaxen hair hung in curls around a face of spiritual beauty, and dark blue eyes glowed with the intensity of his emotion, for now he understood the meaning of his dream. He bowed to the director and the choir, and going to the organ he glanced over the music and smiled. As he seated himself on the stool there was a stir below and the venerable Archbishop appeared, followed by priests, deacons and acolytes. The boy's hands pressed the keys and exquisite music rolled through the vaulted arches.

"Kyrie eleison—Christe eleison!" The choir sang as it had never sung before. Then came the "Gloria in excelsis Deo," the song the angels sang to the wondering shepherds. The voice that soared high and clear and full of angelic sweetness, that stood out distinctly as a thread of glistening gold in a silver tissue, was the voice of the youthful organist, who with uplifted face looked as one inspired.

It was over. The last benediction had been given. The echo of the last amen had died away. The child leaned back, folded his hands, and his head drooped for he was weary. The singers crowded around murmuring words of admiration as they thanked him brokenly. The director knelt beside him, took the little hands and raised them to his lips.

"Tell us, O wonder child, who you are, and whither are you going?"

"To bed, sir," answered the child, sleepily. "I am so tired."

He reached out his arms to this mother.

"Take me back to the hotel, dear mother. I must not be too tired to play for your dear friend tomorrow."

"Will you not tell us your name, so that we can pray for you?" asked the director, pleadingly.

"Yes, indeed, if you will pray for me. I know your prayers are answered. Do not forget," he added with a smile, "my name is a long one. I am called Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart."

WHERE GAELIC IS SPOKEN.

Thousands Speak Ancient Tongue in New York City.

Two Irishmen in New York make a bet one day, says the New York Sun. One was an enthusiast and one was a scoffer. The enthusiast bet that in half an hour's walk, taken at random through New York, he could raise an answer in the Irish language every time he chose to speak it. The scoffer scoffed.

They went down West street first and stopped at the first group of dock laborers. The enthusiast let fall a salutation in the Gaelic. He got an answer so quickly that it cost him the drinks for old Ireland before he got away.

Next he went into a dry goods store. Behind the counter was a girl with blue eyes "rubbed in with a dirty finger." He uttered a sentence in Gaelic, and though it did not cost him the drinks this time, he got an answer and a quotation from a bit of Irish poetry, and the girl was born in New York, too.

Last they wandered out on an old pier where come boats of a little old New England line. Out on the end they found a shack where at a desk sat a white haired clerk, as he had been sitting for the last thirty or forty years.

The enthusiast sized up the old man and tried an observation in the Gaelic on him. He got an answer that nearly wrung his hand off, and then the old clerk showed the visitors a box of books in the Irish language, some of them dating back to the early days of printing, which he had stored in his office.

The old man "Eileen Aroon," which means "Darling Ellen," has been known a thousand years in Ireland, and "The Return from Finland" was composed in 1014. The latter was the funeral march or lament played by the pipers at the burying of Brian Boru.

"The Bard's Legacy" was written by Moore for a very ancient Irish air, and in fact nothing and no one, has done so much to preserve the old melodies from extinction as Moore, by reason of the characteristic and beautiful words which he set to them.

The bagpipes are as much Irish as Scotch, but the original Irish instrument was the harp, the Irish form of the universal primitive stringed instrument. The use of the harp has died out until the violin is now the true national instrument of Ireland. Yet so much influence has the Gaelic revival had that one firm in Dublin is doing a very good business in the manufacture of harps.

IN THE LARGEST IRISH CITY IN THE WORLD.

Some Irishmen declare that 25,000 people in New York, the largest Irish city in the world, can speak Gaelic. Others fix the number at double that. Twenty years ago an educated person in Ireland was apt to be a bit ashamed to confess that he knew the language. To-day 100,000 children are studying their own language in the national schools of Ireland and there are chairs of the Irish language in most of the universities of Germany, France and Scandinavia and here and there in America. The best Irish scholar in the world is a Scandinavian professor.

The Gaelic League of America has for its object the awakening of interest in the ancient language, art, customs and history of Ireland and the financial assistance of the home society for the same purpose. Much money goes to Ireland annually for the purpose.

The league has eight societies in New York, several each in Boston and Chicago, and others in Buffalo, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Washington, Worcester, Westfield, Bridgeport, Pawtucket, Brockton, Holyoke, Springfield, Providence, Montreal, Quebec and San Francisco.

