



## MR. DORAN ACCEPTS REQUISITION.

### Enthusiastic Meeting of Irish Electors at St. Patrick's Hall.

At St. Patrick's Hall on Thursday evening, Jan. 4, the Irish electors and representatives of other creeds and nationalities joined hands in requesting Mr. W. E. Doran to accept nomination as candidate for the mayoralty of the city of Montreal. A requisition bearing 1208 signatures, among them those of many of Montreal's most prominent citizens, was presented to him, and he accepted the invitation to stand for the mayoralty and outlined the programme upon which he would fight. The gathering, which included the Hon. W. A. Weir, Mr. Robert Bickerdike, M.P., Dr. Guerin, Mr. F. J. Curran, and other well known public men, heartily endorsed this programme, and urged upon the electorate the necessity for united action in order that Mr. Doran might meet with an unqualified success at the poll.

Mr. Michael Fitzgibbon, who presided, said: "It is unnecessary for me to say very much on behalf of Mr. Doran; he is too well known to need any endorsement from me. During the last thirty-two years I have been personally acquainted with him, and I think I can truly say that there is no one among my countrymen who is so worthy of the position which is to be tendered to him to-night. There are those who will say: 'Oh, yes, Mr. Doran is a very fine fellow, clever, smart and honest, but he has some peculiar views.' To put it in plain English, he is a bit of a crank." But, gentlemen, according to my idea, every honest man is a crank simply because he will neither lend nor sell himself to the wire-pullers." (Applause.)

Mr. Doran, in accepting the requisition, said: "I do not intend to make a speech this evening, but I certainly cannot but feel gratified at the result of the efforts on the part of my friends—and it shows me that I have friends in the city of Montreal—who voluntarily took the trouble of seeing so many people and getting their signatures to the requisition asking me to accept the nomination for the mayoralty of Montreal. I think that the proper thing to do this evening is simply to read to you the letter of acceptance which will form my programme and on which the contest—as I understand there will be a contest—for this high honor will be waged on my part. Every line therein has been carefully considered, and every line will be adhered to. I am very pleased to see at the head of the requisition the name of my old friend, Sir William Hingston, who is to me a tower of strength."

Mr. Doran then read the following letter of acceptance: "Sir William Hingston and other signatories: Gentlemen,—A glance at the signatures contained in this requisition convinces me that I should at once accept the candidature offered me for the high position of first mayor of 'Greater Montreal.'"

"I am aware that you have special reasons for selecting me as such candidate, and in reference thereto I wish to clearly define my position at the outset. The vast majority of our citizens are French-Canadian. With that courtesy which characterizes the race they have generously conceded to the English-speaking minority the right to elect alternately a mayor. The English-speaking minority may be subdivided into two large sections, Protestant and Catholic, the latter mostly of Irish origin. It is manifest that when the turn of the English-speaking people arrives, if one section thereof are constantly ignored it must be inferred that they are lacking in citizens capable of filling that high office. That it is the desire of the Irish Catholic element to have a share in the government of the city; that it is the wish of the Protestant element to recognize that laudable ambition and also that it is the desire of the French-Canadian majority to ratify their choice is evidenced by the num-

erous signatures of all classes and creeds to the requisition presented to me to-night, and I am also happy to see appended to it the names of gentlemen who represent Hebrew and other minorities of this cosmopolitan city, whose rightful claims to representation will, I hope, also be recognized.

But, gentlemen, the fact of being of a certain race or creed is, of itself, no ground for asking the suffrages of the citizens. The candidate must possess the necessary qualifications to fill the office. That you consider I possess them, you have testified by asking me to be your candidate. That I do possess them it will be my duty and your duty to prove to our fellow-citizens, so that they may ratify your choice by electing me.

"It has been urged that a man should first be an alderman before being selected for mayor. Well, the charter of this city and most great cities leave the citizens free to choose. There have been good mayors who had previously been aldermen, and there have been equally good mayors who had not. For my own part I would have been willing to have served in the City Council, but the fact that the different elements claim certain wards precluded me from doing so. Only St. Ann's Ward is generally conceded to the Irish Catholics, and I had neither residence or property interests there. By a paradox of human nature, I shall probably be accused of running for mayor on a race or religious cry by some who are the most ardent in upholding the present principles of ward representation.

I shall now outline to you the programme I intend to follow should I be elected: The charter of the city provides that the mayor shall have the right of superintendence, investigation and control over all the departments of the city and shall especially see that the revenue of the city is collected and expended according to law, and that the provisions of the charter as well as all by-laws, rules and regulations of the city are faithfully and impartially enforced. The duties thus imposed I shall fulfil. No by-law will remain a dead letter. Gambling houses, unlicensed liquor selling places and other illegal resorts must be suppressed. Saloons must be closed in prohibited hours or I shall know the reason why. There are numerous contraventions of the building by-laws, and those affecting the companies using our streets notoriously to the destruction of our winter thoroughfares by the unnecessary use of salt and sand on the tracks just to save a little extra labor. I do not allege dereliction of duty on the part of the officers charged with their enforcement. The necessary means to secure convictions are not given to those officers. As mayor it will be my duty to see that these means are provided, a prosecuting attorney being one of the most necessary.

The legislative functions are entirely the prerogative of the Council, but, to again quote the charter, "The mayor shall, from time to time, lay before the council such proposals for alterations or amendments as he may deem necessary and advisable, and shall communicate to the council such information and suggestions as may tend to the improvement of the finances, police, health, security, cleanliness, comfort and progress of the city." This I shall do, only by written messages, as at no time shall I attempt to take part in the debates of the council; and shall always act as an impartial presiding officer.

Among the subjects which will receive my attention, I may mention the equalization of taxation, which is now levied in an arbitrary and unjust manner; notably the water rates, which are too high all round, but press most heavily on the poorer classes, being based upon rental. It is well known that the cheaper the class of property the higher the percentage is paid. Why, if a man pays

too high for rent, should he pay more than his just share of taxes? Value is the only fair basis of taxation. The city should also give pure water to its citizens.

Two subjects which are of great interest to-day are the reduction of insurance premiums and a reduction in the price of gas.

To the first of these I would give my personal attention by obtaining improvements in the building by-laws and also by an investigation after each large fire to see if the loss could have been limited and by what means.

If any defects be found in the equipment of the fire brigade the city should remedy the same. If the methods of the fire underwriters should prove to be at fault, they should be asked to improve them. A very useful adjunct to the city's fire protection system would be a fire boat maintained in the harbor, to protect the shipping. By laying special mains through the business section of the city its pumps could throw an unlimited supply of water to the points most needed at a very small cost. The co-operation of the Harbor Board can be obtained in establishing the fire boat.

As regards the gas question, we have had a report from an expert, which, to my mind, does not render full justice to the citizens' side of the question. The estimated cost of house services are too high. These and the cost of meters are included in the sum on which interest must be earned, although it is well known that the meter rentals equal thirty per cent of their cost. We have the absurdity of double meters and different prices for the same gas. What we need is the lowest possible uniform price for gas with a single meter for each consumer, at a fair rental. How to obtain it? The most natural way would be expropriation of the present company. But we would be obliged to pay for their franchises, which would run the price up to an exorbitant figure.

The duplication of a gas plant for a city like Montreal is a serious matter, and should not be undertaken except as a last resort. The city, however, should have the power to do so if necessary. But, before building, a reliable estimate of the cost must be obtained. Tenders could then be asked for its operation. The amount for interest and sinking fund to be paid to the city would be fixed, and the basis on competition would be the lowest price at which an operating company would furnish the gas with a fair meter rental. The old company would also be asked to quote a price using its old plant.

There is one phase which should not be overlooked. Monopolies frequently exceed their powers to such an extent that their charter may be attacked in the courts. One attorney-general in the State of Illinois brought a number of them to book. It might be worth the while of our city attorneys to examine the history of our local monopolies and see if the courts may not be invoked. When unlawful exactions are made upon a private citizen he generally submits, as it is not worth while to risk an expensive litigation. I think in any instance of well-founded complaints, the city should intervene to protect the citizen.

I have, on the Harbor Board, advocated the building of a new wharf to connect the eastern and western piers, the new construction to be of ample width to accommodate an elevated railway, leaving the wharf levels free for vehicular traffic. I would ask the council to endorse the scheme and to connect Notre Dame street east with the new wharves, both by bridges and culverts.

I should lend all my efforts to continue the work of building greater Montreal. I would propose federation with those municipalities of the island which would not consent to fair annexation terms. The federation could probably occupy itself in providing joint water supply and sewage and in laying out boulevards and parks, while land is now cheap in the outlying districts.

In conclusion, gentlemen, allow me to express my appreciation of the high honor you have conferred upon me. If your nomination be ratified by the majority of our fellow-citizens at the polls, I hope to justify your

and their confidence. In any event, I sincerely thank you.

Mr. Bickerdike, Dr. Guerin, Hon. W. A. Weir, Mr. J. C. Walsh, Mr. T. J. O'Neil delivered addresses complimentary of Mr. Doran and in support of his candidature.

Mr. John Archibald, president of the Architect's Association, said that the members were unanimous in their support of the candidature of Mr. Doran.

Mr. B. J. Coghlin had a few words of praise for the candidate. He referred to the record of Mr. Doran as a citizen, and emphasized the fact that only honest men are wanted at the City Hall.

Mr. Frank J. Curran said that the Irish citizens of Montreal had every reason to congratulate themselves on having such a candidate as Mr. Doran to fight for.

Several other speeches were made in support of Mr. Doran.

## THE ENGLISH EDUCATION QUESTION.

Letter from the Catholic Bishops.

The London Tablet states that the following letter has been issued by the Bishops of England and Wales, and will shortly be read in all the churches:

"Letter of the Bishops of the Province of Westminster.

"Dear Rev. Father,—As you are aware, there will be a General Parliamentary Election in the course of a few weeks. It is not part of the pastoral duty of the Bishop to interfere in what are generally called politics, but there are questions arising from time to time which are so intimately bound up with religious principles that they cannot be passed over by the authorities of the Church. Among these questions is that of religious education. On this subject the Bishops have frequently, and in particular in a joint circular issued in last August, expressed their sentiments, and offered instructions and exhortations to the faithful. In view of the coming election they are anxious to give their flock such help as they can. For this purpose they have framed the following question, which they recommend should be addressed to Parliamentary candidates: 'Will you, if returned to Parliament, resist any interference with the right of Catholic parents, as at present secured by law, to have their children educated in the elementary schools of the country in conformity with their conscientious religious convictions?'

"According to the reply received Catholics will be able to distinguish with greater or less sureness their opponents. The Bishops, while fully recognizing the many complex questions before the electorate and the difficulties in many cases of a decision on the part of the electors, feel every confidence that those of their flock who have the right and duty of the suffrage will exercise the same according to their conscientious convictions and in the manner which they feel to be most favorable to the sacred cause of the religious education of their children. For the same reason the Bishops direct that the Collect, etc., De Spiritu Sancto be added in Holy Mass whenever the rubrics permit until the General Election has taken place.

"Praying God to bless you and your flock—I am, your devoted servant in Christ.

"FRANCIS, Archbishop of Westminster.

"(On behalf of the Bishops of the Province.)"

So popular is Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand. It is pleasant to take, and the use of it guarantees freedom from throat and lung diseases.

Kindness is not a commodity for barter; you cannot buy it. It must be given as a free gift or not at all. Yet in this world of so much sadness and weariness there is nothing more precious.

## PASTORAL LETTER OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF VALLEYFIELD. THE OATH.

(Continued from Last Week.)

It would therefore be an error, and it is probably a very common one, to believe that there is no real oath binding upon the conscience, only that taken in the presence of magistrates and by the authority of the laws and with certain recognized expressions.

You see, then, dearly beloved brethren, that the oath is a religious act of the first order, calculated to give glory to God, to honor His name; it is a homage to his sovereign truthfulness; it is, therefore, in itself something promised—honest, although it has been established only to serve as a remedy against human weakness, and as a necessary means to prove what we advance.

In effect, it is the remark of St. John Chrysostome, repeated by the holy Council of Trent: The use of the oath does not go back to the beginning of the world. It was introduced much later, when the malice of men, prodigious growth, had spread itself all over the earth, when nothing had remained in its natural order and state, when all had been troubled and confounded in a deplorable manner; then came the use of the oath, because perfidy and corruption had become such that men were no longer able to confide in one another and were obliged to take God as a witness for what they said. It would be, adds St. Augustine, to attribute to the oath an origin other than that which is really its own. If, among men, there had never been either lying or deceit, people would never have dreamt of having recourse to this means.

It is God Himself, dearly beloved brethren, who established and sanctioned the use of the oath, as we may see in many places in the Sacred Scriptures: "Thou shalt fear the Lord thy God and serve but Him alone and swear by His name." (Deut. vi., 13). "Lord," says holy King David, "who then shall be found worthy to inhabit Thy house?" And he answers: "He who shall have sworn not to deceive his neighbor." (Ps. xiv.)

God swore by Himself to assure the promise that He had made to Abraham, because, says the Apostle, there was no being greater than He by whom he could swear. (Heb. vi., 13.) And St. John points out to us, in his Apocalypse, an angel who, with his hands extended towards heaven, swears by Him who lives in all centuries. (Apoc. x., 6.) We also see the oath frequently used by the patriarchs of the Old Law. Abraham swears by the Lord, the High God, that he wishes to have nothing from the King of Sodom, not even a thread from his garment or a string from his shoe. Eliézer, messenger of Isaac, swears by the Lord, the God to Whom all things belong, that he will take no daughter from the country of the infidels to become the wife of the son of his master. Jacob swears to Laban, his father-in-law, never to break the compact they had just made. Joseph swears to his dying father to bring his body into the land of Canaan and place it in the vault of his ancestors. David swears to Bethsabee that her son Solomon will succeed him on the throne. The Apostle St. Paul frequently employs the oath in his Epistles. He writes to the Romans: "The God whom I serve in spirit and in truth is my witness that I do not pass a single day without calling you to mind." (Rom. I., 28.) To the Corinthians: "I take God to witness and on my soul that, if I have not come among you sooner, it was to save you from the punishments you have deserved." (2 Cor. I., 23.) And addressing himself to the Philippians: "God is my witness to the tenderness with which I love you in the bosom of Jesus Christ." (Philipp. I., 8.)

Among all people, ancient and modern, civilized and uncivilized, the oath has always been, and is still, in constant use, and has always had

given to it a religious and sacred character.

