

# The True



# Witness

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## The Issue Between the Government of France and the Vatican.

The True Witness will, under this head, each week give one or more articles of leading thought on this issue, whose paramount importance is arresting the close attention of all civilized countries of the world.

We print in to-day's issue a speech delivered before the Protestant Minister's Club this week at Montpelier, Vt., by Rev. Wm. J. O'Sullivan, a very forceful speaker, who fitted for the priesthood at the Grand Seminary, and who has been heard with pleasure in Montreal in past years.

Father O'Sullivan prefaced his remarks with a few preliminary reflections, which he said it would be well to bear in mind for the proper comprehension of the question at issue. From time immemorial, or to be more exact, from the time of the establishment of Christianity in France, to our own day, all church property such as cathedrals, churches, episcopal residences, rectories, seminaries, colleges, church schools, monasteries, convents, land and buildings connected therewith belonged by every right and title to the church, to the monks, to the religious orders, the leading orders of men and women, belonged to them by as clear and fair a claim as the most strict justice and rightful proprietorship could possibly bestow under any law of civilized nations.

Pope Pius VII substantially consented to this contract and agreement for the Church of France, and for more than one hundred years this "concordat," or agreement, was in force and observed to the letter.

And now in our day and time comes the so-called Republic of France, the most tyrannical and despotic government on the face of the earth, masquerading under the name of liberty. The Chamber of Deputies and state officials composed of anarchists, socialists, infidels, haters of God and Christianity, issuing their ukase—Down with God—Down with religion. Therefore, separate the state from the Church. No more protection of the Church and her rights by the state.

The Church and the state have been heretofore united for the common good, for the welfare of all. We will put an end to that; we will separate. Then comes the law of separation under Combes. The solemn sacred "concordat" is done away with, the bilateral contract is set aside in ridicule and scorn. We will separate the Church and state. Yes, but we will appropriate all church property, no matter what the title or just claim of the Church. We, the Chamber of Deputies, we, the government of France, own all. Therefore, you nuns and sisters of France, though we have decorated you with the cross of the legion of honor for your deeds of heroism on the battlefield and your untold works of charity and benevolence, you must go. We want your convents and monasteries, your institutions and revenues, and they have gone, scattered over the world, therefore you monks and religious orders, who in medieval times preserved to the world the classic literature of ancient times and made France the garden of Europe, you must go. We want your properties and they have gone with untold loss to France—an inestimable boom to the world at large.

The next progressive move on the part of the liberty loving Republic of France is the law of Cathedral associations, according to which the faithful may use their own churches, provided the municipality in which a certain church may be located, elect a body of trustees, who, apart from the authority of the bishop of the diocese may select, appoint, reject, or dismiss any clergyman, whomsoever, according to their own whim and sweet goodwill, and these trustees may be infidel, Jew or gentile or anything else. Having thus, after the manner of the highway gentleman with the mask and the flaming muzzel of the gun, sequestered and confiscated their cultural churches and all other property, this admirable, generous, liberty-loving republic of France courteously, announces to the clergy and Catholic people of the country that they will have permission to meet in their own churches for divine worship if they will only inform the government when they, the clergy and people, desire thus to assemble. Add to this that it is a legal misdemeanor for the clergy, or anyone else for that matter, to say a word good, bad or indifferent in criticism of the government or its enactments, add again to this that seminaries, ecclesiastical students, priests and even bishops and cardinals under 40 years of age are subject to the law of conscription, that is, that they, whilst citizens of France or returning to France from abroad, must serve three years in the army, and we begin to have a glimmer, a faint idea of what liberty of conscience, freedom of divine worship amount to in France to-day.

and sacred compact with us. We and our predecessors kept and fulfilled its every provision to the letter, we have not been consulted with regard to its annulment, but let it go for peace sake. They have robbed you, despoiled you; support your clergy by your voluntary contributions, but make no compromise with tyranny and injustice. This we cannot do under the guise of policy, diplomacy, or otherwise; with St. Peter, the first Pope of Rome, we must say "non possumus," "we cannot." Let justice be done, let justice and right prevail though the heavens fall. This is but a step on the painful way of the cross, it is only a glimpse of Calvary; history must repeat itself; the servant, the spouse must walk in the way of the master, but the darkness and gloom will disappear from the fair lands of beautiful France, the clouds will break again as of yore, and the brightness and glory of the resurrection will illumine her horizon once more, and bring peace and gladness to the hearts of her children again. God still reigns, let men rough hew their ways as they will.

But it may be said, is not the population, are not the people of France, Catholics by an overwhelming majority? Why, then, do they endure this condition of things? Can they not by their suffrage, by their votes, turn the rascals out. Yes, very good in theory, but in practice somewhat different. In our own country governmental patronage is somewhat potential and has a practical bearing on our elections, but it is not a comparison in any feature whatsoever to what it is in France. There it goes down into every avenue and branch of business, commercial, mechanical, agricultural, etc. Every body who wants to do business in any walk of life or enterprise of any kind must have the government tag. They are the "creatures," the proteges of the government. We Americans can theorize, stand aghast and say how can this be? But, perhaps we may understand the situation somewhat if we reflect and consider conditions at home in our own country. What about the syndicates, the monopolies, the combines, the oligarchies within our own borders, which are said to own the United States Senate? The "Millionaire's Club" as it is called, ruling the United States, the home of liberty and freedom. What do your votes amount to against their power and influence? Even our grand, patriotic, sincere, single-minded President has to cater to the financial autocrats that in reality govern our country.

If this regime of spoliation and confiscation were applied to our own country, how would the people like it? If the local government should take Montpelier Seminary, Bethany Church, the Episcopal Church, the Methodist Church and St. Augustine's Church and school and apply the same regulations in regard to their rights, how would the citizens like it?

Let us beware! There is a monster looming up and showing its head even over our mountains—anarchy, socialism, widespread discontent and restiveness under the dress of uncontrolled autocrats in wealth and influence. Beautiful France is suffering to-day from the infidel, anti-Christian writings of Voltaire and Rousseau. Let us beware! Our public libraries are becoming a danger and a menace to our country. As a Vermontor to the manner born, as an American citizen, as a clergyman I want to thank Governor Proctor for his brave, sincere, wise words to the pupils of the commercial class of St. Michael's school. "I know," said he on this memorable occasion, "that our public libraries are filled with books perhaps harmless in themselves, but dangerous, injurious in the hands of children, because of the pernicious principles they proclaim regarding God, humanity, society and government. Children, young men, young ladies, have your reading supervised by your rev. pastor or by the good Sisters and you will be saved from this contamination. This insidious poison that is scattered broadcast over the country perverting the minds and corrupting the hearts of the youth of the country."

Would to God that these words of wisdom and warning were heard and

heeded in every school and home of the United States. Would to God that they had such men as Governor Proctor guiding the ship of State in France to-day.

But the reflection will naturally suggest itself, in his day, in the face of the experience of the past and the lessons of their own history, how can the men of France be so foolish—what can be their motive? Well, it is said, "whom the Gods would destroy they first dement—make foolish."

### HON. JAMES BRYCE Washington's New Ambassador, Pays Warm Tribute to Irish.

On the eve of his departure to take up the work of British Ambassador to the United States, Hon. James Bryce, one of the foremost diplomats of England, pays a warm tribute to the Irish people. A cable from London says:

"Since Irish affairs promise to monopolize our next Parliamentary session, peculiar interest attaches to Mr. Bryce's two speeches last week, at Newcastle and Aberdeen. He spoke with a wonderful sense of responsibility, neither overflowing too much with easy sympathy for the Irish cause, whose battles he need no longer fight, nor dwelling too prominently on the difficulties which his successor must meet. The law, he insisted, must still protect private rights and private property, and preserve peace even when both parties wanted to break it, which is not uncommon, he said, in Ireland. The disorder of which we hear so much, or have heard so much in the past, has now practically disappeared, nevertheless the demand which Ireland makes for some changes in her administration and government is still undiminished.

"He dwelt upon the fact that many of the changes which Ireland needs cannot be given her because they would not be accepted unless they were given by some sort of Irish authority. "The Irish people," he concluded, "are by no means so unfit for self-government as it suits some of us in England to think."

### Catholics Ready to Defend Faith with Arms. Cabinet Conceding

Paris, Jan. 22.—M. Delahaye, Conservative, in the Senate to-day, declared that the Catholics were ready to die for their faith, and that if attempts were made to close the chapels of Notre Dame de Lourdes and of Montmartre, they would defend them with arms. The Senator added: "MM. Combes, Clemenceau and Briand cannot suppress God."

The Cabinet to-day approved a bill suppressing the formality requiring a declaration before holding a public meeting, as required by the law of 1881, thus creating a *modus vivendi* under which the churches can remain open for public worship, even though the Vatican authorities persevere in their present attitude. The new bill was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies to-day.

### Episcopal Minister Embraces Catholic Faith.

Uniontown, Pa.—Rev. Dr. S. E. J. Lloyd, for thirty years a rector in the Episcopal Church, and for four years rector of St. Peter's Church in this city, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday, preparatory to renouncing the Episcopal faith and embracing the Catholic. On January 30 Dr. Lloyd will go to Chicago, where he will join the Catholic Church, devoting his time to doing missionary work in Chicago. He will be accompanied by his wife and son, who also will embrace the Catholic faith. In his sermon Dr. Lloyd said that he considered Catholicism the only true religion, and that he will devote the remainder of his days to convincing others of it. He was presented with many tokens of esteem by the members of the congregation.

### Abbey's Effervescent Salt

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

### "TYPHOID"

This preparation puts the whole system in the best possible condition to avoid the above very prevalent malady and resist its enervating effects.

A morning glass—a dessertspoonful in a tumbler of tepid water—you will not regret.

### Fire at Cote des Neiges.

#### Brothers of the Holy Cross suffer \$10,000 Damage.

The chapel in connection with the Normal School of the Brothers of the Holy Cross at Cote des Neiges was damaged to the extent of \$15,000 last night, causing havoc in the school and practically wrecking the infirmary. Combustion started in the chapel, and, although there were twenty persons in the infirmary and school, all escaped without injury. The fire was caused by the straw in the Infant Jesus crib becoming ignited in some manner.

The chapel, school and infirmary were all contained in a wooden structure situated about five hundred yards from the large boys' college, which contains over three hundred inmates. The Normal School occupied the west end, the infirmary the east end, and the chapel, where the fire originated, the angle.

The fire was discovered at seven o'clock by Brother Alexis, the Superior of the Normal School. He found that all the portion of the interior near the altar was ablaze and he was almost suffocated by the smoke which rushed to his face.

The local brigade, in charge of Chief Lawlor, was prompt in responding to the alarm, but fearing lest the flames might reach the college, Mr. E. F. Prendergast, a citizen, telephoned to the city for help. A reel from the Chabouillez Square station reached the scene in about fifteen minutes. With three streams, the firemen had the blaze under control in about half an hour, but not before the chapel had been reduced to ashes. As to the contiguous school and infirmary, the structures were left standing, but the interior is so badly damaged by water and smoke particularly the infirmary, that they will have to be pulled down.

While working at the top of a ladder, Chief Lawlor was struck on the head by a piece of wood which fell from the roof, but he sustained only a slight bruise. A local fireman named Paquette lost his footing and dropped from a third story dormer window into a snow bank without sustaining any serious injury.

The total loss is estimated at \$15,000, of which \$5,000 is covered by a policy in the Alliance Assurance Co.

Father Adam was, at the last meeting of the Board, delegated to interview the parish priest and obtain more information.

On Tuesday night Father Adam reported that the school was practically filled to its capacity and that admission had been refused to about two hundred pupils, who had been obliged to seek other schools. He believed it would be of advantage to the Board to have such an institution under its control. He said it was Father Callaghan's wish that the Board should assume the payment of salaries immediately, but in case the Board was unable to do so, he was willing to wait till next September.

When Father Adam had completed his report, Judge Piche proposed that it be set in writing.

Father O'Meara, on the other hand, thought something ought to be done at once. Judge Piche observed that any proposal which came from his side of the table always seemed to be suspected and made the object of unnecessary fuss.

