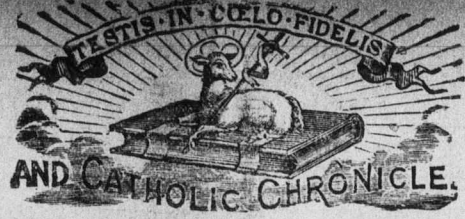


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The True



Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Seventieth Birthday of the Father of the House of Commons.

Ottawa, Feb. 1.—Visitors to the House of Commons to-day noticed on one of the desks in the front row of the Government side of the House a small vase holding a sprig of shamrock.

That desk was Hon. John Costigan's, and this was the seventieth anniversary of his birth. The little sprig of shamrock was sent the "father of the House" by a remembering friend. Before the House resumed its session after adjournment for dinner the members assembled in room 26 and presented Mr. Costigan with a beautiful cabinet of silverware. The presentation, which was made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, was also witnessed by a number of Ottawa's well known citizens, old friends of Mr. Costigan. Sir Wilfrid, in making the presentation, said he had known Mr. Costigan for some thirty years, had known him both as an opponent and as a friend. He had always known him, however, as a fair opponent and a true friend. He hoped Mr. Costigan would live many years longer to enjoy the esteem of his many friends.

Replying, Mr. Costigan said that he appreciated the gift very highly, and while he did not undervalue it, he would say he enjoyed the value of a warm shake of the hand from a friend equally as much. During his public career, Mr. Costigan said, he had supported both political parties. One time he was the supporter and admirer of Sir John A. Macdonald, but now he was an equally strong supporter and admirer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His change of politics was due entirely to conviction and solely on principle. He said he believed that he had very few if any enemies and was proud of his many friends. After again extending his thanks for the gift, Sir Wilfrid Laurier called for three cheers for Mr. Costigan, which were very heartily given, followed by the singing of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Sir Wilfrid was then given three rousing cheers. The members then returned to the Commons to resume their duties.

As each general election passes one by one the old parliamentarians pass from the scene until at last they can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Hon. John Costigan has had a unique experience. For forty-four years he has continuously represented the one constituency, that of Victoria, N.S. During that time he has never suffered defeat; never had a bye-election or a protest. Furthermore he is an Irishman representing what is generally regarded as a French constituency.

A LESSON BY CONTRAST.

To the very last day of his life in Washington the late Senator Hoar was known in the capital as a courteous, patient and considerate gentleman, says the Washington Star. His gentle breeding was a delight to all who came in contact with him, and a lesson to many who had found less than the necessary time for acquiring a habit of kindly action.

One afternoon in his last year he sent his card to a bureau chief who was noted for self-importance and bad manners. The messenger conducted Senator Hoar into the chief's sumptuously appointed room. The chief sat at his desk facing the door; but he neither raised his head when the Senator entered, nor replied to his "Good morning!"

The Senator halted half-way from the door to the desk, and an expression of surprise came over his face. He waited patiently three or four minutes, but the bureau chief, taking no notice of him, scratched busily away at some papers. At last the Senator passed around to the opposite side of the big square desk at which the chief was writing, pulled up a chair, sat down, drew to him a block of writing paper and also began to write.

Then the bureau chief looked up with an expression of well-simulated surprise.

said, as if he had just discovered him "Anything I can do for you?" Senator Hoar looked up pleasantly from his writing. "No, sir," he said, complaisantly. "I dropped in only to write a few letters. Don't put yourself out. Proceed with your work," and he went on with his own.

The bureau chief looked somewhat crestfallen. He wheeled round sideways in his chair and drummed on the desk.

"By the way, Senator," he said, "about that little matter you submitted to the department a while ago, we—"

"Oh, never mind," said the Senator, calmly. "It's a rather irksome case. I'm going to see the Secretary about it as soon as I finish these letters. Pray, don't let it bother you at all."

The chief flushed and bent over his desk again. Senator Hoar went calmly ahead with his correspondence for a quarter of an hour, then summoned the messenger and sent his card to the Secretary.

The Secretary's office was two doors down the hall. In less than a minute the chief's door was thrown open, and the Secretary himself plunged in, both hands extended toward the Senator.

"The top of the morning to you, Senator!" he cried. "You're just the man I have been waiting to see. I want to have a long talk with you. Messenger, tell the rest of the people waiting that I shall be busy with Senator Hoar for at least an hour," and he conducted the Senator into his inner office.

A little more than an hour later, after the Senator's departure, the Secretary summoned the bureau chief to his office. When the chief came back to his own desk the old colored messenger, himself a "graduate" of more courteous times, grunted with silent approval.

"Yessah," he said, when asked about the incident, "he done got two lessons. Fust Senatah Hoar show him how a gemman gwine ac', and den de Sec'at'y done tode him how he got to ac' whether he gemman o' not."

Father Gapon, the Strike Leader.

Father Gapon, the Russian Orthodox priest, who has inspired the great St. Petersburg strike, is, according to a writer in the London Daily News, the son of a moujik of one of the provinces of Little Russia. He wanted to become a mechanic, but his father, wishing him to be a priest, sent him to the Ecclesiastical Seminary at Moscow. He studied hard, and instead of entering on the obscure career of a country clergyman, in some far-off village, became a politician and a fierce Liberal—"perhaps," says the writer, "the first the Russian Church has possessed."

Among the workmen he is known as "Batsmshka Rhonhol," "Little Father, the Little Russian," and "he owes his unbounded influence," we are told, "to the fact that, though a sincere adherent of orthodox, he never interferes with the religious opinions of his followers. Among the latter are thousands of Lutherans and Roman Catholics. Moreover, he takes no money for his services, lives frugally, and works from morning to night. Four years ago he was solemnly cursed by the priest of his native village for protesting boldly against the excommunication of Count Tolstoy." He resolutely excludes from his clubs and associations any man who has been convicted of crime until the crime has been followed by proved repentance.

Family ties are not severed in heaven, and Jesus, in raising His Blessed Mother above the saints and angels, teaches us that filial piety is a virtue of eternity.—Lacordaire.

When you are forgotten, or neglected, or purposely set at naught, and you smile, with your heart at rest, that is victory. When your good is evil spoken of, your wishes are crossed, your taste is offended, your advice ridiculed, and you take it all in patient, loving silence, that is victory. When you are content with simple raiment, plain food, any climate, any solitude, any interruption—that is victory.

TO CELEBRATE ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

A meeting has been held in London to make arrangements in connection with the forthcoming St. Patrick's Day banquet there. It was agreed that those present form the Banquet Committee for the present year, with power to add to their numbers. It was unanimously decided to again engage the Hotel Cecil, and that the banquet be held there on Thursday, March 16th. It was also unanimously agreed that Mr. John Redmond, M.P., be asked to preside. The Secretaries announced that the Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, had kindly accepted the invitation already sent to him to attend the gathering. This announcement gave the greatest satisfaction, and it was decided that the following be also invited: Archbishop Bourne, Mgr. M'Fadden, Messrs. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; Edward Blake, M.P.; John Dillon, M.P.; Justin McCarthy, William O'Brien, M.P.; M. Davitt, J. F. X. O'Brien, M.P.; J. Devlin, M.P.; Dr. Douglas Hyde, and Mr. F. A. Fahy, President of the Gaelic League of London.

PERSONAL.

Prof. Francis D. Daly, late professor of the Catholic Commissioners' Board, who has been in poor health for the past few years, lies dangerously ill at the Hotel Dieu.

Ex-detective Cullinan, of Colborne street, is very ill at his home.

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

(From our Special Correspondent, Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 28, 1905.)

At the meeting of the National Council of the Knights of Columbus here next June, a civic welcome will be given to the Supreme Knight and delegates by the Governor of the State of California, George C. Pardee, who will be assisted in the reception by the Mayor of Los Angeles, and the occasion will be graced by the presence of Archbishop Riordan, Archbishop Montgomery, Bishop Conaty and other Western ecclesiastics of distinction.

This reception will take place in the Chamber of Commerce, an institution that is known throughout the length and breadth of the country for its reception to famous men. United States Senator Frank P. Flint, recently elected by the present Legislature, has also signified his intention to be present at the opening of the National Convention.

The Executive Committee of Arrangements has its work pretty well in hand, and has responded to the various inquiries with the utmost despatch. Letters have been received from many of the State officials of the Order throughout the country, expressive of their determination to co-operate with the work of the committee and to bring a big delegation.

The Knights of Columbus of San Francisco and the north are vying with their fellow members in Los Angeles and will be present in large numbers at the national gathering.

An event of notable importance will be the solemn Pontifical High Mass sung in the old Cathedral of St. Vibiana here, by Archbishop Montgomery, formerly Bishop of this diocese; and there will be present in the Sanctuary Archbishop Riordan, Bishop Conaty, Bishop Grace of Sacramento and a vast gathering of clergy. A powerful sermon by a distinguished member of the hierarchy will be preached to the assembled Knights upon this occasion.

Other portions of the programme, which will occupy a period of seven days, are rapidly assuming definite outlines and every detail will be perfected long before the convention assembles.

Marconi to Marry an Irish Girl.

It seems to be settled that Mr. Marconi is to be married, but the newspapers do not agree as to the identity of the bride. According to the announcement published early in the week, he has fixed his affections

on Princess Giacinta Ruspoli, aged 22, "one of the prettiest girls in Rome." The Ruspoli are one of the oldest Italian families. In the Sunday Times, of London, however, it is announced that Mr. Marconi's fiancée is the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, a sister of the present Lord Inchiquin. The wedding, it is further stated, will take place in the second week in March from the town residence of the bride's mother, Ellen Lady Inchiquin.

A CURIOUS FACT.

There seems ground for believing that the late Queen Victoria of England was never baptized. A Liverpool paper, the Daily Post and Mercury, remarks that no baptismal record relating to her Majesty exists. It says, moreover, that "State papers and archives have been examined for documents of this character without success," and that "there is no reference to the celebration of any religious ceremony of the kind in the Court intelligence of the newspapers of the period covered by the Queen's infancy and youth," adding that "it is the only instance in English history since the Norman conquest of such omission."