Usually there is an hour or more of study first under a teacher provided by the society and then a musical and literary programme, often with Irish dancing as a finale when some one can be found who knows the real old Irish steps.

A LOST ARTIST.

A passenger who crossed the Atlantic not long ago found his way down into the steerage when an entertainment was in progress. One number was furnished by a little peasant girl fresh from the bogs, green as the grass of the Emerald Isle. She was dancing a true Irish jig and the little people themselves had put the motion in her feet.

It was the poetry of motion—a wild, primitive step, not voluptuous like the Oriental dances, but having that peculiar influence on the beholder that all primitive dances have whether the Highland fling, the tarantella, or any other that has come down from the childhood of the race. Good round dollars were waiting for the little Irish maid could any one have gently guided her steps to a vaudeville stage. But she melted away in the throng at Ellis Island and to-day no doubt stands over some prosaic dishpan, an artist lost to the world.

The national dance of Ireland is the Rinca Foshia, the "long darce."

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JIG TUNES PLAYED THE WORLD OVER.

which is something like the Virginia reel. The Irish jig is danced at four corners in the form of a figure 8. It may be danced by one, two or four, but the same figures are always used.

The Irish jig tunes have been played under different names the world over. They have lost their original names, and their authorship is lost, if ever known, but they have become part of the world's legacy of music. One of them, known before St. Patrick's time, had a name given it and words set to it by some rhymester within a century past. Under its new guise it has played Tommy Atkins away to the wars over seven seas, and made its way into every nook and corner of civilization. Its new name is "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The old tune "Eileen Aroon," which means "Darling Ellen," has been known a thousand years in Ireland, and "The Return from Finland" was composed in 1014. The latter was the funeral march or lament played by the pipers at the burying of Brian Boru.

"The Bard's Legacy" was written by Moore for a very ancient Irish air, and in fact nothing and no one, has done so much to preserve the old melodies from extinction as Moore, by reason of the characteristic and beautiful words which he set to them.

The bagpipes are as much Irish as Scotch, but the original Irish instrument was the harp, the Irish form of the universal primitive stringed instrument. The use of the harp has died out until the violin is now the true national instrument of Ireland. Yet so much influence has the Gaelic revival had that one firm in Dublin is doing a very good business in the manufacture of harps.

AN UNKNOWN LITERATURE.

The Irish revival aims to revive the native cottage industries of the island, of which one, the lace making, never died out. But its most interesting phase is perhaps the opening up of a whole unknown literature. Thousands of manuscripts in the Irish tongue, full of ancient tales and folklore, exist in the Dublin Museum and the library of Trinity College, which are being printed as fast as money can be had to do it.

The revival has also started the production of a modern Irish literature. One aged priest in south of Ireland, Father Peter O'Leary, who did not begin to write till he was past seventy, has since then put out several plays and novels in Irish besides textbooks and a flood of articles, and all through Ireland people who have never seen an English play in their lives have taken to writing and acting little plays in Irish, a spontaneous rise of a people's drama.

The same thing is being done from time to time in the Gaelic societies of New York. It is the investigation of the ancient literature and art of Ireland which attracts the interest of foreign scholars. Ireland was the only country in Europe which developed a civilization absolutely uninfluenced by that of the Roman empire.

Pope Presided at Woman's Election

The Pope, if not a suffragist at least believes in the organization of women for their mutual benefit and protection, and he warmly encouraged Princess Gustiniani Bandini, of Rome, in her efforts to found a union for Catholic women. Besides sending to the Princess a letter with his blessing the Pope expressed a wish to be present at the election of the first president of the union, and a special audience was accordingly arranged for this purpose.

The organizers and delegates from all parts of Italy assembled at the Vatican, where the election took place. Each delegate handed to the Pope a closed envelope containing the name of the candidate. The Pope opened the envelopes one by one with a great deal of care, and read the names, then addressing the delegates he said with a smile:

"I see with pleasure that unity will prevail in this new union, as with one exception all the delegates have chosen the same name for president, that of Princess Gustiniani Bandini."

Glancing around the hall the Pope caught sight of the delegate from Venice and recognized her as an old friend. He called her by her Christian name, saying:

"Angelina, I hope you are not the one who has not given the vote to the Princess."

"No, your Holiness," answered the blushing lady, "I voted with the majority."