"That may be your own opinion. In this case, I would advise you to speak for yourself, and not judge others by what you think. We are no longer children, to be spoken to in this manner, nor is this place the court house," replied Father O'Meara.

"If you are not in the court house, I am not here to be catechised," retorted Judge Piche.

Commissioner Vallieres pronounced himself in favor of accepting the report immediately. Judge Piche raised a point of order to the effect that all the discussion over this matter had no right to take place, as the report of Father Adam did not appear on the order of the day.

Father O'Meara then wanted to know how it was that the report did not appear there and who had made out the order of the day.

Judge Piche answered that he did not know.

"But we ought to be able to learn who made out this order of the day," continued Father O'Meara. "What if a fool had made it out?"

Commissioner Semple maintained the point of order raised by Judge Piche, and the incident was closed upon the adoption of the Judge's motion for the placing of Father Adam's report in writing.

### A Chained Library.

One of the finest of living Irishmen is Sir William Butler, the commander of the forces in South Africa, whose position it was the first consideration of the English party to destroy. An early chapter of General Butler's life is Canadian, which, of course, makes his career still more familiar to Irishmen in Canada. The General has lately been lecturing upon the future of Ireland. In this future he insists that the Irish people shall make their own laws, shall educate their children as they wish, and shall tax themselves and spend the taxes as they like. To the hastening of this future he counsels the rising generation of Irishmen to strict temperance. Temperance, he reminds us, leads in the first place to just judgment, just judgment leads to justice, and justice is the virtue opposed to all cruelty. Justice is outraged by modern barbarians, who drive priests from their churches in France and women from their homes in South Africa.

### R. C. School Board Meeting.

The Catholic School Board meeting on Tuesday evening was characterized by a passage at arms between Father O'Meara and Judge Piche, and some pointed remarks were indulged in. The whole arose over the adoption of a report of Father Adam in connection with a proposition to have the Board assume control of St. Patrick's school.

Some time ago, Rev. Father Martin Callaghan, of St. Patrick's, represented that present accommodations were insufficient; that the number of teachers was inadequate, and he asked that the Board assume control of the school on the same conditions as St. Ann's parish, increase the number of teachers and pay their salaries, instead of the Sulpicians. On the other hand, the parish would take upon itself to build residential quarters for the brothers, assisted by the Sulpicians, who had agreed to advance for this purpose a sum equal to that paid in salaries to the teachers for the next two years, when the order's obligations with the institution come to an end.

Rev. Father Callaghan's offer was submitted to the finance committee, which pronounced itself ready to recommend the taking over of the school providing it was proven that the needs were such as represented.

### CARDINAL RICHARD'S THANKS.

Mr. Frank J. Curran, president of St. Patrick's Society, has received from Paris the following cablegram in reply to the message of sympathy sent by the Society to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris: "Lively thanks for pious sympathy of our Irish and Canadian brethren. Cardinal Richard."



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

One of the many unfortunate results of straining for wealth and the appearance of it, is to make extremely selfish the young women for whom such superhuman efforts are made.

When a girl knows that all in her family make sacrifices to give her that which they cannot afford, and when she knows that others go without necessities in order that she may have luxuries, she begins to think after a while that she must be somebody of great importance and that everything must point toward her and all the family arrangements be made with reference to her comfort and convenience.

Too often she becomes dissatisfied with her humble surroundings, and thinks her home a bore, a place to avoid as much as possible. Not long ago I heard a woman of this kind actually say that she was ashamed of her home, although her mother had made untold sacrifices for her and had robbed herself and her home of many things they should have had in order to enable her daughter to make a fine appearance.

MRS. CRAIGIE'S ADDRESS.

An amusing story of the late Mrs. Craigie, the noted novelist, was told the other day at the Authors' club in New York.

HOW TO TEACH GOD AND IMMORTALITY.

To teach the children in our public schools about God, tell them of the wonders revealed by the microscope and telescope.

kind would teach that the Power that sustains the universe would not permit the holy saint, martyr, mother, to only share with pirates and murderers a common annihilation.

Dr. Mary Theresa Gallagher, M.B., Ch. B., has been appointed surgeon to the newly-formed branch of the Irish National Foresters in St. Columba's parish, Glasgow, Scotland.

A MODERN POET.

There is a great deal of excellent verses appearing in the magazines at present. One of the most prolific of poets is Theodosia Garrison. Scarcely a week passes that some new verse of hers does not appear.

It is just herself I'm longing for, herself and no other— Do you mind the soft spring morning when you stitched the wedding gown?

It is reminiscent of Lady Dufferin's "Irish Emigrant," and breathes the same local spirit which is wonderfully caught by Mrs. Garrison.

HOW TO TREAT GLOVES.

This is the proper way to treat a glove: When you spy a tiny hole mend it without delay that it may not increase in size.

HINTS FOR SHORT WOMEN.

"The short woman always eats too little, and she eats the wrong kind of food." This is the declaration of an American institution called the Little Ladies' club, the object of which is to increase the inches of its members.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE PRAISE PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

A Marvellous and Triumphant Record of Victory Over Disease.

No medicine has ever effected as large a number of wonderful and almost marvellous cures as Psychine. It has had one continuous record of victories over diseases of the throat, chest, lungs and stomach.

PSYCHINE never displaces. PSYCHINE has no substitute. There is no other medicine "Just as good."

At all dealers, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle. If not write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 178 King St. W., TORONTO

Dr. Root's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble.

"Besides these things there must be maids and rubbers, and there must be a fine supply of the best massage oils, cold creams, and all things that will plump out the body."

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

All sins forgiving, 'All wants supplying, All graces shed— God bless the living, God bless the dying, God rest the dead!

TIMELY HINTS.

Rust may be removed from nickel plating by covering the spots with mutton tallow and letting them stand for several days.

NO SENTIMENTALITY FOR HIM.

A Scotchman had married for the second time. His new mate was sentimental and a little morbid, says the New York Tribune, and could not resist asking her husband now and then if he loved her better than he had her predecessor.

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

FUNNY SAYING.

A DISTINGUISHED TRIO.

The Hon. Joseph Chamberlain is fond of relating an incident that occurred while he and Lord Rosebery were returning from the theatre one night.

caught the boy after a chase of a few yards.

Not wanting to leave the boy in a fix Rosebery tried to fix things up with the officer, but the worthy gentleman would not listen, and took them all three up to the station.

They were then taken before the judge of the station, and after surveying them through his glasses, he took down a book, and, turning to Chamberlain, asked his name.

"My name," said the boy; "well, judge, I'm not the kind as what goes back on me pals. I'm the Duke of Wellington."

IN OUR CITY, TOO.

Young Wife—"When we took this flat you promised to enlarge it for us."

Landlord—"Well, madam, I did. Didn't I scrape the wall paper off and put on paint instead?"

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND.

Visitor—"I see you have a college in your town. May I ask you founded it?"

Native—"I never knewed it was losted."

FORGIVEN.

When Charles P. Norcross, now a well-known Washington correspondent, was a reporter on the New York Tribune, he was sent one Saturday night to interview Father Ducey, a priest famous in New York for his wit and good deeds.

Father Ducey was in the confessional. Norcross said he would wait, but was told that nobody was in the church, and that he could go in and see Father Ducey and come out before anybody went in, without any doubt.

"Good evening, Father." "Good evening, my son."

"Father, I am a reporter from the New York Tribune."

"Very well; I absolve you from that."—Saturday Evening Post.

How to Cleanse the System.—Paramelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of scientific study of the effects of extracts of certain roots and herbs upon the digestive organs.

THE APRON.

Nothing is more labor-saving for the mother of little children—especially those of school age, than the plain, easily-laundered aprons made of calico, gingham, percale, or even white goods.

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THE POET'S CORNER

AFTERWARD.

I said, "The bitterness of grief is gone, Henceforward I will only think of her As one too glad for selfish tears to stir— A saint who touched and blessed me and passed on; My angel evermore to bend and take My broken prayer to God for love's dear sake."

"The bitterness of grief is past," I said, Then turned and saw about me everywhere The dear, accustomed things her touch made fair; Her books—the little pillow for her head, The pen her hand had dropped, the simple song She laughed in singing when a lord went wrong.

I said, "The bitterness of grief is fled," Knowing a new saint walks in Paradise With peaceful heart and quiet in her eyes. "And this at last shall comfort me," I said. But, oh, this song she sang, this book she knew, This little pillow—must I brave them too?—Theodosia Garrison, in Harper's Bazar.

A LITTLE WAY TO GO.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow And trying to keep pace; if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some read, Or crush poor hope until it bleed, We must be mute. Nor turning quickly to impute Grave fault; for they and we Have such a little while along the way— We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find We see them, for not blind Is love. We see them, but if you and I Perhaps remember them, some by and by, They will not be Faults then—grave faults—to you and me. But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—Remembrances to bless. Days change so many things—yes, hours; We see so differently in sun and showers. Mistaken words to-night May be so cherished by to-morrow's light. We must be patient, for we know There's such a little way to go. —Walf.

QUIETUDE.

Can you not believe—in these hushed fields, With daisies at your feet, blue skies above, Touched by the joyousness the spring day yields, That He is love? Ah, can you doubt—seeing the lovely trace Of skill supreme on blossoms frail and fair, The inner light of His diviner grace His deeper care? O, leave the devious ways wherein you sought And found Him not—and through the doubt and fear— In silence sweet shall steal the sweeter thought. Lo, he is here. —Edith Jenkinson.

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ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear and yet not break! How much the flesh may suffer, and not die— I question much if any pain or ache Of soul or body brings our end more nigh. Death chooses his own time; till that is sworn All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife, Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching from the cruel steel, Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life; Yet to our sense the bitter pangs reveal That, still, although the trembling flesh be torn, This also can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way, And try to flee from the approaching ill; We seek some small escape; we weep and pray; But when the blow falls then our hearts are still: Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn, But that it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life; We hold it closer, dearer than our own, Anon it faints and falls in deathly strife, Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone; But, ah! we do not die with those we mourn; This also can be borne.

Behold! we live through all things—famine, thirst, Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery, All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst On soul and body—but we cannot die, Though we be sick, and tired, and faint and worn— Lo, all things can be borne. —Elizabeth Akers Allen.

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LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW. ER needs only be applied as a hairdresser when its valuable properties will be appreciated.

GIN PILLS. I received a sample of your Gin Pills last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of.

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. A Fearful Case. For five years I had been suffering from falling sickness and my case was a bad one. Doctor did not do me a particle of good, but Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic cured me at once of that dreadful disease.

OUR BY A

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter per. I am in the senior der. I am twelve years not going to school any quit last June. I have and two brothers. The Vergie, May, Stanley and the boys are twins. V. teen. She is married, teen, and Stanley and fifteen next month. in the mill all summer school in the winter. Aunt Becky, I guess I Hoping to see this let With love, I remain Your loving ne

Fesserton, Ont., Jan. 22, 1907.

AN UNSELFISH

James Pettigrew was boy in our class. He w boy, and we all liked hi for that. Willie Hunter good fellow, too, and James used to run neck for the prizes. Either other was always at th class.

Examination day came we were asked such a zling questions that, on all dropped off till, just pected, the first prize Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget h ed we were when questi tion was answered by Jamie remained silent; took the prize. I went home with Ja ternoon, for our roads but instead of being cas losing the prize he seem be mighty glad. I co stand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said; have answered some of tions; I know you could "Of course I could," a little laugh.

"Then why didn't you He wouldn't answer b but I kept pressing and till at last he turned ro a strange, kind look brown eyes.