If this "only instance" be indeed an authentic instance, if it be true that Queen Victoria was not baptized, then we have the curious fact that the supreme head of the Church of England for over sixty years was not a member of that church, or even a Christian.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men. Do not ask for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks. Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle; but you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.

OBITUARY.

On the 30th January there passed to her reward Mrs. Fitzpatrick, widow of Mr. John Fitzpatrick, in his lifetime of the firm of Moore, Fitzpatrick & Semple, wholesale grocers. Mrs. Fitzpatrick was always delicate and through this coupled with an extremely retiring disposition, did not come much before the public. Her good works were not done noisily, but in the quietness of her heart she thought for others and was always ready to extend a helping hand. "Tis well we have the assurance that there is a record kept of goodness such as hers, and that the reward will be given by One Who knows how to value the deed because He sees the motive of the heart. Mrs. Fitzpatrick and her husband were the chief benefactors of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum. The True Witness tenders its sympathy to the bereaved friends.

On Friday, January 27th, there passed to his reward the soul of John Steele, a life-long resident of Highgate, Vt., U.S.A., being born there Oct. 21st, 1839. His father settled in that place in 1807 as one of the early settlers, and continued farming until his death in 1882. In 1860 the deceased married Mary Hanna, of Brackney, County Down, Ireland, who with four children, Daniel and Charles, of Highgate, James of Marlboro, Mass., and Mrs. M. A. Stockwell, of St. Albans, survive him. All through life he was engaged as farmer until ill health prevented about two years ago. Since that time he has been gradually failing. Many reports were circulated that he was gaining in strength rapidly, but when he entered his new house, which was completed early in September, his feet had touched the cold waters over which the boatman pale will one day ferry us all. He was a kind and loving husband and father, a true, tried and trusted friend, and highly respected citizen, who won the respect of all who knew him, and his wide circle of friends in Montreal and elsewhere will sincerely mourn his loss. The funeral services were held in the St. Louis Roman Catholic Church, Monday morning, interment being in the new cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

In Memoriam.

The parish of St. Columban, Co. Two Mountains, has lately suffered a keen sorrow in the death of Rev. Sister Mary St. Patrick, which occurred on the morning of Friday, Jan. 27th.

A niece of the late Rt. Rev. Bishop Phelan of Kingston, the rev. lady comes of a family which has helped in no small degree to mould the future of our country into paths of easy progress; a family which has helped to make the religious history of Canada a lettered monument of unswerving loyalty to the principles of Catholicism.



REV. SISTER MARY ST. PATRICK

Rev. Sister Mary St. Patrick was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, on Aug. 5th, 1828, and was the daughter of John and Mary Phelan, who emigrated to Canada in 1830 and settled in the parish of St. Columban, just then inaugurated; and there still, within a hundred paces of the quaint old village church, stands the time-honored homestead of the Phelan family.

When a girl of twelve years of age, Sister Mary journeyed to Montreal, and entered as a novice into the Congregation of Notre Dame.

It was some years after, when looking forward with pleasure to the time when she would be permitted to pronounce her holy vows, that she met with a painful accident within the convent, which resulted in the dislocation of her ankle, an injury which the ablest physicians pronounced absolutely incurable.

Suffering keenly from the physical pain of the injured member, and the moral pain of disappointment still more keen, she returned home to her heart-broken parents, resigned and willing to bear her sorrow bravely.

Her illustrious uncle, Bishop Phelan, hearing of the accident and touched with compassion for his afflicted brother and his family, was moved to pay a visit to St. Columban, and during his stay, he it noted in gratitude to his memory, the dislocated ankle of Sister Mary was restored to its former strength and vigor.

By special privilege granted by her right rev. uncle, Sister Mary was permitted to pronounce her vows under her father's roof, and to live a religious life in her aged parent's household.

For sixty years her life had been an edification to the parish of St. Columban. Apart from the hours of solitude, meditation and prayer in her humble little oratory, she had three special cares. The first was the altar and sanctuary of the church, which gave daily evidence of her presence, her hours of willing labor, her artistic skill, and her ever growing desire to beautify the house of God. The second was the sick and perhaps it was her tender care of these which has made her name so hallowed to the grateful people of the parish, for whithersoever sickness or calamity cast a gloom of sorrow, thither came upon its trail, like the first golden beam of the morning sunshine, bursting through the darkness, the stately figure of Sister Mary. Her gentle methods of encouragement and her wise and holy counsel of fortitude and Christian resignation never failed to lighten the hearts of the suffering ones.

Her third and dearest care was the religious training of the youth. Her catechism classes were given in the parish church, where every year for sixty years she explained away the childish difficulties of the little minds that were preparing for the reception for the first time of their divine Master, and many there are who have gone out from her classes upon the world of progress, and material advancement, sturdy disciples of Christian morality and integrity. And when years bowed her aged head and silvered the silken threads of hair which fell over her forehead, they failed to impair her intellect or to dampen her enthusiasm for the performance of her daily toils.

Little wonder, then, that many a tear should moisten the cold earth upon her grave; little wonder that many a suppressed sob should escape from sorrowing hearts, bearing testimony to the desolation made by the death of her for whom we mourn.

The funeral Mass was sung by Rev. Father Forget, pastor of the parish of St. Columban, assisted by Rev. Father Hetu, P.P. of St. Scholastique, and his cure, Rev. Father Constant, as deacon and sub-deacon. The combined choirs of St. Scholastique and St. Columban sang the Mass of the dead, and the parish-folk came in great numbers to pay a last tribute to the dear departed.

The funeral procession was perhaps the largest within the memory of the oldest parishioner. In the ranks were many from St. Scholastique, St. Canute, St. Jerome, and not a few from Montreal.

The chief mourners were: Mr. M. J. Phelan, postmaster of St. Columban, and Dr. C. Phelan, of Waterloo, Que., brothers of deceased; Mrs. S. O'Rourke, sister; Miss Julia A. Phelan, niece, Messrs. John Patrick A., Joseph and Cornelius J. Phelan, nephews, and J. Burt's, grand-nephew; Mary J. Phelan and Annie Eliz. Jessie Phelan, grand-nieces, and Mrs. P. A. Phelan, Mrs. John Phelan, and Mrs. C. J. Phelan.

Interment took place on Monday, Jan. 30th, in the parochial cemetery.

The True Witness begs to tender the bereft family the very deep sympathy of many friends and acquaintances of the deceased in Montreal. Requiescat in Pace.

AN AMAZING DECISION.

A press despatch from Phoenix, Ariz., says that the New York Foundling Hospital has lost its case against eighteen citizens of Clifton, Ariz. These people hold founding children brought to their town on October 1, 1904, by three Sisters of Charity, to be distributed by the parish priest. The priest placed them in Mexican families, from whom they were taken by a popular aggregation, resembling a mob, before the Sisters could rescue them. The Supreme Court unanimously decided that as the children are now provided with comfortable homes, their paramount interests have been subserved, and that public policy best would be benefited by refusal to return them to the care of the founding hospital.

That is an amazing decision, and we feel sure that an appeal to the United States Supreme Court will result in a reversal. These children were really kidnapped by a mob. And yet the Sisters of the Foundling Hospital, their lawful guardians, may not get them back. There is a strong reason for suspicion that the court may have been influenced by religious prejudice.

SCOTLAND'S LEAD IN CRIME.

Comparisons of the criminal statistics of Scotland and Ireland point out that although the population of Ireland is almost equal to that of Scotland, the imprisonment in the latter country, 59,962, were nearly double. No fewer than 7698 boys and 650 girls under the age of 16 were convicted in Scotland during 1903.

I believe in remembering and respecting men for the good they did, and charitably forgetting the rest, so long as that rest is not too bad. —C. W.

St. Gerard Majella.

Our blessed brother Gerard Majella was canonized in the basilica of St. Peter in Rome, on the 11th December last.

This great servant of God is already very popular throughout Christendom, and especially in Canada. The instances of his powerful protection granted to mothers and children are many, particularly in procuring for the latter the grace of holy baptism.

We will give a short sketch of the brief but fruitful career of that heroic lover of Jesus suffering.

Gerard Majella, the son of a tailor, was born at Muro in Italy on the 6th April, 1726. From his earliest years, through divine grace, he sought no other amusement than devotional practices proper to childhood.

At the age of five he frequently went to pray in a chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin; on many occasions the statue of the Madonna would move and place the divine Child in the arms of little Gerard who would play with Him as with a companion of childhood.

At the age of seven this favorite of Jesus already hungered for the eucharistic bread. One day, while at mass, he went with the faithful to the holy table to receive the sacred host, but the priest, seeing him so young, passed on. The child withdrew weeping, but on the following night the Archangel Saint Michael brought him Holy Communion.

Notwithstanding his youth, he was already favored with the gift of miracles. He was entrusted with the care of a lamb, which some thieves stole and killed. When the child saw that his parents were greatly afflicted at the loss, because the animal did not belong to them, he said to them: "Be reassured, the lamb will come back." He at once began to pray and soon, through a miracle of divine grace, the little lamb came back to life and was restored to its owner.

At the age of sixteen Gerard hired himself as a servant to the Bishop of Lacedona. Notwithstanding the work he had to do, he practised extraordinary mortifications. One day the physician, observing how pale he was, asked him if he was ill. Gerard replied that he was quite well. The physician felt his chest and found that he was wearing a rough cilice. The holy young man allowed himself only a little bread as food, rarely some vegetables, and kept the food allotted to him for the poor and sick.

One day Gerard accidentally let the key of his master's room fall into a well. In his perplexity he began to pray. Suddenly, full of confidence, he ran for a statue of the Infant Jesus and let it down into the well, saying: "Get me back the key, that my master may not be troubled." In the sight of a great many spectators, Gerard drew up the statue of the Infant Jesus with the lost key in its hand.

Gerard loved to spend whole nights in contemplation before the holy tabernacle. He had an incomparable devotion for the Queen of Heaven. Whenever he came to an image of her, he could not tear himself away. He loved to say: "The Madonna has ravished my heart, and I have made her a present of it."

