

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

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CHRISTMAS
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Sailors' Club

BELLS

The True Witness

TESTIS IN CÆLO FIDELIS
 AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909
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BLESSING OF CHURCH.

Large Congregation Witness Solemn Ceremony at St. Aloysius.

The happy fulfilment of the long-cherished hopes of the pastor of St. Aloysius was observed on Sunday last when the blessing of the new church took place.

His Lordship Bishop Racicot officiated, being assisted by Rev. Father Shea, pastor of the church, Rev. Father Kiernan, of St. Michael's and Rev. Father Fahey, of St. Gabriel's. Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's, celebrated High Mass. Several priests from the various English-speaking parishes were present in the sanctuary.

Just before the sermon the pastor, Rev. M. L. Shea, thanked all those who had so generously contributed to their church, and welcomed them to the new sacred edifice. Then Rev. Wafar Doyle delivered a very eloquent discourse, taking for his text "My house is a house of prayer," (St. Matt., chap. 21, vs. 13).

In part he spoke as follows: We thank God for our churches, and we delight to see them increase in number and in beauty. We congratulate you, therefore, reverend pastor of this church; we congratulate you the parishioners. You have built a magnificent temple of which any city might be proud. You have erected a large and majestic church, and have spared no expense in its appointments and decorations. And yet it is not the external beauty of this edifice, its stately proportions, nor rich adornments that are the beauty which we admire so much, but what they stand for.

They are as the jewel box to the jewels themselves. Rich and beautiful as it may be, the casket is but the cover of the sparkling diamonds and rubies within. So this church and this altar which it enshrines, are but fair Nature's tribute of its materials and men's handiwork in applying them to make an earthly home in the tabernacle for Christ our Lord and our God, where as priest and victim of the sacrifice of the New Law He might be offered up to the Father in Heaven by the hands of His chosen ministers. It is here where God wishes to dwell with His people, and would have them dwell with Him. It is here He wishes them to come as a family to meet Him at the altar as round the family hearthstone. It is here He would have us pour out our homage to Him in the tabernacle and take Him into the Holy Communion. Here He would feed our minds with His all-saving truths, console our hearts with His love, nourish our souls with His body and blood, and strengthen our wills with divine grace.

God grants that you, the parishioners of this church, will avail your selves of all the helps your holy religion will afford you through your grand new church, so that it may be a continual blessing for yourselves and pass down as a blessing to your children's children.

This church will be the home of the parish. It is here you should pray for grace to strengthen you through life. Be loyal to your country, to your church and your pastor and aid him to spread the Kingdom of God.

At the end of the Mass dinner was served by the ladies of the parish in the basement of the Church.

Emerald Snowshoe Club

The following report of the Emerald Snowshoe Club was submitted at the annual meeting, at which took place the election of officers for the season 1909-10:

To the members of the Emerald Snowshoe Club: Gentlemen: I have the honor to submit for your consideration a report of the workings of your club during the season 1908-9.

The past year was a most successful one in every respect, and in the many races participated in by your runners the colors of the old Emerald Snowshoe Club were well to the fore, particularly was this the case on the occasion of the championship meet at Sherbrooke, when our representatives carried off two seconds and three thirds, a very creditable showing considering that all our men were practically in their first year.

Your runners were accompanied to Sherbrooke by quite a large delegation of members in uniform, whose

THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

St. Michael's Advocates an Independent School Board.

A very large meeting of St. Michael's parish met after Mass last Sunday to consider the approval of a resolution passed by St. Michael's School Board under the presidency of Rev. J. P. Kiernan, P.P. It was unanimously passed that this resolution of the School Board advocating the continuance of its present school system should be maintained.

The people of St. Michael's are showing their consistency in determining to maintain their autonomy in school matters. What they possess involved strenuous efforts to obtain and presume herculean stamens to retain. The opposition with which they had to cope from many sources in their attempt at special school legislation, is familiar to all and what they did receive was so limited that they have had to strain every nerve to supplement deficiencies.

St. Michael's school board was authorized to collect taxes only from the proprietors of St. Michael's who would consent to pay the same to it, and consequently it was obliged to protect itself, to fix a rate that would not be likely to deter these proprietors from signing in its favor. This was the minimum authorization that could be given and that would have been acceptable to a population suffering as we were from the inadequate means furnished by the six practically French boards, to supply our children

with an education such as would fit them for after life and to enable them to compete successfully and creditably with children in the more English-speaking sections of the city. Under these circumstances what uphill climbing we had to do! What sacrifices we had to make! What resources otherwise available to the parish purposes, have been directed to our school needs! The population of Montreal outside of our limits, have no conception of the financing necessitated by the requirements of a school which accommodates now over four hundred children divided among eight class rooms and which must be equipped with additional class rooms to admit a number of children of English speaking parentage that are waiting for places.

The people of St. Michael's could not, therefore, be expected consistently to determine otherwise than they have done. They fought for their board, they have it now separate and independent. "We hold what we have," is our motto.

St. Michael's is a modern School building approved by the Superintendent of Public Instruction and by the inspector of buildings in Montreal and contains fourteen class rooms, spacious, well ventilated and comfortably heated. It is under the tutelage of the Marist Brothers and of the Sisters of St. Ann. Though the school is open for the past three years only, the children who are far enough advanced are following the programme of the sixth grade and will enter upon the studies of the seventh grade next September.

Programme of Eucharistic Congress.

The general lines of the Eucharistic Congress to be held in Montreal on September 8th, 10th and 11th of next year have now been decided upon.

The Papal Delegate, who will preside, will be officially received at St. James Cathedral, on the evening of September 6th, and on the evening of the following day His Eminence will be tendered a civic reception. The congress proper will open with a midnight mass in the Church of Notre Dame, in the first Church of Thursday, September 8th, and during the day there will be a solemn service in St. James Cathedral, and a grand gathering in the Church of Notre Dame in the evening.

On Friday, September 9th, an open-air service will be held on Mance Park, near the Hotel Dieu, with sermon in French and English, and in the evening the Cardinal Legate will hold a public reception.

On Saturday morning there will be Pontifical High Mass in St. Patrick's Church, and a general meeting in the Church of Notre Dame in the evening.

On Sunday, the last day of the congress, there will be Pontifical High Mass in the Cathedral at 9.30 a.m., and a grand procession in the afternoon, at 2 o'clock. The procession will start from the Church of Notre Dame, and the following will be the route: Through Notre Dame, Gosford, Champ de Mars and St. Denis street to Laval University, where a stop will be made for a short open-air service. The procession will then continue through St. Denis and Rachel streets to Mance Park, where Benediction will be given, and the return to the Church of Notre Dame will be through Park Avenue, Bleury, St. Peter and St. James streets.

It is an evidence of little wit to take offense at the truth under any circumstances, but especially so when it is a rebuke to yourself. Be humble, wise and profit by the lesson it would teach you.

IRISH INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

Discussion For and Against the Object of Retaining Such Institutions.

A large number of people attended at the City Hall in Dublin last week being the second day of the exhibition in connection with the Irish Industrial Schools. The opening ceremony was performed by Lady Carberry, and the attendance included the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross, and many clergymen and prominent laity from the city and county.

Lady Carberry, in opening the exhibition, said she had been deeply impressed when visiting some of the industrial schools with the devotion of the teachers, and also with the splendid ideals of the value and nobility of the work for its own sake, which they placed before the children. She trusted that public interest, excited by the exhibition of practical work, would not end there, but that many would be induced to visit the schools and see for themselves the excellent work done in them in training young boys and girls to be useful members of the community.

In the course of a lengthy address, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly said that when the child left the industrial school or orphanage and went abroad into the world outside it was astonished to find it was in a new world, and that the child world it had built up to then was not the real world at all. Hence it

HOME TRAINING NECESSARY.

No man or woman would make an industrial school as good a training ground as a good home, nor even as good a training ground as the average home, and all that could be said of these institutions was that they were better than had homes, and better than no home at all. It was a very sorrowful consideration in Ireland, his Lordship continued, that with regard to lunatics the number of lunatics was growing up constantly. The burden therefore caused on the country was growing up, while the whole population was diminishing, and it would be exceedingly regrettable that the waifs and strays of industrial school training should increase.

While such was the case with the population, industrial schools would be required and would be with them, but there was no desire, he should say, on the part of any thinking man to increase their number. His Lordship's distinct opinion was that with the existing industrial schools the contribution given by the County Council was ample. There must be some mismanagement. Just a year ago the Inspector classified the schools. Several girls' schools in that county were placed in the first division of first class, the boys' schools in the county came under the second class, and there were a few schools, not more than one or two in all Ireland, came under the first class. Now, if the schools were dealt with on the scale of efficiency, it was obvious that the grant to the girls' schools—first class girls' schools—should be increased, and the fact that the second class boys' school had a higher grant than the first class girls' school was an anomaly. However, it was his distinct view that that anomaly should be tolerated rather than that the grant should be increased to the other schools, and an unnecessary burden be cast upon the ratepayers. Not only would the burden be unnecessary, but it might be harmful. With other phases of the new Children's Act his Lordship did not at present express an opinion. There was a section that industrial day schools might be established for waifs and strays. Now these schools might be necessary in large cities, but they were a very dangerous remedy and should be dealt with extremely cautiously. The relieving of parents of their responsibility was one of the most serious questions that could be contemplated, and it might be that the new Children Act was intended to so relieve them.

WRONG END ACCOMPLISHED.

Like many other acts of Parliament, the new Children Act became a necessity in England, but his Lordship was very doubtful of its use in Ireland. England was now paying the penalty of that success as a manufacturing country, and therefore there were nothing masses of children growing up under his Lordship might say, brutal conditions, and hence there were many philanthropic men and women who said: "Let us at any cost save the children." While saving the children they relieved the parents of the responsibility. In Ireland they had not yet, thank God, reached that pass, and any one dealing with the case should be extremely cautious lest that, loosening the responsibility between parents and children, they were loosening the bonds of society, undermining the very foundations of the whole social fabric which might do a great deal more harm than good. Having dealt with some important and profitable developments in Baltimore Industrial School, with which he happened to be connected, he summed up by saying that industrial schools of the present day had been brought to a great degree of perfection; the children in them were getting a most excellent training; there could be no better place for those requiring to be sent there, and he was sure all would join, as lovers of their country, in the hope that the happy day was not far distant when there would be such an increase in the prosperity, an increase in the spread of labor and thrift, that the number of children in need of the shelter of the industrial school would be seriously reduced.

There is nothing so beautiful in the character of youth as simplicity of manners and the absence of design in its undertakings; it is this quality that makes it lovable and attractive.

The True Witness
 Wishes all its friends and patrons
 A Merry Christmas.



CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

May all the readers of the Home Page experience the fulfillment of their dearest hopes and joys and may they be abundantly blessed this happy Christmas.

Danger in Dry Shampoos.

The danger of the dry shampoos that have recently come into vogue are unquestionably not sufficiently recognized. The growing use of some of the light hydrocarbon or other volatile compounds is probably fraught with most serious consequences, but even the apparently innocuous shampoo powders have their drawbacks.

Carbon tetrachloride seems to be used most extensively, and the number of fatal accidents which are being recorded makes it incomprehensible that a drug so dangerous should be employed at all. Its formula, CCl4, shows its near relation to chloroform, and its anaesthetic properties are almost as marked. The vapor given off is considerably heavier than air and rapidly accumulates around the face when the liquid is applied to the scalp.

Innumerable cases of semi-consciousness are reported, it is claimed, by the English hairdressers, but the patrons, women almost exclusively, do not object, and so the "playing with death" goes on. It is a frightful commentary on the fatuity of the day.

The vapor of carbon tetrachloride aside from its anaesthetic or stupefying effect is a heart poison and in the presence of the slightest cardiac weakness is extremely likely to produce a fatal result.

The shampoo powders may not present toxic dangers, but their use is certainly founded on anything but a rational basis. A few perfectly normal scalps might have a very fine impalpable powder applied a few times with little or no harm to the hair, but in a short time the glandular orifices would be occluded and the hair would suffer accordingly.—American Medicine.

Always Remember.

(Success Magazine.)

To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

To stand firmly erect while others are blowing and fawning for praise and power.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To say "No" squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To do your duty in silence, obscurity and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

Spare me from bitterness and the sharp passions of unguarded moments. May I not forget that poverty and riches are of the spirit.

And although age and infirmity overtake me, and I come not within sight of the castle of my dreams, teach me to be thankful for life, and for the time's olden memories that are good and sweet, and may the evening's twilight find me gentle still.

Prompt and Courteous.

A girl cannot cultivate too much promptness in respect to little courtesies. She may be inclined to regard them as trifles of little importance, but they may mean much. It is really important to write a note of thanks promptly for a gift or favor done. Delay may mean a note less spontaneously grateful in the first flush of enthusiasm. A belated "bread and butter" letter also comes with bad grace and gives her hostess just cause to think her guest unappreciative, to put it mildly.

Feast of the Children.