THE TIMID MO

A mouse was kept in by its fear of a cat the taking pity on it, tur cat. Immediately it be from fear of a dog, so turned it into a dog. gan to suffer for fear of the magician, in disgu a mouse again. As y the heart of a mouse, ble to help you by giv body of a noble anima. It is hopeless to try anything without pluck

INNOCENC

Sometimes w'en papa h an' wants to go as He pushes back his rol nen turns on the liff An', my! he finds the over on the floor, An' all his pencils 'ey points on any morn An' nen he calls us chi says, 'I'd like to l With one of you ha amussin' things up An', my! we're awful at that, becuz, you Us chinnern, w'y, we're good as we can be But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' sister say '

Sometimes, w'en ma l an' left us by ourself When she dete home sh upon the pantry sh An', my! the jelly's st lots of it's been ea An' 'ey is crumbs of upon the window s An' nen she calls us c asts if we been the An' what that empty doin' on 'at chair. An', my! we're awful at that, becuz, you Us chinnern, w'y, we're good as we can be But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' sister say '



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

This is my first letter to the corner. I am in the senior fourth reader. I am twelve years old. I am not going to school any more. I quit last June. I have two sisters and two brothers. Their names are Vergie, May, Stanley and Gilbert; the boys are twins. Vergie is sixteen. She is married. May is thirteen, and Stanley and Gilbert will be fifteen next month. They worked in the mill all summer and go to school in the winter. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I guess I will close. Hoping to see this letter in print. With love, I remain

Your loving niece,

HELENA W.

Fesserton, Ont., Jan. 16, 1907.

AN UNSELFISH BOY.

James Pettigrew was the smartest boy in our class. He was a praying boy, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and James used to run neck and neck for the prizes. Either one or the other was always at the top of the class.

Examination day came around and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions that, one by one, we all dropped off till, just as we expected, the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie remained silent; and Willie took the prize.

I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together, but instead of being cast down at losing the prize he seemed rather to be mighty glad. I couldn't understand it.

"Why, Jamie," I said "you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could."

"Of course I could," he said, with a little laugh.

"Then why didn't you?" I asked. He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him till at last he turned round with such a strange, kind look in his honest brown eyes.

"Look here," he said, "how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take a prize from a fellow who had just lost his mother?"

THE TIMID MOUSE.

A mouse was kept in such distress by its fear of a cat that a magician taking pity on it, turned it into a cat. Immediately it began to suffer from fear of a dog, so the magician turned it into a dog. Then it began to suffer from fear of a tiger, and the magician, in disgust, said: "Be a mouse again. As you have only the heart of a mouse, it is impossible to help you by giving you the body of a noble animal."

It is hopeless to try to accomplish anything without pluck.

INNOCENCE.

Sometimes w'en papa has come home and wants to go an' w'ite, He pushes back his roll-top desk, an' nen turns on the light, An' my! he finds the ink is split all over on the floor, An' all his pencils 'ey ain't got no points on any more.

An' nen he calls us chinnern in, an' says, "I'd like to know Which one o' you has been in here amussin' things up so?" An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see, Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' sister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes, w'en ma has gone away an' left us by ourselves, When she gets home she finds a muss upon the pantry shelves,

An' my! the jelly's stuck around, an' lots of it's been eat, An' 'ey is crumbs of cakes an' pie upon the window seat,

An' nen she calls us chinnern in an' asks if we been there, An' what that empty jelly glass is doin' on 'at chair,

An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see, Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be.

But I dunno, An' Joe dunno, An' sister say 'at she dunno!

Sometimes w'en Nora's washed an' scrubbed until the floors is clean,

W'y, but there in the kitchen 'ittle muddy tracks is seen, An' my! 'ey's ist dirt ever where around the dinin' room,

Where only ist a little while before she's used the broom.

An' nen she calls us chinnern in an' glares at us an' roars;

"Which one o' you has been in here a-muddyin' up my floors?" An' my! we're awful much s'prised at that, becuz, you see,

Us chinnern, w'y, we're allus' ist as good as we can be. But I dunno, An' Joe dunno,

An' sister say 'at she dunno!

Kidneys Affected By Sudden Change Most Painful Ailments Follow—Prevention and Cure Obtained by Use of DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

The sudden lowering of the temperature causes the pores of the skin to close, and thus throws on to the kidneys much work which is ordinarily performed by the skin. This, no doubt, accounts for the great prevalence of kidney disease during the fall and winter.

There is no treatment which so quickly affords relief to overworked and deranged kidneys as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because they act on the liver, as well as the kidneys, and when in healthful action the liver does much of the work of filtering the blood, which is otherwise left for the kidneys.

Bright's Disease, dropsy, uric acid, poisoning, stone in the bladder, and rheumatism are among the most painful forms of kidney disease and these ailments can always be prevented by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They can also usually be cured by this treatment, but if you are so fortunate as to be yet free of these dreadful ailments, keep so by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels in healthful working condition.

Mr. Donald McLean, Stornoway, Compton Co., Que., writes: "As the result of a severe cold settling on the kidneys, I contracted kidney disease which was accompanied by much suffering from pains in the back. For some time I was, entirely unable to work and though I tried several remedies I only obtained slight temporary relief. Hearing of the success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills in similar cases, I began to use them and after having taken four boxes was completely cured. I am fully convinced that the cure was entirely due to the use of this grand medicine which has cured several persons to whom I recommended it."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their direct and combined action on kidney, liver and bowels, positively cure biliousness, constipation, and diseases of the kidneys. One pill a dose, 25c a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

For the rest of the day the professor remained in his own private apartment with madame, while Fritz took the children out to buy toys and goodies.

Of course, Bonny could not go to the concert, and Liese—who would dearly have loved to see all the great people—had offered to stay at home with him.

So they spent their evening alone with the toys they had bought, by way of amusement, but Bonny would not look at them. He sat by the fire looking dreadfully sulky, which Liese thought was too bad after having stayed at home with him. When the attendant came to see them to bed Bonny refused to go, and would not be induced by any bribe.

He sat by the fire, gazing into it, as he used to do in the old nursery, until the door opened and old Fritz came in with the professor leaning

on him. Bonny cast a long, searching glance at the face he loved so passionately, and then disappeared without a word.

Perhaps he had feared that the Herr Papa would never return. Of that fear he was relieved, but he might have seen much to alarm his passionate loving heart had he known all.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE GREAT CONCERT.

Herr Hausmann had really gone through agonies of apprehension on the day of the great concert before the evening arrived. He had ascertained that Herr Bruder was in Berlin, but found him looking so ill that he feared even now it might be impossible for him to play. He tried to console himself with the thought of the large sum of money he would make the professor pay for his loss, but nothing, he told himself, could make up to him for having his concert spoilt.

But after all, Herr Bruder was true to his appointment, and the anxiety depicted on the manager's countenance gave way to broad satisfied smiles. He ran on to the platform and made a speech in which he described the illness of Herr Bruder with such sorrowful earnestness that the audience quite made up their minds that they were not to hear the great player that night. Then, when he had filled them with apprehension, he went on to say that in spite of this, and although the great violinist was only just convalescent from a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, he had come that evening at great personal pain and inconvenience to fulfil his obligations to the distinguished visitors who had honored them that evening.

The applause that greeted Herr Bruder was so prolonged that he had to stand grasping the side of the big piano while he acknowledged it. Then he played a simple but beautiful melody, which touched the hearts of his hearers, and they were rapturous in their applause, and would have him back again and again, not realizing with what difficulty he had played for them. But the excitement was infectious, and he began to feel strong enough to play anything; so he did more than he had at first intended, and delighted his hearers with some of the intensely difficult music for playing which he was so famous.

When it was over the applause would never end, but Herr Bruder was exhausted, and could not come back any more to receive it. So some of the great people went after him to honor him with their thanks and favor; but they found him too worn out to care for anything but rest. As soon as he could escape from their presence he summoned Fritz to conduct him to his carriage, and gladly turned away from the brilliant scene.

Fatigued as he was, the night air struck him chilly, even through his wraps, when he left the brilliantly lighted and crowded hall. Madame Bruder saw with alarm that he shivered frequently, and that the brightness which the excitement had brought to his face had given away to a deadly pallor.

Poor Bonny's deaf ears did not hear the coming and going of messengers in the still dark hours of the early morning, but when he passed the door on his way to breakfast, and saw his friend the doctor coming out, he guessed directly.

The terror-stricken face of the child struck the doctor with intense pity for the little one, who, if he were robbed of his father as well as his hearing, would indeed be left desolate. To cheer Bonny up, he led him by the hand to the sitting-room, and by smiles and funny antics tried to divert his mind. But Bonny was not to be deceived. He watched for a few moments without a smile, and then asked suddenly—

"Won't he ever play again, like you that he Herr Hausmann that day?"

"He will be better soon," the doctor said slowly, in the hope of re-assuring Bonny.

He partially understood, but he was not comforted, for he remembered quite well what the doctor had said before, and he quite expected that the whole thing would come true.

"Herr Papa will never play any more," he went on, half to himself, "and I shall never play any more. I wouldn't play without him, if I had good ears again. I don't want any more ears now, but I dislike Herr Hausmann and all the princes, and I would like to kill everybody."

Bonny looked at him doubtfully. "If you are a good doctor you ought to make my Herr Papa well. Are not doctors to do that? People can die without doctors. If you do not make people well you are a bad doctor. I would make him, well directly."

The doctor smiled, but was not annoyed. He understood the way Bonny looked at the matter, and he also understood that the child's love for his supposed father was so great that no one else seemed of much consequence.

Pitying the loneliness of the children—for Madame Bruder did not appear—the good doctor invited them to come out with him in his carriage; and then he found an opportunity of taking the child to see the ear doctor of whom he had spoken. This gentleman made a careful examination of Bonny's ears, and arranged for the child to be brought again, when he intended to do something in which he evidently had great faith.

The rest of the day was sad enough. The children heaved about near the professor's door, but were not allowed to enter. Once the little mother came and told them that poor Herr Papa was very ill, and they must try to amuse themselves. Fritz took them out for a little while, but the shops did not please them now, and in the evening Liese could not help crying for sadness in this great gay city, where everything looked so bright and busy, and they only were lonely and sad.

Liese hardly knew what had come to Bonny; he was such a changed boy it gave her the hump, she said, to see him. He had no one to talk to, so he sat and thought over everything in his own young mind, and as he heard scarcely a sound, his life must have been dull and miserable enough during those wretched days, for as he ceased to hear he gradually left off talking.

Madame had no time to notice how pale he was growing, and how seldom he ate anything, nor did anyone know the passionate thoughts that filled his heart when he lay awake at night, and shook the little bed with his heavy stifled sobs.

The doctor took him often to see his friend. Bonny was patient and submitted to everything that was done to him, but the ear doctor complained that the child's general state of health was unfavorable to the success he hoped for. All this time Herr Bruder remained dangerously ill, and the return home which everyone so longed for could not even be mentioned.

One day Bonny's usual dull silence gave way to excitable chatter. The person he talked to principally was himself—which was convenient, for he was able to answer his own questions. He laughed, and even sang, and when Fritz took them out, ran and jumped and shouted, in a way that astonished the passers. Liese thought it funny that he seemed to forget how ill poor Herr Papa was, but she did not say anything, for it was so difficult to talk to Bonny since he had become deaf that they talked very little to each other except in short sentences, which Bonny already began to guess at pretty accurately by closely watching the speaker's lips.

A demon of restlessness seemed to have seized him. Liese began to be afraid he would do some mischief, for he was darting about into other people's rooms, and among the visitors in the great hall, chattering to them, turning up in all sorts of odd unexpected corners like a veritable will-o'-the-wisp.

She tried in vain to coax him with books and toys to sit quietly in their own apartment, and when at last bed-time arrived she was very thankful to be relieved of the task of watching his erratic movements without having had to worry Madame Bruder by calling her.

But Bonny was by no means got rid of, for when she was going to her own little room on the other side of her uncle's sick chamber, there was that dreadful boy capering about the corridor in his night-shirt.

"Johann," she cried, "some one will catch you. Do go to bed."

But Bonny only danced on, laughing and chattering to himself.

Then Liese was frightened. She noticed that his eyes looked funny. They seemed not to look at her or at anything in particular, but to be more sparkling and bright than she had ever seen them look before. Fritz was somewhere away down stairs. In terror Liese flew to her uncle's room and turned the handle.

(To be continued.)

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parnee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parnee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be.