To contract alliances, to conclude treaties, to establish relations between sovereigns and their subjects, to regulate differences, to end disputes and cement union between families, to assure the proper administration of justice, to guarantee and protect the honor, property and lives of the citizens, the oath is employed. This practice is a universal one, and what is remarkable about it is that despite the great diversity in the ceremonial and formulae, the oath is always a call upon the divinity to bear witness to the sincerity of the human word. The Church herself uses the oath in her most solemn acts, she exacts it from her pastors before their consecration, she submits it to the faithful when she calls upon them to give evidence.

It is, therefore, an established fact that the oath is in itself an act of religion, that it is of a nature to give honor and glory to God, and that it offers, as St. Paul says (Heb. vi., 26) "the greatest certainty that we can obtain of the truthfulness of a word."

By this right, it is the base of all social order in the actual state of humanity, it is a necessary instrument in the hands of men to maintain the observance of justice, to give to all the highest possible guarantee against weakness or human malice, the but too logical consequence of the original fall.

But, in order that the oath could attain an end so elevated and so important to common security, to swear honestly, there are certain essential conditions, without which it would deviate from its end, to become a source of the gravest disorders. These conditions, the Holy Ghost points out to us in the following terms:

"You shall swear by the Lord, but with truth, with judgment and with justice." (Jer. iv., 2.) These words comprise, in short, all that is necessary for the rectitude and holiness of the oath. If the oath be without truth, says St. Thomas, it is false; if it is without justice, it is pernicious; if it be without judgment, it is indiscreet. In the first place, it is necessary to swear with truth, that is to say, that truth should be the groundwork and principle of the oath, that it should be affirmed in good faith, with sincerity, without any disguise of words capable of deceiving our neighbor, because we cannot deceive God, and it is He who is called upon to bear witness. It is, therefore, necessary, above all, to fix in our mind the sense of the formulae that we employ, regarding the meaning that it bears, not only for ourselves, but also for those who hear it and accept it.

We must also have a certain and exact knowledge of what we affirm under oath, feel no doubt in ourselves regarding it, or, at least, only swear within the measure of certainty that we possess regarding it.

If it be question of a promissory oath, as, for example, that taken by persons called upon to fill certain administrative functions, it is indispensable for them, in pronouncing it, to have the firm purpose and will to strictly fulfil all the duties attached to the office confided to them, and to faithfully keep all their engagements. The want of truth in an oath renders the swearer guilty of perjury, a terrible crime, which embraces at once the qualities both of blasphemy and sacrilege, since it profanes the name of God and makes it serve as the support of a lie. It is, at the same time, an outrage to public morals that lose thereby an essential means of having the rules of justice and honestly observed among men; it is a grave menace upon society in general which has a need of being able to count upon the respect due to the oath in order to maintain itself in good order and to guarantee the protection of its members.

(To be Continued.)

## SHAMMING ANIMALS.

It is said that certain animals offer pretense to be ill so they will not have to do things that are distasteful to them. This is particularly true of cavalry horses. Often they will pretend to be lame so as to get out of attending drill.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

AN IDEAL BOUDOIR.

An ideal boudoir is treated to one of the fabric effects in wall papers. One of the most fascinating selections to be had is in a pale shade of blue and represents a dimly pattern.

Where the room is adapted, a window seat is inviting and offers many possibilities. A rocker and two other chairs complete and so satisfy the plan.

AIDS TO BEAUTY.

Pure wheat starch is the best of all cheap powders for the skin. The cut surface of cucumber peeling is a harmless cosmetic, and may be rubbed over the face.

Drinking milk twice a day will give the complexion a creamy tint. If the milk is warmed it will increase the flesh rapidly.

Tall women look bad with a high coiffure, while a mignon beauty will gain dignity and inches by having her hair dressed on the top of her head.

The salt rub is prepared by allowing a large bath towel to lie all night in a strong salt solution. One should stand on a rug or in the tub while taking it to save trouble in cleaning up afterward.

A tired woman will find it very refreshing after a day of nervous strain or over-exertion to take a very hot bath with some aromatic mixture added to it just before dinner. It will take all the worn look away.

It should be the daughter's joy as well as duty, to bring a little reaction and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

A little love and netting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she is impertinent to her mother.

WE hear and read a great deal about impolite children, but very little about impolite teachers and parents. Many a devoted but thoughtless teacher or mother will say things to a child they would never think of saying to a grown up person.

treated like gentlemen and ladies. This does not mean humoring or spoiling the child, but it does mean the use of ordinary courtesy. Even in the home circle or in the school room when it is necessary to reprove, how often could the child's feelings be spared and comfort to all be avoided by settling the matter in a private interview. We so seldom realize how much pride there is in the heart of a little child.

Children love to entertain if they realize that they are saying something funny, but no one likes to be laughed at without seeing the point; and how often have we seen a child overwhelmed with shame and made miserable because people laughed at some innocent remark? It was a wise mother who delayed a certain punishment because her little daughter begged her not to make her cry until after the company had gone.

Another way of hurting a child is by abusing his confidence. There are homes in which children are afraid to confide in their parents, through fear that they will tell the other children. Children ought to be made to feel that their father and mother are one, and that neither should keep any secret from the other, but they have a right to expect that the matter will stop there. Each child in the home is an individual just as much as each of our grown-up friends and deserves to have his confidence kept just as sacred. Parents who do not show themselves faithful in the small affairs of childhood are not likely to be consulted when the real problems of life come up.

We have all seen parents who in company constantly nag at their children for things that all too evidently pass unnoticed at home. Children have not yet learned to conceal their real selves, and constantly reveal just what the home life is. If the little one is not taught politeness at home it is useless to attempt it when away; and even if a child, ordinarily polite, sometimes forgets himself through excitement, it does no good to cause him needless mortification by calling attention to his fault in a tactless way.

We try to pass by our friends' faults as if unnoticed, but it often seems that we want to make a child feel that everyone in the room ought to be notified that he has forgotten to say "thank you," or has said "yes, sir," for "yes, ma'am."—Wallace's Farmer.

TIMELY HINTS.

Oak furniture does not go well with red, and where it is necessary to retain a red rug, if the latter is at all dark, a dark yellow will be successful on the walls. The walls and paper can then be harmonized with flowered curtains in red and yellow madras. Blue back of oak is always a good choice, and there are many greens that go with it well.

Keep parsley shut up in an air tight tin and store it in a cool place.

La Grippe Cured

Twelve times and out! Doctors say that LA GRIPPE will come two or three years more and disappear again for 50 years. It has a periodical run of 12 years. Each time it comes it is worse than the time before. This time LA GRIPPE is prophesied to have terrible neuralgic and rheumatic pains as a symptom and afterclap. These pains are the most excruciating—worse than the rack and torture. Avoid LA GRIPPE, prevent LA GRIPPE, or cure LA GRIPPE, by taking the specific, scientific remedy

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN) Sold by all Druggists, for \$1 per bottle. SAMPLE AND TREATISE FREE. Address: "Sample Dept. 88" Dr. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Office and Laboratories, 378 King St. West, TORONTO

It will last longer than if put in water. If a tablespoonful of vinegar is put into the lard in which doughnuts are fried, it will prevent them from absorbing too much fat.

A tiny lump of butter dropped into the stewpan will prevent almost any liquid from boiling over, and it is always a welcome aid to a flavoring process too. For all vegetables, for apple sauce, stewed prunes, for custards, and even for coffee, it helps the busy housewife, who has no extra time to watch the pot—over after it boils. Then it saves many an additional stove cleaning and the scouring of burned pans, and last, but not least, the entire house pervading odor, which is the awful herald and reprover of such calamities.

—Dorothy Shepherd, in Ladies' World.

When a girl has scant space in her boudoir she may economize in room by putting away her cheval glass and having her closet door inlaid with a mirror reaching from the top to the floor. It makes a wonderfully attractive feature, reflecting all the knickknacks and oddities. The girl finds it much more convenient and certainly more useful than the cheval glass, which had to be tilted and turned to see the hang of the skirt or to catch a glimpse of the slippers. When a girl can afford it, nothing is more effective than to have all her doors made with mirrors and draped with soft silk that harmonizes with the upholstery.

RECIPES.

Combination Sandwiches.—Cream cheese in combination with chopped olives or with chopped nuts is recommended for sandwiches by the Chef, Steward and Housekeeper. Moistened the cheese with a little thick cream and add a little salt. About ten olives, stoned and chopped, to one cheese is the proper proportion. Mix the two and spread between thin slices of bread and butter. Trim the crusts, and if desired cut the slices into rounds or triangles. Peanuts, English walnuts or pecans or a mixture of these nuts combines well with the cheese. Prepare exactly as with the olives.

A nice way to use up a little left-over chicken is to rice it. Butter some cups and line with soft boiled rice, fill in with the chicken broth, cover with the rice, and bake in a moderate oven. Invert the cups carefully so as to keep their shape on a hot platter and serve with a cream sauce or a little drawn butter.

A good way to make use of two or three cold poached or fried eggs that happen to be left over is the following: Make a little very good melted butter sauce—by very good I mean be generous with the butter. Season it carefully with pepper and salt.

When it has boiled well, slip the poached eggs, after having trimmed them nicely, into it, and let it cook very slowly till they are hot through. Have ready some neatly-trimmed rounds of butter toast. Arrange an egg on each. Pour over it just enough sauce to coat it nicely. Sprinkle a very little chopped parsley on the top of each, and serve them very hot. This is an excellent way of using up yolks of eggs which have been left over when only the whites have been required; poach them carefully in slightly salted water, and use as directed above.

Oyster Toast—Pick over one dozen large oysters, strain the liquor and measure; there should be one-half cupful. Add to the oysters with one teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one half a tablespoonful of tomato ketchup and two tablespoonfuls of chopped green or red peppers. Turn into a flat dish and cook in a hot oven until the edges of the oysters curl, then pour over buttered toast.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

HE RESTED.

"Good morning, Uncle Charles. Did you sleep well? I'm afraid your bed was rather hard and uneasy, but—" "Oh, it was all right, thank you. I got up now and then during the night and rested a bit, you know."

When the six-year-old son was taken in to see the new baby he exclaimed: "O mamma, it hasn't any teeth! O mamma, it hasn't any hair!" Then clasping his hands in distress, he cried: "Somebody has cheated us! It's an old baby."

"Mother's compliments," said a youngster to a butcher who kept a shop in a busy suburban thoroughfare, "and she sent me to show you the big bone brought with the piece of beef this morning."

"Tell your mother next time I kill a bullock without bones in it'll make her a present of a joint," said the man of meat, with a grin.

"Mother's compliments," continued the boy, "and she says next time you find a bit of striton with a shoulder of mutton bone in it she'd like to buy the whole carcass as a curiosity!"

A BARGAIN RUSH.

"How did the manager get all those women out of that burning theatre so quickly?" "He went on the stage and announced that a man down at the entrance was giving away samples of baking powder."

A BREACH OF ETIQUETTE.

A schoolteacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot." No one seemed to know what was wrong with it until at last a polite little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Come from the Rich, Red Blood made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Beauty is more than skin deep—it is blood deep. There is no real beauty, no good health without rich, red blood. Every graceful curve, every sparkle of the eye, every rosy blush, comes from rich, red blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and beauty maker in the world. Every dose actually makes new, pure, rich blood. By making new blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills sharpen the appetite, soothe the worried nerves, regulate the health. They banish paleness, clear the complexion, bring rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes. They give plenty of strong blood for all the delicate functions of womanhood. Miss Mary Jackson, Normandale, Ont., says: "For upwards of three years I suffered from anaemia. I grew so weak I could scarcely walk about the house. I had no color in my face, my lips and gums were bloodless, I suffered from headaches and dizziness, and fell away in weight until I weighed only 94 pounds. No treatment gave me the least benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Inside of a few weeks after beginning the pills I began to grow better, and they soon restored my health, and while using them I gained fourteen pounds in weight. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all pale and feeble girls."

There are thousands of pale anaemic girls and women throughout Canada who should follow the example of Miss Jackson and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Bright eyes, rosy cheeks and perfect health would soon follow. When you buy the pills see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ROSECRANS A DEVOUT CATHOLIC.

Rosecrans was in my opinion not only one of the greatest generals of the civil war, but was also what is better, an admirable type of Christian gentleman, and his splendid qualities should have more general recognition, especially from Catholics.

When I was a boy in Cincinnati Rosecrans, then a lieutenant, taught catechism in the Cathedral Sunday school; his brother, afterwards Bishop of Columbus, was a priest at the Cathedral; they were both converts to the Catholic Church.

After Rosecrans was relieved from command of the army of the Cumberland and was staying for a time with his family at Yellow Springs, I was invited by Father Blake of Xenia to accompany him on a visit to the general. I found the general an exceedingly interesting man, a fluent and graceful talker, and gifted with a prodigious memory. He gave us a sketch of his operations in Kentucky and Tennessee, and especially dwelt on the campaign that ended in the battle of Chickamauga. He spoke bitterly of Stanton, the secretary of war. He said that Stanton had been hostile to him from the time he was in West Virginia, and frequently threw obstacles in his way with apparent disregard for the safety of the army. When he was about to make his campaign for the capture of Chattanooga he begged for more troops, and although there were a great many lying idle on the Mis-

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "The only cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy, that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pain in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Warwick, N.H., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Refuse substitutes. Demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

Mississippi, his request was refused. General H. M. Crist, one of Rosecrans' staff, and secretary of the army of the Cumberland, years after wrote of Rosecrans on this occasion: "His troops never faltered for a moment in their devotion to him, or their confidence in him. They felt that he had been made the victim of a foolish interpretation of an order that brought ruin and disaster upon his army, for which he was not responsible but for which he was made to suffer."

Continuing, General Crist says: "General Rosecrans to his subordinates was one of the most genial of men, kind and good natured, he at times failed to act decisively as occasion required, deterred by the fact that should he do so some of his subordinates would suffer. His restless activity led him to give attention to details that he should have been entirely relieved of by his subordinates; but no amount of work daunted him. He lived almost without rest and sleep, and would wear out two sets of staff officers nightly, and then, if occasion required it, be up and out before daylight. To his superiors he unfortunately allowed his high spirit to get the better of his judgment, and many times when he was in the right he ruined his position by his hasty temper. His fame, despite his enemies—and no general in the field had stronger or more unscrupulous ones—as the greatest strategist of the war is permanently fixed in history. What it might have been had he not been hampered, annoyed and insulted, as no other commanding general was at any time, by both the secretary of war and the general in chief, is merely problematical. Personally he regarded all this as mere "incidents of the service," and strove to the best of his ability to do his sworn duty to his country.