The Pope pretended to be greatly relieved, and he expressed his approval by saying: "Bene, bene, I am very glad. Angelina, and I would have been very sorry had Venice commended badly."

He then proclaimed the Princess president of the union, blessed all the delegates and members of the

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union, and told Angelina to remember him to his old friends in Venice. The new union is a federation of all the Catholic women's associations and it is founded on the same lines as the four men's unions which are doing good work in keeping Catholic workmen united.—Catholic Universe.

American Views on the Irish Question.

"Wherever a man or woman strikes a blow for human liberty in any part of the world, that blow is struck for human liberty in every part of the world. No community can be entirely free until every community is free." That maxim has become familiar to Toledo in many a stern fight for free government and Home Rule of the city. The great throng that crowded Memorial Hall to listen to the story of the fight for free government and Home Rule for Ireland, proved deeply the lesson has sunk in.

The meeting was neither racial nor sectarian. The Irish-American found the fellowship of a common cause in all the varied nationalities that go to make up the city. The Mayor of the city, presiding, said: "No man could read of that long struggle for the freedom of Ireland without longing to take a hand in it." That sentiment was the sentiment of the gathering, Catholic and Protestant clergy were there to lend voice and support. Officials, from the judiciary down, were present in testimony of their sympathy. One of the speakers was a Catholic from "the West"; the other a Protestant, from Ulster.

The story of special privileges in Ireland found such an understanding in Toledo as could not be exceeded in the most Irish city in America. The Irish-Americans who have been so loyal in the fight against one form of special privileges here, found stalwart support and sympathy in the fight against another form in their own Motherland. It sounded good to hear of the encouragement of the Irish nation derived from the fight for human liberty made here in Toledo, led by Mayor S. M. Jones and Mayor Brand Whitlock. The big meeting was good for the Irish cause and good for Toledo.—Toledo News-Be.

Little Helen had developed the habit of holding her thumb in her mouth, even while eating. The mother had resorted to all sorts of methods to correct the child, and finally, in desperation, said:

"Helen, the first thing you know, you will swallow your thumb, and then what will you do?"

"Well, mother, I should hate to swallow it, because I'd have a heaven of a time without it."

"Why, Helen," said the astonished mother, "where did you hear an expression like that?"

"Well—well," hesitated the little girl—"I didn't hear it exactly like that, mother, but I thought it would sound better."

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Local and Diocesan News.

WARDEN ELECTED.—At a meeting last Sunday of the churchwardens of St. Michael's Church, Mr. James A. Sage, of the firm of Messrs. Waldron, Drouin & Co., was elected acting church warden.

BLESSING OF BELL.—The ceremony of blessing the new bell at St. Michael's church will take place on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 23, at 3 o'clock. This bell is the gift of one of the parishioners.

MUSICALS AND EUCHRE.—A very successful musical and euche was held in the hall of St. Aloysius church last evening. A very large crowd attended and evinced much satisfaction at the way every detail of their pleasure and entertainment had been carried out. The committee in charge deserve much praise for the splendid results.

PATRONAL FEAST OF ST. AGNES PARISH.—Arrangements have been completed for the celebration of their patronal feast on Sunday next the 16th inst. at the church of St. Agnes. Solemn high mass will be celebrated and the preacher will be the Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.S.S. The musical portion of the service will be under the direction of the choir-master Prof. J. J. Shea. The following is the programme: Kyrie, Gounod's Missa Breve; Gloria and Credo, Batmann's Mass in C; Sanctus and Agnus Dei, Gounod's Missa Breve; Offertory "O, Sacrum Convivium", Franz Vasdunen, Messrs. Langlois, Connolly and Shea.

ST. ANN'S CHORAL UNION.—St. Ann's Choral Union has resumed its regular rehearsals, and will give its initial grand concert in St. Ann's Hall on the 24th instant, in connection with the Jubilee celebration of St. Ann's Young Men's Society.

Towards the end of the Lenten season the Choral Union will give a sacred concert in St. Ann's Church by the production of the "Last Seven Words of Christ," by Dubois. The members of the Choral Union are quite enthusiastic in their work of preparation for these two events, which, under the able direction of Prof. J. I. McCaffrey, musical director, promise to be finished, high-class performances.

SYMPHONY CHOIR OF MONTREAL HOLD FIRST SOCIAL.—The executive of this enterprising Association have every reason to feel delighted over the distinct success of the musicale and social held in Stanley Hall last Friday, Jan. 7th.