Once more the Christmas bells are ringing out their merry chimes, and their old familiar music thrills human hearts with happiness. It is the universal festival of all races, of all ages and conditions. But being the festival of the birth of the Christ-Child it accrues in an especial manner to children. Nay, if we honestly analyze our own thoughts and emotions, should not we adults confess that our Christmas joys are due to the rejuvenating of our

souls? We are children again, and we begin to understand in a new light the words of our Blessed Lord. "Unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Fitness in Xmas Presents.

Has it become true that we are perilously near to desecrating a beautiful custom—that Christmas gifts are a mere matter of exchange—a barter, carefully calculated? If it should be so, better that we give no gifts at all; for in our abstinence there were less transgression of the Christmas spirit.

THE TRUE IDEA.

Christmas gifts should be the expression of love and friendship. True love and friendship are instinct with delicacy and the sense of fitness. We don't give to "pay back," or "to get in with" those whom we love and honor. To some of the persons who have meant most in our lives we cannot offer costly gifts without offense. A book, a little bunch of flowers, a bit of our own handiwork—these mark the limit.

Why? Because these persons are immensely better circumstanced in a material way, and it would be foolish and vulgar for us to try to rival friends of their own condition in the matter of our token of grateful acknowledgment.

Yet, we may offer what will please them better intrinsically than gold or cut glass. We may think of a new and interesting book which has not yet come into their hands. A piece of our own handiwork, wrought out in our scant leisure, will mean much more to them than some



THE HOLY FAMILY.

useless, albeit beautiful object ten times duplicated, but expressing only the money we could not spare.

As regards the Christmas gift: It is not the cost, but the refinement and opportuneness, which make your offering welcome.

Motives of duty and family affection should lead one to make the largest outlay where there is the most need of it. There may be aged kindred, kind to you in your youth, but now fallen in fortune, on whom you could bestow without any lack of delicacy, practical gifts which would make the winter easier and pleasanter. That cut glass bowl, sent where it was only a troublesome superfluity, would have meant a month of comfort to a sad and lonely old relative.

DON'T SPOIL THE CHILDREN.

Let us be self-respectful, let us cultivate fitness and sense of proportion in our Christmas expenditures. Place to the children, of course, for Christmas is especially their day. But here, again, the gifts should not be of such high price and beauty that the prudent elders are fain to put them away till the little ones "are old enough to take care of them!" We agree with Jacob Rits, that the tendency to luxury and extravagance on every side is taking the rood out of the domestic celebration of Christmas. What a pity to see children with their fancies and whims so promptly and extensively gratified that they turn away, bored, from their superabundance of toys, ornaments and sweetmeats.—Katherine Conway.

The First Christmas.

Wint'ry Night has spread her mantle O'er a fair Judean town, On deserted streets and highways, Moon and stars look calmly down, Wealthy nobles, poor plebeians, Merry youths and grandsees old—All repose in peaceful slumber Sheltered from the bitter cold.

All, except some lowly shepherds, Men of simple moods and wills, Who, inured to cold and hardships, Watch their flocks upon the hills. Only these, and in a stable, Bleak and lonely, rude and bare, Two expectant humble strangers, Both absorbed in silent prayer.

Midnight steals upon the mountain, Lo, the shepherds start with fear What betides this radiant vision? What, this song divine they hear? Yes; these must be forms angelic Winging downward from the sky, And a thousand hosts are singing: "Glory be to God on high!"

Midnight lingers o'er the stable— Spouse mature and maiden mild Gaze with speechless admiration On a lowly, new-born Child, Myriad spirits hover round them Eager all that Babe to scan; For 'tis He Whom God has promised, Christ the Saviour born to man.

Sing, ye stars, a song of gladness; Echo, Earth, the blest refrain; Banish, fallen man, thy sadness, Let each heart repeat the strain, "Alleluia! Alleluia! Ever joyous be this morn, God hath sent our blest Redeemer, Christ is here, our Saviour's born." —Arthur Barry O'Neill.

"It Happened on Christmas."

496—Clovis, King of the Franks, having promised to embrace Christianity on condition of winning a certain battle, was baptized, with several thousands of his army, at Rheims.

800—Charlemagne was appointed pacific Emperor of the West, at St. Peter's Rome, amid great pomp.

1065—Westminster Abbey, London, was consecrated.

1066—William the Conqueror, in recognition of his victory over Harold, at the battle of Senlac, was crowned at Westminster.

1617—A great flood at Bremen caused the loss of several hundred lives and much property.

1620—Building of the first house in Plymouth, Massachusetts, was begun by the Pilgrims.

1642—Sir Isaac Newton, England's great mathematician, discoverer of the law of gravitation, was born.

1655—Charles XI, of Sweden, born.

1676—Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, died. It was he who sentenced John Bunyan for attending meetings of dissenters.

1683—Battle of Cracow, Poland, fought.

1684—it is remarkable that on this day eight British sovereigns were living: Richard Cromwell, Charles II., James II., William II., Queen Anne, Queen Mary II., George I., and George II.

1776—George Washington crossed the Delaware, marched nine miles in a severe snowstorm and attacked the British at Trenton.

1779—Nashville, Tennessee, founded.

1786—Shay's Rebellion broke out at Springfield, Massachusetts, headed by Daniel Shays, in bitter protest against the acts of the State Courts.

1821—Clara Barton, well known for her work in the Red Cross Society, was born.

1829—Patrick S. Gilmore, the musician and band-master was born.

1837—Battle of Okechobee, Florida, fought in the Seminole Indian War.

1863—The Union forces were defeated in a battle at Somerville, Tennessee.

1864—The battle of Fort Fisher, North Carolina, was won by Rear-Admiral Porter over General Whiting's forces.

1872—Jay Gould refunded nine million dollars' worth of securities to the Erie Railroad.

1888—Burning of the town of Marblehead, Massachusetts, with a loss of one million three hundred thousand dollars.

1893—An entire business block in San Francisco burned; two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' loss.

1894—Cliff House, San Francisco, California, burned.

A Prayer to the Christ Child.

Behold, ye season is again at hand; once more ye snows of winter lie upon all ye earth, and all Christmastide is arrayed to the holy feast. Presently shall ye star burn with exceeding brightness in ye east, ye sky shall be full of sweet music, ye angels shall descend to earth with singing, and ye bells—ye joyous Christmass bells—shall tell us of ye babe that was born in Bethlehem. Come to us now, O gentle Christchild, and walke among us people of ye earth; enwheel us round about with Thy protecting care; forfend all envious thoughts and evil deeds; teche Thou our hearts with the glory of Thy love, and quicken us to practices of peace, good will, and charity meet for Thy approval and acceptance.—Eugene Field.

Losing Our Christmas.

It is enough if we realize that riches, whatever their charm and their value, are not a panacea for the evil of life, that happiness depends on work, health, character, disposition, training, and a great many other things besides income, and that, so far as happiness is concerned, enough money, or somewhat less than enough, puts us in just about as good a case to achieve it as though we were rich. If in the chase after them lures us away from the fulfillment of our primary obligations to our Maker, our neighbor, and ourselves, we are certainly losers not less if, succeeding, we lose the Christmas out of our year, the Christmas spirit out of our lives.—Edwin S. Martin.

Funny Sayings.

A colored man died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate. "Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who opened the door. "Yassuh," she replied between sobs. "I want to see the remains." "I is de remains," she answered proudly.—Everybody's Magazine.

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water is needed with Surprise Soap. Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in. Child's Play of Wash Day. Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a trial the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.

AN UNUSUAL HONEYMOON.

The colored female cook of a family living at the South End came upstairs the other afternoon, and, twisting up the corners of her apron with considerable embarrassment, said to her mistress:

"You see, missus, I thought it might be bes' to be tellin' you dat I—dat I done get married las' week."

"Ah, indeed! And what is your name now, Hannah?"

"Mis' Williams, ma'am. You see my husband' he am a cook, too. He am what dey calls a sheft in a hotel."

"A chef, eh? That's very nice." "And do you expect to leave us directly, Hannah?"

"Not d'rectly, mum. I'll stay wid ye for the present. You see, my husband' he's done gone to New York an' Washington, on his honeymoon, an' it'll be high onto six weeks befo' he comes back."

VISITING DAY.

Mrs. A. was more shocked than amused when in reply to her question: "Who was at Sunday school this morning?" her 4-year-old daughter said: "Everybody but Jesus."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. A., "wherever did you get such an idea?"

"He was out visiting this morning," the little lady confidently said.

"Daughter," said Mrs. A., "who told you such a story?"

"Nobody didn't tell me, mother; but they just kept singing it over and over again, 'Jesus is calling. He's calling to-day.'—Success.

WHAT MAGGIE WROTE.

The geography class was asked to write what they knew about London, and Maggie Jones wrote: "The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

"Where did you get that idea?" asked the surprised teacher.

Triumphantly Maggie pointed to this paragraph: "The population of London is remarkably dense."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

The Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered. At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side.

"Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively. "That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that windmill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you don't lie still, way, I'll ship ye aback to old New Hampshire."

A MISTAKEN CURE.

"Jemmel!" yelled the composer. "Yes, dear," called back the gentle wife.

"Why in thunder don't you keep that kid quiet! What ails it?" "I can't think, dear. I'm singing one of your lullabies to the poor little darling."—Lippincott's Magazine.

He (nervously)—Er—er—Margaret—er—er—there's something has been trembling on my lips for the last two months.

She—Yes, so I see. Why didn't you shave it off?—Princeton Tiger.

SAVING THE WIND.

A highland athletic gathering was in full swing, and considerable interest centered in the chances of a local competitor who had entered for several events and confidently expected to win at least one of them. His first attempt was in the hardest of races, the quarter mile, and he was easily defeated.

"Donal, Donal," exclaimed a supporter reprovingly, "why are ye no rin faster?"

"Rin faster," echoed Donald, contemptuously, "an' me reservin' mesel' for the bagpipe competition."

CAREFUL TOMMY.

Tommy's mother had made him a present of a toy shovel and sent him out in the sand lot to play

ON SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY.

A gentleman travelling stopped at the house of a pious old woman, and, observing her fondness for a pet dog, ventured to ask the name of the animal.

"The good woman answered by saying that she called him 'Morrower.' "Is not that a strange name?" inquired the gentleman.

"Yes," said the pious lady; "but I thought it must be a good one, as I found it in the Bible."

"Found it in the Bible!" quoted the gentleman. "Pray, in what part of the Bible did you find it?"

"The old lady took down her Bible with the greatest reverence, and turning to the text, read as follows: 'Morrower, the dog came and licked his sores.'"

In the Footsteps of the Master.

There is an unpretentious parish priest over in New York State who has won our heart. He is rector of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament at New Rochelle, and his name is Rev. Thomas McLoughlin. Father McLoughlin—celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary in the priesthood a short time ago, and his parishioners and friends presented him with a purse of \$2500, as a token of their appreciation of his devotion to their welfare. Father McLoughlin accepted the gifts happily. He was deeply grateful to the donors and was visibly affected, while he thanked them from the bottom of his heart.

Under his pastoral care was a mission at the Port Slocum Recruiting Station, and it needed a chapel. The purse afforded him a means of applying it; hence his happiness; hence his gratitude. No thought of self, nothing in view but the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

Last Sunday he saw the little temple, that he had given to the Lord, dedicated, and who will say that He, who does not overlook a cup of water given in His Name, did not on that day bless with love and joy and contentment the heart of the humble pastor of New Rochelle? Of such is the true Priesthood of the Catholic Church, and, thank God! their number is legion. Catholic Telegraph.

A pleasant medicine for children is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, and there is nothing better for driving worms from the system.

Scores Appendix Operations.

"An operation for appendicitis should be called a criminal operation, and as such should be prohibited by law," declares Dr. Charles E. Page, one of Boston's best known physicians. "I have been following the records of appendicitis operations ever since the craze for appendectomy started," he says, "and I confidently believe that the day is coming when the people will finally realize that the cutting of the appendix is a criminal operation. As for the widely proclaimed benefits and saving of life by operations to cut the appendix, it seems hardly necessary to cite the long list of deaths following the operations. Only recently we have had striking instances. The surgeons cut off Gov. Johnson's appendix a year or so ago; they operated on him a second time, and on the third operation he fell a victim to mistaken modern theories. I have kept track of the appendectomy deaths for twenty years, and the list is appalling."

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

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OUT OF GRATEFUL HEARTS.

"Such a thing would not only be foolish, but positively ridiculous! To adopt an infant at your age! I gave you credit for more sense."

Miss Campbell, the president of St. Argenta's Society, an organization whose principal object was to look after and provide for neglected children, spoke with unusual warmth.

"And why? It is not a sin or a disgrace."

Such a show of spirit from Miss Gilbert made the president gasp in astonishment. She afterwards confided to another member of the society that she had known Hester Gilbert intimately for thirty years and thought she understood her, but since that day she had concluded she was as strange as the Sphinx.

"No—it's no disgrace," she admitted reluctantly, "but it is certainly an unusual proceeding. Your day of general usefulness will be over. Now, you can do for a dozen children. If you adopt one, your whole time will be occupied with that one."

"I never thought of it in that way, but it may be true. I can give it up, I suppose."

Her tone was so sorrowfully resigned that Miss Campbell relented a little. "How did you happen to think of such a thing?" she asked in a milder tone.