General Rosecrans after his conversion continued to be a sincere and ardent Catholic, both in the army and out of it he attended strictly to his religious duties. I remember being told by a priest who visited his house one evening that when it grew a little late the general said it was time to say the Rosary, and they all knelt down to this devotion, being led by the general, who not only said his decade, but also from memory repeated the "mysteries" as well as the prayer after each decade. The priest remarked he couldn't have done this himself from memory. The same priest said that General Rosecrans' knowledge of theology was such as would put many a trained priest to the blush. Catholics ought never to forget such a splendid character.—Thomas Scanlan, in New World.

Something That Should be Rubbed In.—Whenever pain is felt in the limbs or back, take Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; pour a little in the hand, and applying it to the surface beneath which the pain lies, rub briskly. If the application does not afford relief, which is not usually the case, keep rubbing. The Oil will gradually penetrate to the affected part and relief will come.

WANTED ALL THAT WAS COMING.

"That Biberblatt is an absent-minded fellow." "So?" "Yes. When I handed him a Christmas present he said: 'I beg your pardon, but do you give trading stamps?'"

BECOMING.

"I wish to adopt a child," said the wealthy woman in the orphan asylum; "what have you?" "Oh, we have them in all shades," replied the polite lady superintendent; "which do you prefer?" "I think a blond child will be the most appropriate," answered the wealthy woman. "My auto is finished in blue."—Puck.

The Poet's Corner.

THE PROMISE.

A miracle touched me at twelve, for behold I saw The New Year rise as a young god rises in might. No child was he with hesitant, timid feet, But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight. And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine, In his hands he caught my hands, while claspings clear His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth: "Comrade, hail! For I am the New, New Year."

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astir Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead. Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come, be glad!" I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was waf.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

God bless and keep my little boy, Guard body and guide mind, Mix not his gold with base alloy—Dross of the worldly kind. Oh! lay on me the care and pain! Space him a little while, The heart's ease ne'er will spring again, Which bloom now in his smile.

Roll not the years too fast, O God! I fain would longer keep This tousel'd head which now doth nod Finding the way to sleep. And let not time with foot rough-shod My few small charms destroy; For there be years to come, O God, When I must woo my boy. Lend sweetness to his mother's voice To charm his critic ear; For siren songs will court his choice As manhood draweth near. Only the tender years are mine— Ah, stretch their shortening span; Yet if I must my charge resign, Make him, O God, a man.

A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

This wish for you: that past rough roads unbedded You march ahead. Undaunted, with the hope of trust begotten To win life's bread; To wear a smile, e'en when tears be your portion With sighs unaid; To find fair blooms from last year's brown leaves springing, Upon your way; To reap the worth of deeds gone by that left you A bit more gray. A bit more strong to live, and love with others From day to day. In fruitful fields may Time think wise to give you A gentle part: With love of home and friends to twine about you May this year start— Blue skies to cheer, and peace of God to guide you, O faithful heart!

WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf Before we speak our kindly word. And only utter loving praise When not a whisper can be heard? Why do we wait till hands are laid Close folded, pulseless, ere we place Within them roses sweet and rare, And lilies in their flawless grace? Why do we wait till eyes are sealed To light and love in death's deep trance Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend Above them with impassioned glance? Why do we wait till hearts are still To tell them all the love in ours And give them such late mead of praise And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's Sweet opportunities are past, And break our "alabaster box Of ointment" at the very last! O, let us heed the living friend Who walks with us life's common ways, Watching our eyes for a look of love, And hungering for a word of praise.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys! Well, we are really enjoying winter weather, time for snowshoeing, skating and all sorts of only the winter time can't give us three letters this week, pleased to hear from me in Ogdensburg, and thank their kind wishes. Unhappily, over, and I suppose you to school, studying hard, you will all find time to get once in a while to

Your loving Aunt AUNT Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since I wrote to the corner. It is here to-day. The snow is sleighing is good. For got quite a few presents, will open the 3rd of Jan. Claus gave our baby a dog, and baby has lots of it. She got other presents her name is Lucy. Hoping of letters in the children's week from little cousins, have read in the Mont about the investiture of Mr. Larose. I and my sang at the sacred concert. It was just lovely! I will close, wishing you New Year.

From your niece, MAI Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan.

Dear Aunt Becky: This is the first of the so I will write to you. I enjoyed a merry Christmas you a happy New Year. Claus was very good to be glad when school begins. Later there have been letters in the children's corner many of the little are writing all about Christmas holiday fun. Yesterday was all ice and snow good time playing with it. It snowed some last night snowing again this afternoon to see my letter in print close.

Your loving niece Ogdensburg, Jan. 1, 1906

Dear Aunt Becky: I think I will write to you other two sisters are writing the children's corner in the Witness. We all had a and a fine day here Christmas Claus was good to us we have three sisters and two we were to Mass and Vespa mas day. We do love to Infant in the Crib. We Mass yesterday and to-day have Catechism most ever Our school will open Wednesday hope the weather is good. sister is over a year old and I wish to ask if any of cousins gather cancelled stamps for the good St. We do. They are sent of Zealand for a missionary party. My mamma is writing my me, so hoping to see this print I will close. Hoping loved yourself Xmas and wish you all the little cousin New Year, I am,

Your loving niece Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1

PIGS MIGHT FLY Dot was only a little girl but she had a big sister who was named Dot. Just now Dot was very happy. She was very happy, for her big sister, who was Alice, was always so so and that she hardly ever had time to come and or skipping rope as she and mother was very ill and that Dot sometimes felt very able.

For a long time now, Dot and mother had lived in a tiny place, but mother had set to work when they there and made it look quite full with some of the beauties that Dot could just remember that Dot could just remember she used to have a beautiful nursery all to herself, and

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Well, we are really and truly enjoying winter weather. Now is the time for snowshoeing, tobogganing, skating and all sorts of sports that only the winter time can bring. Just three letters this week, but I was so pleased to hear from my little friends in Ogdensburg, and thank them for their kind wishes. Holidays are now over, and I suppose you are all back to school, studying hard, but I hope you will all find time to write a letter once in a while to

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote a letter to the corner. It is snowing here to-day. The snow is not deep. Sledding is good. For Christmas I got quite a few presents. Our school will open the 3rd of January. Santa Claus gave our baby a little stuffed dog, and baby has lots of fun with it. She got other presents too, and her name is Lucy. Hoping to see lots of letters in the children's corner next week from little cousins. I hope you have read in the Montreal papers about the investiture of our beloved Mr. Larose. I and my two sisters sang at the sacred concert in his honor. It was just lovely. For now I will close, wishing you a happy New Year.

From your niece, MARY M. L. Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is the first of the new year, so I will write to you. Hoping you enjoyed a merry Christmas and wishing you a happy New Year. Santa Claus was very good to me. I will be glad when school begins again. Lately there have been very few letters in the children's corner. Likely now many of the little cousins will be writing all about Christmas and their holiday fun. Yesterday the ground was all ice and we had a good time playing with our sledges. It snowed some last night and it is snowing again this afternoon. Hoping to see my letter in print, I will close.

Your loving niece, AGNES. Ogdensburg, Jan. 1, 1906.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I think I will write to you. My other two sisters are writing. I like the children's corner in the True Witness. We all had a good time and a fine day here Christmas. Santa Claus was good to us children. I have three sisters and two brothers. We were to Mass and Vespers Christmas day. We do love to see the Infant in the Crib. We were to Mass yesterday and to-day also. We have Catechism most every Sunday. Our school will open Wednesday. I hope the weather is good. Our baby sister is over a year old and we love her. She is so cunning for her age. I wish to ask if any of the little cousins gather cancelled postage stamps for the good St. Anthony. We do. They are sent off to Switzerland for a missionary priest there. My mamma is writing my letter for me, so hoping to see this letter in print I will close. Hoping you enjoyed yourself Xmas and wishing you and all the little cousins a happy New Year. I am,

Your loving niece, ANNE. Ogdensburg, N.Y., Jan. 1, 1906.

PIGS MIGHT FLY.

Dot was only a little girl of seven, but she had a big sister who was eighteen, and wasn't she proud of her? Just now Dot was very lonely for her big sister, whose name was Alice, was always so busy and so sad that she hardly ever seemed to have time to come and play ball or skipping rope as she used to do, and mother was very ill in bed, so that Dot sometimes felt very miserable. For a long time now, Dot and Alice and mother had lived in a pretty cottage in the country. It was only a tiny place, but mother and Alice had set to work when they first came there and made it look quite delightful with some of the beautiful things they had brought from the big house that Dot could just remember, where she used to have a beautiful nursery all to herself, and a nurse

to look after her. Dot didn't know why they had left the beautiful house so one day, when Alice was sewing in the little sitting-room in the cottage while mother was asleep upstairs, she said to her big sister: "Alice, why don't we live in the big house now?" "What big house, Dot dear?" "The one we used to live in." "Do you really remember it, dear?" she asked, taking her little sister on her knee. "Yes, I think I do, though—well—I don't remember it very well," said Dot thoughtfully. "But wasn't it ever such a nice big house, Alice?" "Yes, dear." "Then why didn't we stay there?" "Because we hadn't enough money to pay the rent, dear—when daddy died."

Dot looked at her big sister just then, because her voice sounded so queer, and, oh! Alice—grown-up Alice—was crying! Dot flung her arms round her sister's neck and pressed her soft cheek against her pretty curly hair. "Don't cry, Alice. I'm so sorry I made you cry." "It's all right, Dot, I was silly." And she gently kissed the anxious little face. "Oh, Dot," she said, as she held her little sister clasped in her arms. "I wish we had some more money, so that mother could go away to the seaside. Then she'd get better, the doctor says."

"P'raps someone might bring us some money," said little Dot hopefully. "P'raps pigs might fly," said Alice with a laugh that sounded just like crying. "There, Dot, I must run and put the kettle on for mother's tea." Dot went off into the garden very thoughtfully after this. She squeezed herself into a corner by an apple tree, and sat down to think. What did Alice mean by saying that "pigs might fly"?

"They couldn't," said Dot to herself. "I'm sure no one ever had pigs that could fly." Then Dot had a splendid idea. She jumped up, and hurried off as fast as her legs would carry her through the garden gate, across the meadow, to Squire Benton's farm. He was a very, very rich gentleman who lived in a big house a little way off, but he had this farm because he liked "pretending to be a farmer," Alice said. Now, if anybody was likely to have pigs that could fly, it would certainly be Squire Benton. Dot managed to find the part of the farmyard where the pigs were kept, and she stood anxiously looking over the wall that went all around their house. She was going to watch those pigs to see if they ever did fly.

She had been there rather a long time, and the only thing the pigs did was to grunt and sniff about, when suddenly she heard someone say: "Well, little woman, how much longer are you going to stay there watching those piggies?" Dot turned round, and felt rather frightened, for she knew that this gentleman was the squire, because she had often seen him on horseback. He walked up to her now, and putting his hand under her chin, gently lifted her face, and looked kindly down into her blue eyes. "Oh, please, I'm very sorry if I'm in the way, but—pigs don't fly—ever—do they, Mr. Squire?" "Dot was angry when "Mr. Squire" laughed at her, but she stopped quickly, and taking her hand very gently, he said:

"Come over into my garden, little girl, and tell me what you mean." Dot trotted off with the squire to the big, big garden in front of his house, and they sat down together on a comfortable garden seat. "First of all," he said, "will you tell me your name?" "Dot told him. "Oh, yes, and you and your sister and your mother live at Woodbine Cottage, don't you, Dot?" "Yes," she said, "and mother's very ill." "I'm so sorry, dear." And then, after a little while, he said: "Now tell me why you asked me about pigs flying."

Then Dot told him all about it. As she went on, she felt his big, strong hand hold hers tighter and tighter, and when she had finished, his head was bent down so that she couldn't see his face. Presently he got up, and said: "Well, dear, I think it must be past your tea-time. May I walk home with you?" So Dot and the Squire appeared at the cottage door together, and Alice

must have been very frightened. Dot thought, for she went quite red in the face when she saw the squire. Well, after that the squire often came to tea at the cottage, and Alice used to go down to the garden gate to see him off, and one night she came back with such bright eyes, and such a rosy face, that when she went up to Dot's room to say "Good-night," Dot said:

"Why, Alice, you're all red in the face like you were when the squire came home with me." But Alice only laughed. After that Dot was told that Alice was going to marry the squire, and then all sorts of wonderful things happened. They all went to the seaside together, and mother came back quite well. One day Dot said to Alice: "Have we got enough money to live in a big house again now, Alice?"

And Alice said "Yes." Then Dot asked her not to laugh if she asked her something, and her sister promised that she wouldn't. "Why did you say 'pigs might fly' when I asked you before about the money? Pigs can't fly, can they?" "No, dear. This is what I meant. When you said then that someone might give us enough money to live in a big house, I thought it was just about as unlikely for that to happen as if it was for pigs to fly, and I thought I knew that no one could ever be good enough to give us all these lovely things. But someone has, you see."

WHEN BILLY CALLED.

It was September. Seven year old Stanley was fishing. Sitting on the top of an old hemlock stub, his pink toes dabbling in the cool water, his straw hat on the back of his head, he looked like a big sunflower. His hook was made from a pin, and baited with a fat worm, dug from under the pansy bed, beneath the pantry window. Stanley tossed the line out, and waited patiently for a bite. All at once down went the cork, bob went the sinker, and with a quick jerk from the small fisherman up came a perch. Into the basket went the small fish.

Once more he baited his hook and waited for a bite. He listened to the song of the cat birds, busy with their housekeeping, and the drowsy hum of the locusts. What fun it was to go fishing. Many days ago his mother had promised him that when he had finished pulling the beans in the garden he should spend a whole morning fishing. So after breakfast she had packed his lunch pail with bread and butter with jelly between, cold boiled eggs and apples. When Stanley had planted a kiss on her rosy cheek he started on his long journey to the foot of the home lot. He had hoped to catch enough fish for dinner.