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TORTURING SCIATICA. A Severe Case Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Fierce darting pains—pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh; perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged for there is a cure—a sure cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new blood, this new blood feeds and strengthens the nerves and frees them from pain. The pain is banished to stay banished—the cure is complete. Mr. Chas. B. Maclean, a prosperous farmer near Brockville, Ont., has been cured of a severe case of sciatica and wishes other sufferers to hear of his cure that they may benefit by his experience. He says:—"For upwards of five years I was a periodical sufferer from sciatica. In the morning while getting up I would be seized with agonizing pains in my hips. Sometimes these pains extended down one leg, sometimes down the other; often down both. The pain was terrible. Imagine the agony caused by a red hot spike being driven through the flesh. That was just my feeling when the sciatica was at its worst. Often while carrying water to the horses the pain became so acute I had to drop the pail in the middle of the yard. I followed doctor's treatment but with slight relief. I then tried rheumatic plasters and liniments but these did not help me at all. Then I decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. At first they did not seem to help me, but as they had been so highly recommended I persisted in the treatment and gradually noticed a change in my condition. The pain became less severe. I felt stronger and my appetite improved. I think I used the pills about four or five months before I was completely cured, but though that was two years ago I have not since had the slightest return of sciatica. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a marvellous medicine and so does my wife, who used them as a blood builder. She says they have no equal and never wearies of praising them to her friends."

Good blood is the secret of health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the secret of good blood. That is why they cure sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, indigestion and the ailments common to women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

St. Ann's Young Men attend 25th Anniversary Mass. St. Ann's Young Men celebrated their annual religious celebration and 25th anniversary of the foundation of their society last Sunday. At eight o'clock Mass the members received Holy Communion in a body. Mass was celebrated by the spiritual director, Rev. Father Rioux. In the evening the members marched from their hall in a body to the church. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather there was a large congregation. Rev. Father Flynn preached an eloquent sermon, part of which follows:

"Human life has often been compared to the vicissitudes of storms. I have been requested on this, the 25th anniversary of your society, to address a few words of edification to you, and I thought I could not do better to show my devotion as your former spiritual director than to speak to you on the storms of life. The storms of life may be divided into three classes, storms of temptations, storms of tribulation, storms of anxiety. We are assailed with many storms of temptations, such passions as lust, gluttony, sloth, pride, passions which weigh heavy upon us and drag us along to destruction. The storms of tribulation bring us sickness, loss of fortune by which our hopes are ruined. The storms of anxiety bring us fear for our own affairs or those in which we are interested. We should train ourselves when young to weather those storms otherwise we will have a harder battle to fight when old, as the storms will increase. When you grow weak-hearted you have lost track of Christ. The storms of the boat in which your journey is your will. It is in your power to be faithful, true, loyal and steadfast. You need sound principles to enable you to apply them in turn. A firm grip on the truth is necessary. "They can because they think they can," says the poet. This has almost passed into a proverb, and it is the expression of thought which lies at the root of every strenuous effort and persevering endeavor. Our eternal destiny is at stake and such requires the effort worthy of our manhood. Do not grow remiss in your duties and obligations, for then you grow weaker in the hour of the storms of temptation. The foundation of your future lies in faithfulness to duty. The preacher brought a message from a dying member of the society to the young men which was as follows: "Tell them that the society was a source of happiness, joy and consolation to me. I would like to be with them to-night, but God's will must be done." In conclusion Father Flynn said: "I wish you years of happiness and prosperity and may each one of the members carry out in practice what my friendship and affection for them has dictated. Doing so they will prove an ornament to their society, and an example to their fellow-citizens. They will bring joy and happiness to their families and a consolation to Holy Mother Church."

The main altar was beautifully illuminated with special electrical designs, and made a pretty scene.

The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, rendered a special musical programme, including Riga's "Tantum Ergo," the whole being well rendered. Solemn Benediction was imparted by Rev. Father Rioux.

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is unknown.



The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

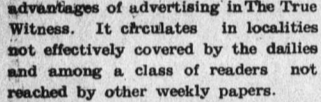
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NOTICE: When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and the NEW address.

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

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



Publishers Notice. To the Advertisers.

Advertisers who wish to reach the Catholic purchasing public of Montreal and the suburban districts in a special manner, should consider the advantages of advertising in The True Witness.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1907.

WARNING NOTICE.

The True Witness hereby throws down the gauntlet to the shameful, unlawful selling of intoxicating liquors in Montreal on Sunday.

Every purchaser of a liquor license and every officer of the law knows its limitations, hence there is no necessity of repeating the text here.

LET FOREIGN LABORERS IN? Our worthy contemporary, La Presse, seems to be in earnest when it makes an eloquent plea to let the foreign laborer in.

Suppression of the Church. Mr. W. S. Lilly, who has the historian's acumen, has drawn up an indictment against the Republican Government of France that carries conviction with it.

For the suppression of vice. United States Postmaster General Cortelyou has done a very commendable thing in re-appointing Mr. Anthony Comstock to an inspectorship in the Post Office Department.

Persecution of individuals. Reuter's service, which is generally the most reliable among the modern sources of news supply, is the authority for information to the effect that the French Government has decided to take a step to carry out what is described as a "purification" of the diplomatic and consular services of "clerical elements."

Where to dine in the city. ST. ELMO RESTAURANT. Corner McGill and Beccollet A. E. Finlayson, Proprietor.

British American Business College. Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Yonge & McGill Sts., TORONTO

public establishments, clericalism still preserved some roots in the country, it would be possible in the name of the common law to extirpate them forever in rendering impossible the exercise of religion by the skilful application of some articles of the penal code.

WHY GOOD TEACHERS ARE SCARCE.

Good teachers are getting scarce, both in Canada and across the line in the United States. Cities which exact a high standard of qualification find their eligible lists depleted and no immediate supply in sight.

IRELAND AND CANADA.

Irish opinion is thoroughly alive to the importance of the scheme for connecting Ireland with Canada by a service of fast steamers between Halifax and Blacksod Bay.

FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE

PERSECUTION OF INDIVIDUALS.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It has been discovered that a member of M. Clemenceau's family was a priest-martyr during the revolution

Union and Times, in comment upon the appointment. The True Witness has taken an interest in Anthony Comstock's campaign against vice for some time, and while we have not always sanctioned his "means to an end," we must say that on the whole Comstock has done more than any lay citizen in New York for the cause of Christian purity.

MARRIAGE OF CATHOLICS BY PROTESTANT MINISTER NOT RECOGNIZED.

In rendering judgment the court held that under the laws of the Church Rousseau made void was disposed of on Monday by Mr. Justice Tasche-reau, who, upon Rousseau's failure to contest, granted the woman's demand. The parties were married by Rev. R. P. Duclou, a Presbyterian minister, about 15 years ago.

WHERE TO DINE IN THE CITY.

ST. ELMO RESTAURANT

BRITISH AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE

DOMINION CATHOLIC READING CHARTS

THE KANE COMPANY FUNERAL DIRECTORS

J. J. GARLAND

GRAVEL ROOFING

FOR DYSPESIA OR WEAK DIGESTION

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER

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Where is Mass said an given at present? IN the use of which I get ONE SHILLING per w. Average weekly Collec. No endowment whate HOPE. Not a great dowment, you will say. Ah, well! Who knows? have, as a rule, very nings. There was th Bethlehem, and God's shortned, I HAVE HO GREAT hopes that this sion, opened by the Bish ampton, will, in due co a great mission.

Best outside help is, cessary. Will it be fort I have noticed how v CLIENTS of ST. AN PADUA readily come ane of poor, struggling I not hope that they w a sympathetic and pity me in my struggle to outpost of the Catholir —so far as the Catholir —cornea—barren region? hope, good reader, that zeal for the progress o will extend a helping I cry to you with all e come to my assistance not be able to do m CAN DO LITTLE. D which is your power sake, and with the ot that are done I shall tablish this new Missi DON'T TURN A DE MY URGENT AP May God bless and endeavors in establish at Fakenham.

Bishop of N. Address—Father H. W. ton Road, Fakenham, land.

P.S.—I will gratefully acknowledge the ation, and send with my ment a beautiful pictur cred Heart.

This new Mission will to St. Anthony of Pa

QUESTION ANS A subscriber, Urzbeig Is the Church a State France, the same as Church in England?



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White Cream Paris Lace, 33 1-3 per cent.

Embroidered Chiffon and Black Dress Net, 50 per cent.

### Ladies' Neckwear.

Fancy Lace Stocks and Fancy Lace Chemisettes, less 50 per cent.

Colored Silk Shades, less 50 per cent

Embroidered Linen Collars, less 50 per cent.

### Colored Dress Goods at Half Price

Silk and Wool Crepe de Chene, Voile de Paris, in checks, etc., regular 80c, 90c and \$1.25, for 40c, 45c and 62 1-2c.

### Challies.

A beautiful selection of the best all wool Challies, rich patterns, suitable for Kimonas, Wrappers, e. c., to clear at 36c net cash.  
40" Grey Homespun to clear at 30c.  
46" Fine Tweed to clear at 45c.  
44" Tweed to clear at 45c.

### Waists.

A table of odds and ends in Taffeta, Crepe de Chene, Flannel, and Lustre Waists, at HALF PRICE.  
A table of Irish Linen and Muslin Waists at 33 1-3 per cent. discount.  
A table of Muslin Dressing Sacques, 33 1-3 per cent. discount.  
A table of Children's Dresses, 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

### Ladies' Gloves.

Ladies' Kid Gloves in colors:—Brown, Green, Navy, Oxblood, Modes, and Greys; embroidered backs, pique sewn, two clasps, special 65c.  
Ladies' Kid Gloves in Black, embroidered backs, pique sewn, two clasps, special 50c.  
Ladies' and Children's Woollen Gloves and Mittens, less 20 per cent.

### Ladies' Sweaters.

Blouse front, full sleeve, turn down collar, in colors of Cardinal, Navy, Black and White; sizes 36, 38 and 40; regular price \$3.50, for \$1.75.

5 per cent. extra for cash, in addition to all other discounts or reductions.

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO MAIL ORDERS

## HENRY MORGAN & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

### Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection...\$3 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shorted, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly. DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton."

Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.

### QUESTION ANSWERED.

A subscriber, Uxbridge, Ont., asks: Is the Church a State church in France, the same as the English Church in England? The Church

### Suffered Terrible Agony

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

## DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Madon Bridge, N.S., for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Do not accept a spurious substitute but see and get "Doan's."

in England draws some sixty millions of government money and I see that the priests of France draw pay from the Government. Please give reply.

Ans.—The Episcopal Church is the officially adopted church of England, and is fostered financially by the Government. The Catholic Church in France is not a State church in the same sense. By the terms of the Concordat the Government of France obligates itself to the Catholic Church for financial losses sustained by the Church through despoliation. In other words, England adopted the Episcopal Church as a State religion and votes revenues for its maintenance. France by the terms of the Concordat simply agreed to certain stipulations for reimbursement of the Catholic Church for church property destroyed.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

NEW CHIEF SECRETARY FOR IRELAND.

It is announced that Augustine Birrell will become Chief Secretary for Ireland, being succeeded as president of the Board of Education by Reginald McKenna, M.P.

### SOCIETY NEWS.

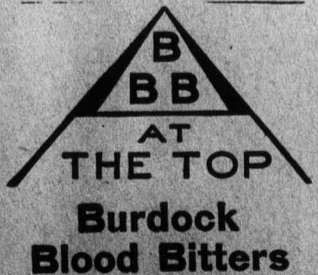
Under the above heading we will be pleased to give space every week to any news of interest to members of the different societies and organizations in the city. We invite the recording secretaries to make use of our columns in their own interest as well as ours, and which can only result in mutual good.

FATHER DOWD COURT, No. 622, C.O.F.

At the last meeting of Father Dowd Court, C.O.F., No. 622, which was held on Saturday evening at No. 296 Mountain street, the officers for the ensuing year were duly installed by their D.H.C. Ranger, Bro. P. Collins, as follows: C. R., Thos. C. Lee; V.C.R., J. H. Baker; R. S., J. McCaffery; F. S., J. Walsh; Treasurer, D. Robillard; Trustees, Bros. J. Washbrook, J. Stapleton and Z. Day; S. C., J. Stacey; I.C., J. Kearney; I. S., C. Feeney; O.S., A. Downey.