"The idea came to me the other night. If you like, I'll tell you about it."

Every member of the society was present at the meeting, for it was the week before Christmas, and every woman dropped her needle and turned to Miss Gilbert. Her face took on an expression of tenderness and her voice a new gentleness.

"You remember that family named Grady in Platt street, where the father drinks heavily and the mother goes out washing?"

"Yes,"—there was interest, at least, in the president's voice.

"Well, I was alone that evening, and feeling unusually downcast. I got those spells ever since sister Lucy died two years ago."

Mrs. Ellis, the lone widow in the society, laid a sympathetic hand on Miss Gilbert's arm.

"I had finished all the pin cushions and dressed the last of my dolls and I had read every story in the 'Gems of Fiction,' and the December number of Fanshawe's Magazine. This last a friend had lent me, and my attention was drawn to a marked passage in a very interesting story. I read it so often that I have it by heart. 'No ten,' it said, 'so fraught with mysterious sweetness as the wailing dusk of eventide, when mothers rock their babes to sleep. One by one, in the darkening firmament, the twinkling stars peep out and the soft radiance of the silver moon softens the hushed world. The prayers of innocence ascend to the throne of mercy and mingled with them are the petitions of hearts torn and grief-stricken. Could God be reached in any barren home, whose roof shelters not one of God's little innocents.' As I read, it came to me like a flesh, the barren desolation of my life. I had a home perfect in its appointments. Polish-wood floors and glistening windows were unmarked by thy footprint or were unmarked by thy footprint or chubby finger. The furniture and bric-a-brac had a beauty of arrangement impossible in a home

occupied by little ones, so dear to the Divine Heart that He made them our models and gathered them to His bosom. I felt an unutterable longing for clasping arms and clinging baby-kisses."

Miss Gilbert shook her head. "No, I have no literary gifts and no desire to pose. I cannot help it if I dream by night and long by day. I hope the Grady baby will live to grow-up—I can send him to college and make him my heir."

"Perhaps he will be like his father," said Miss Willard maliciously.

"I don't believe in heredity," said Miss Gilbert, with a little smile of unconscious superiority. "It's an exploded theory. Training and environment are the things that count nowadays."

"There's one consolation"—sometimes there was venom in Miss Willard's stinging retorts—"in all probability you'll never live to know how he does turn out, or how he spends the fortune you will so generously bequeath him."

"Order!" called Miss Campbell, sharply. "We have already digressed unparadoxically long. Let us finish these articles and then make the final arrangements for the distribution of the Christmas gifts."

That night, tired but sleepless, Miss Gilbert sat down to read a letter from a distant friend of girlhood days. It contained a clipping from a letter written to his mother by her friend's son, who was a rising young physician. Among other things he said:

"What ministering angels are mothers—even the most ordinary among them. They are never called heroines, but daily they brave dangers from which a strong man would shrink. I never appreciated you before, mother, and I never can repay you before, mother, and I never can repay you. How faithfully you have performed woman's most exalted mission! You have nursed and reared, and lost, with love, patience and resignation. No wonder mothers inspire a halo on the artist's canvas, and tip the poet's pen with flame."

For some time Miss Gilbert sat with bowed head, deep in thought. Then she said aloud:

"I'll do it. I'll ask her to give me the baby. Perhaps he will learn to love me, even as this young man loves his mother."

The next night she had her answer. She sat in a dejected attitude and the tears fell on the penciled scrawl.

"God bless and reward you, madam, for your tender heart and kind offer. I've five others, but I can't part with my own flesh and blood. But I tell you this: I'm not over strong and my heart is weak, and the doctor says, 'If anything should happen to me and the family's broke up, you can have my little Bob.'"

"God bless the poor woman and spare her to her helpless family," said Miss Gilbert, through her falling tears. "I shall add the whole six to my Christmas list and the mother, too. If I can't be a mother I can be at least a guardian angel to the Grady baby!"

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"You quite carried us away, Miss Gilbert," said Miss Willard, who had literary aspirations—and a jealous disposition. "Perhaps you are that mysterious 'Lenore Lennox' who contributes to the 'Monitor' those touching articles on 'Maternity' and the 'Sublime Mission of Motherhood.'"

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

AN even numbered section of Domi-
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age to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending home-
steader.

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

- (1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for,
the requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
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W. W. CORY,
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—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1909

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

To all a Merry Christmas, To all a Bright New Year, To all the smile of Jesus, With comfort, blessing, cheer!

With each recurring Christmas, it is a duty and a pleasure for the True Witness to express its thanks to its friends and readers, and to wish them an abundance of God's choicest blessings.

May the Kingdom of Christ be extended to the uttermost bounds of the earth, and may all the hearts that should be His, be given back to Him!

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS.

"O, to have dwelt in Bethlehem, When the star of the Lord shone bright! To have sheltered the holy wanderers On that blessed Christmas night; To have kissed the tender, way-worn feet Of the Mother undefiled, And with reverent wonder and deep delight, To have tended the Holy Child!"

Christmas is again with us! Christmas! What memories surge at the word! Again, even if in spirit, we stand in our old home, where once a mother stood, with brothers and sisters proud of their presents, and the father's heart rejoiced as he smilingly looked on!

There is every reason to believe that Archbishop Bruchesi is a particularly severe critic. In fact, in the present instance he would seem to have passed the bounds of a justifiable severity.

"With hearts truly grateful, Come all ye faithful, To Jesus, to Jesus, in Bethlehem. See Christ your Saviour, Heaven's greatest favor, Let's hasten to adore Him, Our God and King!"

How the old words ring in our ears! The Little Infant lying in a manger, and Mary, His Mother, with kindly Joseph, His foster-father, there at his side, while the angels of Eden sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace to men of good will."

But Christmas has its lessons, too—lessons of poverty, humility, self-abnegation. A God become man for the sake of His creatures! In the depths of our conscience we feel that God must experience the deepest sorrow for and sympathy with us in our earthly misfortunes.

"Hail, holy cave, tho' dark thou be The world is lighted up from thee! Hail, Holy Babe, Creation stands, And moves upon Thy little hands!"

"AN ANCIENT PRAYER!"

We have all heard of the medicine that is guaranteed to make hair grow on even a skating rink, or nearly so; but that does not beat the "Ancient Prayer" some good folks are receiving.

"O good Jesus, I implore Thee to bless all mankind. Keep us by Thy Precious Blood. Take us to dwell with Thee."

The prayer in itself is all right, but what follows it, on the papers sent around, is ridiculous. Here it is: "This was sent by a friend. Copy it, and see what will happen. It is said that he (or she?) who writes this prayer nine times, commencing on the day he (or she?) received it, experience some great joy on the ninth day; and he (or she?) who will not, will meet with some great misfortune. It is said, in Jerusalem, (by Barabbas, perhaps) that he (or she?) who writes this prayer (but does not say it?), will be delivered from all ailments (lunacy included?). Don't break this chain (of straw?). Make a wish (that the author of the prayer were in jail or the asylum), while writing it, and don't fail (to make a fool of yourself), to write to nine friends (like the man who stole your hat) one each day. Do not sign your name."

Let us remark that:

- (1) Only a fool or a knave started the chain; (2) Only a fool or a knave takes the chain seriously; (3) It does not seem intended for women folk; (4) There are fools enough left to take the conditions seriously; (5) The one who started it did not sign his name for very plain reasons; (6) The singer of "come-all-ye's" is its legitimate friend; the hangman is the author's; (7) It is simply a blasphemy; (8) Those who copy it have seldom said a decent prayer in their lives; (9) Denounce all senders, if you know them, to the Board of Health; (10) It is as well to send it to anybody.

STRANGE LOGIC INDEED!

A gentleman known as the dramatic editor of the anti-Catholic Toronto Saturday Night has come to the conclusion that His Grace our Archbishop was too severe on the Academie Theatre. Let us hear what the histrionic Solomon has to say (for himself). Here it is: "There is every reason to believe that Archbishop Bruchesi is a particularly severe critic. In fact, in the present instance he would seem to have passed the bounds of a justifiable severity."

"In the first place, Archbishop Bruchesi must base his judgments almost entirely on hearsay. His ecclesiastical position makes it impossible for him to go to the theatre himself. He cannot even send his clerical assistants, but must depend on the judgment of laymen as to the actual performance. Of course, he can always get the books of the various plays. This, however, is not a particularly safe way to judge a production, and no better instance of this could be given than the present case. According to the statements of the management of the theatre and of independent witnesses, who are in a position to judge, the French plays put on at the Academie have been very carefully pruned, with a view to this very same severity of criticism. But it seems that these precautions were insufficient. At any rate they have quite evidently failed to satisfy the Catholic Archbishop. At this distance it is, of course, rather difficult to judge of the merits of the case; but at the same time it seems to me rather unfortunate that the French theatre of Montreal should be under an absolute censorship whose means of forming a judgment are so very inadequate."

There you are! What judgment, ye gods! To say the least, the gentleman must have a very exalted idea of the ecclesiastical mind, since the testimony of hundreds of scandalized laymen will not suffice, coupled with the fact that the others who do not complain are, in nine-tenths of the cases, proof against further inoculation.

What stupendous cheek, too! The Archbishop, the whole Catholic and many of the non-Catholic clergy with all the other decent citizens of Montreal on one side, and the Toronto dramatic critic on the other! If arguments such as his could prevail we should be forced to close our courts and jails. The judge would be obliged to act as policeman, arrest all the prisoners, personally visit all the haunts of vice in the city, and then refuse to examine any witnesses. In other words, the dramatic critic has sworn away the very principle of the British court and its justice.

When the Archbishop denounced the Academie, he acted as would the best judge in the land, and only a man in Toronto, and on the Saturday Night staff, could say the contrary. Of course, our critic appeals to the impartial evidence of the theatre management. Does he not know that a murderer is not supposed to plead his guilt. True, he speaks of independent witnesses, but of them the less said the better. We should not want them with us if the police were around. He admits it is hard "at this distance (in Toronto) to judge of the merits of the case." We believe him, and especially when it is a question of Catholic life in Montreal. As bad as Toronto is we had thought it held a first class critic of drama and literature, but what must we think of a critic who reasons as our friend does. We have never come across better.

Toronto people like to boast of their exceeding great holiness (save the mark!), and yet an Archbishop cannot condemn filthy theatricals without incurring their displeasure! Is that it? If Toronto wants sin on the stage, it is welcome to it. But, then, we must not forget that our Archbishop has been honored by adverse criticism in the Saturday Night more than once. Mud-slingers must aim their efforts against one of Canada's shining lights, and yet they have never been able to say a word that could bring the crimson to an honest man's cheek. People accustomed to rule religion for themselves cannot understand that Christ should have commissioned pastors to lead and save the flock. While Toronto will be looking for another critic of the drama, Montrealers will continue to subtract their patronage from agencies bent on ruining their souls and bodies.

JEWISH CONSISTENCY.

Orthodox Judaism has again condemned the American reform of Jewry, and has repudiated the authority of the "Conference of American Rabbis." Matters affecting Judaism as a whole—declare our orthodox friends—can be legislated upon only by an assembly which fulfills the requirements indicated in Holy Writ, that is to say, "elders" (Num. xi., 16) "able men, God-fearing men, men of truth, hating profit" (Exod., xviii., 21), "wise men, men of understanding, men of ascertained reputation;" (Deut. I., 13) Or, to state this in present day Rabbinical parlance, the members of a rabbinical conference must be men who, by virtue of earnest and sincere piety in the traditional and historical sense, are intellectually and spiritually qualified to interpret and expound the law for universal Jewry. Nor can even a conference qualified to act, such as the above described, abrogate the commandment of God in the Old Testament, or any practice enjoined by divine precept. Such questions as the transference of the Sabbath to Sunday or the intermarriage of Jews with people of other religious standards cannot even be taken up for consideration.

"We regret," say our Orthodox friends, "that the vote of the recent conference of American Reform Rabbis against intermarriage was so feeble that it may be misinterpreted, and that the resolution as adopted was so inadequately worded as to be almost equivocal. Marriage with persons of other faiths is prohibited to the believing Hebrew by the Bible and religious codes. The motive is the simple one of protecting the religious and spiritual integrity of our people, which must inevitably be destroyed by intermarriage with those of alien faith. Intermarriage is religious suicide. Rabbis surely cannot debate permissibility of suicide."

We have never felt a strong call to the Synagogue, but we like consistency for all that. Whenever we hear the leaders of another religion speak as the representatives of Orthodox Judaism do, we cannot help admiring their sincerity. Then, again, the Jewish rabbis are men of sense, learning and judgment. They take no delight in posing for the comic columns of the dailies, as so many preachers do. A synagogue is meant for prayer and religious service. When we remember Jerusalem, and especially during Holy Week; when we think of its hills and valleys, of its gardens and streets, everything reminds us of Christ. In Jerusalem itself everything bears the mark of the curse with which that hapless city has been stricken; yet even in the midst of its darkness, it can never cease to be the city of the soul. Hence we are not surprised with the efforts being made by the leaders of the Zionist movement.