At the age of 22 he was admitted as a lay brother into the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and made his profession on the 16th July, 1750. His fervor increased from that day. A disciple of the crucified Saviour, he wore cilices and small iron fetters. The bare earth served him for a bed. His flagellations were frequent and covered him with blood. His life was one perpetual fast. He strove in every way to make his body a victim of penance.

Like all the saints, Gerard had to pass through the trials of tribulation, anguish and terror. One shudder at the thought of the struggles he had to sustain against the fury of hell, of the bitterness he felt when the most atrocious calumnies were uttered against him, and on the continual violence he had to do himself to lead so penitential and so mortified a life to the end. But, confident in God, he never gave way to discouragement, and would say with Saint Paul: "I am capable of all things in Him who gives me strength."

Yes, that soul so pure, so rich in heavenly gifts, so favored with ecstasies and seraphic ardors, had to sustain a terrible struggle against despair and against the dread of being abandoned by God. "Divine justice," he wrote, "so torments me that I do not think anybody suffers more. Blessed eternally be the will

of God! What causes me most to tremble and to fear is the thought that I may not persevere. I see myself completely cast down, plunged in an ocean of confusion and as if suspended over the abyss of despair. I am nailed to the cross. Have compassion on my agony. My sufferings are so bitter that they make me feel the paroxysms of death."

The blessed Gerard was wont to say that nothing is impossible to those who hope in God. Hence the miracles of cures he so frequently performed. A poor consumptive of Iliceto was in a desperate condition. The physician said his lung was entirely gone and that he could not give him another. Gerard went to him and gave him to understand that he would recover his health. The physician said it was impossible because the lung was too far gone. "But," replied the holy brother, "is not God powerful enough to give him another? Well, may God be pleased to work that miracle to invite the faithful to place their confidence in Him and in Him only!" After uttering those words the brother went away promising the sick man that he would pray for him. A few days afterward the latter was completely cured.

In his seraphic love for God, he could not understand how man could offend against His infinite majesty. Consequently he vowed an implacable hatred against sin, which he looked upon as the executioner of Jesus, his beloved; hence his ardent zeal to extirpate it from souls. A sinner, addicted to the most criminal habits, was sent to Iliceto for the retreat. Gerard met him and asked him about his soul. "All goes well," replied the hypocrite, "I have not fallen back into my past sins." The brother, who read the contrary in that wretched soul, took a crucifix and cried out to him in an indignant tone: "What! you have the courage to thus offend your God! You say you have not again fallen into sin! Look at this crucifix. Who caused those wounds to Jesus Christ? And who else but you has caused that blood to flow from the Saviour's veins?" At the same moment blood flowed from the hands and feet of the figure on the cross.

"What harm then has your God done to you?" pursued Gerard. "For you He was pleased to be born a little child in the manger; for you He slept on straw." At these words the Infant Jesus appeared in the hands of God's servant, who concluded by saying: "What! you dare to mock at your God? Know that I cannot be done with impunity. He is patient, but in the end He punishes." At once there appeared a hideous demon who strove to carry away the wretched sinner to hell. "Away, vile beast," exclaimed Gerard, and the devil hastened to disappear. It is needless to add that the sinner was sincerely converted and became a model of penitence.

Gerard had vowed all the tenderness of his heart to Mary. The name of Mary alone sufficed to throw him into ecstasy. The sight of her image caused him the sweetest transports. He wished to belong entirely to Mary as he wished to belong wholly to Jesus so as to reach Jesus through her. He formulated the intention to offer her as many acts of love as will ever be offered her by all the just on earth and all the blessed dwellers in heaven. Whenever he went he would speak of his good Mother with such zeal that he inflamed the hearts of all.

The holy brother may be called the saint of obedience. As he sought to reproduce in himself the Passion of Our Lord, so did he seek to become a perfect copy of Him who was obedient unto death, unto the death of the cross. "My Jesus," he would say, "through love for you, I will obey my superiors as I would obey Thee in Thy divine person, wert thou visible. Give me courage, Lord, to faithfully observe Thy law. Alas, if I should have the misfortune to deviate from it in the slightest degree, I should soon deviate greatly for Thou permittest that he who allows himself a slight falling away will end by allowing himself to fall away to a terrible extent." The Holy Ghost has said that he who is obedient shall celebrate his victories. In fact, obedience, instead of weakening the will's energies, multiplies them in an admirable manner. The Blessed Gerard attributed his miraculous power over the elements to obedience. While passing one day through Senarchia, he found the inhabitants in great perplexity. They were sorry because they could not get down from the mountain several large chestnut trees which were to be used in building their parish

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY, Romance and Secret Places of This Famous Church.

To the man who thinks he knows every nook and cranny of Westminster Abbey it will probably be a surprise to learn that there are many of its most ancient and interesting parts of which he has never even caught a glimpse.

For instance, in the eastern cloister is an ancient double door so guarded against unauthorized intrusion that it can only be opened by seven keys, which are in the jealous custody of as many government officials. Five of the keyholes of this wonderful door, which, by the way, is covered with human skins, are concealed from view by a stout iron bar which traverses it.

This door gives access to a vaulted chamber known as the chapel of the Pyx, the walls of which were standing, as they stand to-day, before ever the Norman conqueror landed on the shore of Sussex. This chamber was once the treasury of England, to which were brought "the most cherished possessions of the state." The regalia of the Scottish kings and the Holy Cross of Holyrood were deposited here; for many a year it served as a mint for coining silver and gold; it was, centuries ago, the scene of a daring robbery, when treasure valued at £100,000 (equal to two millions of present day English money) was taken from it, and to-day it contains, in addition to a stone altar, some old chests, one of which is said to have held the jewels of Norman kings.

Not far away is a passage leading to the little cloister, the arches of which were built under the eyes of Edward the Confessor nearly eight and a half centuries ago, and which has echoed to the footfall of the first William and his mailed attendants. Hidden from view under the pavement are the bases of the original columns of the abbey, which have also stood since before the conquest, and adjoining the little cloister is a garden, shut off by high walls from the outside world, in which monks meditated and walked and prayed eight centuries ago.

At the southeast corner of the little cloister are the remains of St. Catherine's chapel, which was probably built within living memory of the conquest. The beautiful doorway which once gave access to it now serves as the entrance to one of the official residences, and in its walls are still to be seen traces of the high altar and a fireplace. Not far from this interesting relic of ancient days is a square gray tower which once served the grim purpose of a monastic prison and has also been the repository of the royal jewels (for many years it was known as the "king's jewel house") and acts of parliament. After all these centuries of existence it still has its uses, for in it are kept the standards of weights and measures.

Few who have explored the abbey have been privileged to inspect the chapter library, with its treasures of books and manuscripts many centuries old, or perhaps know that under the passage leading to the chapter house lies the dust of the first abbot of Westminster, who had his day when the confessor was King of England. The chapter house, which is open to the public, has, of course, centuries of interesting memories. It was originally the chamber where the abbot and monks used to transact their monastic business; for many generations the Commons sat and legislated here before moving to the chapel of St. Stephen in Westminster palace, and in later years it was used as a storehouse for the public records, including the original Domesday Book. Beneath the chapter house is a crypt, the entrance to which is kept jealously locked and which seems to have served the purpose of a strong room to the Plantagenet kings, and not far from the chapter house is St. Faith's chapel, at one time the vestry of the abbey and in which the ancient and priceless altar plate of the abbey is kept.

Of peculiar interest is the Jerusalem chamber, which was built more than 500 years ago, and was probably at one time the abbot's withdrawing room. It was in this chamber that Henry IV. died, in curious fulfillment of a prophecy that he should die in Jerusalem.

It hath been prophesied me many a year
I shall not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there
I'll lie.
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.
And in the same chamber Addison,
Congreve and Prior lay in state
before their splendid interment in the abbey.



Give the Children
"FRUIT-A-LIVES" whenever the head aches, the stomach gets upset, or Constipation troubles them. Little folk may take them every day in the year without fear of ill-effects. It's just like giving them ripe apples, oranges, figs and prunes. That's what

Fruit-a-lives
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are. The fruit juices are so combined by our secret process, that the medicinal action is intensified many degrees. Nothing like them to keep the children plump and rosy—and free of the stomach and bowel troubles of childhood.

Equally effective with grown folk. 50 cents a box.

FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

DISTRESS IN IRELAND.

Writing from Kiltimagh, a special reporter of the Dublin Freeman's Journal gives a distressing account of the prevailing poverty:

"On reaching Kiltimagh Railway station," he says, "a few days ago I was astonished to find the platform crowded with people of all ages and both sexes. It reminded me of the spectacle of the crowds seeing emigrants off to America, but the signs of sadness and of waiting were absent, which told me at once this was not such a scene. No; it was the migratory laborers' return. Numbers of the laborers held on this season in England up to the last in the hope of gathering up something to bring home for Christmas. Every laborer from the West regards it as a sacred duty to return home for the holidays. Father Denis O'Hara, the parish priest of Kiltimagh, assured me that he regarded it as a matter of the highest importance that these poor fellows renewed their homes regularly and came to their religious duties at the Christmas season. The home coming of the migratory laborer has not this year been what it was in former years. The reception and welcome, however, was as warm, nay, warmer, than when his pockets were better lined with money. Some of them, indeed, were worse than penniless, as their own people in different parts of Mayo had to raise the money to pay their fares back. Still, they were right heartily and royally received. The men returning at Christmas were not the worst off by any means. Hundreds returned last August completely baffled and defeated in their efforts to get work. To crown their misery and wretchedness they turned up from the boggy potato plots tubers the size of marbles, and of these a creel could not be obtained in a day. The little pits in which some of the farmers have their stock preserved, are not larger than beer barrels. Sometimes the yield has been a fifth, sometimes a sixth or seventh of former years, but always the quality was the worst experienced for twenty years. Most people hold that the character of the potatoes is worse now than it was in 1879. It is next to impossible for those living in cities and towns and urban districts to realize what this means, or to appreciate its true significance. Take any father of a family or the head of a household, and say to him: 'You consume so much provisions every week. Your supplies from now until the end of the spring must be reduced to one-half, to one-third, to one-fourth.' What the reply would be is better imagined than described. Yet that is what is happening all over the West of Ireland to-day, with this difference, that the supplies of the chief article of diet are at this moment reduced to one-fourth, and in a few weeks hence none at all will be left. Priests and laymen are throwing up their hands in alarm and despair. 'Will the Government do anything?' they ask. 'What is the meaning of the delay? Must the people starve?' These are the exclamations I have heard on all sides. They are, I regret to say, but too well founded.