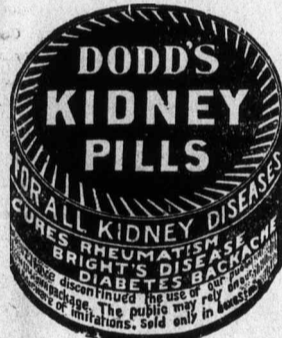
Rev. Father Kiloran, the spiritual director of the court, was unable to be present, but promises to be present at the next meeting.

Before closing the meeting the Chief Ranger, Bro. Lee, moved, seconded by Bro. Robillard, that a vote of thanks to be tendered to Bro.



holds a position unrivalled by any other blood medicine as a cure for

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, BOILS, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or any disease arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. When you require a good blood medicine get BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.



P. Collins, D.H.C.R., which was carried unanimously.

The Chief Ranger, Bro. Lee, during the course of his remarks, spoke of the good feeling which exists among the members of the Court, and particularly the officers, who are doing everything in their power to bring the court up to a high standard.

ST. GABRIEL JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

For quite a lengthy period, in St. Gabriel's district, had the thought of a young temperance society been cherished by many of the oldest and best workers for the cause. Yet it was not until two years ago that the idea took a real form, when, one Sunday afternoon, the boys were called together, the idea suggested to them, and a time and place designated to meet, in order to push forward the object, which, though little noised about, was yet deeply rooted in the hearts and minds of many who had seen the foundation of the parish, witnessed its many struggles and who now with a smile of deep satisfaction and a fervent prayer of thankfulness, saw the new institution spring up in their midst. Since that time those who labored directly in the good work, as well as those who gave it a more silent, but, perhaps, a no less real wish of sympathy, may now look proudly upon their boys, as forming one of those solid institutions, made with the assistance of God, to last.

At last Sunday's meeting the rendition of the year's accounts given by the officers was most gratifying, showing that everything was in a prosperous and sound condition. Too much can hardly be said in favor of the good priests and others who have worked so untiringly for the success of so grand an object.

and while the membership roll is a large one, yet there is always room for those who wish to become helpers in the great work, and we would sincerely ask those who have not yet enrolled themselves under the banner to think the matter over seriously as soon as possible.

### The Kingston Disaster.

#### Catholic Cathedral Destroyed

Latest reports from the Island of Jamaica confirm the earlier stories of the extent of the disaster which destroyed the city of Kingston and killed nearly 1000 of her inhabitants.

The ruin is not so disastrous as either that of San Francisco or Valparaiso, but this is only because there was not so much property for the elements to prey upon.

All great disturbances like this are likely to have their unpleasant incidents, and in this case the snub offered the United States by Governor Swettenham, who brusquely informed Rear Admiral Davis that he did not need his assistance and ordered him to withdraw his troops is most unfortunate. The Washington government is, however, inclined to treat the matter lightly and ascribe it rather to the overwrought condition of the Governor in a trying position. That London is not to pass the incident so lightly is shown by the sentiment existing there as expressed by the Daily Express, as follows:

"The disaster will become doubly disastrous if it should lead to ill-feeling between Great Britain and America. Should Governor Swettenham's action be as inexcusable as it appears from the correspondence published, the government would do well to supersede him and offer diplomatic regrets to Washington without delay."

The Catholic Cathedral was among the many fine edifices destroyed. Others were: the Supreme Court, Colonial Bank, Nova Scotia Bank, the Merchants' Exchange, the City Council, the parish church, St. George's church, the Savings Bank, and the shipping offices and wharves, the Myrtle Bank Hotel, the Constant Springs Hotel, the Jamaica Club, the Masonic Temple, Training College, Hope College, the railway terminus, customs buildings, Cable Company offices, all the newspaper

offices except that of the Daily Telegraph, which is severely damaged, but escaped the fire; the Salvation army temple, and the offices of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational churches and schools. Not a sound building remains in Kingston, and less than a dozen houses can be occupied, and the entire section is wiped out. The loss cannot fall short of 45,000,000, and probably will total double that amount.

### A Clever Old Raven.

There is a tradition among the Indians of Maine and New Brunswick that the small and rusty raven lives for centuries.

In the records kept by the French refugees who fled from Acadia in 1746 is a story of a raven that was a regular attendant at the outdoor Masses celebrated by the homeless French people when they made their first settlement at Grand Falls on the upper reaches of St. John River, writes a Canadian correspondent of the New York Sun. This raven was in the habit of sitting on a limb of a tall spruce and croaking forth its responses to the words uttered by the aged priest, until it was able to repeat a good portion of the Catholic ritual from having heard it often.

This gifted bird is said to have left Grand Falls and followed Benedict Arnold and his men to Quebec at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, and after the death of Montgomery and the retreat of the colonial troops the raven remained in the vicinity of Quebec for more than a century, making itself known from time to time by following the French Canadian worshippers home from Mass on Sunday mornings and entering houses and receiving tidbits of food from the kindly people.

At some date between 1880 and 1890 this holy raven, which was held in high respect by all persons, disappeared from Quebec, and the belief was widespread that it had died from the infirmities of advanced age, as it was known to have led a religious life ever since 1746, though the French voyagers who had been trapping for the Hudson Bay Company affirmed that they had seen the bird near Winnipeg frequently and had heard it croak forth the words of the Catholic prayer book, so plainly that the sounds could not have been mistaken.



By M. M'D. BODKIN

The Independent Week of New York in a recent...

I had first met Justin in the House of Commons...

"Matt, my boy," he said one day in the smoking-house of Commons...

"The dearest friend I ever had," he said...

For over three weeks in, week out, while the Commons was in session...

"To give, that he had, in common with me, abandoned by ordinance all prospects...

Justin McCarthy had a reward for his long service that it was under his that the Home Rule Gladstone was passed...

But I had resolved to do in this desultory way with apologies for one from my resolution I was quickly as may be to visit to Westgate-on-Sea...

Justin McCarthy left of Commons, as I did, of the session, and I saw more till a few weeks ago urgent business carried me down...

An incident occurred one day from London which is my special advantage in universal respect the gentleman in held. I got into a gentleman who was the occupant of the railway political questions...

Now, personally, I have the worst traveller in wherever I go I leave a luggage behind me. So natural that when the at Westgate-on-Sea, in an interesting conversation saw Miss McCarth on the platform...

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1855; incorporated 1865; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 29 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month...

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month...

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 29—Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall, (Inglis Building) 485 St. Catherine street, west. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month...

SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO Sole Manufacturers P. J. CARROLL & CO Dundalk, Ireland

MISSION SUPPLIES Distinct Specialty OUR Fairness Treatment. W. E. BLAKE, Mr. and Importer Church Supplies. 123 Church St. Toronto.

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VESTMENTS Chalcies Ciborium Status. A. Altar Furniture. DIRECT IMPORTERS. WE BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto. Can.

COWAN'S COCOA THE MOST NUTRITIOUS & ECONOMICAL

I, the undersigned, Arthur Content, of the City of Montreal, give notice that I will apply to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law authorizing me to become a member of the Association of Architects of the Province of Quebec...

ARTHUR CONTENT, Montreal, December 12, 1906.

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If You Want to Buy any kind of Business or Real Estate anywhere, at any price, write me your requirements. I can save you time and money. DAVID P. TAPP, THE LAND MAN, 415 Kansas Avenue, TOPEKA, KANSAS

The Community known under the name of "Les Soeurs Missionnaires de l'Immaculee Conception," of Outremont, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, for an act to incorporate the said Community and to authorize them to keep an establishment for the purpose of preparing young ladies for religious life and to devote themselves to teaching as a means of supporting such establishment. Montreal, 24 December, 1906. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN, 180 St. James street. For the said Community.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Misses Marie Louise Lacombe, Marie Victorine Lacombe, Marie Anna Lacombe and Dame Marie Rose Lacombe wife of Camille Jérôme Granier, and by him authorized, daughters of the late Dame Joseph Lacombe (née Marie Louise Durand dit Desmarchaux) and her universal legatees in ownership, and Simon Lacombe, son and particular legatee of said late Dame Lacombe, in virtue of her will and testament dated the 22nd of May, 1890, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, to obtain from it an act for the purpose of authorizing the petitioners to sell, convey and alienate, wholly or in part, the property left to them in virtue of the said will, and to receive the price thereof, and to give good and valid titles. N. PERODEAU, Attorney for Petitioners. Montreal, 19th December, 1906.

The corporation of the parish of Longue-Pointe will present to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, a bill entitled "an act erecting into a town corporation the municipality of the parish of Longue-Pointe." The bill will contain dispositions: To transfer to the new corporation all the rights and obligations of the actual corporation to divide the municipality into wards, to determine the number of aldermen and the eligibility of the members of the council.

Concerning the first general election, the place for the sessions of the council and for the office of the clerk and the posting of municipal notices, the valuation of real estate, the annexation of lands contiguous to the said municipality, the borrowing power; To declare valid by-laws No. 88, No. 94 and No. 101 relating to the building of a tramway and to the widening of Notre Dame Street, as well as the bonds issued under said by-laws; to confirm the "Suburban Tramway & Power Company" in the possession and enjoyment of the right of way which was granted for its tramway; to authorize the council to prohibit parks and other similar enterprises for the purpose of amusement; And for other purposes. TAILLON, BONIN & MORIN. For said Corporation. Montreal, 24 Dec. 1906.

Church Bells Memorial Bells a Specialty. MENEELY BELL COMPANY, 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., NEW YORK. Manufacturers Superior CHURCH BELL, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS. Telephone Main 2806

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Canada. THE TRUE WITNESS P. & G. Co. Patrick F. Cronin editor.

believe you are auditing the accounts over at the office. I have appropriated currency from the firm, amounting perhaps to over eight or nine thousand dollars. Now Thorne, and his voice trembled, "what are you going to do? For don't you know you hold the ruin of a man in your very hands?"

The man looked at the other calmly. "If I prevent your exposure, what are you willing to give me in return?" "I will give you anything, even half my life, if it is any good to you, or I will do anything you ask, even promising never to touch a card or a glass of liquor again."

"Do you think such a thing is possible? Why, man, I've said that to myself many a time, but the fever has got too strong a hold on me." It was the gambler who laughed. "Why do you laugh? Have I not got a wife? Do I not love her? And I will swear for her sake never to touch another card or a glass of liquor after to-day."

"Why didn't you think of that before?" replied the gambler, as he went to a desk and from a drawer produced a pack of cards. "You win, and the debt is made good and the shortage cancelled," he cried. "So sit down. But on these conditions only." He looked straight into his companion's face; "and these conditions are that you never play a game of chance, either cards, betting, stocks, etc., again as long as you live."

He dealt out the cards, and the two commenced a battle to be fought under such terrible circumstances. Iver's face became as pale as death, and his hands trembled as he turned up the cards. But something seemed to tell him that Jasper Thorne was playing carelessly.

For a few minutes—it seemed like days—there was a deadly silence, and then Iver rose excitedly to his feet. Thank heavens! he had won. Jasper Thorne gathered the cards up and carefully looked them in the desk again, after which he shook his companion's hand. "Roche," he said, "I know I have been assisting you in your ruin, or at least I cannot help thinking I have helped you. In future you must look after your wife; you don't know the treasure you have got."

Iver remained silent for a moment and then replied: "You say you would be a different man had you been in my place. Well, Jasper, to-morrow night is New Year's eve, so call around to the house, and as we both owe you so much, let us thank you."

The man hesitated a moment, then said: "Well, yes, I will go," stretching out his hand again. Iver clasped it, after which he departed with a light heart. He is a wealthy man now, and has kept his promise never to gamble again; and Jasper Thorne himself, since that memorable afternoon in his office, has never touched another card. JOSEPH BERT HYLAND.

Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence M. Mullman, New Germany, N.S., writes: "I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared. PRICE 25 CENTS. President Dispensers. Style, copy fort. service. 50c everywhere

ALICE

With his head whirling, and his brain on fire, Iver Roche stepped out of the brilliantly lighted club into the darkness of the deserted street, half dazed and bewildered. It was a stormy night; the sky was black with the promise of another snow-fall, and after turning up his collar he watched a few falling snow flakes play tag with each other as they descended silently through the chilly air.

He searched his pockets for the price of a car fare. Not a cent. Not even a car ticket. He had staked and lost. It was early morning when Iver opened the front door of his modest dwelling. Stepping carefully along the hall, he peeped into the parlor as he passed. It was in splendid order, but there was no one there. He went on into the dining-room, and found it likewise orderly, cheerful, fresh and empty.

Observing the lateness of the hour, he resolved that his better-half had retired for the night, so he sank into the nearest chair and began to meditate. Long after the silvery chimes of a church in the neighborhood had announced the hour of midnight a pretty figure who sat all alone before a cold luncheon awaiting her partner in life, got lonesome, so thinking it would be better to go into the library and read a book until Iver got home from work, she left the dining-room and went into the library, where, after taking up a book, she sat down in a luxurious chair.

Wherever this creature went she seemed always to take joy and brightness with her. Everyone loved, admired and praised her, the paper boy, the express driver, her visitors, the servants; everybody united in declaring that Alice was the sweetest girl that ever lived.

The fatigue and worry of the night before and likewise the previous day had worn her out at last. She placed the book beside her on the chair, and buried her face in her hands and tried to sleep. Sleep! She had almost forgotten what it was, it seemed so long now since she had slept. It was about four and twenty hours, perhaps, but it appeared to be like weeks.

She did fall asleep; she fell into a slumber that was almost like a stupor, and from which she was awakened by the sound of approaching footsteps. "Iver!" "Alice!" "Oh, Iver! I am so glad that you have come home."

"Were you getting lonesome, dear?" and he gave her an affectionate hug. "Did the postman leave any mail to-day?" he asked presently, as they were having supper, which she had waited for him. "No, not to my knowledge; why?" "Oh, nothing, only I expected Lynch would be waiting for the rent. He told me he wouldn't wait any longer after this week, and to make things worse, I don't see how I can get the money to pay him."

"Why! you don't mean to say that things are really as bad as all that? I thought we had plenty of money in bank?" "So we had, only I have been speculating—and lost a big sum of money."

His wife's face grew serious, but she did not tell him that the landlord had called that morning for the last time. At that moment Alice had tears in her eyes, although at the same time she had a pretty color in her cheeks. Her attire was simple, yet elegant, consisting of a pompadour tea-gown in delicate shades of maize color and rose, with a lining of tender heliotrope satin. The creamy lace fell in ripples from her soft, white throat, and was caught with a splendid brooch, consisting of a diamond encircled turquoise, a gift fit for royalty. The same kind of jewels were set in the bracelets clasped about her rounded wrists, and adorns softly from the rings which adorned her fair white hands.

Alice is not a beauty in the strictest sense of the word, but she has a handsome, intelligent face, the eyes instinct with a light, now earnest, now replete with mischievous import. Her nose is well proportioned, and her full, red lips seem the very gateway of laughter and song; her complexion is of a creamy whiteness, with a faint tinge of color, and the chestnut-brown hair is

brushed away from the white forehead in careless, waving masses, a few curly locks escaping as if to soften the contour of the face. Her throat and shoulders are superb, while her conversation at times is witty and sparkling. Alice loved her husband with an affection which a woman can and will bestow upon a man, however worthless. She was a woman in a thousand.

The next morning after Iver had gone to work with a sad heart and splitting headache, the housewife was in sore distress. At last, after much thinking, she resolved to take a bold step. Many years ago, before she became engaged to Iver Roche, she was acquainted with a gentleman who had been exceedingly fond of her, and who, after he had proposed and was rejected, told her, more in sorrow than in anger, that if ever she was in need of help to notify him; that no matter in what part of the world he was, he would never re-use it. Twenty minutes had hardly elapsed before Alice was seated in a M.S.R. car speeding on its way to the busy quays of the great metropolis.

After much inquiry she found the building, and discovering the name among 150 or more on an index in the corridor, she took the elevator and asked for the office of Jasper Thorne. She was ushered into the presence of a man about 20. Jasper was a handsome man, with a fine, fresh face, and the owner of a pair of wonderful bright eyes, and deep within his consciousness there was implanted an ever increasing, ever growing admiration for the beautiful in women.

"Alice!" he cried. She sat down and tried bravely to speak, but her lips refused to utter a single word. "Have you really come to redeem my promise?" "Yes! I want your help. Oh, Jasper!" forgetting the many years since they last met, "you will help us, won't you?"

The man looked up. "Are you married?" "Yes." "Well! well! I thought you were really dead, as I have not seen or heard from you for years." He leaned back in his chair, and after a few minutes' meditation said: "One can't have all his wishes and desires in this world—and now," speaking in a more business-like tone—"what is the nature of assistance you require?"

"I have come to borrow a few dollars, as my husband has lost a large sum of money in speculation—railroad stocks or something of that sort." After ten minutes' conversation the man handed her an envelope containing two or three bank-notes. "I was almost forgetting to ask your name," he remarked. "Roche—Mrs. Iver Roche," she promptly replied. The gentleman gave a start, but said nothing.

Iver was gloomy and sad when he returned from work that evening. However, his wife pretended not to notice any difference in him, and as he had received no communication from Mr. Lynch, the landlord, he concluded that that personage had decided to wait a while longer for the rent.

But Alice did not know that the money he had lost had not been all his, own, but part of his employer's. Ruin stared him in the face. What was he to do? How was he to pay the gambler, Jasper Thorne, who had won his money, and to replace what he had stolen from his employers?

The next morning when he reached the office he found that the accountants had already commenced work. Before many hours had passed he had learned their names. They were Rowan & Thorne. Could there be any connection with one of them and the gambler of the club? He immediately put on his hat and coat and made tracks for their offices; meditating while on his way that the gambler and Thorne of Rowan & Thorne, might be the same personage. Mr. Thorne was in. He was a man of business in the daytime and a gambler by night. Iver plunged into the matter as soon as he had closed the door, and saw the gambler was alone. "Jasper, I



# Justin McCarthy at Home.

By M. M'D. BODKIN, K.C.

The Independent Weekly Magazine of New York in a recent issue contained the following:—

I had first met Justin McCarthy in the House of Commons when he was Chairman of the Irish National Party, of which I was a raw recruit. From the beginning I was strongly attracted by the genial, cultured, kindly-natured man, and coveted his friendship. But he was a famous veteran in literature, while I was but a nameless novice, and there is no service in which the reverence of the novice for the master is more profound. So I always addressed him respectfully as "Mr. McCarthy," till he took me to task for it.

"Matt, my boy," he said to me one day in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, "I am always 'Justin' to my friends, and I want to be 'Justin' to you."

So from that day out I counted myself happy among his friends, and he was 'Justin' to me. In truth he has been from that day

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearyed spirit."

In doing courtesies.

For over three whole years, week in, week out, while the House of Commons was in session, it was my privilege to sit at the same table with him, delighted with his humor, light and playful as the dancing sunbeams, and his mellow experience of men and things. Two bonds held our comradeship close—we were engaged in the same cause and in the same profession. Night after night this distinguished veteran of literature, this respected leader of the Parliamentary Party, his simple, earnest, over, he retired to the upper gallery of the House of Commons, the only place in the House secure from interruption, to devote long hours to monotonous work for the daily Press, cheerfully content, in spite of his abilities, his services, and his position.

"To give, that he might live— His daily toil for daily fee."

He had, in common with his colleagues, abandoned by self-denying ordinance all prospects of reward, shut himself out from place, power, and emolument. This leader of the "mercenary" Irish Party, as they are scornfully styled by placemen present and prospective, was worthy of his colleagues.

Justin McCarthy has at least this reward for his long and hard service that it was under his leadership that the Home Rule Bill of Mr. Gladstone was passed through the House of Commons.

But I had resolved to avoid politics in this desultory sketch, and with apologies for one brief lapse from my resolution I will come as quickly as may be to my recent visit to Westgate-on-Sea, which I set out to describe.

Justin McCarthy left the House of Commons, as I did, at the close of the session, and I saw him no more till a few weeks ago, when urgent business carried me to London. I received a warm invitation from my dear old friend to visit him at Westgate-on-Sea, to whose bracing air the commands of a doctor confined him. There, "far from the madding crowd," he lives a life of lettered ease in the genial companionship of his son and daughter. The family triumvirate all combined to make his invitation irresistible.

An incident occurred on the journey from London which illustrated to my special advantage in what universal respect the genial literary veteran is held. I got into talk with a gentleman who was the only other occupant of the railway carriage, on political questions, and discussed Mr. Chamberlain, his views and career and prospects, from standpoints directly opposed and in language as strong as courtesy would allow. In the course of our conversation I chanced to mention that I was going to see Justin McCarthy at Westgate-on-Sea, and my companion was warm in praise of his works.

Now, personally, I happen to be the worst traveller in the world, wherever I go I leave a train of lost luggage behind me. So it was quite natural that when the train stopped at Westgate-on-Sea, in the midst of an interesting conversation, and I saw Miss McCarthy waiting on the platform, I should at once jump out, leaving my bag behind me on the rack. Some hours later the bag came back by special messenger from four stations

away, where my fellow-traveller stopped, with a polite note intimating that the fortunate mention of the fact that I was the guest of Justin McCarthy enabled him to restore it.

I found my dear old friend as well and strong as when I parted from him more than a decade ago in the House of Commons. His memory was as vivid, his humor as playful, his conversation as full of freshness and savour. He is delightfully situated at Westgate-on-Sea, in a corner villa in view of the sea, with a smaller villa over the way which serves as a guest-house for his weekend visitors from London, and in which I was made most comfortable. Now and again, as he told me, his heart was stirred by an almost irresistible desire to look on Ireland again. But the doctor insists on the bracing air of Westgate-on-Sea, and the health he has enjoyed there confirms the doctor's commands.

The weather during my too brief stay there was most opportunely inclement, windy and wet, making out-of-door excursions impossible. My kind friends were distressed, and I was delighted. They had planned some pleasant excursions. I was to see the spot where Julius Caesar himself wet to the skin for the sake of rebuking his too flattering courtiers, who I always thought had the best of that experiment. I was to see the spot where Julius Caesar first landed on the British coast. Indeed, Justin assured me that he had always regarded the selection of this particular spot by the famous invader as a delicate anticipatory compliment to himself.

All these things I was to have seen, and didn't see, and couldn't see, and I much rejoiced thereat. I had come to visit, not Westgate-on-Sea, but Justin McCarthy, and the weather kindly decreed that I was to have him all to myself during the visit.

We went to Mass together in the morning in a covered vehicle, and left the house no more that day, but sat together in his cozy den, book and picture lined, our toes on the fender, and talked the unheeded hours away. Truly such a talk was a rare treat. It was the cream of a busy, useful, happy life, stretching back almost to the middle of the nineteenth century, "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time."

There was no taint of personal vanity or personal bitterness in his reminiscences. His mind, to my thinking, is as incapable of harboring an unworthy thought as the soil of Ireland is of harboring a snake. He had in his time, it seemed to me, met every one worth meeting, and seen everything worth seeing in the Old World and in the New.

What a list it is of his personal acquaintances and friends! In politics there were Lord John Russell, Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, and Disraeli, and Bismarck; in literature, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, John Stuart Mill and a host of others. For this list makes no pretension to be complete. I have merely set out at random the names that cropped up in the course of our conversation. Even now I bethink myself that the category omits the literary giants of America—Lowell, Emerson, Longfellow, Oliver Wendell Holmes, with all of whom he was on terms of familiar friendship.

It was pleasant for one who had read and worshipped afar to meet those great men almost at first hand to be introduced by me who knew them so well. But it is a pleasure not to be passed on. It would be quite impossible to convey in written words the savour of our familiar talk. It is the slight touches that tell in the picture. I knew these men better from some passing phrase, some familiar incident told by one who saw and heard, than had I known them in elaborate biography.