The pretty hall presented a striking appearance, with the large number of charming lady members and their male escorts and friends evidently determined to extract every ounce of pleasure out of the minutes as they flew by. Prof. F. N. Norman's House Orchestra furnished excellent music for those inclined to follow in the footsteps of Terpsichore, while euche provided entertainment for the more staid members of the choir. A musical programme lasting from 11.15 to 12.15 enabled the many friends of the choir to convince themselves of the merit of the choir from a musical standpoint. Mrs. (Dr.) Johnston, of Boston, Mass., erstwhile known to the music lovers as Miss Nellie McAndrew, delighted the audience with two selections, sung in her usual inimitable manner. Mine host Bronson excelled himself in his arrangements and provision for supper, which elicited unlimited praise.

The event closed at a reasonable hour amid expressions of satisfaction on the part of everybody, who had the privilege of being a member or guest of the Symphony Choir of Montreal.

FEAST OF THE HOLY NAME OF JESUS AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.—The feast of the Holy Name of Jesus will be celebrated this year on Sunday next, January 16th., with all possible solemnity by the members of the Holy Name Sodality.

The celebration will begin in the morning at the eight o'clock mass, when the members, numbering about four hundred, will receive Holy Communion in a body. There will be special music and singing by the Chancel Choir during the mass. In the evening at a quarter past seven, Vespers will be sung, followed by a special sermon for the occasion, and Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

A member of the Franciscan Order has been invited to deliver the evening sermon.

The choir under the direction of Mr. P. J. Shea is preparing special music for the occasion.

The Holy Name Society of this parish, with Mr. A. D. McGillis as its President, is in a most flourishing condition. Over four hundred men are enrolled as members.

The General Communion and Monthly meetings have been very well attended during the past year.

A large increase in membership is looked for during the coming Lenten season.

The sodality is making preparation for the Eucharistic Congress during which it will take a prominent part.

Every member is earnestly requested to take part in next Sunday's celebration, both at the general Communion and at the evening's service.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—Christmas cheer came to the Home this time in the following way, and was

most thankfully received. James McDowell, twenty-five dollars; Miss Lane, twenty dollars, collected among a few friends, P. O'Connell, ten dollars, Mrs. Cunningham and daughter, four dollars, T. Hanley, five dollars, Miss Donoghue, Ormstown, Mr. J. T. Lambley, Miss O'Neill and Miss Burt, two dollars each, William Murphy and J. McKeegan, Ormstown, three dollars; Mr. Donoghue, Mrs. Kelly, Miss Kelly, Fred. Murphy and George Murphy, Ormstown, Rev. Father Cavanagh, Corkery, Ont., John B. O'Higgins, Boston, Mrs. Waters, Mrs. Mahoney, Mrs. A. Woods, Mrs. Ahearn, Mrs. Ling, Miss Downes, A. Woods, Thomas Moore and two friends, a dollar each. Mr. Collins, of Ottawa, street, sent a ham, Mr. McCrory a turkey, while many others sent their cards expressing their kind wishes of a Happy New Year. The pound party will be left until later on, so many are the calls that the generous have to answer, but the euche to be held on the 14th and a tombola which is being organized by the worthy matron, Miss Brennan, and a few of her friends, ought to bring in a little to make another payment on the property. There is room yet for a few poor boys in want of a good home.

PERSONAL

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.S.S. will leave on Sunday next for Florida where he will spend about six weeks, returning the first week in March.

OBITUARY

MR. THOMAS CLARK.

After only a week's illness death came to Mr. Thomas Clark, on Monday last. Deceased was very popular in the parish of St. Aloysius. A solemn requiem mass was celebrated at St. Aloysius Church by the pastor, Rev. M. L. Shea. A very large attendance at his funeral including all the school children testified to the high esteem in which deceased was held. May he rest in peace.

MASTER J. L. BURKE.

The death took place on Saturday last of Master John Leo Burke, youngest son of Mr. Michael Burke. The funeral, which was private, took place to St. Patrick's Church on Tuesday morning. The True Witness extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. Burke.

MISS ROSE ANN HARRIGAN.