Wordsworth, in a foreword explanatory of his poem, "The Jewish Family," speaks as follows: "Cole-ridge, my daughter, and I, in 1828, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine, principally under the hospitable roof of Mr. Aders, of Gotesburg, but two days of the time we spent at St. Goar in rambles among the neighboring valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavored to make them appear. We had taken a little dinner with us in a basket, and invited them to partake of it, which the mother refused to do, both for herself and children, saying it was with them a fast day, adding diffidently, that whether such observations were right or wrong, she felt it her duty to keep them strictly."

We once saw two little Orthodox Jewish boys refuse to eat food forbidden by the Law of Israel. They were surrounded at table by Catholic priests and laymen, who conscientiously provided an abundance of food for the boys that their law permits them to take. We all admired the boys just as Wordsworth admired "The Jewish Family" on the Rhine. We could never admire, preachers, however, who claim their religion is thoroughly Scriptural, the pure Gospel, and yet who never preach a sermon without denying the truth and the worth of some portion of Holy Writ. We can understand Jewish logic, but not the claims of infidelistic heresy, or heresy of any kind. We cannot understand a sect calling itself Christ's religion, yet willing to unite with another of divergent creed. We cannot admire churches that permit and sanction the remarriage of divorcees, and that fail to look after the consistent religious training of the young. In fact, we cannot see how a man with common sense is willing to swear by a part of the Revelation and reject the rest. We can, however, understand why there are so many unchurched folks in the United States. The preacher is as plain as daylight. Preachers by the hundreds who preach infidelity in so-called Christian pulpits, who deny the inspiration of Holy Writ, will have the audacity to tell you they are ministers of the Gospel; but "think," says Gladstone, "think of twelve agnostics, or twelve pantheists, or twelve materialists setting out from modern Jerusalem to do the work of the twelve Apostles." We know what learned Orthodox Rabbis think of the Reformation. They have no use for the Reformed Jews among themselves, and they have too much brains not to be able to read Church history at all. Half the heretical professors of theology and Scripture could not make an act of faith with more fervor than Tom Payne. We must prefer Rev. Jasper Johnson, Deacon of a colored Baptist Church in Texas. He, at least, is true to his creed.

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"THE FOREIGNER." BY RALPH CONNOR.

We have been asked what we think of Ralph Connor's latest book, "The Foreigner," and, as our opinion will not move either earth or sky, we are glad to state just what we think of the book.

Ralph Connor's English we like, and, although his stories are, by no means, the kind we most like, yet we must say they are among the few that really fascinate us. Above and beyond stands Stevenson, stands Scott, stands Kirby, even, in realms undreamt of by Ralph Connor; nor is the good and clever Presbyterian minister a master of situations. There is a lot of the unmercifully misanthropic to his situations, and a deal of glorious haphazard to his plots. And these observations are true of "The Foreigner," by no means even his own best book.

But we must not forget that "The Foreigner" is a didactic story. It quietly insinuates all an evangelical minister can do in the way of civilizing the Galicians, Russians, Poles, etc., in Saskatchewan. "Mr. Brown" the "Charlie-on-the-spot" non-proselytizing proselytizer, is pictured as the one providentially sent to rescue the Galicians from the barbarous doctrines of Purgatory and Confession. "Mr. Brown" as Ralph Connor describes him, was never meant for a missionary; he seemingly proves a better hand at squaring a deal for a coal mine. His work is, as we intimated, especially aimed at making evangelicals (?) out of Greek Catholics, and others; while the only clerical representative of the Greek Church he can find is a Polish priest of unclean and ungodly life. True, a French missionary priest turns up for a half a page, but the Polish failure is seemingly meant to represent both the Greek and the Latin churches. Ralph Connor will be blest in some circles.

Of course any hero of any account eventually falls under "Mr. Brown's" spiritual sway. Reading of the good proselytizer, one would be apt to forget that it was by the likes of him that Saskatchewan was cursed and civilized, and not by the Oblates. But "Mr. Brown" is present just at the time when trade proves promising and railroads a fact. In that our author is true to life. But the Oblates were there long before, and especially when needed in 1855. "Father Garneau," whose connection with the "Garneau" ranch is not explained, saves the church in the half of a page, and yet he is rescued through a pervert's generosity and lodged in "Mr. Brown's" hospital. How sweet are the deeds of charity! What hymn shall we sing? No. 23?

"Mrs. Fitzpatrick's" general good behavior is not questioned, but at "Michael Kalmar's" trial she is made to play the part of a fool. Evidently all Ralph Connor knows about the true Irish character is summed up in his pseudonym. We once heard a Vermont Yankee lead copy the speech and gestures of an Irishwoman, at a Fourth of July concert for the natives of a mountain village in his state, and, as an appallingly ridiculous as he made himself, he made us laugh, at least! We cannot say the same of "Mrs. Fitzpatrick." First of all, Mr. Connor, the Irish never call a girl a "scut." That name is for a good-for-nothing upstart among young men. The "Polish priest" comes in handy when doctrines of the Church must be scoffed at and ridiculed. "The only church they know has bled them dry, and they fear and hate the very name of church." This "Mr. Brown" says to a friend, talking of the Galicians and other Slavs in the story, many of whom turn out to appear as belonging to the Church. And "Mrs. Fitzpatrick" is made swear by the saints, just as Silas Corcoran, of Bird Centre, N.H., would have her swear. Did Ralph Connor consult

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Silas?

The whole story, in its honest, unostentatious grandeur, is, in our eyes, something like the expanded account of a story a Baptist deacon once told us. The man's yarn really made us cry, and it would certainly have touched the heart of a wheelbarrow. We had never thought any part of Saskatchewan could have contained such a group of novel-characters at a given time. Happily, unlike the people in Shakespeare, they will not live. We do not know what our Anglican friends will think of their Bishop on page 201, in the eleventh chapter. But, then, they must remember that, not the Oblates, with some Anglican ministers, have done the big work in Saskatchewan. No; it is "Mr. Brown" and those of his school, who, with trade, follow the flag. The "Polish priest" was small and dark and dirty, even if he did have "Eagle River running through the country." "Brown" does not bleed the Galicians; the "Polish priest" does. "Brown" is sure of his money; it is voted by the officers of the Mission Fund. However, if Ralph Connor means to speak of personages like the Rev. George Atlas, the man who ran away with the Presbyterians' money, and if Atlas is supposed to be typified by the "Polish priest," then we shall not prove too critical.

Ralph Connor has written a lot about cowboys and bronchos. We wonder if he would know a Texas ranger if he saw one. Then if the Church had to depend on such missionaries as "Mr. Brown" we should hate to have to prove that the promise made to St. Peter holds good. We know that the good ladies of the sewing circle will fall in love with "Mr. Brown's" heroism, but we are glad we are represented by the Oblates and other good priests in the Northwest. The story, however, will in no sense help our Presbyterian proselytizers. It is the last straw, but there is lead in it.

The daily papers have informed us that Kilmannhan Jail, the historic earth-hell in which so many famous men suffered martyrdom, is closed this year. This is a result of a decision, say the dailies, of the general prison board, made necessary because there were not in Dublin or the neighboring counties criminals enough to keep the staff employed. Crime, they add, in the ordinary sense of the word, is practically unknown in Ireland. Is that why "T. S. B." of the Star, deems it interesting news to let us know each time a cat is hanged without a jury (or with a packed one)?

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Echoes and Remarks.

How often do you pray before the crib?

We hope our readers will call on our advertisers. When you do call, please tell them you saw it in the True Witness. Every little helps.

A late renegade with the honest and honest name of Charles Blake Murphy was cremated the other day. Freemasons, of course, were in charge.

Two or three very brilliant contributors are going to appear regularly in our columns. We are certainly being encouraged by the support we are getting from sources we value and appreciate.

Whatever Ralph Connor's value as a novelist, may be, he is, we think, a firm believer in miracles, or ought to be, seeing how wonderfully he has his heroes and heroines turn up unexpectedly, in "The Forger."

How can our good Anglican friends call their church Catholic, or universal. Is it not necessarily English? Did the American revolution not prove what we say? Imagine the Germans submitting to the Establishment! Anglicanism is the reverse of Catholicism.

In answer to a correspondent as to whether we believe Protestants are sincere, we must leave the question to our Eternal Judge. We have known hundreds of good Protestants, and should be much surprised to hear they were or are not sincere. "Judge not and you shall not be judged."

Protestantism, as a system, we know to be wrong. There is only one true Church. But our good Protestant friends are not willing to admit we are right. Let us hope they will never judge our Church by bad Catholics. We honestly warn them to beware of leaving their purse within reach of "sugar-coated" Catholics.

It is really surprising to see how easily the first-come may impose upon many, very many, of our non-Catholic friends. The first scamp or scoundrel the Church throws overboard has just to tell lies about us and our clergy, when he is hard up for money, and his pockets are filled. We hate to think the money is spent just for the sake of hearing the Church calumniated. Anglicans, in the vast majority, are above low tactics.

The English Saturday Review—not the Toronto Saturday Night—has taken sides with the Bishops of France against the sink-schools of Briand, Combes, and Clemenceau. We wonder what that coward, former President Loubet, thinks of his ugly work now. Honest men, such as those responsible for the Saturday Review, have no use for either villains of presidential nullities of the kind we Catholics denounce. The Saturday Night is their friend, and they are welcome to the honor.

Mr. A. T. Richards in yesterday's Gazette asks permission to suggest to another correspondent of the same paper (a Jew) that Christianity has added something to Judaism; that this addition is found in the Sacrament of the Eucharist, in which divine life is imparted to every partaker who has made due preparation by prayer and fasting. We would also ask permission to suggest that he make a good confession to a duly authorized priest in order to free his soul from mortal sin, even that of heresy.

"The day of song," says Sir Bernard Bourke, "like the day of so

many other things that once made the charm of life, has gone by; and the poet's verse was too light and tinkling a sound to be heard amidst the clang of hammers employed in fashioning steam engines." Our civilization is giving us Anarchists, "Dreadnoughts," "Suffragettes", jails and penitentiaries, trusts and combines, more false religions, immoral universities, "White Slave Traffic"; while art and literature must thrive on the past, or starve.

"Cremation," remarks Father Phelan, "has been declared anti-Christian by the highest court of Austria. Cremation is the 'Finis' closing the book of an irreligious and materialistic life. The decision is based on the ground that it is opposed to the Christian ideal of burial. Cremation implies a public profession of irreligion and materialism. Its first partisans were the Freemasons of Italy. Four years ago there were ninety cremations in Europe. The United States is credited with three of these plants." Our own Montreal crematory is anything but a success. We have not enough atheists in Montreal as yet. Our modern pagans believe in it, and that is only natural.

Notwithstanding the fact that T. P. O'Connor has declared himself in favor of Mr. Asquith's utterances as to self-government for Ireland, the usual quota of cranks have had to voice their displeasure with "Tay Pay" and John Redmond. One would think such people as the cranks in question knew as much as the first word about British politics, to hear them talk. We prefer, however, to be guided by the Nationalists; while all the other cranks, with the Seinfers ("Shim-Faners") are good for is to keep up the glorious work of Dublin Castle, by playing the goat of the goat on the plank. We know what their like did in O'Connell's day, and while Parnell did his best, we know how the deodand, in-glorious ilk tried to ruin John Redmond; we know what spies, informers, and sassenachs have cost us; we know how the Castle pennies were spent, and we know what the fomenters of discord and disunion are trying to do now. We know what the enemies of the Land League were like, and how little John Redmond's critics have been willing to contribute for Ireland's cause. We are heartily sick of them, heartily sick of the foolish anti-Redmondite organs, and of all the "Shim-Faners" from the Atlantic to the Pacific and in Ireland.

THE COMING CONTEST.

Our much esteemed contemporary, the New Freeman may always be relied upon for its thorough interest in the cause of Ireland's national freedom. Dealing with the "Coming Contest" in Great Britain and Ireland, our St. John exchange says editorially: "In view of the approaching holidays of Christmas and New Year, we convey our most hearty greetings and best wishes to Ireland, and especially do we express a sincere wish that ere long the noble, century-long contest for Home Rule, shall be crowned by the obtaining of a National Parliament for College Green, Dublin. We trust, indeed that in the forthcoming political struggles, Ireland in all its eighty Nationalist strongholds shall stand as one man—a united Ireland. The present party, led by Mr. John Redmond, is the official National party. The Irish in the United States realize this. Although the men composing the party can compare very favorably with anybody of statesmen in the world, yet it is not chiefly a matter of men, but of measures, not of persons but of principles, and for this reason the Irish Americans have deliberately decided to support the present official Irish party by giving a pronounced support to their delegate, Mr. T. P. O'Connor. Every sincere patriot and every real patriot will

realize the need of absolute unity, while crossing the stream, or rather the torrent of such an election as England, Ireland and Scotland are now preparing for. It is a psychological moment in Ireland's political history, and if unhappy faction feeling could be now introduced by the Unionist or others the result would prove a political disaster. Messrs. Lloyd-George and Winston Churchill have the supreme merit of knowing their own minds, and if duly supported by the Irish they will be strong enough to do right towards the Nationalists, in spite of the Radical and Nonconformist wing of the Party.