Justin McCarthy was naturally full of admiration for Gladstone, with whom he had been brought in specially close relations during the Home Rule Parliament, when they led respectively the allied forces of the composite majority that carried the Bill. He admired, as all must admire, the splendid biography of Mr. Morley, but he seemed to feel, as myself have felt, that it was emphatically Morley's Gladstone—not Boswell's, not another's.

A creature for too pure and good For human nature's daily food.

For my own part I should have liked to see that stately portrait supplemented by a genial, gossipy, eminently human sketch by Justin McCarthy himself.

Of John Bright he had much to tell. He considered him at his best a greater orator even than Glad-

stone. "He shot his arrow higher," was his phrase. Justin McCarthy's editorship of the "Morning Post" brought him in frequent and friendly communication with John Bright, who held a place on the advisory board. In those days John Bright's sympathy with Ireland was intense. The violence of the Fenians did not in the least affect it. Even the sympathetic Irish editor was not strong enough for this British enthusiast.

"We have to consider the feelings of our readers and the interests of the paper," explained Justin McCarthy.

"You have first of all to consider the interests of truth and justice," retorted John Bright.

John Stuart Mill, of whom he had many charming things to tell, was not less earnest than John Bright in his Irish sympathies. I had a wonderful picture of this shy, retiring scholar and philosopher taking active part in a boisterous Irish demonstration in favor of amnesty for Irish political prisoners.

Tennyson. Justin McCarthy found a little stiff and self-conscious of his own genius:—

"As if the winds Blew his own praises in his eyes"

But Browning, whom he knew much more intimately, he described as the most unostentatious and charming of companions, full of human sympathy and sprightly humor. In his everyday talk, I learned, there was no touch of the verbal obscurity which in his poems is such a stumbling block to the uninitiated—myself among the number.

I cannot hope to compress within the limits of this most elastic sketch the details of that delightful long day at the seaside. A little trait or incident here and there is possible at best.

Justin McCarthy's first meeting with Bismarck was, he told me, specially memorable to him by reason of the unavailing toil with which he furnished up his German for the ordeal.

To his surprise and delight, Bismarck, speaking in excellent English, bade him talk in that language if he had no objection.

"I am very proud," the great German said, "of the extent and variety of my English. I flatter myself I could interchange slang with a London cabman."

In America Justin McCarthy's experiences were almost as varied and as pleasant as at home.

He told me that on one occasion he was able to confound a Yankee who was boasting somewhat arrogantly of his knowledge of the States, by the quiet intimation that he, an Irishman, had travelled through and through every State in the Union, and visited almost every town to be found on their maps.

The Yankee guessed that "left him standing."

One American literary experience Justin McCarthy had as delightful as can well be imagined.

On the occasion of his first trip to New York he had, for the first time, submitted "a longish short story" for publication in Harper's Magazine, and was gratified, not merely by a notification of the acceptance of the story with a handsome accompanying cheque, but the further intimation that the editor would be glad

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Parties wishing to secure an allotment can do so by wire or letter, as there is no doubt every share will be subscribed for before February 1st.

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if he could make it convenient to call.

Of course he made it his convenience to call. What young author could resist so flattering and so promising an invitation?

The conversation opened with a compliment. The editor was delighted with the story. Did the author think he could let him have some more about the same length on commission?

The author rather thought he could. "About how many would the editor require?"

"Shall we say about a hundred?" replied the editor.

"You may imagine my amazement and delight," said Justin McCarthy, rejoicing in the retrospect of that magnificent piece of good fortune.

It was, in truth, a splendid commission, and it worked itself out magnificently, he told me, to the last word of the hundred stories and the last dollar of the hundred cheques.

Outside the Arabian Nights probably there was never such a literary series. A scribbler of fiction myself, in a small way, I declare I can imagine no more fascinating experience for an author.

Justin McCarthy wandered at his own sweet will through the wide, variegated regions of the United States, moving where he liked, staying where he liked, idling when he liked, working when he liked, and finding in his wanderings and idlings the local color for the hundred stories that paid the expenses of this unexampled holiday. I had myself a vicarious delight in listening to so delightful an experience.

So it chanced that Justin McCarthy made friends in America as many and as distinguished as at home.

I remember a little incident that occurred when I was in Parliament which, though not directly concerned with this visit, comes in appropriately here. A distinguished American showed me in the strangers' smoking-room a little book containing the rules and the names of the members of a once famous literary club of Boston, to which the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table makes delightful allusion. Every great

name in American literature during the nineteenth century was there, as president, vice-president, or ordinary member: Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, and the rest.

Turning the leaves we came to one page that was almost blank. At the top of this page was the title "Honorary Members." In the center a single name:

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

Could any man desire a higher compliment?

As our day slid by in desultory delightful gossip, whose even flow never halted nor lagged, the signed photos on the wall, the signed books on the shelves or tables, were fertile in reminiscences.

Just one illustration and I have done. In a conspicuous place over the chimney-piece I noticed a large photo of an old lady in whose face sweetness and dignity were wonderfully combined. She was, I learned, the wife of Lord John Russell, who was a very special friend of Justin McCarthy's, and had sent him this signed photo, with a warm expression of regard, a little before her death. Our talk naturally switched on from her to Lord Russell, whom

also Justin McCarthy knew well, and so we were carried away back to the days of the great Napoleon, for Lord John Russell knew Napoleon, and as a young man visited him at Elba.

On that occasion, as Lord John afterwards told Justin McCarthy, Napoleon bade the English people beware of Wellington.

A few more victories," he said, "and Wellington will grow so popular with the army that he will seize the crown."

It was in vain that Lord John strove to explain that the British Constitution rendered such a design impossible.

Napoleon merely smiled and shook his head as one that knew better.

While we talked there came to our ears the faint patter of the typewriter from an adjacent room, where Justin Huntly McCarthy was busy translating into drama one of his charming new novels. At dinner time he told us triumphantly that he had completed an act and a bit over, while we had idled through the day with our feet on the fender.

Let it not be thought, however, that Justin McCarthy himself habi-

(Continued on Page 8.)

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SUPERIOR ST. PAUL'S ACADEMY,  
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## Justin M'Carthy.

(Continued from Page 7.)

usually dawdles. He lives his life now as vigorous in work and enjoyments as in the days of his youth. He even partakes of the mild dissipations of Westgate-on-Sea, which, by the way, regards itself as a gentle watering-place by no means to be confounded with neighboring Margate.

One story he told me as illustrating the courtesy of the locality; possibly, also, its lack of humor.

A local lady spoke in strong condemnation of society fibs. She was specially hard on her own sex for lack of candor in regard to their age.

Justin McCarthy cordially agreed, and gave a personal illustration. To appreciate this personal illustration it must be remembered that he is nearer to five feet in height than to six.

"I quite concur with you, madam," he said gravely. "I never practise those subtleties myself. I never deny that I am over forty years of age, and I never pretend to be over five feet eleven and a half in height."

She looked at him in mild amazement. Politeness forbade further reference to the question of age.

"I would never have thought, Mr. McCarthy," she said meekly, "that you were quite five feet eleven and a half unless you told me so yourself."

But, of course, his chief resource and enjoyment in his enforced retirement are his beloved books. His son and daughter fortunately share his taste. They are a literary triumvirate who in writing and reading find their chief enjoyment. Of Justin Huntly McCarthy's triumphs in fiction and the drama there is no need to speak. His recent play, "If I Were King," and his recent novel, "The Dryad," are his best. Miss McCarthy has made on her own account but one incursion into print—a charming sketch of Parnell. But she may be said in a sense to have collaborated with her father in all his later works.

There has fallen on him one of the sorest trials to a literary man. His eyesight has grown so weak that both reading and writing are strictly forbidden.

His daughter's unremitting kindness has, he assured me, smoothed away even this misfortune. She reads to him, hunts up his references and corrects his proofs. The father was fervent in her praise. "I could do nothing without her," he said. "She is so quick, so patient, so fertile in helpful suggestions." It is doubtless his daughter's assistance that enables him to turn out even now as much and as good literary work as ever. His very latest book, "The Story of an Irishman," is a charming, gossipy autobiography, full of the essence of the life of his time, and quite free from that self-conscious pose by which autobiography is so commonly marred. At present, under the auspices of the eminent publishers, Chatto and Windus, he is collaborating with Lord Macaulay in the production of a uniform history of England. Justin McCarthy takes the work up where Macaulay has laid it down, and carries the story forward to our own times. It is given to no man to wield the magic wand of Macaulay. But, on the whole, it may be fairly said there is no living writer to whom the continuation of Macaulay's splendid story could be more appropriately committed.

The Irish exiles in Westgate-on-Sea—all three—are still keenly alive to anything that appertains to Ireland. Justin McCarthy was not more deeply interested in the Home Rule movement, more earnest for its success, when he led the Irish Party to victory in the memorable session when Home Rule received the deliberate sanction—not to be forgotten

nor recalled—of the House of Commons.  
"No reform," he said to me, at parting, "that has once received the sanction of the House of Commons has ultimately failed to become the law of the land."

## ITEMS OF INTEREST

### ADVANCE SHEETS OF CATHOLIC DIRECTORY.

The advance sheets of the official Catholic Directory for the year 1907 show that the Catholic population of the United States is 13,089,353. There are 15,093 Catholic clergymen. The archdioceses of New York and Chicago are each rated at 1,200,000. Brooklyn and Queen's County, however, form a separate diocese. Boston is third, with 850,000.

A Good Name is to be Prized.—There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been temporary. Goodness must always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been with Electric Oil; no imitation can maintain itself against the genuine article.

### AN ARTISTIC CALENDAR.

Prominent among the handsome calendars of the new year is one which shows a reproduction of the picture "Suzanne," from the original painting by the noted French-Canadian artist, Phillip Boileau. The young American girl with her dreamy eyes and deep red roses nestling in the soft waves of her dark hair, is beautiful enough to inspire many a pipe-dream; and the calendar, which is being sent out by the proprietors of Abbey's Effervescent Salt, forms a very acceptable remembrance to patrons and friends of the firm.

### TRIED TO POISON ORPHANS.

That some one near Burlington, Vt., has murderous hatred for the Catholic Orphan Asylum there is shown by the receipt of a box of poisonous berries sent last week to the Sisters by mail. The box was postmarked Lyndonville and plainly addressed to St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum. No means of identifying the sender is evident. The berries are believed to be those of the mountain ash. Upon receipt of the berries the Sisters sent them to the State laboratory of hygiene for analysis.

In this connection is recalled the death on October 26, 1905, of three little girls at the orphanage from some form of poisoning not explained. The theory at the time was that the deaths were caused by the children eating locust berries or the roots of the tree.

### Childhood Ailments.

As a remedy for all the ills of childhood arising from derangements of the stomach or bowels Baby's Own Tablets have no equal. You do not have to coax or threaten your little ones to take them—children like them. The ease with which they can be given as compared with liquid medicines will appeal to every mother. None is spilled or wasted—you know just how big a dose has reached the little stomach. And above all mothers have an absolute guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They always do good, they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Edward Donovan, St. Agatha, Que., says:—"I am delighted with Baby's Own Tablets. I know of no medicine that can equal them in curing the ills of young children." You can get the Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Montreal's Ancient Hospital, Hotel Dieu, Its Wonderful Record.

For 250 years the Hotel Dieu has been doing a work of mercy in the city. First a small establishment on St. Paul street, and since the middle of last century at the present site of the institution, Pine ave. and St. Urbain St. Within a couple of years the institution will celebrate its 250th anniversary, and its friends will try to pay a considerable part of the debt which rests on the property.

For the year from January 1st to December 31st, 1906, the report of the Hotel Dieu shows that 3112 were admitted for treatment. As there were 169 patients in the hospital on December 31, 1905, the total number treated at the indoor department during the year was 3281.

Of this number 2856 were discharged, 224 died and 201 remain in the hospital. The total number of days' treatment given at the indoor department was 73,489.