The death of Miss Rose Ann Harrigan, daughter of the late Denis Harrigan, who during his lifetime was for many terms Mayor of Outremont, occurred on Friday last at the family residence. Miss Harrigan was ailing but a short time, and the end came as a shock to her many friends. The deceased was a devout member of St. Michael's parish, and was known for her kindness of heart and generous disposition. Miss Harrigan is mourned by the last tribute of affection to her memory with floral wreaths and Mass offerings.

The funeral took place on Monday morning from Mount Royal avenue, Outremont, to St. Michael's Church, where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Kierman, pastor, assisted by the Rev. Fathers McCrory and O'Brien as deacon and sub-deacon. St. Michael's full choir was in attendance. The funeral was largely attended. Mr. Patrick Harrigan, New York, and Mr. Joseph H. Harrigan, brothers, P. J. Harrigan, cousin, and J. McNerny, were the chief mourners. The following composed the cortege: Mayor Dunlop, T. J. Gorman, ex-Mayor of Outremont, T. P. Crowe, P. J. Ryan, J. H. Maher, H. Bradey, Michael Hughes, E. Ethier, H. Corbell, J. Perry, John Bell, John Keegar, J. Dillon, J. M. Quinn, D. M. Quinn, Thomas Moore, John Crowe, James King, Patrick Heaghty.

SISTER EDNA.

Rev. Sister Edna, of the Community of St. Joseph, died on Sunday last at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, after only four days' illness. Sister Edna, prior to entering religion, was Miss Wallace of Adjula, Simcoe County, and was a member of the community for twenty-eight years. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning, the requiem mass being said at St. Joseph's convent.

MOTHER CATHERINE.

There passed away at Loretto Abbey, Wellington street, Toronto, Mother Catherine, until about two months ago Mother Superior at Niagara Falls. For the past year Mother Catherine had been in poor health, and about two months ago

retired to the mother house of the community in Toronto. Since going there Mother Catherine had been practically an invalid. Deceased had been in the community for about 42 years and prior to entering religion her name was Catherine Harris, of Hamilton.

MR. F. S. McDONALD.

Mr. F. S. McDonald, retired contractor, died suddenly at his country residence, St. Luke, P.Q., on December 30. Mr. McDonald was one of the oldest subscribers to the True Witness, and one of the pioneer settlers of Lower Canada. He was universally esteemed on account of his genial disposition and his many qualities of mind and heart. The funeral took place on January 4th from St. Margaret's Church, L'Acadie, and was very largely attended despite the inclemency of the weather. Mr. McDonald leaves a widow, five sons and three daughters.

Death of Cardinal Satolli.

In a despatch dated Rome, Jan. 8, the death was announced of Francesco Di Paola Satolli, Bishop of Frascati, arch-priest of the Lateran Arch-Basilica, and Prefect of the Congregation of Studies. Death followed an illness that began with an attack of nephritis and atrophy of the right lung last June, and was complicated recently with blood poisoning.

The deceased prelate was born in Marsciano, Archdiocese of Perugia, on July 21, 1839. His family was a noble one of very ancient lineage. His success in difficult research first won for him the regard of his great friend, the late Pope Leo. Completing his studies, he was assigned to the faculty of the College of the Propaganda as professor of theology and philosophy. The work of study and research appealed strongly to him, and if he had been guided alone by his own inclinations he would have preferred to remain a teacher, but the Church had need of him outside the class room, and after a few years he was made Archbishop of Lepanto, and then sent to America by Pope Leo XIII. to represent the Vatican at the Columbian Exposition. He remained as the first Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The clerical work connected with the administration of the Church in America had heretofore been in charge of the Propaganda, which has superintendence of all missionary countries. When the Catholic body in a missionary country is of a size to warrant the change, the Propaganda hands over its powers and duties to that body itself. If the Pope has treaty relations with the particular country, as in France, a nuncio from Rome resides at the Capital; but where no treaty exists, as in the United States, the Pontiff is represented by a delegation such as Mr. Satolli established at Washington.

Just before going to Washington Archbishop Satolli had been made president of the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, one of the greatest positions in the ecclesiastical world of Italy. Then came his appointment as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, and only a comparatively short time after this came the news that he was to be made a Cardinal. He was duly created and proclaimed cardinal on November 29, 1895, taking title from St. Mark in Aracooli. After the red hat had been conferred upon him, Cardinal Satolli became Prefect of the Sacred College of Studies and member of the Oriental Rites and Index.