One, two, three, four, five had been dropped into the basket, when he heard his mother's voice calling: "Stanley!" He listened a moment before he answered, for she had said he could stay until half past eleven, and it could not be more than ten. "Stanley, Stanley!" this time there was no mistake. He pulled in his line and started on a run toward the house. "Stanley!" now it was plainer than ever. "Coming, mother," he called as he ran up the path, through the bushes, and into the sunlit pasture. Again he heard her calling—"Stanley!" loud and clear. Now he could see her at the kitchen window. But the voice seemed to come from the grove he had just left. "Did you call me, mother?" he

SUFFERING WOMEN

who find life a burden, can have health and strength restored by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The present generation of women and girls have more than their share of misery. With some it is nervousness and palpitation, with others weak, dizzy and fainting spells, while with others there is a general collapse of the system. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart and make it beat strong and regular, create new red blood corpuscles, and impart that sense of buoyancy to the spirits that is the result of renewed mental and physical vigor. Mrs. D. O. Donoghue, Orilla, Ont., writes: "For over a year I was troubled with nervousness and heart trouble. I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial, and after using five boxes I found I was completely cured. I always recommend them to my friends." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The E. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

asked, as he ran up the steps. "No, dear son," and then she laughed, and pointed to the mocking bird's cage. It's door was open. "It was Billy," she said. "I opened the door and was going to take him out to clean the cage, when he flew out of the doorway. He must have gone down by the creek where small boys go to fish."

Stanley flew out of the door, and mother saw the big straw hat disappear in the bushes. "Stanley!" he called, and sure enough Billy answered. "Come home," called the boy. "Come home," answered Billy. And "come home" he did, and on Stanley's shoulder. He was a tame bird, and Stanley soon had him tucked in his cage-home. That noon, as the family sat at the table eating the perch, mother said: "We might have had more fish, but Billy interfered with the fisherman's plans."

AN ELEPHANT'S STRENGTH.

Bombera was the name of a big elephant employed in the construction of a Ceylon dam. Bombera drew from the quarry the stone to be used, unfastened the chain, rolled the block with her forehead along the narrow embankment, and fitted it into its place. If it were not just even she would straighten it until it was right, and all more quickly than a stone mason would have done it, and nearly as accurate. Once some visitors were watching the elephant when one of them asked if Bombera could break a large stone with a heavy sledge hammer which lay nearby. The rest of the party exclaimed that it was too much to ask, but the mahout said quietly: "Bombera can do anything." He gave a command, and the elephant swung up the hammer as if it were a feather and knocked the stone into bits. "Now take your pipe and smoke it," continued the mahout. The animal stuck the sledge hammer in her mouth and walked off as if enjoying a morning smoke.

INNOCENCE OF THE HERON.

"The heron is becoming scarcer each summer season about the marshes and lake shores," said an old time hunter. "I remember drawing a head on one while it was displaying its delicacy and elegance of attitude, together with its majesty and graceful playfulness in all its movements, that I refrained from firing at it. The innocence of this water fowl respecting danger is exceptionally noticeable, and when it skiffs in the shallow water striking at fish with its long, sharp pointed bill, it is directed by a keen watchfulness. The heron is the most beautiful of all the waders, and is said to be held sacred by the African tribes: should one happen to be killed, even by accident, a calf or young cow must be slaughtered as an atonement."

BIRD HAWK TRAPPED BY GRASS.

A Bangor man while passing through a field near Bracer Pond had a peculiar experience with a hawk. Hearing a fluttering in the grass, he investigated, thinking that a bird had become caught in a trap. What was his surprise to find a bird hawk with a yellow hammer. The hawk had killed the yellowhammer, pecking its head nearly to pieces, but in the struggle in the tall grass a number of stout pieces of grass had become tangled around one of the hawk's legs. "Try as he would he could not free himself, and the man easily secured him. He will be mounted, and is as fine a specimen as one will often see, as he has not a mark on him.—Bangor News."

MUSKRAT CAUGHT BY A TIN BOX.

A large muskrat, with its head fast in a rusty sardine box, was caught recently in the Susquehanna near the lower bridge at Milton. It was seen swimming around in the river without apparent purpose. It did not resemble any species of four-legged animal known to the oldest inhabitant along the West Branch until it was caught and the sardine can was removed from its head. Then it looked like any other big muskrat.—Philadelphia Record.

Suffer No More.—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parolee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

AN ARTIST IN WORDS.

In the Irish Monthly for November, Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., in calling attention to the wonderful quality of the phrasology employed by Cardinal Newman, reprints the Newman version of the old fable, used to illustrate a controversial point, "the difference between the picture of Catholic doctrines as drawn by bigoted, ignorant Protestants and the picture that Catholics themselves would recognize as faithful." As Father Russell goes on to say, the story could be told badly in a couple of commonplace sentences; but listen to the way in which this mighty master of language puts it:

"The man once invited the lion to be his guest, and received him with princely hospitality. The lion had the run of a magnificent palace, in which there were a vast number of things to admire. Here were large saloons and long corridors, richly furnished and decorated, and filled with a profusion of fine specimens of sculpture and painting, the work of the first masters in either art. The subjects represented were various, but the most prominent had an especial interest for the noble animal who stalked by them. It was that of the lion himself, and as the owner of the mansion led him from one apartment to another, he did not fail to direct his attention to the indirect homage which these various groups and tableaux paid to the importance of the lion tribe.

"There was, however, one remarkable feature in all of them, to which the host, silent as he was from politeness, seemed not at all insensible: that, diverse as were these representations, in one point they all agreed, that the man was always victorious and the lion was always overcome. The man had it all his own way, and the lion was but a fool and served to make him sport. There were exquisite works in marble of Sampson rending the lion like a kid, and young David taking the lion by the beard and choking him. There was the man who ran his arm down the lion's throat and held him fast by the tongue; and there was that other who, when carried off in his teeth, contrived to pull a penknife from his pocket and lodge it in the monster's heart. There was a lion hunt, or what had been such, for the brute was rolling around in the agonies of death, and his conqueror on his bleeding horse was surveying these from a distance. There was a gladiator from the Roman amphitheater in mortal struggle with his tawny foe, and it was plain who was getting the mastery. There was a lion in a net; a lion in a trap; four lions, yoked in harness, were drawing the car of a Roman Emperor; and elsewhere stood Hercules clad in the lion's skin and with the club which demolished him.

"Nor was this all: the lion was not only triumphed over, mocked, spurned, but he was tortured into extravagant forms, as if he were not only the slave and creature, but the very creation of man. He became an artistic decoration and an heraldic emblazonment. The feet of alabaster tables fell away into lions' paws, lions' faces grinned on each side of the shining mantelpiece, and lions' mouths held tight the handles of the doors. There were sphinxes, too, half-lion, half-woman; there were lions rampant holding flags, lions couchant, lions passant, lions regardant; lions and unicorns; there were lions white, black and red. In short, there was no misconception or excess of indignity which was thought too great for the lord of the forest and the king of brutes. After he had gone over the mansion, his entertainer asked him what he thought of the splendors it contained, and he, in reply, did full justice to the riches of its owner and the skill of its decorators, but he added: 'Lions would have fared better had lions been the artists.'"

"Who else could have put the lion's cause of complaint so strongly?" comments Father Russell. "What a heaping together of aggravating circumstances! What easy knowledge of many things! What variety in the turns of the sentences! What subtle harmony in the choosing and ordering of words!"

SCOTCH PLEASANTRIES.

Two Scotsmen turning a corner came into collision. The shock stunned one of them. He pulled off his hat, and, laying his hand on his brow, said: "Sic a blow. My heid's a-ringing again." "Nae wonder," said his companion. "Your heid was aye empty—that makes it ring. My heid disna ring a bit." "How could it ring," said the other, "seefin' it was aye crackin'?"—Scottish American.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF FRUIT.

"Fruit-a-tives" (Fruit Liver Tablets) are concentrated fruit juices. And it is these fruit juices that cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart and all Troubles of the Stomach and Kidneys. A leading Ottawa physician discovered a process by which he could combine the juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes and by adding another atom of bitter principle from the Orange peel, completely change the medicinal action of the fruit juices, giving the combination a far more powerful and more beneficial effect on the system. "Fruit-a-tives" are tablets made of this combination of fruit juices—and they have made most wonderful cures of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles and of Blood and Skin Diseases. See a box.—Ask your druggist.

FEET LARGEST IN THE AFTER-NOON.

"I am going abroad," said the patron, "for two years. I want you to measure me for eight pairs of shoes." "Yes, sir," said the bootmaker. "I shall be glad, sir. But I would prefer to measure you in the afternoon, rather than the morning. Could you return to-day, or to-morrow, at three or four o'clock, say?" "I suppose so," said the patron. "But why can't you measure me now?" "It is too early, sir. Your foot has not yet acquired its size for the day. If I measured you now the shoes would be a little too small. "Walking about on our feet as we do, the feet grow, develop, swell—whatever you choose to call it—from rising time until about three in the afternoon. At three they have their full size for the day. They retain this size till we retire when they shrink up again for the night. "Hence, to have well-fitting, comfortable shoes, it is necessary to be measured in the afternoon."—Providence Journal.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION.

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution, or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Nothing is more easy to keep under control, for proper food and Baby's Own Tablets will cover the whole ground. Here is strong proof. Mrs. G. G. Irving, Trout Brook, Que., says: "My baby boy was troubled with chronic indigestion and was a constant sufferer. Nothing helped him until I tried Baby's Own Tablets, but these promptly cured him, and he is now as healthy a little lad as you would care to see. I always keep the Tablets in the house, and they quickly cure all the troubles of childhood." Every mother should keep these Tablets on hand. They cure all the minor ailments of children, and their prompt administration when trouble comes may save a precious little life. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOW HE WON HIS "RAISE."

This story is often told of Mark Hanna: "The Senator often walked through his mill, examining this and that. One day while on such a tour he heard a boy say: "I wish I had Hanna's money and he was in the poor house." The Senator smiled grimly, and on returning to his office sent for the boy. "So you wish you had my money and I was in the poor house, eh?" he said. "Now, supposing you had your wish what would you do?" The youngster, one of the ready-witted Irish variety, said, with a droll grin, "Well, I guess I'd get you out of the poor house the first thing." "This clever answer brought the lad an increase of pay the next week.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

The True Witness And Catholic Chronicle

Subscription price: Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00; City and Foreign, \$1.50.

NOTICE

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office...



THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1906.

THE MAYORALTY.

We are glad to see that our Irish Catholic fellow citizens have been able to persuade Mr. W. E. Doran to come forward for civic honors.

THE CABINET AND QUEBEC.

Le Soleil's article of January 8, "Un ballon d'essai," hits the nail on the head. The Toronto Globe has been off the Liberal trolley for many moons.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

It is gratifying to know that the struggle for preserving the Irish language is meeting with deserved success. "A dozen years ago," says Dr. Hyde, "the language was taught in less than a dozen schools."

BRITISH LIBERALS AND IRELAND.

A peculiar situation between the two political parties has arisen in Great Britain. The Liberals are vehemently insisting that the campaign is being waged upon the tariff issue, but Mr. Balfour and his lieutenants, even Joseph Chamberlain himself, are most vociferous in their declamation against the new "Home Rule Government," leaving no room for doubt that they have placed Home Rule not only in the front, but made it the only issue.

1. Our experience of the Coercion Acts of 1881 and 1882 disclosed the enormous mischief which such measures do in alienating the minds of Irishmen and the difficulty of enlisting Irish sentiment on behalf of the law.

Some English Unionist journals have been endeavoring to make party capital out of the letter issued by the English Catholic Bishops with reference to the education question at the general election, which we reproduce in this issue of the True Witness, by representing it as a call to Catholics to vote for Unionist candidates.

WITH OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Huntingdon, Dec. 14, 1905. I have neglected sending my subscription too long. We have subscribed for the True Witness for over forty years, but it was not always worth as much as it is now.

COUNTY BOARD A. O. H.

At the regular meeting of the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, held on the 9th inst., resolutions were adopted to Ald. M. J. Walsh, M.P.P., endorsing his action and congratulating him on the success of his efforts towards the appointment of an Irish Catholic on the board of the civic Law Department.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir,—Now that Mr. Doran has received the nomination of the Irish Catholics of this city for the mayoralty, a few remarks as to why he should receive their united support may not be out of place.

But there are other reasons equally as good why he should now receive the united and unstinted support of those whose cause he commends to advocate. His fine business abilities, his high moral character, his devotion and fidelity to the Catholic Church and her interests, his honesty of heart, his purity of purpose, all serve to command a united support and raise the Irish Catholics of this city from the slough of despondency and degradation into which recent events have brought them.

WHAT IS FAIR PLAY?

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir,—Ald Ekers has announced his retirement as representative of St. Lawrence division in the City Council to run for the mayoralty against the representative of the Irish Catholic element whose right it unquestionably is to have one of their number raised to the office of Chief Magistrate for the coming term.

JUSTICE.

Montreal, January 4, 1906. The credits and book debts of the Canadian Stamp Company for advertisements, and for trade stamps, etc., sold and delivered, have been sold and transferred to Wilfrid A. Leclair, of Montreal, by virtue of a writ of justice by the curators of the said Canadian Stamp Company, duplicate whereof has been deposited in the office of the Prothonotary of the Superior Court at Montreal.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary.

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Montreal, January 10th, 1906.

OBITUARY.

F. FARNAND PASSES AWAY. After an illness of two years Philip Farnand passed away to his reward on Friday, Dec. 22nd. His heroic fight against the advance of that insidious disease tuberculosis was unavailing; six months spent amongst the ozone mountains of Texas, failed to give him relief, he came home to Buckingham, where he received every care and attention from all his kind friends, but all knew what the inevitable result would be.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. FORTY HOURS' DEVOTIONS in connection with the Forty Hours' will begin at the church in charge of the... TOOK HOLY HABIT AT BOROUGH. Two Montreal ladies, Mrs. Whittaker and Miss Flory were among the postulants for the habit at St. Joseph's, Peterborough, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Bishop... THEFT IN A CHURCH. On Sunday morning last, James Church, there was daring theft committed. A sum of money, and on the church left it behind her. On realizing her loss she returned to the church, some one just coming from she had vacated and who left the church. She was taken notice of what she was the thief, and has given a return which she hopes will return of her money.

RY. AWAY. 70 years Philip to his reward. The advance months spent of him relief, he whom, where he and attention nds, but all result would. age of 37, go we all re-circumstances mains of his hian Arkansas al in the R.C. ow lie side by. irth son of the d was a young racter; his was nature indeed. ook place on s one of the is place, and onial of esteem allbearers were e, Wm. Butler, rnan, T. Whit- The Post the sorrowing ary from the rds the death Irish Catholic d on a farm hip (the son of e) on reaching t, like many of ter his personal on a lumbering hat industry in cated, and soon lawyer. From where skilled demand, and Arkansas per- d to Bucking- s Agnes Burke, and took her to But alas for g hopes of g sickened with tuberculosis. to another he inst hope. Six- ing her away id laid her gen- rchard, amidst hen, a brokern- ured to Texas, health, which g months of e-but he had with the in-

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION. Devotions in connection with the Forty Hours' will begin at the church in charge of the Oblate Fathers, Visitation street, on Sunday next.