In Kiltimagh parish the congestion is something awful. In about two English miles round the village there are nine hundred families, or, roughly, 4500 persons. In the village of Cleregh 55 families are "dumped" down upon about as much land as one English farmer would require for himself. In the village of Culthrasney there were 14 tenants occupying 140 different patches between them. Latterly the Congested Districts Board has pieced these together, and allotted to each holder an integral portion. Some few small estates in the neighborhood of Kiltimagh have been purchased by the Board, and here many signs of improvement are shown. I spoke with a man named Michael Kenny, who was busily engaged with his sons building stone fences. I would be afraid to venture on an estimation of the quantity of stones upon his farm. Since he purchased, and is no longer afraid of being rented on his improvement, he has turned all the attention he can spare to the removal of the stones. What he cannot use in fences he will bury. He hopes to clear the holding in the course of three or four years. By that time he will have utilized or buried under the sod between 800 and 1000 tons weight of stones. He pointed me a field of turnips. Two years ago it was a field of rocks and stones. They had "gone under," and now vegetables are blooming where they stood."

THE DONCASTER RACES AND THE DONKEY.

On one of his periodical visits to the monastery the Superior of the Franciscans told him that they wanted more help for their large farm, but that donkeys would do, and be nearly as useful as horses in reclaiming the land. So the Bishop wrote to a wealthy Catholic in his diocese, Mr. Middleton of Stockfield, and asked him to give him a couple of a famous brand of donkeys for his farm. The great horse races at Doncaster were about to take place, and as Mr. Middleton wrote to say that he would send him one then, and the other a little later on, the Bishop's servant, Mike, who was a well known character in York and used to carry the episcopal vestments on his shoulder through the streets whenever Dr. Briggs was going to officiate anywhere outside his own private chapel, was at the station to receive Mr. Middleton's donkey. It happened to be the evening of the day on which the famous Doncaster races had come off and all the sporting world was present to see the horse that had won the cup. There was but one horse box connected with the cars and everyone was clustered around the door of the box waiting for it to be opened. But the winner of the cup was not there, and the donkey, smelling the air of liberty, thrust forth his long nose and saluted the crowd with a portentous bray, at the same time exhibiting an enormous placard which hung around his neck. On the placard were painted the words, "The Rt. Rev. Bishop Briggs, Mickle-gate Bar, York." Mike pushed the disappointed crowd of sportsmen right and left and shouting "Come, you fellows, make room for your betters," led the donkey triumphantly through the streets as far as the convent garden, where he would be tended and fed until his journey could be prolonged to the Monastery.—Rev. L. C. P. Fox, O.M.I., in Donahoe's for February.

SHE CORNERED HIM.

The city editor was troubled, not to say angry.

"Hang it all," he exclaimed, as he read the letter addressed to his department, "my wife has been asking me that question for the last week, and I have refused to be bothered."—He looked at the letter again and jumped out of his chair. "Thunder and guns," he cried, "is her handwriting too! Now that she has learned the trick she'll make me settle every social, household and historical question that comes up, and I'll be right on hand to take the blame if I make a mistake."

For a long time he remained buried in thought. Then he resigned.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

That ever vital question, "The Catholic Press," has been deservedly to the front lately. Tertiaries in conference have been seized by the seriousness of matters its success or failure involves, and have resolved to devote their energy to its welfare, which is also that of every Catholic; and last month the many-voiced Apostleship of Prayer daily begged the Sacred Heart to bless it. Thinkers may give the question thought, but it is pre-eminently a practical matter. We have just to look around us and help those who are striving to build up for us, a worthy Catholic paper. Give them support and the means, and they will not only supply us with pure and healthy reading about things that matter, which will educate our Christian minds and hearts and help us to think thoughts we would not blush to speak about, but will also give us the whole truth of what goes on, instead of the broken scraps a subsidizing Masonry allows a servile lay Press to serve up to us. There is a real apostolate here open to every one of us.—Franciscan Review and St. Antony's Record.

FATHER HIGGINS OF SOUTH AFRICA

A Dr. Matthews, of Kimberley, South Africa, gives the following incident which came under his own personal notice:

Father Higgins was the first Catholic priest on the diamond fields. He was always on hand to attend to the wants of all, irrespective of creed or color. Not long before he was stricken himself with fever an unfortunate man, a perfect fever wreck, covered with frightful sores, and merely a living skeleton, came to him for relief. The Father took charge of him, and several times a day washed his ulcerous wounds with his own hands. In the first stage of fever, until weakness compelled him to take to his bed, he continued to relieve, as far as he could, the sufferings of the afflicted creature. As the ravages of the disease, however, made increasing strides, and the visits of the priest grew fewer and fewer, it was pitiable to hear this unfortunate fellow, who was lying in a small bell tent, make the air resound with his appeals for the good Father's help. Thus he continued to beg and implore him to come to his side, until he was told that the parting spirit of his good Samaritan comforter had gone to the land of the hereafter, whether he himself followed in a few hours.

It is easier to give counsel than to take it.

EPILEPTIC FITS GUARANTEED CURE
Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance,
Nervous Spasms or Convulsions permanently cured by the new discovery, VICTORINE. After all known means have failed to cure. If you are a sufferer, or know of one among your friends or relatives, do not delay, send for a treatment of VICTORINE. It will be sent by mail, no express charges or breakages, to any address in Canada or United States. Price, Two Dollars per treatment. We positively guarantee to effect a cure or refund every cent spent with us in case of failure. Register all letters containing money. Address:
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The True Witness

A CATHOLIC CHRONICLE... PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co.

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All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box, 1188.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1905.

A CONSTITUTIONAL MATTER.

The Toronto Globe has begun the publication of a series of letters from Regina bearing upon the school question in the Northwest Territories and presenting it as a constitutional problem.

The statesmen who framed the Northwest Territories Act and established separate schools, or provided for their establishment in that part of the Dominion, consulted most assiduously the intention of the British North America Act.

Not the least important action of the Dominion Government for this year was announced in the House of Commons on Monday. When we say important we mean to the mass of the Canadian people.

coming settlers, the guarantees of the Parliament of Canada, grafted upon the British North America Act. The discussion and legal decisions upon the Manitoba schools case are not so old that the public can fail to remember one clear principle which the Privy Council dwelt upon, viz.: that under the British North America Act the privilege of having a separate school system and not being brought within an undenominational system, was intended to be preserved.

The True Witness has no doubt whatever that the government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will maintain every right guaranteed by the Parliament of Canada in 1875 to the minority in the Northwest Territories. As we said some weeks ago, the school case in the Northwest Territories is settled, and any thought of unsettling it now by throwing it back upon the province can only be entertained by persons who do not understand the constitution of Canada.

When the Northwest Territories autonomy bill is before the public, it will be seen that the statesmen who are to-day entrusted with the government of Canada are men who understand the nature of the guarantees given by Mackenzie in 1875.

CONSTRUCTIVE STATESMANSHIP.

Not the least important action of the Dominion Government for this year was announced in the House of Commons on Monday. When we say important we mean to the mass of the Canadian people.

tion of the House the alluring picture of a Canadian mint coining British sovereigns out of Canadian gold as a contrast to the existing condition under which Canadian gold is sent to the United States to be minted into foreign coinage, and Canadian coin is the product of the Imperial mint.

THE CHARACTER OF FATHER JOGUES.

It is not often that we receive from a Protestant and prejudiced source so outspoken a tribute to the Catholic missionary character as is contained in the following references to the Jesuit Martyr, Father Jogues, which we take from the Chicago Record-Herald:

"In all the history of religious zeal and martyrdom there is probably no character that is worthier of the high honors of the church than this simple, devoted and courageous soul. Carried off by the Iroquois as a captive, he was the first white man to see Lake George, and when he had been taken into the Iroquois country he acted as if captivity itself among the most cruel of foes was a rich favor and blessing bestowed upon him by Providence.

AN UNPARALLELED SPECTACLE.

The revolt of three members of Hon. Mr. Parent's Cabinet presents a unique political situation. The action of the famous 'nest of traitors' in the Bowell Government was far less sensational.

The statement of the French Cabinet has not produced a bad impression at the Vatican, where it is considered to indicate that M. Rouvier will institute a less severe ecclesiastical policy, which will be followed until the general elections, when the Catholics will be directed to support the more moderate elements of the majority in order to defeat the Socialists and render the attitude of the Government more benevolent towards the Church.

The old Papal city of Bologna has just been the scene of a remarkable municipal election. A union of Catholics and Monarchists has wrested the municipal government from the Socialists, who were defeated by a majority of five thousand on a total poll of less than ten thousand.

his colleagues while they sat beside him in the Cabinet. There were all sorts of rumors. Their intention to resign was known and announced before the event. These things are truly remarkable. They are amazing. When Lord Randolph Churchill bolted from a British government and made the news public himself before the Premier had been given time to do so, he was denounced as a man who had no conception of the responsibilities of public life.

Paris takes some little amusement out of the fall of the Combes Cabinet. Its head has been compared to a mock Napoleon owing to the impudent tenor of the letter sent by him to President Loubet announcing the resignation of the Ministry. M. Combes grandly hopes that the Left of the Chamber will be able to defy the machinations of the Clericals and Nationalists even without his help.