The friends of Ireland in Canada of all nationalities know from experience the advantages and the necessities of a Home Rule Government and for that they sympathize with the peaceful but determined agitation which Mr. Redmond's party has made for so many years towards the obtaining of a Home Rule Parliament for Dublin, such as Canada has at Ottawa. This ambition of Irish Nationalists seems to Canadians and Australians, a just and moderate proposition. Because of all this it would seem a political tragedy if political schemers could in any way weaken the Liberal and National forces in Ireland at such a time. Not for seven hundred years has it been more necessary for Ireland to speak, and act, and vote as one man than it will be in the coming election. Mr. Lloyd-George said the other day of the Unionists: "We have them at last." Yes, and Ireland—cheated, betrayed, depopulated, Ireland persecuted and plundered, Ireland oppressed politically and religiously for unnumbered years, will from its eighty Liberal citadels ring out a stern approval of the Chancellor's war-cry: "We have them at last." This election will recall the memories of every Liberal statesman, from Gratton and O'Connell, to Gladstone. The present struggle will be as great as any in the history of the British Isles, and Irishmen everywhere hope that Home Rule may be one result for Ireland."

JUDGE CANNON'S REPORT.

If ever a Royal Commissioner has faithfully done his duty he could not do it more fully and faithfully than has Judge Cannon, in investigating corruption in Montreal civic life, and in reporting what he found wrong. His report is, indeed, no testimonial of merit awarded us and our city. It is plain that highwaymen have acted with authority over us all, and thousands of dollars have been either squandered, plundered, or misappropriated. We were fast asleep, and had things gone on our very jail might have been bartered for unjust gain.

The daily papers have told us, and are still telling us, enough, and, alas! too truthfully! Every honest citizen of Montreal should feel ashamed and indignant at what we have all so long tolerated. We have not had the common courage of trying to save our purse from the desperado; on the contrary, we have praised and pampered him. Have we had enough corruption? Are we, at length, convinced that the Star, La Patrie, the Herald, La Nationaliste, La Croix, the Witness and other papers were right in denouncing corruption in high places? Are we going to start life anew in February, or are we agreed to pay taxes, and get only half our money's worth in return? Have we not had more than we want of plunder and mischief? Yes! Yes! The coming civic elections shall, we feel sure, set all things right. Montreal and its citizens are not sworn to the duty of fattening the purses of thieves. But, while we blame, let us praise the faithful adherents of whom the Star says:

"In the present City Council are a number of faithful servants. There are men there to-day who have rendered honest and honorable service to their constituents in the face of difficulties which may have been imagined, but could hardly be realized, until the investigation was held. The electors, even those who have neglected to keep track of civic affairs, will have no difficulty in distinguishing between the faithful and the unfaithful; the innocent and the guilty. The records of the votes in the Council and its Committees are indelible. An old proverb tells us that 'Birds of a feather flock together,' and another one reminds us that 'Men are known by the company they keep.' 'The present aldermen must stand or fall by the division lists they have helped to make!'"

WHY CATHOLIC AUTHORS FAIL.

Father Talbot Smith, by his paper in the Syracuse St. John's Quarterly, has awakened interest in the question of Catholic authorship. Agnes Repplier and Louise Imogen Guiney have gently dealt with Father Smith's paper, in criticisms contributed to the November issue of the Catholic World. It will interest Father Smith, Miss Repplier, Miss Guiney and sundry others to learn that, while we relished their contributions, we decided (in our wisdom, unasked and unbidden) to give a few reasons why Catholic authors are not so successful as they might be, and why Catholic publishers must not be made suffer

more than they are entitled to suffer. And to the point:

(a) The general Catholic reader, like his non-Catholic friend, wants trash, not literature. A good serious book proves a bore.

(b) Our libraries are few and far between, and the few we have are filled with two-penny nothings.

(c) The publishers are continually polishing old wares. These they sell, and, in consequence, they do not try to sell the others.

(d) The books bought for distribution, and premiums to deserving scholars, are, for the three quarters, from non-Catholic authors, and are often not worth a plate of porridge.

(e) Catholic books are not sufficiently advertised in our own Catholic papers.

(f) If our Catholic teachers did not lend the help they are lending things would be ten times worse. But they can only do their share.

(g) Our Catholic publishing houses have too many favorite writers that even the serious Catholic reader does not want. Pets must be set aside when they do not please.

(h) Our young men are not taught to read Catholic books. Literature lessons ought to be practical.

(i) Young men leaving school could not, as a rule, name you three Catholic authors of the day without naming Nick Carter as the fourth.

(j) Our Catholic books cost too much, especially is this true of the poorer ones.

(k) In teaching the History of Literature, little mention is made of current Catholic books and living authors, although the boy must learn in what year Caedmon dreamed and William O'Brien visited America.

(l) Most of our histories of literature are simply catalogues of names and dates. The French are leagues ahead of us.

(m) Some of our publishing houses have not changed their catalogues since the "Year of the Big Wind."

(n) The kind of books kept in some libraries is enough to discourage a reader for all time. He imagines all Catholic books are like the cheap stuff he comes across, and so decides to unlearn his English and good manners by reading Mark Twain.

(o) Anti-Catholic authors are lauded to the skies in the daily papers. Parents subscribe for these, while no Catholic paper enters the household, or no Catholic magazine, such as the Ave Maria, with their list of good books.

(p) Most of the books are bought for the sake of the eminent printer.

(q) Ask yourself why Robert Louis Stevenson was successful in the end, and you will understand why so many writers fail.

(r) The last thing our Catholic societies think of establishing is a reading circle. Their libraries, if they have any, are small, and "A Trip Through Arkansas on a Slow Train" is one of the most popular volumes.

(s) We are no worse off than our Protestant neighbors, however. Yet they manage to sell their books, even those dealing with death-bed conversions.

(t) There is no serious movement among us to encourage the sale of Catholic books.

(u) We expect Catholic lecturers, for instance, to work for nothing.

(v) A Catholic paper is not wanted by many unless it discusses ward politics.

(w) Our Catholic societies do not try to advertise Catholic authors, by means of pamphlets and catalogues.

(x) There is a lack of love for culture.

(y) Catholic publishing houses lack vim and initiative.

(z) The last book nine-tenths of us want to buy is one that will make us better men or women. Now, this criticism is offered in the best of faith, and we are very thankful to Father Smith, who, with his well-known moral courage, has awakened us all to our duty. Necessarily, some will not agree with all we say. We know that, but cannot help it. It is time we should remember that scores of young men are being lost through bad books, who, with their love of reading, could be saved through the instrumentality of good Catholic books. Our authors are doing well. We are holding our own in the English-speaking world, when all things are considered, and as far as good authors are concerned, there is a gold mine awaiting the Catholic publisher who is able to cast aside worn-out methods and work along lines suited to the mentality of the day and the hour.

Christmas Gifts

are always appreciated but infinitely more so when they consist of an article for personal use such as FOOTWEAR. We would suggest a handsome pair of Boots Shoes, Slipper, Rubbers, Overshoes, Gaiters, Leggings, Moccasins or Shoe Trees. These we have in the very best quality, and at prices which you will admit are most reasonable, should you favour us with a visit.

RONAYNE BROS.

485 Notre-Dame St. West

Chabollez Square.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE AND THE I. C. R.

Periodically some Englishman comes to Canada, spends two weeks here being entertained at clubs, and then ventures an opinion on our country and ourselves. The interview they give the journalists is generally made up of words spoken between two glasses of somebody's "special." We do not wish to insinuate that it was under such circumstances that Lord Northcliffe criticized the I.C.R. and its management a little while ago, and we do not care how, when, or where he spoke. We are pleased with our government, and are sure the men responsible for its working are doing their best to please the people. When Lord Northcliffe is speaking to Canadians, he ought to know he is not dealing with the readers of the Times. The following from a contemporary we thoroughly relish and endorse:

"The recent attack on the Intercolonial made by Lord Northcliffe, and the wide publicity given his statements by Upper Canadian papers, has caused many patrons of the I. C. R. to rally to its defence in a spirited manner that is causing the management a good deal of satisfaction. Letters from prominent business men who have travelled extensively, are being received daily, these being expressions of appreciation of the train service generally and particularly of that given between Montreal, St. John and Halifax by Canada's famous train, the Maritime Express. These letters are written in many instances by men who have travelled on nearly every railroad on this continent, and who, therefore, have a keen appreciation of the comforts that tend to render pleasant a long journey by rail. Their opinions are likely to be more widely appreciated than those of Lord Northcliffe, whose unreasonable criticism has aroused so much comment. It is quite evident the Intercolonial has still many firm friends left to it, and among them those who patronize it most and know it best."

FAITHFUL WORK.

We all know what faithful work the Ancient Order and the Knights of Columbus are doing in several big cities of the United States. We understand, as well, how successfully the Knights strive and labor in St. Louis, Mo., for instance; and now we are gratified to learn that, in Green Bay, Wisconsin, the Knights of Columbus have compiled and published a Catholic reading list comprising 1150 books. The catalogue is drafted with a view to guiding Catholics in the selection of books in the public library. The Knights in New Haven, and Milwaukee have published similar lists and found the experiment of immense value. Handbooks of Catholic literature do not abound in Catholic homes, and the reading lists carefully prepared and placed in general circulation should be welcomed by those who need direction in the choice of books.

Now, there is the kind of work we like to see our Catholic societies do. Unfortunately, here in Montreal, there is too much apathy. All is not done when the evening is spent smoking and talking. Our own Catholic societies are made up of as good men and women as any other city may boast of, but we are behind in enterprise and achievement. The Catholic press in Canada receives next to no support from the Catholic societies, but the same is far from being true of the United States. When a society is sincerely Catholic, it takes a working interest in the efforts that all Catholics are making for the extension of God's Kingdom.

"THE TRAGEDY OF GROSSE-ISLE."

The Quebec Daily Telegraph rightly claims that its book, "The Tragedy of Grosse Ile," should be in every Irishman's home. No more suitable present could we send one of our kinsmen or kinswomen than the self-same book. The Daily Telegraph has always fought, loyally and courageously for Irishmen's rights, the world over; and there is no clearer daily in the world than

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Save the Bags for Premiums.

Application to the Legislature.

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

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

is Quebec's favorite paper. It is a pity, too, that more Quebecers abroad do not subscribe for it. We should not want to do without it. No other paper has done for the story of the victims of Grosse-Ile what the Telegraph has done. Irishmen are renowned for their generosity, and we should appreciate a good and lasting turn. Mr. J. A. Jordan wrote the book. That is guarantee sufficient. Mr. Frank Carrel was the presiding genius in the endeavor. What other proof do we want? As we said some time ago, we hope the Telegraph will be obliged to print several editions of Mr. Jordan's book. It sells: Paper cover, \$1.00; cloth, \$1.50. Edition de-luxe, \$3.00. Address: Daily Telegraph, Buede street, Quebec, P.Q.

NEVER TOO LATE!
The True Witness honestly and sincerely felicitates Constable John Collins over his promotion to the rank of sergeant on the city force, and hopes this is only the second of a series of steps to still higher position and emolument. All citizens, French and English-speaking, Catholic and Protestant, know Mr. Collins, and know him, and of him, very favorably. He has always done his duty in a marked way, and all our papers have often paid him the tribute of their esteem and commendation. If Montreal had three hundred officers like Mr. Collins we should hardly need a Recorder's Court. We are glad, too, to be able to say that he is one of our faithful friends, having subscribed for the True Witness for years.

The tenants on the Logan Ellis estate recently received another offer from the landlord to sell on somewhat reduced terms from what he previously proposed. The terms now offered are for first term tenants 66 2/3 reduction in the 2, and second term tenants 48 2/3, interest at 3 1/2 per cent. pending sanction of advances. All arrears are to be wiped off and the current year's debt paid down. The tenants on portion of the estate in Carleton Place district, which is inferior to other parts, are willing to buy at 56 and 75 reduction in the 2 respectively.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



An Ambush For Santa.

Now I dess am doing to see him, I think mamma is mean when she ses dat old Santy Claus by yittle girls ain't seen. She dust has put my nightgown on an' brought me up to bed, and sed, "Now, Dolly, do to sleep." Yes, ma'am, dat's what she sed.

She sed, "Look at your bruvver and see how nice he sleep." Him's a yazy 'liddle fellow—huh he tan't walk, he treeps; but when I slaps him when I'm mad, mama ses, "Dolly's bold." Him only tamed around last year, and I is 4 years old.

I dest trept down de parlor stairs to find a place to hide, but, doodness, dracious, I detlare de door was open wide, and mama she looks up at me and den she snakes her head.

My dracious, she was awful mad, so I ran back to bed.

But it's deatin' to see dat Santy Claus, I'll keep awake all night. No, ma'am, I will not lose my eyes, I'll keep dem open tight. Well, I went and went to sleep, what will I do, Oh, dear!

Now I tan't see dat Santy Claus till Tris'mas tums next year.

Bobby's Christmas.

It was Christmas eve. All day the sky had been overcast with snow clouds and now the flakes were beginning to fall fine and fast, promising a good old-fashioned snow-storm and a veritable "white Christmas." From early morn until night the streets had been thronged with happy shoppers, hurrying to and fro, each one intent upon reaching his or her own particular destination. Shop windows were ablaze with lights, and one could see the busy salespeople rushing hither and thither, while the customers jostled one another in their eagerness to be waited upon.