TOOK HOLY HABIT AT PETERBOROUGH. Two Montreal ladies, Miss Frances Whittaker and Miss Florence Dillon, were among the postulants who took the habit at St. Joseph's Convent, Peterborough, Ont. The ceremony was performed by Bishop O'Connor, Miss Whittaker is now known as Sister Mary Anselm, and Miss Dillon as Sister Mary Bertelle.

THEFT IN A CHURCH. On Sunday morning last, in St. James Church, there was rather a daring theft committed. A lady had with her a bag containing a large sum of money, and on leaving the church left it behind her in the pew. On realizing her loss she immediately returned to the church to find some one just coming from the pew she had vacated and who hurriedly left the church. She was able to take notice of what she is positive was the thief, and has given information which she hopes will bring the return of her money.

MGR. BERNARD RECEIVES PAPAL BULL. The Papal Bull giving the official announcement of the raising of Mgr. Bernard to the bishopric of St. Hyacinthe, has been received by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, and the latter has gone to St. Hyacinthe to convey to the new Bishop his brief from the Roman Chancellor. Canon Dauth, of Laval University, accompanied His Grace. The consecration of Bishop Bernard has been set for February 15, and will probably take place in St. James Cathedral in this city.

DEATH OF A RELIGIOUS. The death of Rev. Sister Francis de Paule, assistant superior of the Sisters of Providence, took place last Friday at the age of fifty years. She was born in 1855 at St. Jean Baptiste de Rouville, and entered the novitiate of the Providence community in 1874. Much regret is expressed by those who had the privilege of knowing her. The funeral service took place on Sunday in the chapel of the institution. The brother of the deceased, Rev. C. P. Gaboury, of New Bedford, Mass., administered the last rites to his sister, as well as officiating at the requiem. Burial took place in the cemetery of the order at Longue Pointe.

ARCHBISHOP VISITS PRISONERS. As usual, Archbishop Bruchesi chose the feast of the Epiphany to make his New Year's visit to the prisoners of both jails. At 8 o'clock, His Grace said Mass in the chapel of the men's jail, which had been tastefully decorated for the visit, and the music prepared for the occasion was very impressive. His Grace also confirmed one of the prisoners.

In addressing the unfortunate inmates, the Archbishop spoke words of kindness and hope, giving them sound advice for the future. He referred to the temperance movement just inaugurated, and requested all to pledge themselves to never again touch alcoholic drinks after serving their term of imprisonment.

After the service, His Grace took breakfast with Governor Vallee and his family.

NEW YEAR'S DINNER FOR PAUPERS AT HOTEL DIEU. Three hundred patients at the Hotel Dieu were treated on Saturday afternoon to a special New Year's dinner. Although the afflicted in all sections of the hospital were served alike, the reception and incidental ceremonies took place at St. Brigid's Ward, which is in charge of Sister Morrisey. After dinner a musical programme was given.

A recitation by Mr. E. Fabre Surveyor was highly applauded. Before the visitors retired from the ward Dr. J. J. Guerin extended the thanks of those in charge of the institution to Mrs. Bergeron, who was the initiator, and to those who had assisted her in contributing to the joy and comfort of the patients.

Speeches were delivered by Mr. J. G. H. Bergeron, M.P., and Rev. Father Ethelbert, O.F.M.

Those who subscribed to the fund making such a red letter day possible for the sick of the Hotel Dieu were: Mayor and Mrs. Laporte, St. Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lavigne, Mr. Justice, Ma-

OUR BUCKINGHAM LETTER.

Christmas time is with us again, and as all good people should do we are striving to lay aside the garb of darkness and to put on the armor of light. The angelic songs of this hallowed time gladden our hearts and make us feel a responsive echo therein to each sweet note of praise peeling forth from our sacred edifices. Nevertheless we are all aware that just as during the first great advent of four thousand years, just as on the first bright Christmas morning, a wicked Herod, a listless and wayward Jerusalem, and thoughtless mobs of cringing sycophants were then to be found, so now—alas for frail humanity—we have the children of night, we have the slayers of the innocent whose hands are red with the blood of defenceless infants, we have the merciless monopolist, we have the unscrupulous and heartless usurer, who crush the heart's blood out of the poor. We have the sycophants who, though willing to hail you yesterday with hosannas for the sake of the smile of the powerful, will cry out "crucify you" to-morrow. The peace message, then, of the angelic song is not for all men. It is not for Pilate, nor for Herod, nor for the slayers of the innocent, but only for men of good will. Men of good will are those who seek first the kingdom of God and His justice, and care little how the wealthy or the powerful regard their aspirations. Just watch the Pharisees during these days who have been ringing the bell to let the public know about their contributions to the poor. Keep your eye on him and see how he tries to pose as a man of good will. Well, it seems some of our remarks in a recent letter, which, by the way, appeared some few weeks ago, have been misunderstood. The sycophant failed to recognize himself when he held the mirror up before him. This is not surprising, knowing as we do he had such few opportunities to have himself presented to himself as he is. It should have been well understood, however, that when we spoke of the sycophant we made no reference to any of our Protestant friends. Mr. Sycophant is an individual, but his name is legion, and very sorry we are to say he passes for a Catholic, and we must admit he belongs to the body of the Church. He is never so happy as when he meets a Protestant minister and receives a gracious smile from him. Sycophant is the fellow who hastens out to tell his non-Catholic neighbors how priest-ridden is this province of Quebec and how free and happy are the people in dear old Ontario and in righteous and liberty-loving Manitoba. He is the fellow who loudly protests that the affliction of having to bow to the authority of the Catholic priest in these parts is a sufficient reason for him to turn a deaf ear to the appeals of the persecuted Catholics of Manitoba and those of the Northwest Territory who have recently been threatened with persecution. Mr. Sycophant watches the powerful monopolist and the men of money in general and he bows when they bow, cries when they cry, and he smiles when they smile. He is one of those who feel so bad about Sagart's cruel laying on of the lash. When this is read he will be watched and people will remark him and point at him and notice his sweet consoling countenance when big men of money smile at him approvingly. He is ready to blow hot or cold just as the fellow on top may express a desire to. Yet, after all, poor Sycophant, even the non-Catholic preacher does not in his heart admire you. The preacher is a man of more or less intelligence and knows your spineless back will bend too and fro with the superior force of tide and wind. The mayor, the dear good mayor, has been pained at our reference to him. We understand that he denies that he had any sort of monopoly in supplying the hardware or any other sort of material for the new hospital. We shall be happy to give him denial all the credit that is due to it, and shall not dare to gainsay it, till the contrary is sufficiently evident. Who would dare to gainsay what the dear, good mayor has said? We trust his kindly-disposed heart was not pained at our remark about his being a worthy citizen. For his own dear sake we would request his honor to allow that remark to stand. His zeal for the hospital was pure, disinterested (we were very nearly saying philanthropy, but no, we mean) Christian charity. Ah! Mr. Mayor, we are not much inclined to blame you very seriously for your shortcomings, whatever they may be. You have had so many flatterers, and in some cases where we would least expect it, that the wonder is that you are not worse than you really are. It is the sycophants who hang

(Continued on Page 8.)

WE HAVE RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir,—That Irishmen must begin to assert their rights and enter with more earnestness into the arena of civic government in Montreal is becoming more apparent every day.

During the course of last week the Council decided to add two more lawyers to the number employed in the civic law department, and as one of these would be an English-speaking gentleman, Mr. Boyd was offered but refused the position, whereupon Mr. Butler's name was proposed by one of the French-Canadian aldermen.

Messrs. Stearns, Sadler and Carter offered objections on the ground that Mr. Butler was a French-Canadian. Of course this was proven to be incorrect, as a consequence the above named trio demanded that Mr. Butler's name be withdrawn and the English minority be given the right to make the choice. This meant that the man to receive the appointment would come from the ranks of the Protestant section of the Bar, although there were at the time two English Protestant advocates attached to the civic law department, while the Irish element have been completely ignored as far as this department was concerned.

Now, Mr. Editor, is this justice? The Irish people of Montreal beg no favors, they simply ask for a "square deal" to use a common expression, and yet we find people who are forever talking "fair play" who would ignore the just claims of the Irish Catholic electors at every turn of our civic affairs if they thought it possible. Messrs. Stearns, Sadler and Carter should understand that the population of Montreal is made up of three great sections, and each of these has rights which should be respected.

They must not consider that the French-Canadians are what they are pleased to term the English minority are the sole factors to be reckoned with when the City Council is making appointments.

The Irish Catholics, though in the minority here, are of sufficient numbers to have a voice in our civic affairs.

As to the complaint of the aldermen above named not receiving fair treatment, I do not think it is justified. Furthermore, I do not believe the Protestant section of Montreal have any grievance as far as their representation in council and in civic offices is concerned. I think their rights are respected by the majority. If they were not, I would be one of the first to offer complaint.

CONSIDERATION. Montreal, Jan. 2, 1906.

PERSONAL. The Rev. Louis Lalonde, S.J., spent the feast of the Epiphany with his friends at St. Hermas and St. Scholastique.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE

Great Annual Discount Sale Liberal Discounts in every Department, and Five Per Cent. Extra for Cash.

LADIES' FUR JACKETS

Attention is directed to a limited number of Fur Jackets which, at sale prices, are exceptional values. Electric Seal, Plain. Electric, Trimmed Mink. Electric, Trimmed Natural Squirrel. Electric, Trimmed Sable Squirrel. Electric, Trimmed Alaska Sable. Persian Lamb, Plain. Persian, Trimmed Mink. Persian, Trimmed Alaska Sable. Alaska Seal, Trimmed Mink. Also Bocharan, River Mink and Raccoon. The above lines are made for our own trade, and are guaranteed.

LACE DEPARTMENT

Limerick Lace, 50 per cent. Limerick Insertion, 50 per cent. Fancy Guipure Laces, 50 per cent. Valenciennes and Point de Paris Lace, 50 per cent. Valenciennes Lace and Insertion, 50 per cent. Sequin Robes, 20 per cent. Chiffon Wrap Veils, 50 per cent. Veiling, assorted patterns, Black and Black and White, 50 per cent. Plain Edge Chiffon, 6 inches wide, 20c yard, 50 per cent. Bustier Brown Frilling Muslin, Net and Chiffon, 50 per cent. Crepe de Chine, spotted, for Scarfs, 50 per cent.

RIBBONS, HANDKERCHIEFS, NECKWEAR, ETC.

Double-faced Satin Ribbons, all shades, suitable for Fancy Work. Cushion Frills, etc., 2c, 5c, 7c, 8c, 10c. Liberty Satin Ribbons, 4 inches wide, 25c, less 50 per cent. Taffeta Ribbons, large variety of shades, 27c yard. Colored Taffeta Ribbons (special values), 28c yard. Assortment of Embroidered Handkerchiefs, 50 per cent. Initial Handkerchiefs, 1-2 inch line, 33 1-3 per cent. off. Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 1/4 inch hem, 20 per cent. Wash Neck Wear, Stocks, Collars, etc., 75 per cent. Silk Stocks, assorted, 50 per cent. Silk Ties, assorted colors, 50 per cent.

MANTLE DEPARTMENT. 300 Black and Colored Cloth Winter Mantles, original prices from \$10.00 to \$50.00. Now \$4.00.

CORSET DEPARTMENT. P. D. CORSETS AT HALF PRICE.

Table with 2 columns: Price and Description. \$1.15 for... \$1.25 for... 1.35 for... .68 1.60 for... .80 2.00 for... 1.00 2.10 for... 1.05 \$2.50 for... \$1.25 2.75 for... 1.38 3.25 for... 1.63 3.50 for... 1.75 4.25 for... 2.13

CUT GLASS DEPARTMENT

Great Cut Glass Sale for 3 days only, entire stock of American and Canadian Cut Glass at 25 per cent., consisting of Ice Cream Trays, Bowls, Comports, Nappies, Jugs, Sugar and Creams, Wine Sets; also entire stock of Tumblers, Wine Glasses, Finger Bowls, Ice Plates, Decanters, Nappies, Vases, etc., in Etched and Engraved Glass.

SPECIAL TABLES OF AUSTRIAN CUT GLASS

Oil Bottles, Vases, Knife Rests, Sugar and Creams, Whiskey Bottles, Jugs, Nappies, etc., etc.: 50c for 25c. \$1.00 Articles for 65c. \$1.50 for 95c. \$2.00 for \$1.25. \$2.50 for \$1.50. 100 Cut Glass Bowls, \$3.50 each.

CURTAIN DEPARTMENT

Materials for Window Curtains, Portieres, Hall Hangings, etc., in silk, tapestry, velours and other fabrics, at discounts of 10 per cent., 20 per cent., and 25 per cent. All Table Covers, less 20 per cent. discount. All Tapestry Portieres, less 10 per cent. discount. Metal and Leather Borders for Velvet Portieres, less 50 per cent. discount. Sample pairs Lace Curtains, less 25 per cent. discount. Balance of Lace Curtain stock at 10 to 20 per cent. discount. Window Shades, Curtain Poles and Pole Telemings, less 10 per cent. Cushion Tops, less 20 per cent. discount. All remnants of Curtain Materials and Upholstery goods, less 25 per cent. discount. Curtain Loops, Fringes, Gimps, Cords, etc., less 10 per cent. discount. Arabian Laces and Insertions, less 10 per cent. discount.

CHINA DEPARTMENT

ENTIRE STOCK to be reduced from 20 per cent. to 33 1-3. Dinner Sets at \$37.50, \$40, \$45, for \$30 set. Dinner Sets at \$23, \$25 for \$18 set. Stock Patterns less 10 per cent. Entire stock of Tea Sets, 25 per cent. Special lines, less 33 1-3.

WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT

Wall Papers for Parlors, Dining Rooms and Sitting Rooms, less 20 per cent. discount. Wall Papers for Halls and Dining Rooms, less 25 per cent. discount. Wall Papers for Bedrooms, Dining Rooms and Halls, less 33 1-3 per cent. discount. Wall Papers for Bedrooms, Dining Rooms, Halls and Libraries, less 50 per cent. discount. Special lines Japanese Leather Papers for Dining Rooms and Libraries, less 75 per cent. discount. Special lines Room Mouldings, less 33 1-3 per cent. discount. Dyed Burlaps, in lengths of 5, 6, 8 and 10 yards, less 33 1-3 per cent.