The members of the Quebec Assembly are Liberal by an overwhelming majority. Liberals in Canada have always stood up for the observance of constitutional practices. They understand by reason not only of their political training, but by the experience of government in Canada from the time responsible government was first won.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

In the northern districts of the island, comprising about thirty places of more or less importance, there was only one place, Kings Cove, where liquor was sold. A few days ago, the local option election was held, and resulted as follows: For local option, 124; against, 33.

The Dawson City hockey team were invited to play at St. John's by the managers of the Prince's Rink, but the gold diggers wanted a guarantee of \$1500, which was considered too high a figure for a place like St. John's, with a population of 80,000.

The feast of Candlemas was appropriately celebrated on Thursday last at the Cathedral, where a solemn high Mass was sung and a procession around the church took place.

event was noted as an evidence of a rapprochement between Pope and King. The local reconciliation between Monarchists and Catholics has borne remarkable fruit, and it cannot fail to show the Monarchical Party in Italy upon which road lies safety for the Monarchy—reconciliation with the Vatican or an alliance with the Revolutionists.

When the Combes Ministry was formed the Nationalist 'Eclair' offered a prize of 10,000 francs for the best guesses as to the time when it would fall. The money has now been divided among several persons. The first of these, who gave the date 8th February, 1905, receives 4000 francs, and he badly needs it.

Mgr. Le Nordez, it will be remembered, resigned the See of Dijon into the hands of the Pope last summer, and made a dutiful submission. The Combes Ministry, however, refused to accept the resignation. That, however, caused no difficulty in Dijon; for the Pope conferred the necessary powers on the Vicars-General of the Diocese; and as they had been regularly appointed by Mgr. Le Nordez, their acts were valid even under the Concordat.

There was a frightful wreck on Tuesday morning fifty miles from Halifax, when the Furness Line S.S. Damara struck a ledge of Pleasant Point.

Money is a greater torment in the possession than it is in the pursuit. The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. In the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

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NOTES OF THE NEWS

The opening of the Quebec Legislature has been postponed until March 2, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Jette having granted the motion adopted by the Parent Cabinet on Saturday last.

The C.P.R. Directors propose to spend upwards of \$4,000,000 in improvements this year. Five hundred miles of new standard rails will be laid between Montreal and Vancouver. The intention is to work towards the shortening of the passenger time tables on the main stretches and to add to the equipment for handling freight in general and wheat from the West in particular.

Owing to the fire which occurred last Friday in the G.T.R. workshops at Point St. Charles, four hundred men are out of employment. The loss is \$10,000.

At a special meeting of the Irish Cattle Traders' Assn., it was decided to ask the Irish party to take all steps to prevent the importation of Canadian store cattle.

The Hon. M. Tweedie, premier of New Brunswick, announced last Friday a change in the Cabinet. The Hon. W. J. Sweeney, of Westmoreland, has been made Surveyor-General, and Mr. W. P. Jones, of Carleton County, Solicitor-General.

An accident occurred on the C.P.R. on Sunday at Eaton, N.H. A special with five hundred immigrants on board rushed into a standing freight at the station, with the result that both engines were smashed. Two persons were injured.

Messrs. E. B. Devlin, J. M. McDougall and Louis Cousineau were nominated on Monday in Hull for the parliamentary bye-election that takes place in Wright County a week from to-day.

The second informal dinner of the Quebec Press Association will take place next Tuesday evening at St. Lawrence Hall.

The Ladies' Committee of the House of Industry—L'Assistance Publique—821 Dorchester street, will on Feb. 16 give a eucbre and concert in aid of the work. The home was established only a year ago, and maintains at present 50 old people.

The Hon. W. S. Fielding was tendered a dinner on Tuesday evening by Mr. David Lloyd-George in London. The guests included Mr. John Morley, Winston Churchill, Lord Tweedmouth and others.

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Money is a greater torment in the possession than it is in the pursuit.

The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. In the course of time truth will find a place to break through.

A single gentle rain makes the grass many shades greener. So our prospects brighten on the influx of better thoughts. We should be blessed if we lived in the present always and took advantage of every accident that befell us, like the grass which confesses the influence of the slightest dew that falls on it, and did not spend our time in atoning for neglect of past opportunities, which we call doing our duty.—Thoreau.

The wailing of the wind at night, the hum of insect life, the nightingale's note, the scream of the eagle, the cries of animals and above all the natural inflection of the human voice; such are the rough elements of music, multitudinous, incoherent, and formless. Earth and sea and air are full of these inarticulate voices; sound floats upward from populous cities to the cloudland, and thunder rolls down its monotonous reply. Alone by the sea we may listen and hear a distinct and different tone each time that the swelling wavelet breaks crisply at our feet, and when the wind with fitful and angry howls drives inland the foam of the breakers the shriek of the retiring surge upon the shingles will often run through several descending semitones.

IN SIGHT. The path is gone; I've lost my way Far from the light. Grant me, Oh God, strength—day by day— To walk aright! In pity cast a feeble ray Across my night; Oh Father, be my guide, my stay— Keep me in sight! Mary M. Redmond.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH. At the high Mass the pastor, Father M. Callaghan, read the usual and general report of the year for the past year. There were baptisms, 154 marriages and deaths. The sum of \$28,521.00 was received from all sources, and expenses amounted to \$23,000.00, leaving a surplus of \$5,521.00, which being added to last year's surplus of \$4,469.73, leaves a total of \$9,990.73 in the bank.

ST. ANN'S PARISH. Rev. Father Rioux, P.P., C. officiated at the blessing of the trees, assisted by Rev. Father Gier as deacon, and Rev. Father Del as sub-deacon. In the evening the sermon was preached by Father Strubbe.

ST. MARY'S PARISH. The postponed debate of St. Mary's Young Men's Society will take place on Wednesday evening, Feb. 15, at 8 o'clock. The subject of the debate will be: "Resolved, that straight insurance is preferable to fraternal organization insurance."

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH. Immediately after high Mass on Sunday the Total Abstinence Society met and transacted considerable routine business. Communication was received from Patrick's Total Abstinence Society congratulating the St. Gabriel's Society on the formation of the new body. The date of the social annual religious celebration was changed from January 6th to a date to be hereafter named by the pastor. A grand opening of the amusement rooms in connection with the members of the juvenile society will take place on Friday evening, Feb. 24.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH. The Redemptorist Fathers of St. Joseph, N.Y., will give a mission on Sunday. The eucbre held on Tuesday evening was attended by a large crowd, and a nice sum was realized for the benefit of the Church fund.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME. The Home was photographed by Mr. Gordon, of St. Catherine street, on Sunday, and made a handsome picture. Many applications were made for admission since last issue, and were accepted. The same made at the Home are doing excellent work, and we would like to see the work of those who have been received:

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE C...

FEAST OF CANDLEMAS. On Sunday last the feast of Purification, or Candlemas, was appropriately celebrated in the Catholic churches of the city. The blessing of the candles during the procession of the "Lumen ad Revelationem" and "Nunc Dimittis," then the congregation holding lighted tapers meanwhile, as well as the Gospel, making the scene of grandeur.

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THE NEWS

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FEAST OF CANDLEMAS.

On Sunday last the feast of the Purification, or Candlemas Day, was appropriately celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

At the high Mass the pastor, Rev. Father M. Callaghan, read the financial and general report of the parish for the past year.

In the afternoon the Holy Name Society held a meeting, at which Rev. Father James Killoran presided.

On the evening of the Sacred Heart League held a reception of promoters under the direction of Rev. Father Peter Heffernan.

On Sunday evening Rev. Fathers Martin Callaghan, P.P., St. Patrick's; W. O'Meara, P.P., St. Gabriel's, and W. J. Casey, P.P., St. Agnes, left for New York en route to Cuba.

On Friday afternoon the first monthly concert for 1905 took place at the Belmont School, Guy street, and was attended by over 400 pupils.

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Donations for gas meter:—F. Carbray, Quebec; Eileen, J. J. Milloy, Dr. Hornbogen, Marquette, Mich.; Leo Girard, Mrs. P. Kelly, Bray's Crossing; George Pujos, Miss Elsie Guinea, Mrs. P. Doran, Miss Bridget Healy, Buffalo.

The following contributed \$1 each: Miss A. Ryan, P. Kannon, P. Milloy, B. Feeney, Mrs. Thompson, Patrick Stock, \$5; Mrs. McKeown, \$5; A friend, \$4; another friend, \$3; Christopher Doherty, \$10; Mr. P. Milloy, Jer. Coffey and R. P. Stuart Brown sent books; Mrs. Scott, P. Milloy, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Coonan, Miss Lynch, Miss Roach sent clothing. Capt. Labelle gave a bag of flour, James McCreary a tub of butter, F. H. Carlin a quarter of beef, and John O'Connor two bags of hen food.

GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

Father Dowd Court, C.O.F., will hold a grand euchre and social on February 24th in the Conservatory Hall, St. Catherine street.

On Wednesday evening last, in the King's Hall, an 'At Home' was held by the members of the Columbian Students' Club.

On March 17th Rev. Father Fahey the popular curate of St. Gabriel's, will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

The hockey team of St. Ann's school has been very successful this season, and the boys have covered themselves with glory by their fine playing, succeeding in defeating every team they have played against.

We regret to have to announce the very serious illness of Mr. T. Callaghan, father of the Rev. Father Martin and Father Luke Callaghan. The True Witness extends the hope that he may yet be spared many years.

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On last Wednesday evening the ladies of St. Patrick's parish held a very successful concert and euchre in Drummond Hall.

ly attended euchre party on Friday evening in aid of their funds. The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Association held a successful concert and social on Friday evening at Drummond Hall.

ST. PATRICK'S CHARITY CONCERT. The rehearsals for St. Patrick's charity concert are being well attended, and everything bids fair to prove that Prof. Fowler will produce his best effort in this line on Feb. 14th.

There should be a banner attendance on the 14th to help along and encourage this charitable work.

On Wednesday evening last, in the King's Hall, an 'At Home' was held by the members of the Columbian Students' Club.

Euchre was played for an hour and a half, the unique tally card, designed by themselves, with its pretty etching and acoustic, being generally admired.