In front of one of the windows stood a boy about 12 years of age, poorly but neatly dressed, gazing with a longing and admiration at the tempting goods displayed and wishing that he, too, and Rose and Teddy, could all have a "Merry Christmas" on the morrow. For some time past things had looked pretty dark for Bobby and his family, with no bright or definite outlook for the future. Poor little fellow! How he had thought and planned, hoped and trusted—aye implicitly trusted in his yome heart that something would eventually turn up and he would be able to welcome the morrow with a glad "Merry Christmas."

Now the Christmas had come and in comfortable circumstances, but alas! the unfortunate chance which sometimes comes to follow in the train of these things, and which often brings comfort and relief, there stood

with hardly a doubt of a permanent one—ay, with all delicate forethought and kindness advanced him a week's salary. You see your father had acquainted him with a few facts relating to our present circumstances, so please God, our troubles are over."

A happier boy than Bobby it would have been hard to find that Christmas eve, when everything looked so dark, and he knelt by his bed in all the simplicity and innocence of childhood, he thanked God for the many blessings He had showered upon them, and for the Merry Christmas they would have on the morrow. And methinks his dreams were sweet that night of the wondrous joys that awaited them, and of a Saviour born in Bethlehem far away!

Now, friends, what does this story teach us? It proves as it has proven many times before the truth of those old-time adages, "All is darkest before dawn," and "To every cloud there's a silver lining." So ought we always put our faith in God, then shall we find the "silver lining" just as patient Bobby did.

Christmas Catechism.

When was Christ born? About 4000 years after the creation of the world, in the second year of the reign of the Emperor Augustus.

Why do priests say three Masses on Christmas Day? To indicate the three-fold birth of Christ, our Lord, according to the distinction of the two natures, and also of the graces which He confers on us.

Of which birth does the first Mass remind us? It reminds us of His divine birth from His Heavenly Father, according to His divine nature.

The second Mass? Of the temporal birth of Christ of the Virgin Mary according to His human nature.

The third? Of the spiritual birth of Christ in the hearts of Christians by His sacraments and grace.

Why does the Church have Mass at midnight on Christmas Day? First—To indicate that the eternal birth of Christ is, for us, hidden in mystery; second, because Christ was born at midnight; third, to indicate that those who lived under the laws of nature were as yet walking in spiritual darkness.

Why is the second Mass celebrated early in the morning at the break of day? First—To indicate that those who lived under the law of Moses, like the shepherds to whom the birth of Christ was announced, did not have as clear a knowledge of God as we have; second, because the shepherds came about dawn to Bethlehem to adore the new-born Christ.

Why is the third Mass celebrated at broad daylight? To indicate first, that the birth of Christ has given us the broad light of the knowledge of God; so-

cond, that the spiritual birth of Christ takes place under the influence of His enlightening grace.

Why does the priest kneel at the altar at the high Mass on Christmas Day when the "Et Incarnatus est" is sung? Because the article of the creed (credo) contained in the "Et Incarnatus est" refers to Christmas day in particular, on which day we commemorate the fact that "Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of the Father, and born from the Father before all eternity, God from God, Light from Light, true God from true God, begotten, and not made, of like substance with the Father, by whom all things were made," and that this Son of God on our account and for our salvation descended from heaven and He became incarnate (was born)—from the Virgin Mary—and was made man."—Tablet, Brooklyn.

Their Best Christmas.

Guy could not reconcile himself to it at all, but Ruth had great faith in her mother's capabilities to provide a "good time," so when Mrs. Lee said "Don't worry. I promise you that you shall not have a lonely Christmas," she was pretty well satisfied.

As the days flew by the children thought many things very mysterious, but then, is there not always an air of mystery hanging about the house during the last few weeks before Christmas? Great bundles and all sorts of queer, knobby packages in all kinds of places. Many, many trips to the city, father coming into the house through the cellar and mother spending all day in town and then waking up from the barn without a thing to show for it.

Christmas eve and the smell of turkey, plum pudding, cranberry sauce and all sorts of good things to eat filled the old farm kitchen.

Christmas morning they all went to Mass. The snow lay deep and the sun shone upon it until it sparkled like diamonds. The sleigh bells made merry music and the air was just keen and cold enough to make one feel good.

"What a grand day! The ice is just first-class for skating," cried Guy, who was in great spirits. "I wish it could be Christmas all the time."

"But, mother," said Ruth, who was a very thoughtful, earnest little lady for one of her age, "don't you know it makes me feel very sad when I think of all these poor children who don't have a Christmas? I'm sure the turkey will not taste so good when we think of so many with nothing but dry bread and perhaps not enough of that to satisfy their hunger. And how can Guy and I get any pleasure out of our great Christmas tree when we know of so many children who will not have a single present? You know the priest said there were children who had never, in all their lives, known what a visit from Santa Claus was. But I can hardly believe that, can you, mother?"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid it's all true. But you must not let such thoughts spoil your day. Father and I would feel very sorry if we thought you were not having a merry Christmas, but you need not forget what you heard this morning, and next Christmas, when you are buying presents, you can do something towards making it happy for some of those poor little ones."

The children wondered where their father had gone, in the big sleigh. They could get no satisfactory information from their mother and Guy was getting worried for fear he would not be back in time for dinner.

When they heard the bells ring to the window and were nearly speechless with surprise, for the long sleigh was completely filled with children. There was no time to ask questions, for dinner was ready but Guy counted nine boys and nine girls when they were seated at table.

Of course, dinner lasted quite a time when there was so much to eat; so very many good things.

As the twins looked around they found they knew all their guests. They were went to school, in fact, a few were school-mates.

They were poor; very poor. One could have told that by looking at them, although they were all clean and neat as new pins.

They felt a little bashful at first, but Mrs. Lee talked so pleasantly to them that all shyness soon wore off, and when she left them with the twins in the sitting room, after dinner, they made rapid progress in getting better acquainted.

All of a sudden the great folding doors were thrown open and there stood the Christmas tree. What a sight! Reaching almost to the ceiling, lit from top to bottom and laden with gifts. "Isn't it grand!" "O, how lovely!" "I never saw such a sight," exclaimed the little ones. As for Ruth and Guy, they really seemed as surprised and delighted as if they had never had a Christmas tree before and hadn't expected one then. But when the tree came down to shed its fruit the joy was too deep for words. For each girl there was a lovely, large doll, beautifully dressed, and for each boy a fine chest of tools. Then there were many useful things and each one seemed to get just what would have been selected if the choice had been offered.

Such a nice, warm frock for Jennie Farwell, all ready to wear, and a pair of stout shoes for her brother, Charlie, and with skates strapped on too!

Then there was a sled for Johnnie

Murray. His mother took in washing, and Johnnie's eyes sparkled as he thought how he would dash through the snow when he had his heavy basket tied on that sled.

Willie Lester, who was so anxious to keep up his schooling, but who never could get enough clothes to make a decent appearance, had a whole suit, overcoat, cap, shoes and all, and the tears fairly rolled down his face when he saw them.

I couldn't tell of all the beautiful and useful presents that were taken off that tree. Of course, Ruth and Guy had ever so many, for all the older children had remembered the folks at home and sent pretty gifts, as they were not able to bring them. But pleased as were the twins with every present they received, I really believe that the presents the other children received pleased them still more, or rather, seeing the other children's joy at their good fortune.

It would have been hard to have found a happier lot of little folks than Mr. Lee drove to their homes that night. They all had hot coffee and plum cake before they left and each carried a little basket full of candy, fruit and nuts for those at home.

"Well, does my little daughter feel better satisfied now?" asked Mrs. Lee as the sounds of the sleigh bells died away.

"O, mother, it was lovely! Just lovely! How did you keep it so quiet? And how in the world did you find out so well just what each one needed and would like?"

"One can do a great deal in six weeks when one tries. It has kept me pretty busy, but next year I shall have a little helper, I feel sure," answered Mrs. Lee, with a smile at her happy-faced daughter.

"You may feel sure of two helpers, mother," said Guy, "for this is the very best Christmas I have ever had."

Offer Your Protest.

Never read an insult to your faith an assault upon Christian virtue, an aspersion of your honor as a servant of Christ, without at once sending a letter, or at least, a postcard to the publisher, insisting that he has wronged you and humanity and God, says the Missionary. This is a small price to pay for your indulgence in the pleasure of reading. If you will not pay it, perhaps you will later have to pay the price of losing your faith and your soul. But if you do protest, if only all the Catholics in America protested, doubtless this would purchase the redemption of our age. The press is our master, our slave, our most intimate associate, our liberator, our despot, our enjoyment, our punishment. It is very likely to prove our ruin. But through the persevering expression of righteous wrath on the part of enlightened Catholics it can become our salvation.

New Papal Knight.

The Archbishop of Melbourne has publicly conferred in his cathedral the insignia of the Order of St. Gregory upon the Hon. John Gavan Duffy. The new Papal Knight is, of course, a son of that best known of Irish-Australians, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy—a name remembered in stony political history in connection with the Nation newspaper and the '44 movement, and then, by a strange translation, in the Imperial history of thirty years later as that of a Colonial Prime Minister. It was as private secretary to his father during his Premiership of Victoria that Mr. John Gavan Duffy (like his brother a Stonyhurst boy) gained his own first insight into public life. His subsequent record includes the office of Postmaster-General in two Victorian Governments, and that of Minister of Lands and Agriculture in another and to-day he is senior among Victorian representatives sent to the Federal Council of Australia before the days of the Commonwealth.

Orders in Germany.

Germany, like America and England, is tolerant of religion in any shape, so long as it threatens no political danger. While France interdicts the monastic orders, confiscates their buildings, closes their churches, seizes their lands and endowments, they find a warm home in other lands. England and America are dotted with the monasteries that once flourished in France, and the last number of the "Kirchliches Handbuch," published by the Society of Jesus, shows how from 1909 to 1909 the number of these houses has multiplied in Prussia. The Roman Catholics in Prussia number about 18,050,000, and at the beginning of 1908 they had 2043 convents with 29,746 monks and nuns. No less than 70 new religious houses were instituted in the nine months beginning with April, 1908, and the returns record, at this date, 2113 houses and 30,823 occupants. Of course a political significance is given to these facts by the political parties in the Reichstag, as the Croix (Paris) remarks:

"These figures, which have relative importance, do not give much pleasure to the gentlemen of the Liberal Left. The German radicals, who bitterly complain of a Roman invasion." However, this increase in the religious orders keeps them awake, and the Liberal journals have not omitted to cry out against the "black peril."—Literary Digest.

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A Trip to Alaska.

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

Caught Cold By Working In Water.

A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

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THURSDAY, DEC 28, 1909

Book

New Year's resolutions and duties, and the sorrow which would make possible gifts.

It was Francis wrote: "Grief is a city, the sorrow which is as painful as its proportion, its reputation to another die into a thimble into Etana; both not the angels were not angels at them?" And sent writer's anecdote as true to read (right) and most genuine piece.

We have not of a tale of school sure as "The Book by R. P. Garro Evans, price 25c, brightly interesting painting, the tale a Catholic College other exaltations History Society. The interest of the fortunes mates of this Belgian here, verson, Blossington, more select of the self-styled "the (at first passive very active, "gang" which included the less of the school. These two part consequences, instances of the d were no small feat, a excellent fight, and much boyish up to a happy is pathos blend a whole book le one's lost boyhood education is no and study; boys finish one another in every school of every school singtons and Me. A story to del young and old!

From the same volume of different of the Faith" (Bede Camm, who lish martyrs were phazise. His licted to making, der known, an enthusiasm glows he has written, consists of confes good nuns of Pe the Blessed Sacrament stands only the site of Tybu hourly prayer is of England.

"Aid the land th Which feels the curse

Ye died if so yo In six chapter studies of the s tyrdoms of the s roes of the six teenth century Martyrs of Assis the footsteps of realized the me Friars Rich and rest, Father Her Bell, to mention next chapter vcription of the p mation on the p

"When God was man's mouth. Stolen was the and drouth. Went to and fro; Struck root the jall."

Reading these p dreadful misery a upon the poor o national apoetasy St. Paul of the England! Let u It is now fifty 3 Prayed constan sion. Will God back to the Pa and leave the re were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

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THE BOOKLOVER'S CORNER

Book Notes.

New Year's brings with it many duties, and the younger ones will be looking forward for their annual presents. We wish in a few paragraphs to suggest some recent books which would make suitable and seasonal gifts.

It was Francis Thompson who wrote: "Grief is a matter of relativity; the sorrow should be estimated by its proportion to the sorrower; a grief is as painful to one as an amputation to another. Pour a puddle into a thimble, or an Atlantic into Etana; both thimble and mountain overflow. Adult fools! would not the angels smile at our griefs, were not angels too wise to smile at them?" And that is the present writer's excuse for his love of fairy stories and school tales, which can be as true to life (if we only read aright) and as realistic as the most genuine piece of biography.