SILVER DEPARTMENT

15 French Bronze Statuettes, regular \$8, \$9, for \$5 each. SPECIAL SALE OF FLAT WARE. Table Spoons, \$5 doz. Dessert Spoons, \$4.25 doz. Tea Spoons, \$2.50 doz. Table Forks, \$5 doz. Dessert Forks, \$4.25 doz. Also Cream Ladles, Orange Spoons, Berry Spoons, Oyster Forks etc., etc., less 25 per cent. 75 Fancy Gilt Clocks, less 25 per cent.

ELECTRICAL DEPARTMENT

Special attention is called to a Table of Electric Parisian Bronzes, \$25 and \$20, now \$15. Also Special Table of Oriental Portables, less 50 per cent. Electric and Gas Fixtures, less 20 per cent.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

Photo Frames, Prices 25c to \$10. Bronze Desk Ornaments. Smokers' Sets. Ash Trays. Inkstands. Silver and Gun Metal Pencil Cases. 33 1-3 Per Cent. Off. Special lot Wrist Bags, Prices \$1 to \$15. Ebony Brush and Comb Sets, Prices \$4 to \$20. Pocket Diaries for 1906. 20 Per Cent. Off. Leather Goods. Desk Blotting Pads, Prices 50c to \$5.00. Tourist Writing Cases, Prices \$1 to \$20. Blotters, Prices 65c to \$10. Lap Pads, Prices \$2 to \$10. Fitted Dressing Cases, Lady's and Men's. Prices \$2.50 to \$40. Jewel Cases, Prices \$1 to \$25. Music Rolls and Cases, Prices 85c to \$7. Military Brushes in Case, Prices \$2.50 to \$10. Cuff and Collar Boxes, Prices \$1.50 to \$6.50. Stick Pin Cases, Prices 75c to \$4.00. Telephone Registers, Prices 75c to \$3.00. Calendars, Prices 45c to \$2.50. Travelling Ink Wells, Prices 35c to \$1.50. Razor Cases, Prices 50c to \$2.

MEDICAL HALL

Rheumatic Rings, for prevention and cure of Rheumatism and Gout, Remarkable results have followed wearing of these rings. See copies of testimonials with window display. Plain rings, \$2.00 each; Gold cased, \$5.00. Thermanite Bags, or self-heating Water Bottles. Advantages of this bag must be seen to be fully appreciated. Kindly ask to have bag demonstrated. Five sizes, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Special discount of 10 per cent. Hot Water Bags for those who prefer them. Only the best makers are represented. Goodyear bottles, 2 quarts, white or maroon color, \$1.50 to \$3.50 each, less 20 per cent. Davol Household Bottles, from 40c to \$1.75 each, less 20 per cent. Goodyear Fountain and Combination Syringes, from \$2.25 to \$3, less 20 per cent. Davol Fountain and Combinations, from \$1.25 to \$3.75, less 20 per cent. Invalid Rings, several sizes, from \$2.50 to \$5.00, less 20 per cent. Air Cushions and Pillows, for sickness and travelling, from \$2.50 to \$3.75, less 20 per cent. Shoulder braces, all sizes, from \$1.00 to \$1.75, less 20 per cent.

HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

A great offer of first quality white lined enamelled Stew and Saucepans. Enamelled Stew and Saucepans, with tin covers, regular 60c, for 29c. Enamelled deep Stew Pans, with enamelled covers, regular 60c and 80c, for 30c. Enamelled lipped Saucepans, regular 45c and 55c, for 20c. Enamelled lipped stove and stock Pots, regular 65c to \$2.25, for 25c to 99c. Odd lines of Enamelled Ware, less 50 per cent. To close a line of Enamelled Ware, less 33 1-3 per cent. Chamois Skins, a few lines at half price. Carpet Brooms, 4 strings, best make, regular 35c, for 25c. Bake and Paste Boards, with rims selected wood, regular 75c, for 49c. Bake and Paste Boards, plain, regular 50c, for 30c.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS.

Henry Morgan & Co., - Montreal

THE CANADIAN RAILWAY SYSTEM. Limited. 4:30 p.m., Hamilton, Ont., 10:15 p.m., Detroit. On above train NEW YORK. Express Service. Sunday, each way. 7:45 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 4:00 p.m., 10:00 p.m., 11:15 p.m., 11:30 p.m., 11:45 p.m., Detroit. SERVICE. 10 p.m. daily. 7:10 p.m. daily. OFFICES. Telephone Main Bureau. AN AMERICAN TRAINS. STATION. \$10.00 a week. \$10.10 p.m. DE VIGOR. 5:35 p.m. Sunday. \$Sunday. on all trains from. CE. JOHN, HALIFAX. after 6:30 p.m. and Sunday, on 7:35 for Street; also on p.m. Breakfast served a Sherbrooke 3:35 lay. y, January 14th, ing Place Viger at for St. Agathe and and returning leav- 9 a.m. same day, will Jerome and will be St. Jerome and St. Office.

THE CRACKERS AND CHEESE CLUB.

By THOMAS EDWARD SHIELDS, Ph.D.

(Copyright, 1906, by The Catholic Associated Press.)

"Isn't Mrs. O'Reilly going to give me the pleasure of her company this evening?" asked Dr. Shannon. "You know we want her to instruct Dr. Studevan on the kind of training that will fit our girls to become ideal wives and mothers."

"Dorothy will join us later, Mollie is a bit under the weather this evening, and until she is safely in Greenland, claims her mother's undivided attention."

"At our last meeting the Doctors seemed to make a very strange division of womanhood," said Miss Ruth. "They have apparently forgotten the existence of the bachelor girl, but I am afraid she will refuse to be ignored."

"If Dr. Studevan had his way," said Miss Geddes, "he would send every unmarried girl over twenty years of age into the convent."

"Oh, it's hardly as bad as that, Miss Geddes. But, really, I do question whether there is a third vocation for women. If she is to become a regular part of the social system, she must find her orbit either in the home or in some organization for social service--call the organization a sisterhood or what you will. These lone women wandering through life without attachments are like comets or meteors, strange beings sadly out of place in the social world."

"That is hardly a fair way to look at the question," said Miss Ruth. "The social and economic conditions of our times have advanced the marrying age of both sexes. Multitudes of our young women must labor to support themselves for some years, even though they contemplate marrying later on. A great many of them, in addition to supporting themselves, must care for aged parents and not infrequently for the younger members of the family. Many of these women do not feel themselves called to the religious life and nevertheless remain single all their lives. There can be no question of the duty of educational institutions to minister to the needs of these people. It looks as though we must reckon with at least three vocations for women."

"Studevan's objection to the third vocation applies to bachelors with even greater force than it does to bachelor girls," said Mr. O'Reilly. "If unmarried women over twenty should enter the convent, what about unmarried men over thirty?" "Why, they are not only out of place," said Dr. Studevan, "but they are more culpably so than women. Every individual owes a duty to the race which he should not be allowed to shirk. He should either found a home and strengthen his people numerically or become a member of some regular organization for social service and in this way discharge his duty to society. The bachelor girl may not be altogether responsible for her detached condition, since it is quite possible that she would change it if the right man appeared on the scene; but society does not allow her freedom in seeking for a suitable companion, while it leaves man absolutely free in this respect."

"Would you advocate the passing of a law, Doctor," said Mr. O'Reilly, "compelling all bachelors to marry? If it is their selfishness that keeps them single, would it not be wise for the State to tax them so heavily that they would find it to their advantage to marry and thus to discharge their duty to society?"

"On general principles I am inclined to agree with you," replied Dr. Studevan. "But, after all, our evenings would be rather dull without Shannon, and if he had a young wife and children to take care of, I am afraid that he would find it rather difficult to grace our meetings with his presence. Society would sadly miss the mellow old bachelor."

"And what would my wife do without Aunt Mary, who is always on hand in time of family need?" asked Mr. Eaton. "She makes the clothes for the little ones, and is chief nurse in time of sickness."

"That is all true, Mr. Eaton," said Mr. O'Reilly, "but you are thinking of the old maid and we were speaking of the bachelor girl; these are quite distinct species, you know. The sudden increase in the number of bachelor girls is one of the alarming symptoms of the present situation. From Miss Ruth's statement of the case, this sudden increase is one of the social and economic conditions of the times; but would not the converse

of this be much nearer to the truth? Are not the social and economic conditions here referred to traceable to the bachelor girls? W. A. Curtis, in The Outlook for Dec. 13th, 1902, says: 'Man is face to face with the fact that woman in the twentieth century is not his ally, his helpmate, his wife, but his competitor, his rival.' \* \* \* Once women doubled our joys and halved our sorrows. She now halves our incomes and doubles those seeking employment. Declining against the injustice of paying her half what a man got, in her blindness to the fact that man got twice as much in order that he might give her half, she has succeeded in getting her rate of compensation raised somewhat, but his has descended to meet it. And so, some assert, result the unmarried and unhappy thousands of women and of men, so the weakening of the national stamina that assails a nation where family life is passing. \* \* \* Blindly, unconsciously, rudely, unchivalrously, yet with a righteous purpose at bottom though he knew it not, the college man strikes at co-education."

"That sounds like a voice from the last century," said Miss Ruth, "but it suggests many themes which would probably furnish profitable discussion for our Club. Have man's wages descended? If there are too many seeking employment, why admit a million laborers a year to glut the market? Besides, woman has never been an idler and it is not fair to blame her for following her employment when it lifts the home. There are many families in our cities consisting of several grown girls and whose only male breadwinner is the father whose earning capacity is constantly diminishing as the needs of the family increase. Who are going to share half their wages with these girls? They are not averse to marrying if decent men who are able to support them and who are worthy of their affection appear on the scene to claim their love and devotion; meanwhile they must work for a living, and that away from home. The only question is whether they shall enter the labor market uneducated and earn their living by the use of their muscles, of which they seem to have too scanty a supply, or whether they shall first receive an education that will enable them to live by their talents. Woman has chosen the latter of these alternatives and she feels herself entirely within her rights when she demands a share in the best education which society affords."

"I am glad to welcome you to our side of this controversy," said Dr. Shannon. "I always felt that your good judgment would assert itself in the end and that you would abandon Studevan and his vagaries. Woman has been compelled to enter into competition with man and she is following her instincts, which are always true, in seeking an education in the institutions which have equipped her competitors."

"Are not your conclusions just a bit hasty, Doctor?" said Dr. Studevan. "I find myself agreeing with everything that Miss Ruth has said. I would like to add to the topics which she has proposed for future discussion this statement of yours that 'woman has been compelled to enter into competition with man.' This is a very surprising statement to come from a modern sociologist. The age of competition is passing out--the future belongs to co-operation. But to return to Miss Ruth's statement. I quite agree with her that woman is not responsible for the present condition, as Mr. Curtis would seem to imply. Labor saving machinery, by sweeping industry from the home, has compelled woman to seek employment in new fields. In doing this she is not invading man's province. Employment for both men and women has completely changed and both have to adjust themselves to these changed conditions. The man who inveighs against woman labor bases his judgments on superficial aspects. Whether woman works in the home, in the office, or in the factory is a mere accident; the important thing has remained unchanged--that she works."

A close survey of the field will reveal the fact that women in claiming for herself certain industrial provinces which she will make her own and from which she will eliminate man quite as effectively as the formerly eliminated him from spinning and weaving. There is a strange mixture of truth and error in that article of Mr. Curtis's. Will you let me have it for a moment, Mr. O'Reilly? Just listen to this passage: 'Numerically the college woman is not a large factor, but she is a sure factor, and the college man, obeying one of those strange psychological waves that sweep over a nation and make all blind, unconscious agents in a great change, a great reform--is trying to save her from herself--for himself. Co-education will not pass.' \* \* \* But the competition of woman with man will pass.' In the three years which have elapsed since Curtis wrote this the number of colleges has increased with great rapidity, nevertheless, I believe that he was mistaken when he said 'Co-education will not pass.' The truth of his other statement, that competition will pass, must be evident to every student of sociology. Woman never has been in any serious competition with man in the labor market. When the future province of woman's labor shall become more clearly defined, woman will find it to her interest to seek her education in those schools which in scope and method have been developed to meet her peculiar needs."

"Are we to understand," asked Dr. Shannon, "that man is about to abdicate the learned professions because woman has put in an appearance, and that woman is to do all the teaching and to fill all the clerical positions and do all the journalistic work and write our magazine articles and books? If these positions are not to be relinquished to woman, how is competition to cease between woman and man? And if woman is going to claim all this as her province, the next generation of men will have to take to the tall timbers."

"It's coming to that very rapidly," said Mr. Eaton. "It is already becoming very difficult to secure domestic servants. The other day a friend sent a colored girl to my wife and when she brought her into the kitchen and began to instruct her concerning her duties, the girl grew quite indignant and asked my wife if she really expected her to stand over a hot stove, and gave her to understand that she was a High School graduate."

"Your alarm, gentlemen," said Dr. Studevan, "reminds me of a friend who, after quoting a splendid passage descriptive of the solar system, proceeded to exhibit his utter failure to comprehend the fundamental laws of the system. He reasoned that if from any cause the weight of the earth were increased it would drop into the sun, and if its motion were retarded ever so little the same dire fate would befall it, while if its weight were lightened or its motion increased it would wander off in ever widening circles into interstellar space. He had evidently failed to realize the power of adjustment possessed by the system. And so I sometimes think that our alarmists fail to realize society's power of self-adjustment. Even if woman's orbit is being changed under the stress of present conditions, we need have no alarm. Woman will find her new orbit and be as true to it as she has been to the old."

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A young lady went to a West End shop to buy a necklace of imitation pearls. She gave £5 for one and wore it the same evening at a dinner. The gentleman beside her admired the necklace, and the conversation induced her to return next day to the shop to make inquiries. She was received with joy, for the necklace was of real pearls, and had been sold as imitation by mistake. The shopkeeper's gratitude, it is added, went to the length of offering his customer the choice of £100 worth of jewellery from his shop. The Gentlewoman.

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A CATHOLIC PRIEST AND A GAELIC SINGER.

Mary Bronson Hart tells us in a recent issue of the Boston Transcript that when Miss Amy Murray, the singer of Gaelic folk songs, determined last summer to go seriously in pursuit of these lyrics, she was directed to go to Father Allan McDonald, of the little Island of Eriskay, in the Outer Hebrides, as the one man in all the world best able to aid her. Miss Murray did so, and was greeted by the good priest most cordially. Six weeks was she installed in the priest's house at Eriskay, and the people freely took to her their old songs, brought over, many of them, from Ireland, in the sixth century; and she wrote them out to the number of a hundred and thirty. She found the Gaels of Eriskay--there are only four hundred of them on the island, poor Catholic folk--to be an attractive and charming people, saturated as it were with poetry. But--and here is something which those who have studied the Gaels of Ireland have noticed--"take an Islander away from his Gaelic and set him perhaps to speak American English. He can no more express a poetic thought, or indeed anything but the baldest commonplace. All his beautiful traditions, all the poetic phrases with which at home he salts every sentence, can be swept away in a single generation. And, alas! he gets nothing in their place. He ought to stay where he is, where he can keep the old high thoughts, the old singleness of heart. Better let him starve on his lonesome island than lose his native emity in well-fed America!"