The funeral was held on Tuesday at the Church of St. John Lateran, where for centuries similar services have been conducted only over the bodies of popes and the kings of France as the protectors of the Lateran. All the Cardinals and the officials of the Vatican, the diplomats accredited to the Holy See, and members of the Roman aristocracy were present. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli pronounced the absolution.

"The Foreigner" Again Quoted.

There are honest men left in the world as yet, and we believe Mr. J. T. Reid, a correspondent to the Daily Witness, is one of them. Though a staunch Protestant, Mr. Reid is no adherent of Ralph Connor's latest attempt at a novel, "The Foreigner." True, we have to disagree with Mr. Reid in some paragraphs of his letter, especially with the most of his post-scriptum. He does not understand the Ruthenian difficulty in which he so strongly involves the Archbishop of St. Boniface, to the prelate's undeserved discredit; but we feel convinced of Mr. Reid's honesty and good faith. He is a seeker after truth and justice; in due time he will see through what is now a maze for him. Following is the letter he sent our esteemed Craig street contemporary:

To the Editor of the Witness: Sir,—Being often asked whether the Galician of Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner" is the typical Galician, I should like to give a general reply in your columns in defence of the Galician people, few of whom have the ability to defend themselves in our language. The hundred thousand Galicians already in Canada, the tens of thousands yet to come, and their very rapid natural increase in numbers from very high birth-

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rates, make this a vital question. The social product of the serfdom of the Dark Ages, and of modern European despotism, and the moral and religious product of the Church's recent centuries of Greek enlightenment, their general civilization is of course much lower than is our Anglo-Saxon standards. And yet, as a people, they have redeeming traits of character for which Ralph Connor gives them no credit—traits which make them a much less unpromising people than the readers of Ralph Connor's story can believe them to be.

Ralph Connor's Galician is the Winnipeg Galician, whose semi-barbarism, in a saloon environment, too often degenerates into the brutal barbarism so vividly and so sensationally described in "The Foreigner." But even the Winnipeg Galician sketched by Ralph Connor is not the typical Winnipeg Galician. In Winnipeg there are many Galician weddings without the Bacchanalian orgies so fully described by him. His sketch of Galician life in Winnipeg applies only to a small minority which but for the ubiquitous Winnipeg saloon would be much smaller.

A minority does not constitute a general type. We ourselves should be thankful that it does not do so. Otherwise some literary foreigner could—both east and west—easily find much capital for a story about Anglo-Saxon Canadians as interestingly sensational as Ralph Connor's pen has made "The Foreigner." Now the injustice of Ralph Connor's picture of Galician life is that it gives the designed and quite erroneous impression that his Galician is the typical Galician. While it is true that in one or two of his minor characters a possibility of moral growth is implied, yet the moral gloom of his general portrayal is so dense that that tiny ray of light is in the minds of his readers, entirely eclipsed.

Ralph Connor has done a still greater and more inexcusable injustice to the Galician people by his neglect to discriminate between the lower moral tone of the few thousand Galicians and the much higher moral tone of the great majority of the Galician people who live in the less immoral environments of the rural districts. I lived for some time in a Galician rural colony of fifteen thousand people. I attended a number of Galician weddings, I heard all the interesting news of all the other numerous weddings in the colony. I know of no wedding, and I heard of none with such barbaric carousals as are only too correctly but too sensationally described by Ralph Connor in his very realistic description of some Winnipeg Galician weddings. I know hundreds of Galician men in that colony. I did not find one man so brutal as Valph Connor's fictitious would-be murderer of "Jack French." I met hundreds of Galician women in that colony. I heard all the current gossip of the colony, for, like the Anglo-Saxons, the Slavs talk much about their neighbors. Amongst all those women there was only one "Pauline." But there was one. If the first steps of her career could be spoken it would be unnecessary to state that Anglo-Saxons have no right to "cast the first stone."

Certain enterprising correspondents used to stop a few hours between trains at some C.N.R. station near some Doukhobor village, ask a few prejudiced Anglo-Saxons a few questions concerning the vagaries of the fanatical Doukhobor minority, and then write sensational articles giving full information concerning the whole Doukhobor people. Even some of our religious journals were enterprisingly sensational along similar lines.