We have not for a long time read a tale of school life with such pleasure as "The Boys of St. Batt's," by R. P. Garrod (Macdonald & Evans, price 2s 6d). Full of brightly interest and able character painting, the tale has its setting at a Catholic College, which among other excellences boasted a Natural History Society, and a menagerie. The interest of the story depends on the fortunes of one of the inmates of this last—Pygmalion, a Belgian hare, whose proud possessor, Blessington, was leader of the more select of the St. Batt's boys, self-styled the "Set." In opposition (at first passive and in the end very active, to these was the "gang" which (duo McGinley) included the less pretentious spirits of the school. The rivalry between these two parties led to serious consequences, in which the circumstances of the demise of Pygmalion were no small factor; there's an excellent fight, an exciting escapade and much happy fun, which all leads up to a boyish issue. Humor and pathos blend admirably, and the whole book leaves a regret for one's lost boyhood. We regret for education is not merely of books and study; boys help to form and finish one another's character, and in every school we have our Blessingtons and McGinleys.

A story to delight and teach both young and old!

From the same publishers comes a volume of different interest—"Heroes of the Faith" (price 2s.) by Dom Bede Camm, whose love of the English martyrs we need not here emphasize. His life-efforts seem directed to making their stories wider known, and his own sparkling enthusiasm glows on every page that he has written. The present book consists of conferences given to the good nuns of Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, whose convent stands only a few yards from the site of Tyburn Tree, and whose hourly prayer is for the conversion of England.

"Aid the land that smote you, now! Which feels the sentence and the curse Ye died if so ye might reverse." In six chapters we have eloquent studies of the sufferings and martyrdoms of the great Catholic heroes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—the Seraph Martyrs of Assisi, who followed in the footsteps of their founder and realized the meaning of perfect joy. Friars Rich and Risby, John Forest, Father Heath and Arthur Bell, to mention but a few. In the next chapter we have a vivid description of the effects of the Reformation on the people at large:

"When God was stolen from out man's mouth, Stolen was the bread; then hunger and drouth Went to and fro; began the wall Struck root the poor-house and the jail."

Reading these pages, one sees what dreadful misery and evil was brought upon the poor of England by the national apostasy, and can cry with the national apostasy, "O England, England! Let us pray for England. It is now fifty years since I have prayed constantly for her conversion. Will God one day bring her back to the Faith? Let us pray and leave the rest to God."

England indeed was in those days a Magdalen bowing the loss of her Lord, but were there no angels to cheer her, to announce a gospel of Hope? There were indeed, and these Angels of the Second Spring were the gallant sons of St. Ignatius, Alexander Bryant, Edmund Campion, Fathers Southwell and Arrowsmith, "the purple dynasty, the anointed Kings of Tyburn Tree," the harbingers of approaching dawn, the promise of the day! Then there are our heroes of the Faith also, sweet Margaret O'Herogue, crushed to death at York, Margaret Ward and Anne Lyme, all three of whom suffered for having "received a prophet in the name of a prophet."

Lastly, Dom Camm tells us the story of Archbishop Plunket, Primate of Ireland, the last of the martyrs of Tyburn, who "administered confirmations to thousands in the woods and mountains heedless of winds and rain. A great soul and one of whom Irishmen may well be proud." With him was brought

POET'S CORNER

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

When we read o'er the story Of the first Christmas morn, When Christ the King of Glory, A little Child was born, Do we not often wonder how Nature hailed the Child, When entering to his temporal realm the King, yet Babe most mild!

Do we wonder if the stormy wind His storms of Life foretold, His brutal death upon the Cross, Do we wonder in the rain did fall, As did his tears for such So many who ne'er thank of him, who did for them so much?

Maybe that when the God did come The fields were white with snow, Immaculate like the Queen of Heaven Mother of all below Or perhaps, when the sweetest Mary Mother of God—our Queen Into the world did give the Child, the earth was bright and green.

Perhaps the fields were covered With flowers of color gay, Fair prophets sweetly telling Our night was turned to day. However was the weather, our God did surely come And gave us through his Sacred Heart, a life beyond the tomb.

Then, enter with the Shepherds, Upon this Christmas morn, And with the Wise Men from afar, Praise, Christ, the God,—New-Born, And praise his Gertle Mother, who for out sake doth give, Her Infant Son unto this world, that we through Him may live.

December 20, 1909. A. A. G.

CHRISTMAS TREASURES.

I court my treasures o'er with care: A little toy that baby knew, A little sock of faded hue, A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this Christmas time My little one, my all to me, Sat robed in white upon my knee, And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head, If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?" I said.

And then he named the little toy, While in his honest, mournful eyes There came a look of sweet surprise That spoke his quiet, trustful joy.

And as he lipped his evening prayer, He asked the boon with childish grace, Then, toddling to the chimney-place, He hung his little stocking there.

That night, as the lengthening shadows crept, I saw the white-winged angels come With heavenly music to our home, And kiss my darling as he slept.

They must have heard the baby prayer, For in the morn, with smiling face, He toddled to the chimney-place, And found the little treasure there.

They came again one Christmas Tide That angel host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air, A watching for my baby boy.

But if again that angel train And golden head come back to me To bear me to eternity, My watching will not be in vain. —Lugene Field.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him that day— 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away!

I promised him a world of toys If he would only stay— Sure, heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play.

But you would know the smile of him Among a thousand more; His smile will make all else seem dim When you call him "Asthore."

Sure, you will know him by his eyes, That are so sweet and blue, And deep and clear and very wise— They read the heart of you. His hair is golden as the sun; His curls they are so quaint They mind you of the halo on An angel or a saint.

I promised him a splendid tree, With candles, all aglow, Oh, Mary Mother, you can see 'Twas me that loved him so. And surely, surely you will see My boy so sweet and slim— His eyes are hungering for me As my eyes are for him.

Mary Mother, be good to him; Be kind to him that day, 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away. W. D. N.

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The Infant Saviour's Crib.

It Is Still Preserved In a Church In Rome.

The Basilica of St. Mary Major, at Rome, is one of the most celebrated shrines in the world. It is most-renewed because of the miracle of the snow, which is annually commemorated on the day of the founding of the Basilica by a pontifical high mass in Borghese Chapel, when at the offertory showers of snowy rose leaves are scattered from the dome on the marble floor beneath, until this is covered with a fragrant summer snowfall, pure and spotless as the miraculous snow by whose means Our Lady vouchsafed to designate the site for her church on that burning August day of A. D. 352, and thus the Basilica came by its beautiful title of "Our Lady of the Snow."

In after times this church was added to and improved, and it was entirely rebuilt in the fifth century by Pope Sixtus III in commemoration of the Council of Ephesus. Century after century various Pontiffs have enriched the grand basilica with expensive works of art for all that fairest in art was brought to the age of the "Renaissance" to place the costliest gems of decoration in its crown in the shape of the two splendid chapels, the "Dor-gnese," and the "Sistine," which rise in stately beauty on either side of the apse.

Again, even the people who are not much given to churchgoing at other times turn out at Santa Maria Maggiore; and all through Christmas afternoon the stately basilica re-echoes to the glad strains of music and the steady hum and ceaseless movement of a great crowd, coming and going, passing and repassing, looking at the church and listening to the vesper music; but one and all pausing to say a few prayers in the quiet chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where enclosed by the iron gates from the throng outside the Prisoner of Love is with us truly in His royal state. It is one of the most characteristic and thoroughly cosmopolitan crowds in Rome, that in Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, and all classes of society are represented, rich and poor, gentle and simple; prince and peasant, side by side; stangers from afar-off lands, near country people in Roman costume; priests and prelates, friars and soldiers—literally "all sorts and conditions of men," and our native land is represented in the throng.

Inside, the church has the form of a true basilica, in its most pure and severe forms of architectural beauty, and the sensation of perfect harmony is the one which strikes the eye most on entering it; a marvelous thing as one realizes its proportions as the largest Church of our Lady in the World. It certainly has not such glowing, triumphant beauty, such floods of light and such splendor of sparkling marbles as the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. John Lateran and St. Paul Outside the Walls, but it possesses a solemnly rich magnificence of its own, and the faith and glories of the past seem to linger in those solemn precincts, where the grand mosaics of the walls testify to the great antiquity of the shrine. By reason of the light it is a good thing to visit Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, for the sombre gloom of its aisles is relieved by candles and electricity.

Here is preserved the great relic of Bethlehem, the crib or manger of our Infant Saviour; this is why the good Romans flock in crowds to pay their devotions to the hallowed shrine which speaks to them so eloquently of the Divine Infant, for nearer to Bethlehem they can not be than kneeling beside the wood of the manger which gave its rough shelter to the tender body of the Son of God in the pitiless cold of that first Christmas midnight. Touchingly beautiful is the association, that in the largest church in the world, dedicated to our Blessed Mother, the relics of the crib of her Divine Child should be preserved; and our hearts turn with loving devotion to the spot where Mother and Son are alike honored in that beautiful human life which binds the Babe of Bethlehem so near to our poor nature.

The church is situated in one of the highest parts of Rome, in a fine "piazza" or square, with a beautiful column before it, crowned by an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin, which seems to be watching over the city and the basilica so specially dedicated to her honor.

Corns cause much suffering, but Holloway's Corn Cure offers a speedy, sure and satisfactory relief.

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Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes: "I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble, medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me."

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Let the children drink all they want. Healthful, nutritious, delightful. Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical.

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For Asthma and Catarrh.—It is one of the chief recommendations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that it can be used internally with as much success as it can outwardly. Sufferers from asthma and catarrh will find that the Oil, when used according to directions will give immediate relief. Many sufferers from these ailments have found relief in the oil and have given testimonials.

Three Million Copies Of This Almanac.

Keep a Diary in One of Them for \$200.00 in Gold.

Three million copies of Dr. A. W. Chase's Calendar Almanac for 1410 are now being sent out through Canada and the United States. The editor's aim has always been to make of this book a useful, instructive home companion. This year with enormous expense, they have realized their ideal and compiled the most remarkable book of its kind ever published.

A. W. Chase, the respected old physician, is perhaps better known as the famous receipt book author, in which he condensed for the benefit of humanity a life study of the human system. His most successful prescriptions are performing wonderful cures and are in such constant and great demand that The Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Company have their hands full to meet it. These remedies have stood the test of over fifty years and are still triumphantly marching over the heads of all imitations and substitutes, proving themselves absolutely alone on the highest pinnacle of success.

The diary contest for \$200 in gold is again a feature in this issue of the almanac. In past years thousands of the doctor's followers have availed themselves of this golden opportunity. By so doing they have kept an accurate record of their daily life, which is invaluable to them. In fact they request the return of same.

If you do not receive a copy of this almanac, the publishers, Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, will mail you one post-paid on receipt of your name and address.

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Mrs. Fred. Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, was pale and thin; every one thought I was going into consumption. I tried everything and different doctors until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve. I used six bottles. I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine."

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Light Cold Working Water.

Tickling Sensation The Throat.

At Pheen, Chignecto Mines, In Oct., 1908, I caught a cold in water, and had a sore throat, and that distressing condition in my throat so I went to bed at night, and my lungs were so sore I had to give up work. I tried medicine but it did not do a thing. I bought a bottle of Dr. Wood's Cough Syrup and by the time I had used it I was entirely well. I was recommending it to my friends.

Dr. Wood's Cough Syrup containing the virtues of the most powerful and soothing medicines of the world, and is absolutely harmless and safe for the cure of Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Tightness in the Chest, and Lung Troubles. It is sold by all druggists. Ask for it and get what you ask for. It is in a neat wrapper, three pine boxes, and the price is only by The T. Milburn Co., Montreal, Ont.

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A Christmas Agreement

"My dear, there's nothing in it." It was two weeks before Christmas. Dimpleton, sitting in his armchair after dinner, read the Christmas list that his wife had handed him.

membrane—only about five dollars' worth. "So did I." "And I gave the cook five dollars."

Local and Diocesan News.

REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN'S LECTURE.—Owing to great pressure on our columns this week we were obliged to hold over until next week the lecture on the "Study of Irish Music," delivered by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, in St. Ann's Hall on Tuesday evening.

INTERESTING CEREMONY.—On Sunday evening last a very large congregation assisted at the blessing of the new way of the Cross at St. Michael's Church. These stations, which are a most valuable work, are the gift of Mrs. Douglas, a parishioner. Father Dunstan, O. F. M., was the preacher of the occasion.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—The annual election of officers of St. Lawrence Court, No. 263, C. O. F., was held in Monument National Hall on Monday, Dec. 13th, and resulted in the following officers being elected, all unanimously: Chief Ranger, Bro. M. J. Cavanagh; Past Chief Ranger, Bro. M. M. J. Flanagan; Vice Chief Ranger, Bro. B. Bennett; Recording Secretary, Bro. T. W. Maguire; Financial Secretary, Bro. A. F. Demay; Treasurer, Bro. G. A. F. Demay; Orator, Bro. F. F. Rummens; Trustees, Bros. Flynn, O'Brien and Glennen; Auditors, Bros. Rummens, Flynn and O'Brien.

After elections a pleasant game of euchre was played with the members of St. Patrick's Court, No. 95, which brought to a close a very enjoyable evening for both courts.