Of the good priest, who welcomed Miss Murray to his island parish, the Transcript article says: "Father Allan, or 'Maighstair Allean,' as his people called him, was a superb product of the hard life of Eriskay. I must say 'was,' not 'is,' for within a fortnight after Miss Murray finished committing to paper what he so longed to have made safe, the good priest died. It was appropriate to the island, where dreams and second sight have still a significance, that the man should have gone so swiftly after the satisfaction of a life-long desire.

"A magnificent figure of a man more than six feet tall, with the carriage of a chief, this unpriestly looking priest-in-tweeds was the true shepherd of a flock of two thousand souls. For his parish stretched over two islands, South Uist as well as Eriskay. And not an emergency but Father Allan would be called in! Not a soul could pass on either island without his offices. Many a time they would meet him with 'Dougall couldn't die till you got here.' And perhaps before the last rites were performed for Dougall a hard-pressed messenger would summon him miles away. And the tired priest must make all haste to get there before the beds were burning. For the smoke from the seaweed bed borne out and lighted before the house gives faithful warning in Eriskay of the passing of a soul.

"In time of epidemic Father Allan would say, 'I'd be sorry for the man that had to walk with me these days. In storm and shine his signa frier would be seen on the shore between the islands, the priest was wanting over, in the fishing boat with the great brown sail.

"The struggle told. At forty-six he had spent his life, and his people laid him to rest, filling his grave little by little with their empty hands. 'Poor Father,' said they, 'he broke his heart.

"But they meant it literally. He was not heart-broken. He was the happiest man," says Miss Murray, "that I ever saw."

The philosopher spends his becoming a man the time which the ambitious man spends in becoming a personage.

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ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land is each year for three years.

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND R. SOCIETY--Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Recorder, Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly, 18 Valley street.

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Among the many beautiful in that wonderful cluster source of the river St. L. one noticeable for its petty peculiar conformation, a quarter of an acre, perhaps at the foot of a side some seven miles long, was attract the attention of visitors for its shape and the excellent view of the distant view of Clayburgh. Smaller islands rocky stars on the westerly about it on all sides, and in close at hand shut it out from the view of the distant view of Clayburgh. Here, on a day of early spring, a man quietly looking at a beautiful view before him, was swinging close to the horizon, and Clayburgh was ed with its autumn glory. ter was on fire. With over and waft red sparks and flames to shoot into the air, the woods lending to the illusion was neither chilly nor warm; pleasant mean prevailed in and so softly did the colors dying day blend with those coming night that he who was clearly unmindful of the hours. His gaze wandered over the feature of the scene to another its placidity was reflected in the pose of his body, in his gentle, and in the pensive expression of his face. His general appearance that of one gifted with the finer instincts. A bluish gray breeches, unpressed shirt and leggings, all of very good used material, made up by his this skin was toughened and by years of exposure, and red hair covered the lower face. The rifle at his side was the fishing tackle in his hand, indicated the professional man. No one would cast upon man a second look, and y was much more about him, is about every man, than even glances would discover. hair and red beard were of texture, his hands were shapely features delicately cut, and eyes, if a little too keen in glance, were sympathetic and sensitive; but his skin cap it and face, and tanned complexion rough costume hid much more curious eyes. As he looked distant villages bathed in sun no muttered to himself, and don the unheeded tears fell on cheek; but his emotion was and his thoughts led to no violent expression of feeling. "Ah, friend Scott, dreaming a rough voice came from where a corpulent, half-naked man just rising from the water. Scott looked down quietly. "You had quite a swim of 'ton," he said, without "Thought you couldn't be getting a good hour yet." "The devil!" growled he, shaking himself like a dog and drying his naked arms to take a chill. "You're a nice man, to me to swim all the way, and to be so handy. I'm chilled. Why in thunder didn't you show me how you come?" "Didn't know you were coming. I saw you half-way over, and you want to see me?" "Did I want to see you?" "No; I want to see your bottle--haven't any, confound it. I'm a likely man to leave my on the island and swim this far do it all for nothing. Look at me, as he began to mount natural steps, "and ask that Scott rose from his reclining position as he arrived on the platform. "It's a strange fix for you, ton," said he, amused. "You're running away from the law, man." "Yes, I am running away from law," answered the equir, his list at Clayburgh. "Blame they haven't left me a place of of France or South America." "They are after my head, they've offered a reward--both Uncle Sam and Queen Victoria, man, woman, child, or jacker.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER I.

Among the many beautiful islands in that wonderful cluster at the source of the river St. Lawrence is one noticeable for its petty size and peculiar conformation. It covers a quarter of an acre, perhaps, and lying at the foot of a sister island some seven miles long, would never attract the attention of visitors but for its shape and the excellent view it gives of the distant village of Clayburgh. Smaller islands, mere rocky stars on the watery blue, crowd about it on all sides, and larger ones close at hand shut it out from the sight of approaching travellers; but arching its back from the water like a bow, and throwing into the air a natural pyramid of moss-encrusted gray-stone, it offers a summit as high above its nobler sisters as one could desire. Nature has provided a stairway to the platform above, and a stunted tree clinging there welcomes the sight-seer with scanty but not undesirable shade.

Here, on a day of early September, sat a man quietly looking upon the splendid view before him. The sun was swinging close to the Canadian horizon, and Clayburgh was crimsoned with its autumn glory. The water was on fire. With every ripple and wave red sparks and flames seemed to shoot into the air, the smoky woods lending to the illusion. It was neither chilly nor warm. A pleasant mean prevailed in the air, and so softly did the colors of the dying day blend with those of the coming night that he who sat there was clearly unmindful of the passing hours. His gaze wandered from one feature of the scene to another, and its placidity was reflected in the repose of his body, in his gentle breathing, and in the pensive expression of his face. His general appearance was not that of one gifted with many of the finer instincts. A blue shirt, gray breeches, undressed shoes, cap and leggings, all of very coarse, worn-out material, made up his costume; his skin was tanned and browned by years of exposure, and a curly red beard covered the lower part of his face. The rifle at his side, and the fishing tackle in his canoe below him, indicated the professional sportsman. No one would cast upon the man a second look, and yet there was much more about him, and as there is about every man, than even second glances would discover. His light hair and red beard were of very fine texture, his hands were shapely, his features delicately cut, and his blue eyes, if a little too keen in their glance, were sympathetic and expressive; but his skin cap his hair and face, and tanned complexion and rough costume hid much more from curious eyes. As he looked at the distant village bathed in sunset fire he muttered to himself, and not seldom the unheeded tears fell down his cheek; but his emotion was gentle, and his thoughts led to no more violent expression of feeling.

"Ah, friend Scott, dreaming, hey?" A rough voice came from below, where a corpulent, half-naked man was just rising from the water. Scott looked down quietly. "You had quite a swim of it, Pen-tion," he said, without moving. "Thought you couldn't hev got here for a good hour yet."

"The devil!" growled Pendleton, shaking himself like a dog and swinging his naked arms to take off the chill. "You're a nice man, and you me to swim all the way, and your boat so handy. I'm chilled through. Why in thunder didn't you shout when you saw me coming?"

"Didn't know you were comin' till I saw you half-way over, squire. Did you want to see me?" "Did I want to see you?" sneered the squire as he rummaged the canoe. "No; I want to see your whiskey-bottle-haven't any, confounded ye!" "I'm a likely man to leave my clothes on the island and swim this far, and do it all for nothing. Look at me," he said, as he began to mount the natural steps, "and ask that question again."

Scott rose from his reclining position as he arrived on the platform. "It's a strange fix for you, Pen-tion," said he, amused. "You're not rumm' away from the law, may be?" "Yes, I am running away from the law," answered the squire, shaking his fist at Clayburgh. "Blame 'em if they haven't left me a place this side of France or South America to hide in. They are after my head, man; they've offered a reward—both of 'em, Uncle Sam and Queen Victoria—to man, woman, child, or jackass that will present 'em with me, dead or alive, or with my head."

"I heard somethin'—" began the hunter. "Of course you did. They're all talking about it—about the fool Pendleton, who sided with Mackenzie, another fool, and helped him to get justice for Canadians, and now has two governments after him. Well, I'm the man, and I've come to you for help; nobody else wants to give it. They free citizens of this country—bah!" "I'm glad you lit on me, squire," Scott began again. "Oh! are you?" sneered the squire, nettled by the tone. "Wait till you hear the whole of it. 'Any man who harbors, assists, feeds, etc., Squire Pendleton goes to jail along with him when he's caught.' How do you like that, hey?"

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Scott was silent and turned his gaze in the direction of the town, whose spires alone now caught the reflection of the sun's last rays. Pendleton evidently did not expect this significant action on the hunter's part, and he grew uneasy and angry. A half-sigh escaped him, for his position was really one of peril, and there were others interested in his fate whom his capture would affect bitterly.

"I don't wish to bring any one into trouble, Scott," he hastened to say, "and I'm not going to do it for you. But, knowing these islands as you do, I thought you could show me some hiding-place that would give me refuge until I can leave the country. For they'll not catch me—no, not if I have to swim to the Bay of Biscay."

There was no answer from Scott, and his thoughts seemed to be miles away from the squire's affairs. Pendleton stood for a moment irresolute, and then he hastily descended the steps and jumped into the canoe. "You're like the rest," he muttered. "There's not a man among the whole crew. Well, you can meditate there for the rest of the night or swim for it. I'm going to make this my property." He attempted to cut the rope of the canoe, when by a dexterous jerk Scott upset the boat and the squire went into the water headlong. As he rose spluttering the hunter was smilingly engaged in rescuing his floating tackle.

"Foolin' with governments is dangerous," said he, "an' it's natural to think I don't want to get mixed up in your evil doin's. But then I'm not goin' back on ye, squire, not if I know it, even though my head was concerned, which it isn't, for in this country they don't go quite so much on the head-choppin' as I've heard tell of in other countries. I kin find a place for ye, p'raps. It mayn't be much to your likin', for beds are scarce, an' furniture has to grow of itself thar. But you'll hev the sun to call ye at six o'clock, an' the stars will see ye to bed and watch over ye all night along with the singin' o' the water. Squire, them's my comforts!"

"They agree with you mightily," muttered Pendleton, who was now rather subdued. Having put his boat in order, Scott invited his companion to enter, and was surprised to receive a cold and emphatic refusal. "I've got a new idea from that ducking," he said gloomily, "and I'm going to follow it out. Good-by; thanks for your offer." And he plunged into the water again, only to be pulled out almost roughly by a strong, impatient hand.

"This," said the squire, purpling, "is—"

CHAPTER II. About the hour which saw Squire Pendleton puffing through the chilly waters of the St. Lawrence, Clayburgh's young and rising lawyer sat in his office, wondering what had become of the chief figure in the social and political life of the village. The squire's sympathetic leanings toward Mackenzie and towards every noisy political disturber, no matter in what part of the world, were the delight and the terror of all Clayburgh. It gave the obscure country town a standing and a distinction among its neighbors to have for their chief citizen a man who had defied the majesty of the Queen and of the American constitution, and although the young lawyer, Mr. Florian Wallace by name, laughed at the squire's absurdities, at the same time he was not without a hope that the affair would end to his own honor and benefit.

Sitting before the office window which commanded a view of the river and its islands, Mr. Wallace, with the aid of a glass, could have witnessed the scene between the squire and the friendly fisherman. But his thoughts were just then given to himself. Mr. Wallace had a bright future before him, and he was surveying it with the enchanted telescope of the mind. His youthful history had not one cloud, not one error, not one ill-success in it. Everything he had done from childhood up had been done well. His townsmen flattered him, and took pride in his abilities. His family adored him. Good offers were made to him by legal firms in the larger cities, but work in his native village was plentiful and profitable, if not suited to develop a great mind. All his affairs were in good condition. He had health, strength, money and good looks. His personal gifts were numerous, and still not all of them were known even to himself. He was generous, yet cool-minded and prudently passionate, yet thoroughly self-ruled. He had given his heart to the keeping of Squire Pendleton's daughter, and she had accepted the trust almost, and half-promised to become his wife. More than that, he being a Catholic and she a Protestant, she had consented to study his faith and enter his church if her conscience permitted. Once they were married he would go to New York, and settling down to hard work among the greatest minds of the day he would aim for the very highest things that a man might attain to in a lifetime. What they were he hardly knew, but the path of sunlit waters which lay before him as far as he could see was not so rosy as the path of glory along which his dreams conducted him to the highest pinnacle of fame. It intoxicated him to think of these things. He thought it was a sign of his secret and untried ability that he could dream so, whereas it was only the product of a good and young constitution, an ambitious soul, and an overpowering vanity.

"Not one trouble in the world," he said to himself, "and Ruth will be satisfied. Poor Ruth!" Scott did not hear him. His eyes were fixed, as usual, on the scenes around him, and reflected more than ever the emotions of his simple heart. These must have been very pleasant for his face was lit up by a happy smile.

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gave her up easily. The young man was practical in his love as in his business. He had not that abandonment of feeling which brooks no possible danger of losing the object of his feelings. He knew that death or conscience, or a change of heart might at any moment step between him and the woman he loved, and so he did not say, "I shall never give her up," but instead, "I shall not give her up easily"—a good and prudent restriction to put upon his determination. He sat thinking until the sun disappeared behind the islands, and then it occurred to him—

"No news of the Squire," said Pere Rougevin. "Not a word," replied Florian. "I have no doubt if we let him alone, or if the government detectives go away he will come back soon enough. His rheumatism is not the sort of baggage for a political exile."

"Miss Ruth is anxious about him," "No doubt, no doubt; but there is little need for anxiety. If there were—"

"You would make things fly to settle her fears. How does the New York idea develop?" "So, so, Father," said Florian. "Let us say two months from now for the finish."

"I thought you knew all worth knowing concerning your own affairs.—But then, are you quite certain of Ruth's conversion to the faith?" "Ah!" said Florian, struck dumb with a sudden fear.

"I can say no more," the priest went on. "I have known Miss Pendleton since she was a child. She has been brought up loosely on matters of religion, but her tastes and feelings are religious. She knows something about us, and is quite used to our ways. She is very conscientious. I cannot say that she takes to Catholicity."