Now, Ralph Connor does a like injustice to the Galician people. He paints in lurid colors sensational pictures of Galician life, and yet he has never lived where that life could be studied in all its intricate and complex details. I am not sure that he has ever made even a superficial study of rural Galician life, and the rural Galician is the only true type of the Galician people. His knowledge of the Galician people as a people consists merely in current report, and Anglo-Saxon current report concerning foreigners, against whom we are prejudiced, must be accepted cum grano salis.

When some time ago I heard that Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner" was about ready for publication, I had hopes that such a story, written by him from the motives indicated in the preface, would elicit the sympathies of Christian Canada, and thereby dispel those unchristian

prejudices which have hitherto prevented a practical interest in a very primitive people who have never enjoyed our opportunities of enlightenment, and whose semi-barbarism is therefore not their fault, but their misfortune. I had hopes that his story would call forth a general missionary spirit, whose aim would be to compensate them for their centuries of civil and ecclesiastical thralldom, by placing in every Galician hamlet in Canada the full opportunities of a higher civilization. Judging from what I hear from those who have read "The Foreigner," it would seem that not only has such sympathy not been elicited, but that our former unchristian prejudices against them have been intensified.

Even were Ralph Connor's picture of Galician life true, it would be difficult to see the gain of its portrayal—further than the ephemeral entertainment of novel readers. In his preface, Ralph Connor appeals for "justice" and "charity" for foreign immigrants. To give publicity to full descriptions of the faults of our neighbors is not charity. To give the impression that the faults of a decadent few are the faults of a people is not justice, for it is as untrue as it is uncharitable. It is a wrong to the Anglo-Saxon reader as well as to the people maligned, for the resulting intensified prejudice blinds the reader to all sense of that justice and charity for which Ralph Connor in his preface so commendably appeals.

Had the story of "The Foreigner" taught by example what its preface so wisely teaches by precept it would have been more highly appreciated by those who read, not for sensational diversion, but from the higher desire for knowledge.

There yet remains the opportunity for some sympathetic writer to give us a true picture of the typical Galician, in a story which will cater to the innumerable tastes of the innumerable readers of superficial and sensational love stories, but will appeal to the more intellectual minds and the more spiritual souls of those who are capable of seeing the guiding hand of providence in this extensive migration of Slavs from benighted Central Europe to enlightened Canada—where, if we will but do our duty towards them, they will become capable of enjoying their new-found freedom, without abusing it, and will be fitted to help us during our nation building to "make our bounds of freedom wider yet."

J. T. REID.

P.S.—There is at present in the office of the Minister of Education, Alberta, a petition signed by many Galicians of the Edmonton colony, asking for a Ruthenian Normal School, in which Ruthenian teachers may be trained for their own Ruthenian schools.

Some time ago the Galicians of the Edmonton colony built a church. By virtue of a compact between the Greek Church hierarchy and the Pope, during the days of Galician serfdom, the Archbishop of St. Boniface claimed this new church building in the Edmonton colony as the property of his church, and forthwith proceeded to consecrate it. The Galicians said: "In old dark days Galicians were only serfs, their souls not their own. Priests sell us to Rome, but we never sell ourselves. In this new free Canada land we now claim our own souls, and we claim freedom for our souls." But they fought the fight constitutionally. The Canadian courts decided against them. They carried the case home to the Privy Council. They won their case. They now have full faith in British justice, and they are therefore loyal to the flag which is the emblem of justice.

Such instances as these are per se sufficient proof that the Galician people are not the barbarian people so sensationally portrayed by Ralph Connor. A true picture of the brighter side of Galician life would be ample encouragement for Christian Canada to do her duty to brighten the darker side of the Galician minority.

J. T. R.

DIED.

PINIGAN.—Elizabeth Ann Pinigan, in religion Sister St. Alexandra, Congregation of Notre Dame, died at the Mother House, Sherbrooke street, on the 9th inst., where the funeral services were held at said Mother House, on the 11th.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Live Stock Exhibition OTTAWA, January 17 to 21, 1910 Round Trip Fare \$3.35 From Montreal. Tickets on sale: January 18 and 19, 1910. Return limit, January 22, 1910.

CITY TICKET OFFICES, 130 St. James St. Phones Main 6095, 6906, 6907, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Live Stock Exhibition CHEAP EXCURSION Ottawa and Return \$3.35 From Montreal.

Good going Jan. 18th and 19th. Return until Jan. 22nd, 1910.

OTTAWA TRAINS. LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 7.35 a.m. 11.15 p.m. 9.50 p.m. 10.30 p.m.