C. O. F. HOLDS EUCHRE.—On Friday evening, December 17th, St. John's Court, No. 1423, Catholic Order of Foresters held a very successful stag euchre in their hall, corner of St. Lawrence and St. Louis streets.

The prizes were very fine turkeys, being quite appropriate for this time of year. After a few remarks by Fr. Monaghan, ex pro Court Dir. W. J. Cherry Pres. Pro. Court Dir., and Bro. M. J. O'Brien, the game commenced and at the end of 12 hotly contested but best humored games the winners were as follows, in the order named: L. Roe, D. Edmonson, Hagerson, J. Courchene, W. J. McAdams and E. Hoolaghan. There were 30 tables playing and every one thoroughly enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.—Dear Rev. Father, I have been instructed by Div. No. 2, B. of E., to forward you the following resolution passed at our last regular meeting.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the beloved father of our highly esteemed and revered pastor, the Rev. Father Kiernan;

Therefore be it resolved, That we, the members of Div. No. 2, A. O. H., do hereby tender our deep, sincere and heartfelt sympathy to the Rev. Father Kiernan, his rev. sister and relatives, realizing that by the death of their deeply lamented father, the Church has lost on earth a devoted and zealous son, the city a valued and trusted citizen and those who knew him, one who had endeared himself to everyone he came in contact with during the course of his long and honorable career.

Resolved, That a copy of this resolution be sent to the Rev. Father Kiernan, P. P., St. Michael's, The True Witness, and also spread in the Minute Book. W. D. BURNS, Rec. Sec. Div. No. 2, A. O. H., B. of E.

Christmas and New Year. Special Train Service.

The Canadian Pacific will run special trains between Montreal and Calumet and St. Agathe on Friday, December 24 and 31st, leaving Place Viger at 3.30 p.m. for St. Agathe and 5.15 p.m. for Calumet. Returning trains will leave St. Agathe at 6.30 p.m., and arrive in Montreal at 9.30 p.m., and Calumet at 7.20 p.m. and arrive at Montreal, Place Viger Station, at 9.50 p.m., on Sundays, December 26th and January 2nd, 1910, stopping at intermediate stations.

For Frost Bites and Chills.—Chills come from undue exposure to stush and cold and frost bites from the icy winds of winter. In the treatment of either there is no better preparation than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, as it counteracts the inflammation and relieves the pain. The action of the oil is instantaneous and its application is extremely simple.

There is a claim being put forward on behalf of Barcelona, as the birthplace of St. Patrick by no less an authority than the Very Rev. Dr. O'Brien, Vicar-General of Dublin. He has published a treatise advancing the theory.

The Kindness of a Priest.

(A True Story.)

It was the noble Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, who said: "Like the waves of the ocean, ever forming, ever breaking, on the sandy shore, this principle of Christian charity, once divinely set in motion, never afterward knows rest or ending." Now, there is charity and charity, just as there is teaching and teaching. There is the kind that does its good work, and then refuses to tell the world of its doing, and the kind that sounds its own salsome notes of praise. There is the sweet angelic charity of the gentle Sister at the bedside of the sick; and the Pharisaic, self-interested of the benefactor "with an axe to grind." Father B.—is not a millionaire; yet his is the tender, mellowed heart of a priest; his was the deed of genuine neighbor-love and veritable soul-kindness. In fact, his is an Irish-Canadian love—and there is the key!

It happened Christmas, only three or four years ago—not in the imagination of a writer of legends, but truly and really in a city of Ontario. The hero is still alive, hale and hearty, an exceedingly zealous pastor of souls. But it was not he that told us the story; nor did his housekeeper, as gentle an old woman as she is, God bless her!

The winter, that year, had begun with fury, and many a poor home had already felt its cruel bite. While many, the very many, rejoiced in warm, well-lighted, comfortable homes, others, alas! suffered, yet blessed the will of God. Christmas day had come; indeed, the day was half spent. It was at the noon-hour, and the priest was very tired. The whole previous day he had been employed in the sacred works of the ministry—hearing confessions, visiting the sick, seeing his darling school children, cheering the ill-favored of earthly fortune. He had read the three Masses of the day of days, had preached twice to his parishioners; had broken the bread of eternal salvation with them; had met hundreds of them, with a fatherly word for each, perhaps more fatherly in the case of the wayward, cheering the burdened with sorrow, and urging the luckier unto thankfulness to God.

Christmas carols, centuries older than religious upheavals, had been sung, and old men and young, and pure little girls, with their good mothers and chaste sisters, had knelt before the crib of Bethlehem's Holy Babe. In many a warm and gorgeous home, the favored of fortune were in rapture over their choice of presents, and richly clad children were climbing the knees of wealthy grandfathers, the while softening strains of gentle music filled the household, to the obligato of light-hearted chat and laughter.

Ah! but not far from the parish church, in a poor, if neat, old dwelling, lived a God-fearing, God-loving aged Irishman, sick and palsied; and yet, as is the wont of our Irish kind and kin, mindful of God, even in trial, of God Whose only Son had not a stone whereupon to lay His adorable head; blessing the name of his Maker, like Holy Job, though he wanted and suffered; with no other earthly helper but his venerable old wife, and nothing but the scantiest for a meal of the holiday. And yet could they have spoken to you and to me, dear reader, in the words of Jesus: "O ye of little faith!"

The Church bells were now pealing forth their joyous notes upon the air, while chattering voices at the church door spoke but mirth and pleasure and freedom from care. Father B. had met his parishioners, and although he smiled and sang a snatch of Christmas song, his heart was elsewhere, by the old fire-side, at the sick-bed of his faithful, if poor, old Irish friend and admirer. The priest's heart! The priest's heart!

But dinner was ready in the presbytery; a well-roasted turkey, the gift of a friend, lay upon the table inviting the carving knife—and the priest, after the long fast and the hard work. Now, Father B. is not of those who live to eat; he took the knife, cut the turkey in two, rolling the lion's share in a napkin; and, before his housekeeper—it was safer, perhaps!—could grasp through the back door, hurriedly crossing the lawn at the side of the house, and was soon in the sick man's dwelling with his Christmas box. Having placed that "better half" of his turkey upon a plate on the kitchen table, he wished his true old Irish friends a Merry Christmas, speaking words of soothing consolation to the poor old couple, while tears stole from his frank, big eyes. The priest is another Christ! It was as Jesus in the days of His flesh.

The Christmas Stocking

How dear to this heart is the stocking of childhood when fond recollection presents it to view! On Christmas St. Nick came from frost whitened wildwood with every loved toy which my infancy knew. The wide spreading chimney, the shed which stood by it, a horse and some books—I remember them all—a doll for my sister, and baby house nigh it, and then the full stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking the bountiful stocking the Christmas morn stocking which hung the wall! The well stuffed envelope I hailed as a treasure as early that morning I opened my eyes and found there the source of an exquisite pleasure, the purest and sweetest that nature supplies. How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing and back to my white sheeted bed went with all, then soon, with the emblems of love overflowing, was happy in what to my lot did befall—the Santa Claus stocking, the generous stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! How sweet through its round open top to explore it as poised on my knee it inclined to my view! Not a hot, tempting break-frost could make me ignore it for longer at most than a minute or two. And now, far removed from the loved situation, the tear of regret will intrusively fall as fancy reverts to my youth's habitation and sighs o'er the stocking which hung on the wall—the Santa Claus stocking, the plethoric stocking, the Christmas morn stocking which hung on the wall! But grown people find there's a later sensation as grateful as any they felt long ago. It comes when they witness the glad exultation which on Christmas morning their own offspring show. And now, dear old Santa Claus, let me petition your favour for children, both large ones and small. Bring all the bright hopes to the fullest fruition that rest in each stocking which hangs on the wall—the wealthy child's stocking, the poor urchin's stocking; yes, fill every stocking which hangs on the wall!



There, we should judge, was charity. Were the world made up of men like that good shepherd of souls, would it be so dreary an exile? For us the best: "Go thou and do likewise." Christmas will soon be here. Let us remember some poor sick sufferer we know, when thinking over the presents we are going to make. Let us not be like the people Sydney Smith describes as "ever ready enough to act the part of the Good Samaritan, without being disposed to provide the wine and the twopenny." We are Christians; ours to follow in the blood-stained footsteps of our sweet Saviour!

(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY. A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbance of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood. In these ailments Parnee's Vegetable Pills have been found most effective, abating the fever and subduing the ague in a few days. There are many who are subject to these distressing disturbances and to these there is no better preparation procurable as a means of relief.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

The wheels of industry will be stilled to-day. A thousand mills will be as silent as the star above the Bethlehem manger. The workmen will be by their own firesides, rejoicing in fellowship of domestic love. Industry halts before the manger and listens to carols from the consoling lips. Labor lays down its tools takes up the song and forgets the hum and crash of mighty machinery. Wealth bends with a gift for the needy and a word of cheer for the lowly. Nations forget their animosities and "Battle flags are furled in the parliaments of man, the federation of the world."

It is not science that brings humanity together to-day. It is not the floating arsenals of the sea; it is not conferences at The Hague, nor the "parliament of man." A "Little Child" has led them.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed upon the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parnee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

An inquiry under the Laborers Acts was held at Lisnaskea recently into an application by the District Council for a loan of £26,161 for the erection of 148 cottages. The loan means an annual outlay of £540, or 21-2d per £ on the rates. Forty-two houses have been erected already, and 68 are still further contemplated.

British Flag Their Talisman.

The following is from the London Tablet and speaks for itself: At one point in his speech, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in order to illustrate an apostrophe to the British flag, "the talisman of Canadian liberties," mentioned a little incident in the Roman history of a few weeks back. Sir Wilfrid quoted from a letter written by the Rector of the Canadian College, who said in answer to a query whether the College would be in danger of attack: "No, I will hoist the British flag." The British flag accordingly floated over the Canadian College during the inexplicable Ferrer demonstrations, and it was respected.

Death of a Zealous Jesuit.

When Father Aloysius M. Felchi, S. J., of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Wash., passed to his final reward at the break of dawn, on December 11, he left a son of one of the noblest families in Italy, a true apostle of the Catholic Church, and a man beloved by all. He was 75 years of age, born in Rome on November 25, 1834, and had been a priest more than 40 years. He joined the Society of Jesus on January 1, 1878. For more than a quarter of a century he was engaged in missionary work in Washington, Montana and Idaho, travelling during the pioneer days over the sparsely settled country, bringing the consolations of religion to those who had no other means of receiving them than what his visits furnished.

The amount of good done in this way by the zealous priest can never be fully estimated. It was at the cost of great hardships and suffering that he accomplished his work. He was obliged to share in the privations of those whom he visited. Indians as well as whites, the poor and the outcast, railroad men and miners, farm hands and tollers in the woods, people of all classes and conditions came in for a share of his fatherly solicitude, and the little children loved and revered him.

Social courtesies were extended to him by the railroad officials who had come to know the value of his work among the employes, many of whom he kept in the path of duty by his exhortation and example.

When it is known that during all these years Father Felchi labored under infirmities that rendered him practically an invalid, his courage and patience must have been heroic. Only a few weeks previous to the final illness he completed the beautiful parish church in Newport, Wash., one of the many that he built up and sustained in the great Northwest. Nor had all his labors been confined to the Pacific region. Long before the civil war he labored in the Carolinas, where he built the first Catholic church for negroes in the United States.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 Leguacheries street, Montreal, Can. by S. Plamondon, Manager.

Vol. LIX. N. The inopportune preaching Christmas preventing St. Ann's crowded on the twenty-first to Rev. Martin The lecture was enjoyed by a select audience. From start to finish a classic diction, fine diction and oratorical lecturer was absent his subject. His less and his violence. He was interrupted by bursts of applause. Calfery won gold. The pupils under his themselves. Edw. cupped the chain. Rev. Martin Calle Brother Arnold and recent exile firm in the prime of richest of blood tie and marbled upon was listed as one shadow still living. With grateful pride remember him. As I have been an his distinguished do esteem the some measure you s not hesitate in con ren to their chargr hands could y Never were they now. They could in training worthy cal Christians and They are bound to by ties of the close seen marching in t any movement thar om national glory I am pleased to stage. I thank R William, Brother T confers for the m ence that has meet ly. What I am pr do is not undeser It will not be eith less. Sound is a ta inasmuch as it is of the air we are vibration can be or an instrument with the dawn of gift for which we the liberality of the treasure which w too highly. It com of inarticulate sou able to the ear. I of the heart—a is spoken and ur having been taught deals with human presents and trans with which we may s unrestricted to a riod of history or section of the globe nothing less than a terion of educatio fold forms among should be reckoned never lessen in be Always will it com admiration. Mus influence. It tells dual, the family an be a blessing or a bag good or ba should it serve to never to lower the ally, principle or promote whatever t brighter and sweete emit and enable t musical tendency of on the upward but downward grade, not be disappointed an equivalent for t disbursed. It clam whimsical, odd, mo and flattering to t All praise to de What majesty is se brow and what ser in her countenanc great and how emi is in the eyes of rightly know her an immortality! What tributed to her gr member in which s musical art in the basket in the sunsh as well as in those t red the thorny pet during the snow wh ped at the scene wh since she embraced t