Sister of Charity Gets Unexpected Feast From Civil War Veteran.

The Boston Herald relates the following incident of a Sister of Charity who was returning to Boston from New York on a Round steamer recently: As tea time was about to be announced, the colored waiter approached her and suggested that perhaps it would be pleasanter for her to go to the table before the general rush of passengers.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE. GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE.

Boys' Clothing Department. Children's Norfolk Suits, in Scotch and English tweeds; sizes 23, 24, 25, 26 and 27; price \$6.50 and \$7.50, for \$2.99.

Custom Tailoring Dept. 500 yards of English Worsted Suiting, 27 inches, at \$1.25 per yard, less 20 per cent.

Men's Furnishing Dept. SPECIALS FOR THE BALANCE OF SALE. 30 doz. Fine English Ties, worth 75c each, made in reversible Derbies and Flowing Ends, new colors and shapes, to clear at 25c each.

Men's Dressing Gowns. All Dressing Gowns, assorted colors and sizes, \$6.50, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$9.00, \$10.00, less 20 per cent.

Japanese Department. Bronze Vases, Lamps and Jardinières 75 per cent. Entire stock of Glaze Vases, half price.

Bronze and Clock Dept. TWO SPECIAL TABLES 66 2-3 OF. Consisting of Clocks, Vases, Ornaments, Frames, Jardinières, etc., etc.

CLEARING PRICES OF PLATED SPOONS, FORKS and LADLES. Balance of Silver Plated Ware from our over stocked manufacturers, to be cleared on tables of \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5, consisting of Pudding Dishes, Fern Dishes, Cake Baskets, Cream Jugs, Trays, Sugars, Tea Pots, Coffee Pots, Fruit Bowls, Salads, Biscuit Jars, greatly below cost.

LAST WEEK OF SALE.

As the present sale closes on SATURDAY, the 11th instant great inducements will be offered during the week to clear out all odd lines and broken lots, and all discounts already advertised will be good till that date.

Linens and Cottons. Lot Table Cloths, 2 to 5 yards long, extra value, less 33 1-3 per cent. Lot 5-8 and 3-4 Napkins, 33 1-3 per cent.

Down Quilts, Blankets, Etc. The whole of our Down Quilts, including goods already marked under regular price, less 20 per cent.

Silver Department. Entire Stock of Silver Plated Tea Sets, Coffee Sets, Pudding Dishes, Fern Dishes, Jewel Cases, Soup Tureens, Trays, Crumb and Scrapers, Salad Bowls, Candlesticks, etc., etc., all regular stock, to be offered 25 per cent.

Mantle Department. Ladies' Dressing Jackets, in opera flannel, eiderdown and flannel-ette, less 50 per cent.

Hosiery Department. Ladies' Black Wool Overhose, prices 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, \$1 and \$1.25, and \$1.50, less 15 per cent.

Wall Paper Department. Wall Papers at 10 per cent discount. Wall Papers at 20 per cent. discount. Wall Papers at 33 1-3 per cent discount.

Coloured Dress Goods

80c per yard Navy Suitings, for 40c per yard. 80c and \$1.25 per yard Black and White Mixed Voiles and Etamines, for 50c per yard.

Glassware Department 25 Per Cent. Off. Entire stock of American Cut Glass, English Cut Glass and Baccarat.

Smallwares and Notions. Special line of Fancy Silk Belts in black, white, red, navy, sky, orange and green. Regular \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.25, to clear at \$1 each net.

RIBBONS. Colored Taffeta Ribbons, 5 inches wide, 28c. Colored Duchess Satin Ribbons, 5 inches, 28c.

Dress Trimmings. Black Chiffon and Silk Applique. Black Sequin Gimp and Insertion. White Chiffon and Silk Applique.

Wall Paper Department. Wall Papers at 10 per cent discount. Wall Papers at 20 per cent. discount. Wall Papers at 33 1-3 per cent discount.

Flannel & Flannelette Waists At Half Price. These are by far the best value we have offered in Waists during the sale.

5 Per Cent. for Cash in Addition to All Other Discounts or Reductions. HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal

REGISTRY. SOCIETY—Established 1856; incorporated 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexander... THE CHILDREN OF LONDON. (By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.) (Continued.) Carrots' relations were not of good repute in the quarter, but being children of this world, they ought to have prospered. However, these are evil times when vice itself is often a drug in the market. And as there was little to eat in the tenement and many a mouth to fill, it was obvious that something must be done. So Carrots was told off to supply the family larder. And having first nominated a trusty locum tenens to hold the baby, she with the bright eyes and the tangled hair would saunter off to gaze abstractedly at butcher's meat or to hover near a vegetable stall. The net result of such foraging expeditions was satisfactory, in as much as Carrots had the consolation of seeing her family grow sleek and fairly comfortable-looking; and for this she took some credit to herself. She had never been taught to thieve. But having been endowed by nature with the deftness of touch and the quickness of eye that go to make a pickpocket, Carrots stole all she could and her conscience blamed her not. Conscience! what did the child with the Rubens hair know of conscience, or of moral values? Did not the human element compass her mental vision? Was not her life steeped in it? And she herself, was she not girt around with the brutishly human? There were no commandments where Carrots came from. She lived in one of the plague-stricken areas of our city. The adjoining tenement was marked out as a place of rank iniquity. As she sat on the steps she watched, day by day, the lost souls that went in there. Yes, with the baby in her arms and the sunshine in her hair, little Carrots sat listening and watching. And perhaps she recked not as yet that the sword of the Avenger was already unsheathed and that the tenement even now was accursed: sealed with the doom of Sodom.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

(By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.)

This child was dying. This human thread, which had scarcely been unravelled, was about to be cut off—although the Master had repented Him of His work. Then a woman touched me from behind. It was the child's mother. "Won't yer say a bit of a prayer?" she said hoarsely, whereupon I knelt. Presently the same voice spoke again. "Ain't yer goin' ter say none?" "Let me join in yours," I answered, recoiling from the prospect of conducting a public prayer meeting. "Dunno none," said the woman. She reached over to a nail on the wall and detached what looked like a framed set of rules. This she thrust into my hand. "It's printin'," said she, "an' we ain't no scholars." Meanwhile the people had shuffled down on their knees—clumsily, as if the movement were unusual—and bent their heads in the presence of approaching death. A hushed silence had fallen on the tenement room, a silence which was only broken by the drunken father, who sobbed in maulin grief, and the unearthly mutterings of the child tossing in delirium. And thus with a throbbing heart I read aloud the printed prayer that lay under its thick coating of dust. The prayer finished, each one rose and stood watching in silence. The tiny patient was now quieter, and the mother in a broken voice was whispering to me the doctor's verdict, when suddenly, as if damnation were at hand and the child stood among the lost, he sprang up in bed. The baby eyes were wild with terror; he glanced around in horror; and with a piercing shriek that rang through the evil tenement, the dying child called down a wild curse upon us. In that instant the earthly veil seemed to be rent asunder; laying bare the awfulness of eternity. The women crouched down—shrinking back—dizzy—as they might from the edge of hell; while a trained look of fear came into the men's eyes, and an inarticulate cry died in each throat. A fough factory hand near me sank down on her knees, and with a sudden movement she raised a bare arm above her head, as if to avert a blow. Then with a stifled cry for mercy, she stretched out both her arms; for in that tenement room there stood an outraged Deity. And to me it seemed as if a voice were heard, coming from all the corners of the earth: "Woe be to him through whom the scandal cometh. * * * It was a cry that sank into each guilty heart. Instantly the stricken people knelt and prayed aloud. Rough, untutored words they were, but they welled up warm from throbbing human hearts to plead for the child who now stood to his judgment. Such are some of the glimpses of child life that I have seen in the courts and alleys of the metropolis. Such are among the lurid pictures, which once seen can never fade. Such is the situation before which the mind pauses. Is Christianity then a farce? If so, then in pity let the children die. For a farce more grim was never penned in the lowest depths of hell. But, if not? If Christianity be a reality, and the Redemption a fact; if human life be sacred, and the soul of man immortal, then surely it were time to cast off indifference and to fight the good fight, if we would save the faith and the morals of this generation.

The Socialist dream of a state of affairs when there shall be no properties or superiors. All fortunes shall be equal; the means of production be at everyone's command. Each shall work at his own trade, and shall give the produce of his work to society, which, after having collected all the products, will then distribute them between the individuals. It is a foolish dream. One cannot conceive of such a civilization. There will always be men who will work more than others, men who will acquire more than others; men who will enrich themselves where others will go to ruin. Equality is impossible. French Socialists do not want any army or frontiers. They dream of the fraternity of all men, hoping blindly that the temperaments of different nations will harmonize. There are several schools of Socialists in France. There are the Revolutionary Socialists who desire the downfall of the existing state by violent measures; then there are the Socialists like Jaures and Millerand, who willingly accept participation in power so that they can attach more value to their doctrines. But all the wrangling schools are strongly anti-religious. In recent days in France we find them always leading the battles against the Church. They say, "The Church is a power which oppresses both conscience and intelligence; we must crush it." Just lately we have seen a proof of this. At the Congress of Free Thought which was held in Rome, France was represented very largely by Socialists. Every Socialist municipality sent delegates. It is known, of course, that this congress was held expressly to organize the fight against the Catholic Church. Most of the French Socialists are Freemasons, and no one denies that freemasonry is anti-religious. At every Socialist meeting the fight against religion is represented clearly at the head of the programmes. We do not doubt the sincerity of their sentiments. Catholics know their doctrines, and at the elections they will not have a Catholic vote. They have the workingmen's votes in certain towns, because they flatter their passions, promise them happiness and excite them against the clergy. To prove what I say I could cite numbers of anti-clerical reunions which were given every day at certain points of the country by the Socialists. I recall one particularly which took place two years ago, when M. Combes wanted to apply the law against the religious orders. His best and most reliable helpers in the execution of this law were the Socialists. Combes commanded an attack on the convents by the army, but everywhere the Socialists were the first to do his bidding. At the same time the Socialists organized large manifestations in all parts of the country against the Church. In many places they invaded the church buildings and tried to forbid the celebration of the religious ceremonies. In Paris many were wounded in such attempts. In one church, just outside Paris, they struck the women and children. At Nantes, one Sunday, according to custom, the priests and the faithful marched in procession through the streets of the town carrying the Blessed Sacrament. The Socialists organized a counter procession and a veritable battle ensued in which one person was killed. At Lyons a similar conflict took place and a death resulted. At Reims they struck a class of little girls, who were in the act of making their First Communion. It was the beginning of a revolution, which ceased when the Catholics declared they would defend themselves against these disgraceful attacks. You see, we have every reason to believe that the Socialists are enemies of the Church. It is scarcely a year since, during a strike in the North of France, they threw a priest into a river. The poor man was simply passing quietly along the road, but they treated him brutally, just because he was a priest. There are undeniable proofs of the socialistic spirit, taken from their programme on the occasion of the last legislative elections, in the month of May, 1902. The Socialist party launched an appeal in favor of its candidates at the time of the elections. Here it is: "In the shadow of the sacristies our enemies are gathered and conspire. The Church, directress of the movement, put the deceitful and Jesuitical duplicity of its methods in its organization. The stockbrokers, traitors to France, enriched by mercenary marriages with the daughters of big Jewish bankers or American monopolists, have opened their safes. "The Socialist party opposes all religions, all dogmas, all church"