"It was a long speech for the priest to make, and he at once dismissed the entire matter by taking up another subject of conversation. But Florian was really frightened. "Pere," he said, "I can't think or talk of anything but what you have just told me. When you speak of a thing there is always something in it. What am I to do? I'm not a fool. I cannot live without Ruth. I do not believe in mixed marriages. But it would be as bitter as death to give her up just when I had made myself believe it was all right."

"One should not make himself believe it was all right," said the priest. "I know, I know," the lawyer impatiently answered. "But how many are so careful as that. Ruth and I were brought up together. I am sure she has a high regard for me—" "You do well to put it that way."

LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID. When over the fair fame of friend or foe, The shadow of disgrace shall fall; Instead Of words of blame, or proof of thus and so, Let something good be said. Forget not that no fellow-being yet May fall so low but love may lift his head, Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet, If something good be said. No generous heart may vainly turn aside In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead But may awaken strong and glorified If something good be said. And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown, And by the cross on which the Saviour bled, And by your own souls' hope of fair renown, Let something good be said. —James Whitcomb Riley.

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SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF St. Michael's Parish, Montreal. By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association. The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices. Dean's Kidney Pills, 50c. Little Liver Pills, 50c. Ballard's Kidney Pills, 50c. Dr. Cass's K. L. Pills, 50c. Dr. Fernald's Syrup, 1.00. Dr. Hammond's Nerve Pills, 1.00. THE F. E. KARN CO. Limited, Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House, 32-134 Victoria St., Dept. W., TORONTO. Send for large illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free.

ROOFERS, Etc. FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS OR ANY SHEET METAL WORK, CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 337 Craig St. W. There is no use in living if our lives do not help other lives. They must help other lives if in themselves is the power of God.—Phillips Brooks.

ure POSITION. school equal business train- good results. and com- No vacations. al College Principal. BELLS. COMPANY. FLOUR. ING FLOUR. the Best. Montreal. ITORS. TS SECURED. Manufacturers, Es. the subdivision of. Charges made. 2 pages, sent upon. of For Life. C. U.S.A.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM. The Slightest Backache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering. No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, burning, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, stinging sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.S., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

ITS CURD. If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable tracts on such diseases to THE LARSEN CO., 175 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you. LEIBIG'S FITURE

THE FORCES FOR AND AGAINST IRELAND

It is a fact worthy of note, though not often noted, if at all generally known, even by Irishmen, that not merely the vast bulk of the Irish people and the Irish race, but the majority of the civilized world including the British Empire, are emphatically in favor of the demand for Ireland for national self-government.

That Ireland's claim was strengthened by the consensus or approving sentiment of mankind was one of the points dwelt upon and urged by Mr. Gladstone in his eloquent advocacy of his Irish Home Rule policy.

Mr. Gladstone, it need hardly be said, was a scholar, a reader of books. More perhaps than any other man of his time he was familiar with "the literature of all countries."

But of course there is much more evidence than the declaration of Mr. Gladstone, authoritative as it is and conclusive as it might well be taken to be, of the world-wide sentiment against England for Ireland in the matter of her National claim.

"There is no colony more loyal to the British connection than the great colony of Canada; and the great Parliament of that central community has now no less than twice passed a resolution declaring that self-government, which was wise and good for Canada, would be good for Ireland.

And in the great speech delivered by the same staunch veteran of the Irish party and the Irish cause (Mr. T. P. O'Connor) at the recent National Convention in Dublin, we find

these remarkable words in notice of the sympathy and support for Ireland's claim manifested, not merely by Canada and Australia, but by the Legislatures and the Congress of the United States:

"Mr. Gladstone used to say that the opinion of the whole civilized world was on the side of Ireland. What would the Unionist (Tory) Party give if they had behind their policy and their political gospel the vote that Canada gave to us, that Australia gave to us, that the different Parliaments of Canada, and the different smaller Parliaments of Australia gave to us—what would they give, if in addition to all that, they had behind them the fact that among the forty-five States into which the great American Republic is divided, there is scarcely a single Legislature that at one time or another has not passed a practically, if not entirely, unanimous resolution in favor of Home Rule for Ireland?"

And with regard to Westminster, that is, the British Parliament, it has to be kept in mind that it is only that part of it which represents England that can be taken as against the Irish demand.

In the division in the House of Commons on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893, a large majority of the members for Scotland and a large majority of the members for Wales, and four-fifths of the members for Ireland voted for the Bill.

"I will go one step further, and make this declaration, though it will probably surprise you—that the majority of Englishmen are in favor of Home Rule for Ireland. In England it is easier for a rich man to get twenty votes than for a poor man to get one, and therefore sometimes at the general election in England we see a majority of votes, but not a majority of voters.

"From all this it will be seen how wide-spread and influential throughout the world and within the British Empire, and even within the United Kingdom, are sympathy and support for the Irish cause. The literature of all countries, as Mr. Gladstone declared, the legislatures and Congress of the United States of America, the Parliaments of all the British colonies, Scotland, Wales, and a strong minority (if not a majority, as Mr. O'Connor thinks) in England herself—all are for Ireland and have declared themselves in favor of the claim of the Irish people to rule their own country.

That then is the reckoning and the record on the Irish side. What is the showing on the other side? What is it and who are they that are against Ireland? The answer may be given in a word or two. What stands in the way of the concession to Ireland of her just demand is the British House of Lords and the

House of Lords. Only for that House Ireland would now have Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1893 was passed by the House of Commons—the chamber which represents, as it consists of the elected delegates of England, Wales, Scotland and Ireland. The electors of these four constituent parts of the "United Kingdom," through their chosen representatives in parliament, gave approval and assent to the policy and the proposal of an Irish legislature and an Irish executive government for the control of all Irish affairs.

And what is this House of Lords which thus obstructs and denies the National right of Ireland, endorsed by the sentiment and judgment of the world? It is an assembly in which Nationalist Ireland has not a single representative. The House of Lords consists of about 580 members and they are members for life. It has not a fixed membership as to numbers, because new lords are occasionally "created" and old lords die, and sometimes the title becomes extinct through the deceased lords leaving no heirs, so that the House of Lords has not always the same number of members, but usually it has between five and six hundred. Of these Ireland has twenty-eight, or rather twenty-eight of them claim or pretend to represent Ireland, and they are called "Irish Representative Peers," for the reason, I suppose, that though they hold the office for life, they are elected by other "Irish" peers, so that when an "Irish Representative Peer" dies the other "Irish" peers meet and elect one of themselves to fill the vacancy.

But suppose it were otherwise, suppose every man of the "Irish Representative Peers" were Nationalist, what could they do at Westminster against the solid opposition of five hundred British peers? Nothing, of course, and of course, therefore, and from the fact that they are all of them not Nationalist or Irish but British and deadly hostile to every sentiment of Irish Nationality, Ireland has no representation whatever in one branch of the British parliament and this is the branch that vetoes Ireland's demand for justice.

How long will this be permitted to continue? How long will an alien assembly of avowed foes of every Irish be permitted to prevent Ireland from having her rights—rights that are absolutely necessary for the saving of the Irish nation from extinction? The new Prime Minister of England holds and has frequently declared that Home Rule is Ireland's right and that while it is the Irish people cannot have good government or be prosperous. Will he and his party now in power allow the House of Lords to veto the concession of that right, or will he allow a certain element of his party to indefinitely delay the concession of that right?

The answer to this question must soon be forthcoming. If not, the Irish leader and the Irish Party, with an organized and unified Irish people and Irish race at their back, will be able at the proper time to insist in a proper and effective way on knowing the reason why.

OUR BUCKINGHAM LETTER.

(Continued From Page 5.) on to your coat tails and beg of you to smile on them, with whom we are disgusted. Every good, honest son of toil, who, like yourself, has earned his bread and won his spurs, deserves credit. The fact that we spoke of the Mayor as a Protestant was regarded as a mortal fault about which the considerate sycophant expressed the belief that there was no possibility of abolition in this world or the next.

VESTMENTS Challenges Ciborium Statues, Altar Furniture. WE BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

OUR WHITEWEAR SALE

Those who've attended this Whitewear Sale of ours have learned to appreciate more than ever the full meaning of Murphy prices, conjoined with Murphy quality. The whitewear department is crowded every day with eager and satisfied purchasers.

A Dollar and a Half Night Dress for .79.

Made of mercerized nainsook, circular yoke of Val. lace, embroidery insertion and tucks, frill of lawn edged with lace around neck and down front and on sleeves. Frill of wide lace on bottom of yoke. Sizes 56 to 60, regular value \$1.50, for .79.

A Dollar and a Quarter Under-skirt for .83.

Good heavy cotton, 12 inch flounce of tucked lawn with ruffle of Chiny lace, lawn dust ruffle, sizes 38 to 42 inches. Regular value is \$1.25. For .83.

This store is open daily from 8.00 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.

THE S. CARSLY COMPANY LIMITED

than the ordinary percentage to inebriate and insane asylums. He, too, is one of those who have been very much offended at Sagart's remarks. He cannot understand how Sagart could discover an anti-Catholic bigot in Buckingham. Just let the public, the Catholic public, keep their eyes open on this fellow. Sagart will not be persuaded to admire the slayers of infants upon any account, even though the sycophant, the bigot and all the other fellows who have been lashed were to rage and whine around him.

His Protestantism is not of the Unitarian or Ingersollian type, we regard as a Christian and as possibly belonging to the soul of the Church. Nevertheless, should this fellow become a bank manager and boycott persons of a different religious persuasion and in fact all individuals who fail to spell correctly the names of the two pillars in the temple of Solomon according to the rite of the lodge, then we feel that it would be our duty to tell this fellow that his Protestantism or secret society craft or some such thing was leading him to an unwarrantable length. It is of no interest to us in a free country even though he did promise under penalty of having his body buried in the rough sands of the sea a cable-tow's length from the shore at low water mark.

OUR BUCKINGHAM LETTER.

the angelic host that welcomed our Lord and Saviour first into this world let us gladly join in chorus and say: "Peace on earth to men of good will." OWEN AN SAGART. Buckingham, Christmas, 1905.

S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1906. STORE WILL CLOSE AT 3.30 DAILY TILL FURTHER NOTICE.

Montreal's Greatest Whitewear Sale

Price Muesline and Cambrics and Trimmings—add up the cost; think of the work you would have to do to match any of these garments, and the wonder is we can sell for so little. Our advantage (and yours) comes simply from better planning and our willingness to share profits. Some values worth reading:

Ladies' Fine White Cambric Drawers, made with four rows of tucks and trimmed with embroidery. Regularly 40c. January sale price.....25c



Infants' Fine White Cambric Dresses, prettily made with shirred waist and sash, trimmed embroidery and lace. Regularly 70c. January sale price.....54c

Ladies' Fine White Cambric Chemises cut full and nicely tucked; yoke trimmed embroidery insertion, embroidery around neck and sleeves. Regularly 65c. January sale price.....47c

Final Prices on Furs.

ELECTRIC SEAL AND BLUE MOUFFLON CAPERINE, lined with gray satin and finished with two tails. Collar down it presents a handsome moufflon effect, collar up for stormy weather a seal effect is shown. Regular \$9.40. January sale price \$7.25. PRETTY RUSSIAN HARE MUFFS, lined good quality satin. Regularly \$1.25. Sale price.....87c

A Vast Sale of Linens.

A GREAT ANNUAL CLEARING EVENT THAT NO HOUSEKEEPER CAN AFFORD TO MISS. BIGGER, BETTER, STRONGER THAN EVER BEFORE. VAST PURCHASES HAVE CUT PRICES LOWER THAN COULD BE POSSIBLE ANYWHERE ELSE. A SAVING OF NEARLY 25 PER CENT. IF YOU BUY YOUR YEAR'S SUPPLY OF LINEN NOW.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

CARPETS, RUGS, OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, CURTAINS, DRAPERIES, TABLE COVERS, FURNITURE COVERINGS, and HOME FURNISHING GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

FANCY FURNITURE.

BRASS and ENAMELLED BEDSTEADS

THOMAS LIGGET

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

NOTICE

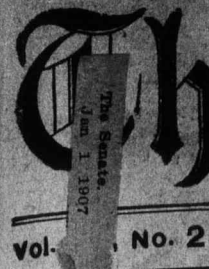
During November and December I offer very special reductions in all lines of religious goods as follows: Colored Statues—Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin, regular \$5.00 each for \$4.00, and St. Anthony, regular \$4.00 for \$3.00.

NOTICE

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

GET THE BEST LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE

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



THE OATH

Is it not desolating, degrading, to think that on numerous occasions of falling into sin of perjury, and that, if we count upon the impunity of men, that we are exposed to commit this terrible crime? In law suits, under the pressure of repeated and pressing claims, or from the influence of the moment, tend to confess, still greater extent, we have courage and perfect lucidity to place our hand upon the Gospel and say to ourselves we are swearing the exact truth, the oaths in required of the civil laws or by the strict administration of financial organizations, this is perhaps still greater; if the count of the mind be troubled, disturbed by the events, or that the taking of the oath or false, should result in success or downfall of a firm, we are very much exposed to moments of perplexity to holiness of the sacred Name respect due to it. To what extent should we guard not only those who are again, those who demand and who have as a specialty their state or professional acting of testimony from have taken it. It is their only object should be the truth, to make it known, and not to use the voice of flagrant contradiction necessary to the want case, with the one purporting the witness, and the only result the augmentation of number of perjurers and the big of the public confidence oath should possess. Are still more gullible, who, in serve a mean and passing forgetting all religion and all dignity, imitate the simplicity of Caiaphas, do no common false witnesses, a duce them either by flattery threats, to commit, even of justice, the most abominable? What an odious conscience! What a dread son against God and against the second place, judgment necessary, that is to say, discretion, not to swear things and of all occasions when such is necessary, the habitual sin of the Jew frequently, without reflect on serious motives, without at every turn in life smallest contradiction. Jesus Christ takes them too verily for this: "You hear that it has been said to you: You shall not perjure yourself: that you have taken to me, and I say to you that you swear, neither by heaven, the throne of God, nor by which is His footstool, no solemn because it is the city of Great King, or even by because you have not the turn a hair either black Limit yourselves to saying that is not; if there is that becomes wrong." Our not intend to forbid all of these words, but he condemns the habit of swearing necessity and judgment. Jesus St. Augustine, forbids swear in any way, through swearing we should a facility for swearing, from the facility we contract habit and that from this fall into that of perjury. Does he not condemn by token the lightness of misplaced obstinacy and those who, being moments