LEAVE PLACE VIGIER. 7.30 a.m. 10.30 p.m. 1.45 p.m. 1.45 p.m. Daily, except Sunday. Sunday only.

CITY TICKET OFFICE 29 St. James Street Next Post Office.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT TRAIN SERVICE

EXPRESS 7.40 a.m. Except Sunday. 12 noon Daily. 12 noon Except Saturday. 4 p.m. Except Sun.

St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Hyacinthe, Campbellville, St. Lévis, Québec, Montmagny, Rivière du Loup, Rimouski and St. Placide.

For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Campbellville, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

NICOLET EXPRESS St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

N.B.—The parlor buffet car on Maritime Express, Montreal to St. Placide, Saturdays only, and St. Placide to Montreal, Mondays only, has been discontinued.

CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRICE, GEO. STRUBBE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent Applications prosecuted by Experts.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. McKinnon Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MENEFFY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST. 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y. NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELL, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS.

I, the President of the "Equitable" Mutual Fire Insurance Company, as per paragraph 164 of the insurance law, call a meeting of the members of this Company on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1910, at the office of the Company, 160 St. James st., Montreal, in connection with the deposit to be made to the Government and in reference to the mutual system of this company.

S. T. WILLETT, President. Chambly Canton, Que., Montreal, December 31st, 1909.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 316 LaSalle street west, Montreal, Can., by G. Plunkett Watson.

A Protest. Editor of the True Witness: Dear Sir,—I beg to advise you that, at the regular monthly meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence & Benefit Society, held in the Society's Hall, Montreal, on Sunday, the 9th instant, it was

Resolved, That this Society place itself on record as being strongly opposed to the publication of the advertisement of the Household Washing Company, Limited, which appeared in the Montreal Daily Star and The Standard under date of the 8th January, instant, as it is considered the advertisement in question is naught else than a caricature of the Irish people, and it was also

Resolved, That copies of this resolution be transmitted to the manager of the said Household Washing Company, Limited, and to the press.

EDW. A. SHANAHAN, Secretary. Montreal, Jan. 10, 1910.



Vol. LIX., No. HOME RUL FOR

An Irish Protest on the Q

The following is the Dublin Weekly Home Rule Review. To the Editor of W

Dear Sir,—As allowed views on "Home Rul medium of your val land and Ireland an important crisis in their respective co great act momenta heing the welfare of both will have t of the next reform, "Tarriff Reform," for Ireland. Tariff leave for the presen I will start by ask England to lose by government to Ireland is absolutely nothing contrary, she has a gain. The cost of g against that will of the margin of profit, it is not worth the pecially as it helps men not only discor certain extent disloy prove that Ireland some of the finest brilliant orators, b great general. He should she not be giv Is she not as capabl Canada, the mixed i la, New Zealand, o fant colony, South rough, illiterate, u population? Irelan separate country, is the British Empire only be an act of ju her the Parliament w away from her in 1 of which wring dro noble, patriotic Irish and crushed their sp dence, and embittere England. True, the narrow-minded, bigo that if there was a College Green throo would be Roman Ca that they would tyr the small Protestant fellow-countrymen.

It is all moonshine, fo know that a more candid, generous nation other never lived tha it matters not whet Tories, Catholic or P is a brotherly love e them that is not to other race of people, of Home Rule does disruption of the uni ple, nor yet separat Irishmen want is the power to make s for the internal man government of thei and affairs. And wh than Irishmen the re of their country and way to make them p by and contented? Th for Irishmen to tak words of our illust man, Tom Moore:

Come, send round I leave points of To simplotens, sagg foots; This moment's a flow brief To be withered and dust of the scho

Your glass may be pu may be blue, But while they are same bright bow difference of hue Deserves not the co'er the soul.

With a united Irela ed. Why should not eed to govern them eed in business at h have done abroad?

In England at the p there are hundreds of are staunch Conservat for the United Irish L proch them with a v extracting a promise Home Rule from the v vative candidates at tion.

Should we be unsucc n election, our cry "Nil desperandum." I kill a noble cause, no pirit patriotic and nob etc.,

AN IRISH PROTEST Suffield Park, Cromer, Adelaide, Dowager D gansa, who died a fe the Benedictine Conve the, Ryde, Isle of Wigh um since 1897. She w mother of Prince Mig ra, who recently marri Stewart.