that deny the unlimited right of free thought, the scientific conception of the universe, and a system of public education exclusively founded on science and reason. "Thus accustomed to free thought and reflection, the citizens will be protected against the sophisms of capital and clerical reaction." The Socialists had also in their programme: Suppression of the Vatican; separation of the Church and State; abrogation of the concordat; rigorous enforcement of the law against the associations; suppression of all religious congregations; seizure of their property; monopoly of instruction and suppression of the budget of public worship. In another article I will give certain texts from existing socialistic programmes. They will show that the Socialists are publicly and avowedly the enemies of Catholicity. They fight it in their books, in their newspapers, in their political programmes and public reunions. They want to dischristianize France. And they are everywhere the same. We shall see that they contribute to all anti-religious laws and that they often inspire these laws.—Louis Bard, in the New World.

etc. If one gets stuck in his arguments he will attempt to substantiate his assertion with a falsified Bible quotation—and when this does not convince he will get angry and call his opponent a fool. The average minister of the gospel excels neither in refinement nor superior education. Any man who can prove to the Conference that he knows his Bible is authorized to preach. Few can make a living out of preaching. They simply follow their former trade and preach, amateur-like, whenever an opportunity presents itself. The mountaineer has not much use for a "learned" preacher; he wants one who lives and speaks like himself, and who is not likely to exert any authority over him. The more mistakes he can point out after the sermon the better he likes it. In other words, he hates to be a mute listener. I have listened to their sermons and to religious discussions outside the church. I have tried to coax them into a conversation on religion, but have never succeeded in getting any definite doctrine out of them. You will never hear them say: "Our faith teaches us so and so," or "Bro. Jones said so and so," or "Old Squire Hancock used ter say," etc., etc. Still this condition of uncertainty does not prevent them from growing rather enthusiastic during a sermon. A friend of mine relates that one day she stopped in front of a meeting house in Williamsburg, when the preacher, in a frenzy of religious excitement, threw his Bible up against the ceiling, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah for Jesus Christ!" And another lady told me she was present when the preacher, having worked himself up to that pitch where numerous pearls of sweat trickled down his face, took off his shabby coat, remarking that for him "comfort came before quality," and, with renewed vigor and less clothing, continued his oration. The good man was right, for about half his audience came without coat and shoes, and he surely was entitled to the same amount of comfort. The Catholic priest whose lot is with the mountain people very naturally will try to find out what they know and think of the Catholic Church. In order to open to them the gates of truth, it is necessary first to dispel their false ideas of us and remove their prejudice. What do they know and think of us? Very little. It is their firm conviction that the Catholics believe neither in Christ nor in the Bible, that they worship the Virgin and adore pictures, that they are a mixture of Mormons, Jews and Mohammedans, and that it is safer not to fool with them. One day I met a man on the train who professed to be a "Seventh Day Adventist" and plied me with many questions when he learned that I was a Catholic priest. Finally he told me there was a Catholic from his town on the train, and he wanted me to meet him. The man came, but protested against being made a Catholic, saying that he was a Jew. My friend looked rather puzzled and remarked: "Why, I thought that was the same thing." Not infrequently you can hear a man or woman say they wished so much to see a Catholic, and when you invite them to have a good look at you they will say: "Why, you look all right," or "You look just like any other man." They really appear disappointed because we have no horns or other marks that would make us look like the picture they have formed of us in their mind. The celibacy of the Catholic priesthood is a hard problem for them. Why, oh why don't priests get married—especially the good-looking ones? It worries them a great deal. Of course they have the famous A. P. A. book, "Christ or the Pope," or have listened to evangelists or fake ex-priests detailing the frightfully immoral and corrupt ways of priests and nuns, and they can not understand why those don't marry. But here lives a young priest with a housekeeper old enough to be his grandmother, and no nun in sight. Why doesn't he get married? Oh, it's such a pity. "Why do you preach in Latin?" they will ask. "Did you ever hear

AMID THE GRAY KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS.

Strange tales are afloat about the Kentucky mountain people. Exaggerated newspaper reports, and the fancy and imagination of their readers, paint them in the color of blood. The most atrocious crimes are daily committed, not only in the slums of populous cities, but even in otherwise quiet country towns, and hardly any attention is paid to such reports; but let a Kentucky mountaineer, under the fery sting of his "mountain dew," pull his No. 45 and send a bullet crashing through the bones of his slower adversary, and the journals of the country will, under scare headlines, give most gruesome details of "another bloody mountain feud." It is true there have been foul murders, cowardly deeds; but let it be said in defence of the mountaineer, the perpetrators of the majority of these crimes were outsiders, or they were instigated and paid for by men who do not call the mountain their home. Deduct also from the list of crimes the fatal escapades of the numerous imported coal miners, and you will easily reduce the home-bred murders to two causes—feuds and illicit distilleries. Outside of these two causes, the mountaineer is a most peaceful and congenial citizen. He is not looking for trouble, and if you let him alone he will certainly not pick a quarrel with you. He is a man of small ambition, and the glitter of gold has little attraction for him, especially if it has to be earned by hard and constant labor. He is frugal, and can not understand why any man should be dissatisfied with such good things to eat as corn-bread, bacon, potatoes, beans and molasses. The vanities of life have no strong grip on him. A fifteen dollar pistol and a thirty-five dollar Winchester rifle are his most cherished articles of wear. He will come to town on a ten-dollar mule, and will wear about seventy-five cents' worth of clothing, but carries forty or fifty dollars' worth of guns. He has two dozen chickens, tied together by their legs, hanging head downward, on either side of his mount. These chickens are speedily turned into money, the money is turned into whiskey and cartridges, and on his way home he lets everybody know that he has loaded both himself and his guns. The mountaineer's home is truly home-made. A plain, rough log cabin, the cracks open in summer and stuffed with clay or moss in winter, with a big stone chimney on one side and a door on the other, is his residence. More fashionable residences in the neighborhood of towns and railroads are fitted with openings to let the air and light in on warm days, and a few even boast of one or two glass windows. What is the religious status of the average mountaineer? It is hard to tell. His ideas on religion are rather hazy and contradictory, consequently he prefers to hear you speak rather than to assert his own opinions. It is interesting, however, to hear them talking religion among themselves. They have listened to so many different propounders of the Gospel, one contradicting the other, that they assume the right to discriminate between the truths laid before them, each man being his own theologian. They like to argue the question of the forgiveness of sin with an without penance, the salvation of all men or only a part of them, the resurrection of the body or the beatification of the soul only,

Liquor Habit PERMANENTLY CURED.

GOOD NEWS.—To all men and women who have become enslaved by the soul destroying vice DAUNKENNESS and to those who are on the way of becoming slaves to drink here is indeed Good News. ARCTOS will quickly and permanently destroy all taste for liquor. It is a sure and lasting cure as hundreds can testify, can be administered unknown to the patient, quickly restores shattered nervous system, restores the appetite and digestive organs and rehabilitates the entire system. ARCTOS is guaranteed to cure, money refunded in case of failure. Price of ARCTOS, Two Dollars per treatment. Sent by mail securely sealed to any address. Register all letters containing money.

THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

Mention the True Witness.

me preach in Latin?" "No, but Jane Cox told me she was in your church and she could not understand a word." Our High Mass was a Latin sermon for Jane. There is no way of ascertaining the feelings and impressions of these good people when for the first time in their lives they enter a Catholic Church. They have heard such awful tales about the Catholics that it even taxes their courage to the utmost to go there at all. They enter with fear and trembling. Everything is so different from the meeting house. There is deep silence—no body talking and giggling, eating peanuts or candy "before the meeting takes up." The people come in, make deep genuflections and kneel down in the pews. What a surprise to the Protestant visitor! And then the altar, the Stations of the Cross, the statues, crucifixes, etc. They never saw such things. The sermon is preached in English—they were always told it was in Latin. And the priest speaks of Christ and the Bible just as if the Catholics believed in it. And how funny the priest dresses—a black gown with a night robe over it. Children ask why he wears a lace curtain. What makes them open their eyes and mouths in utter amazement, however, is the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Some think it is a clock that strikes just at the moment when the priest raises it over the audience; others believe it to be a charm, and that the priest can do with you whatever he pleases whilst holding it; and others, again, maintain that it is a spy-glass through which the priest inspects his audience before closing the services. The priest, working in the mountains, is truly a missionary. He must be well instructed and able to speak in a clear and convincing manner. He must converse amiably with every one. It is wrong to imagine that one must be rough to handle the mountaineer. The priest is no deputy sheriff. The gentle ray of the sun melts the ice, not the blast of the roaring tempest. No missionary will ever succeed who does not love children. The hope of the Catholic Church lies in the youth. Give us the hearts of the little ones to mold and their minds to train, and they will be our missionaries in the future. Erect Catholic schools in the mountains, endow them sufficiently to enable the poorer class of people to send their children, engage a capable and virtuous teacher, and you will plant the seed for a rich harvest.—P. Ambrose Reger, O.S.B., in the New World.