During the year 1688 operations were performed. At the eye dispensary, in connection with the outdoor department, 14,500 consultations were given, and 701 operations of various kinds performed. In the electro-therapeutic department, 6784 cases were treated, and 4612 consultations given.

The two new ambulances in use were presented to the institution through the kindness of friends. Five hundred and thirty-two calls engaged the ambulances during the year. The total receipts in this department amount to \$1,131.85, while the expenditure was \$1,733.43, leaving a deficit of \$601.58. The City Finance Committee, in distributing its regular contributions to charitable institutions in the city, has allowed a sum of \$500 to the Hotel Dieu, but even this is not entirely sufficient to cover the deficit, which must be met from the ordinary revenues of the Hotel Dieu.

### How to Cure Cancer Without Knife, Plaster or Pain.

Send 6 cents (stamps) and get particulars of this wonderful painless treatment that is used in your own home.

STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

## MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

January 23.  
Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.  
Rolled Oats—\$1.95 to \$2 in bags of 90 lbs.  
Oats—No. 2, 42c to 42 1/2c per bushel; No. 3, 41c to 41 1/2c; No. 4, 40c to 40 1/2c.  
Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag, granulated, \$1.65.  
Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags \$20 to \$21; shorts, in bags, \$22.50 to \$23; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20 to \$21; shorts, \$22.  
Beans—Prime pea beans, in ear load lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bushel.  
Potatoes—75c to 80c per bag of 90 lbs., in carload lots.  
Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.  
Hay—No. 1, \$14 to \$14.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$13 to \$13.50; clover, \$11.50 to \$12; clover mixed, \$12 to \$12.50.  
Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; dark, 9 1/2c to 10c per lb. section; white extract, 10c to 10 1/2c and buckwheat, 6 1/2c to 7c per pound.  
Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$23.50; 1-2 bris, \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$21 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$30.50 to \$32; 1-2 bris do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salt long clear bacon, 12c to 12 1/2c; barrels plate beef, \$11 to \$13.50; half barrels, do., \$6 to \$6.50; barrels heavy mess beef, \$8.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$4.75; compound lard, 8 3/4c to 10c; corn lard, 11 3/4c to 13c; Kettle rendered, 13c to 13 1/2c; hams, 13c to 14 1/2c according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$9.75 to \$10.25; alive, \$7.50 to \$7.65.  
Eggs—New laid, 35c; select, 27c; No. 1 candied, 21c to 22c.  
Cheese—October made, 13c.  
Butter—Choclost creamery, 24 1/4c to 25 1/2c; medium grades, 24c to 24 3/4c.  
Ashes—First pots, \$5.75 to \$5.85; second, \$5 to \$5.10; pearls, \$5.60 to \$7.50 per 100 pounds.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

### "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED."

Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4 p.m., Hamilton 5:20 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6:25 p.m., Buffalo 8:25 p.m., London 7:47 p.m., Detroit 9:30 p.m., Chicago 7:42 a.m.

Elegant Cafe Service on above train.  
**MONTREAL and OTTAWA**  
THREE HOURS EACH WAY  
Leave Montreal. Leave Ottawa  
\*8:30 a.m. \*8:30 a.m.  
\*1:40 p.m. \*3:30 p.m.  
\*7:30 p.m. \*5:00 p.m.

Parlor Cars on all trains.  
Buffet Service on 1 p.m. train from Ottawa.  
Daily. (Week days.)

**CITY TICKET OFFICES**  
137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

### OTTAWA TRAINS:

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION  
\*8:45 a.m., \*9:40 a.m., \*10:00 a.m.  
\*4:00 p.m., \*9:40 p.m., \*10:15 p.m.  
Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.  
LEAVE PLACE VIGOR  
\*8:20 a.m., \*5:45 p.m.  
\*Daily. (Daily except Sunday, \$Sunday only.)

### Improved Sleeping Car service

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays compartment car "Canada" will run to Toronto, and on other nights, should business warrant it, a double drawing room car will run from Montreal to Toronto in addition to the regular sleeping cars.

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

## Intercolonial RAILWAY

### BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

#### Trains Daily.

7:26 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, St. Kamoussi and Little Metis.  
Leaves 7:25 a.m. daily except Sunday, Parlor Car Montreal to Little Metis.

12 "MARITIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney.  
Leaves at 12:00 noon daily except Saturday. Through sleeping car to Halifax.

7:00 "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.  
Leaves 7:30 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Through sleeping cars to Riviere du Loup (for Murray Bay point); Little Metis, St. John and Halifax.

11:45 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations.  
P.M. Daily, except Sunday, at 11:45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers can occupy after 9:30 p.m.

**GARPE AND BAY CALEUR**  
Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7:30 p.m. "Ocean Limited" Express, will connect at Campbellton with SS. "Lady Ellen."  
All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot  
**CITY TICKET OFFICE.**  
St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 615.  
J. J. McDONNIEFF,  
City Pass & Int. Agent

P.S.—Write for free copy "Tours to Summer Haunts, via 'Ocean Limited,' Train de Luxe.

## CANDLES and Oils for the Sanctuary

Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed.  
**W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St.**  
Premises lately occupied by D. E. J. Sadler & Co.  
Toronto, Ont.

## COWAN'S COCOA

GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

## PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marston & Marston, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

### LOYOLA CLUB.

On January 16th the Club held its first meeting of the New Year, which was an evening session and very well attended considering the weather. The study paper was read by Rev. Father Devine. The History of the Russian Church, though timely, is not an easy or light theme to follow, but the treatment was concise and clear enough to make it interesting.

Miss C. Quirk read "An Appreciation of Tennyson," which was a well-words and graphic account of the reader's personal opinion, but provoked an evident amount of argument among her listeners owing to some of its original assertions. "Wind of the Western Sea," was sung in quartette by Miss McCannally, Stuart, Schultze and McCabe, and was very much appreciated. Miss E. Fraser recited "Lady Clara Vere de Vere" in very pleasing style, after which coffee and cake were passed by the retirement committee.

## THIS STORE CLOSSES AT 5:30 P. M.

# THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, JANUARY 24, 1907.

## Carpet and Rug Sale!

500 Yards of the very best make of English Axminster Carpets, Regular value \$1.85. Sale price \$1.49  
350 Yards of American Moquette Carpet with 5-8 borders to match, Regular \$1.35. Friday 99c  
450 Yards of fine Brussels Carpets in good selection of patterns. Regular 97c. Friday 79c  
700 yards of very good quality of Tapestry Carpet, good choice of patterns. Regular 75c and 65c. Friday 49c

## Half-Price Sale of Oriental Rugs

In order to close out the balance of our JAPANESE RUGS before stock-taking, we will sell the remainder at Half Price.

Size	Regular value	Sale price
Size 12 ft. 0 in. x 15 ft.	\$19.00	\$9.50
Size 10 ft. 6 in. x 12 ft.	16.00	8.00
Size 9 ft. 0 in. x 9 ft.	11.50	5.25
Size 6 ft. 0 in. x 9 ft.	7.50	3.75
Size 4 ft. 0 in. x 7 ft.	3.75	1.88
Size 4 ft. 0 in. x 4 ft.	1.75	.88c
Size 3 ft. 0 in. x 15 ft.	6.00	3.00
Size 3 ft. 0 in. x 18 ft.	5.00	2.50

## January Sale of Rugs and Made-up Carpets

25 only Smyrna Rugs of the very best quality. These Rugs are reversible and made from the best quality of all-wool, woven in bright and pretty patterns.

Size	Regular value	Sale price
4 only, 9 ft 0 in x 12 ft 0 in.	\$36.00	\$27.00
2 only, 9 ft 0 in x 13 ft 0 in.	30.00	22.50
7 only, 7 ft 6 in x 10 ft 6 in.	22.50	16.88
4 only, 3 ft 0 in x 3 ft 8 in.	8.00	6.00
3 only, 3 ft 0 in x 12 ft 0 in.	10.80	8.10
2 only, 3 ft 0 in x 15 ft 0 in.	13.80	10.35

## THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal



## City and Country Sleighs of all kinds

### Carioles, Burlots, Bobsleighs, Sleighs, Robes and Harnesses.

ALMOST ANYTHING YOU WANT IN

Specially low prices to customers at a distance.

## R. J. Latimer & Co., 21 St. Antoine

Next door to TRUE WITNESS

## HYMENEAL.

SCISSONS-BROWNIGG.  
On Tuesday morning, the 15th instant, St. Isidore Church, South March, was the scene of the first nuptial event of the new year here, when Mr. John Scissons, a prosperous farmer of this vicinity, led to the altar Miss Lizzie Brownrigg, sister of Rev. Father Brownrigg, at present of St. Philip's parish, Richmond, but until recently pastor of this parish. The bride was assisted by her sister, Miss Maggie Brownrigg, while Mr. John Shirley acted as groomsmen. The local pastor, Rev. Father Cavanagh, performed the ceremony, which was immediately followed by the nuptial Mass. A glad some peal from the tower of old St. Isidore announced the return of the bridal party, accompanied by the pastor, to the beautiful home of Mr. Scissons, where a sumptuous repast awaited the happy couple and the guests. The festive board was thoroughly enjoyed and the guests all round quaffed their cups to the long lives and an abundance of bliss for the happy pair. The music, song and story made the wheels of time fly briskly on and one of the most happy and mirthful of all the throng

was the bridegroom's aged father, who, with the rest did his part to make the occasion one of joy and pleasure. The bride was the recipient of numerous beautiful and valuable presents. We all sincerely wish them a long life of happiness such as they enjoyed on the bright morning of their wedding day.  
South March, Jan. 18, 1907.  
Time tries all things, and as Blekle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup has stood the test of years it now ranks as a leading specific in the treatment of all ailments of the throat and lungs. It will soften and subdue the most stubborn cough by relieving the irritation, and restores the affected organs to healthy conditions. Use will show its value. Try it and be convinced of its efficacy.

## PERSONAL.

The Hon. Chas. Fitzpatrick and Mrs. Fitzpatrick have left for Washington, where they are invited to dine with President Roosevelt.  
Butterfly Suspender. A Gentle man's Bugle. "as easy as some." 90c.

In view of the Church France, considerable teaches to an article Mr. Patrick Boyle, to dant (Paris) under the A study of the situation where there are 1 5 appropriately useful, rica occurs to one imm the example of Ireland instructive. Here the tem of supporting th better understood and ized than by the Catho other country. It is a system. The Church, fr control, lives of its and prospers. Everyth the situation of the Ch reduced to the follow First, the nomination and parish priests; sec gious budget; third, the perty; fourth, the legal the religious congreg the marriage laws; sixt laws; seventh, the clerg tion; eight, the clergy At the present day tion of bishops is regu decree of the Propaga A candidate for epis must be Irish by birth. he is entirely free in h tion. A bishop draws arising from two parish the Cathedral and one sum accruing being his come. As for the cle offerings of all kinds a parochial work are pla common fund; the offer Christmas and Easter a whole is divided am according to a rigid cus Where there is a rector the rector takes two-th rate one-third. If the curates, one-half goes t the balance to the cura are more than two cur fifth go to the rector each to the curates. F ferings belong, of cour priest as well as Mass financial result for a bi from £600 upwards; fo from £200; for a curat

Mr. James Bryce Important Anno

James Bryce, the am the United States, and were given a farewell of Reform Club at Manches turday evening.  
Mr. Bryce, replying to his health, referred to tain's good relations w powers, and added:  
"There is one friend of especial value to all to the United States, to think our relations country have never been ver, indeed, do I think been so good as they a moment. The incident memory need be refer for the sake of saying moral of it was "This i ferent things are now, h those times when a that would have been th cries of defiance in the countries." Fortunately, countries no one took th anything but an occasio could show our trust i other.  
"Even more significant recent visit of Secretary Canada. I hope you all speech of Mr. Root. I member any deliverance able statesman uttered, or broader spirit, and n calculated by its recogn splendid progress of Can lucid statement of the r good feeling between C the United States, to pr ship and good will betw and the United States and the United States. "This" speech is an ad for the future. It is a sign of the new spirit of