A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE.

If your little ones are cross, peevish and fretful, give them Baby's Own Tablets, and they will soon be cheerful, smiling and happy. Worried mothers who use this medicine will find there's a smile in every dose. Mrs. N. Nathieu, Nonsbong, Ont., says: "Before I began using Baby's Own Tablets my little one was always sickly and cried day and night. But the Tablets have regulated his stomach and bowels, given him strength, and he is now good-natured and growing finely." Mothers need not be afraid to use this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with perfect safety to a new born babe. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOLOMON'S SYSTEM OF SELF-DEFENSE. "Do you think it would be wrong of me to learn the 'noble art of self-defense'?" a religiously inclined youth inquired of his pastor. "Certainly no," answered the minister. "I learned it in my youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life." "Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?" "Neither, I learned Solomon's system," replied the minister. "Solomon's system?" "Yes. You will find it laid down in the first verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: 'A soft answer turneth away wrath.' It is the best system of self-defense of which I have any knowledge."

A CHILD'S DEATHBED. I was pondering these things when a woman came along a crowded thoroughfare and touched my arm. Her hair was dishevelled and her eyes red with weeping. "E's dyin'," was all she said, "Won't yer come?" So I turned and went with her. First we threaded our way between wretched looking people, who hurried along in their rags, across the busy main road, with its stream of traffic heading for the docks; past public houses, where idlers loitered with dull listless eyes, or canvassed the merits of the favorite; then down a side street where, facing one of the foulest courts of that evil quarter, stood the tenement we sought. So we went up the dirty flight of stairs and into the stifling sick room. It was crowded. Factory hands were there with rough, bare arms; dockers with unshaven faces; a newly arrived soldier in khaki and numerous women, grimy and ragged, from the neighboring tenements. All of them had come "to see the child die," and each one's gaze was rivetted on the feverish little form that lay tossing in delirium on the tenement bed. He was four years old, with great hazel eyes, and softly rounded cheeks. But the cheeks were thin now, and the hazel eyes staring wide, unseeing and unconscious, while ever and anon the baby lips moved in incoherent curses.

SOCIALISM AND CATHOLIC FRANCE.

by his own consciousness, can discern whether an act is good or bad. They do not admit that men have evil instincts and that they can correct them by a superior moral sentiment. For them the fear of public opinion is the only reason for good conduct. They do not believe that a man who has no religious morality can easily commit criminal acts if he is sure that society will know nothing of it. French Socialists will not admit there is a God. They deny His existence. If there are many mysteries still unexplained, they say it is because science has not yet made sufficient progress. Science now explains everything—the sky, stars, seasons and such like. They recognize no masters. Man is essentially free and should not give up that freedom to any master whomsoever. He should lend his activity, his physical strength and his intelligence to society, but his work should be done for all in general.

Neither God nor Master. This is the shibboleth—the Socialist programme, in a nutshell. We know in France that the Socialists are the implacable enemies of religion. We have no illusions whatever on that score. They declare it themselves, both sides, under the pretext of obeying only their reason, of showing themselves to be men of science and admitting of no God. For them, Reason explains all, and every phenomena of nature is brought about by natural causes, although they cannot indicate them. The creation of man is not an embarrassing problem for them; in fact, they do not admit of any religious teaching. That good and bad are two distinct things they admit, but they claim that a man,

Justin McCarthy's "Story of an Irishman."

"The river and the sea gave me my playground," says Justin McCarthy, narrating the story of his own life, in his latest book. "I have seen many rivers and harbors in foreign countries, on this side of the Atlantic, and the other, but I have seldom looked upon a scene more fascinating to the eye and mind than that which was so familiar to my boyhood."

With this tribute to the Lee, "the river of my youth," he tells with insatiable simplicity and charm of his early home and his boy companions, who rowed with him in the harbor and out to the tossing sea. "At that time the boys I knew cared for little or anything in the way of sport that was not associated with the river and the sea, with boating and swimming." Football, racing, and cricket had no charm for these Irish lads, and with a word of apology for such indifference their comrade dwells on the long rambles they took together, their scholarly tastes and high ideals. "We could read our Latin and make something of our Greek, most of us could read French, some few Italian, and many of us were already taking to the study of German. I have never met with a set of young men more happily endowed with literary tastes and more given to steady literary culture than that which I can well remember in my native city during those far-off years."

The reason for this culture is not far to seek. It is discerned when this man of letters opens the door of his boyhood's home—a home typical of many others in Cork at that time—and introduces his readers to the family circle. The father was a man of much reading and a distinct literary gift; the mother and sister live always as ideals of womanhood in the memory of the son and brother.

"Looking back as thoughtfully as I can, I recall nothing in the character of either woman which suggests aught but purity, sweetness, utter unselfishness, and loving devotion to duty." The dearly loved sister passed out of life with the close of her twentieth year. The third child, Frank, had a great ambition to become a painter, but at a very early stage of his career he had to work hard for a living. While still very young he emigrated to America and settled down in New York as an office clerk in a wholesale dry goods store, and soon married a charming and gifted American girl. Though he continued painting, the needs of a growing family kept him to the business that supplied their income. He served on the Northern side during the Civil War, and owing to exposure to inclement weather contracted a disease of the lungs that brought his life to an early close.

"I have the most delightful memories of happy days and evenings spent with him and his wife, in a quaint old house, mainly built of stone near to the village as it then was—of Bayonne, in New Jersey," says Mr. McCarthy. A son of this brother, another Justin McCarthy, now holds an honorable position in the state administration of New York.

The schoolmaster who influenced the bent of young McCarthy's mind is honored with a chapter all to himself, as becomes his worth. Few men remember their teachers so gratefully and lovingly.

"My schoolmaster—my only schoolmaster as I may well call him—was a Cork man, named John Goulding, who had been educated for the priesthood, and had, I believe, spent some years in Rome, but owing to ill-health had been compelled to give up all hope of becoming a priest and undergoing the severe labors of that calling. Mr. Goulding must have been some seventy years when I first found a place in his schoolroom. My recollection of him is that his face appeared to be much older than his figure. He was a tall man—stood quite six feet, I think—and his form was one of strength and symmetry, while all his movements were quick, active, and vigorous. His face was clean-shaven, and his head and high forehead were crowned by a mass of thick, white hair which even yet had not had the curl quite taken out of it. The general expression of his face, when he was not speaking, was thoughtful and even melancholy, but when he spoke with animation his eyes lighted up with an inspiring brightness. He was fond of movement, and even when examining his pupils or explaining some subject to them it was his common habit to walk rapidly up and down his room, and indeed he seldom remained seated for any great length of time. Yet

there was nothing fussy or even impetuous in his movements—they only illustrated his physical vigor and mental activity, and they never marred the grace and dignity which belonged to him." The methods of this gentle master are described at length by his pupil, who remained under his charge until the necessity of making a living forced him from the schoolroom into a lawyer's office. One shares his regret at having to say good-bye to such congenial associates and environment.

Among the literary and educational institutions of Cork city at that time was the Temperance Institute founded by Father Mathew. Here young McCarthy came often in his evenings to hear lectures and debates. "Father Mathew had a strong confidence in the common desire of young men and boys to cultivate their natural intelligence when the opportunity was placed easily within their reach. . . . He visited the Institute very often himself and talked with the members, always in the friendliest and easiest way, and entered thoroughly into all the ideas and pursuits of the young.

"My own knowledge of Father Mathew," says Mr. McCarthy, "was close and intimate for many years. I was little more than a child when I accepted from him the temperance pledge and was invested with his own silver medal—the badge of the Order. I was a frequent visitor at his house, and he often came to see my father and mother. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand, by advice or personal intervention, when a friend was involved in any sort of difficulty, and in the houses of the very poorest it was noticed that whenever serious trouble came on Father Mathew was sure to appear, like a protecting angel. . . . With all his horror of drunkenness, with his lifelong devotion to the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks, Father Mathew had a never-failing patience and pity for the drunkard. . . . It was this very attribute of unfailing sympathy and sweetness that made Father Mathew's influence all but magical over those with whom he had any influence whatever."

With the same close personal touch that makes itself felt in those chapters the writer attracts our attention to his early friends, both boys and books, and through all the delightful reminiscences there is no suggestion of necessity—marring the mind- repose of the Irish youth, though he tells us frankly: "But in the meantime I had to work hard for a living."

Having left the law office to assume the more congenial occupation of a reporter on the Cork Examiner, young McCarthy began work under the most inauspicious conditions. The first work of any importance assigned to him was to travel through the country as a special correspondent to note the devastating effects of the failure of the potato crops. His reminiscences of this period make saddening reading. It is a relief to turn from them to the boy reporter's experiences at the state trials in Clonmel, when in order to get copy to Cork in season for the evening paper, "two of us would charter a jaunting car in Clonmel, drive the greater part of the night and morning to Cork, and, when we got there, sit down without thought of rest, in the newspaper rooms, go on with the writing out of our copy until it was finished, and then start off again as quickly as possible on our return journey to Clonmel.

"I do not think that any of my later experiences of work or travel have left in my mind so intense an impression of hurry, discomfort, and fatigue." The story of the middle and later life of this gifted Irishman is even more interesting than the reminiscences of his youth. For among other things it relates the events of his parliamentary career, and gives personal impressions of the men he met and knew during half a century of public life.

From the Lee to the Mersey, across the Atlantic for "a wandering holiday," amid American scenes and people, and back again to London, Mr. McCarthy takes his way, and is always so entertaining that his readers follow him without protest, even if as averse to the ocean as Dickens' old lady who never was on the water "except on a bridge."—Beatrice Oulton.

If you would have men honor you, keep a pure life and incorruptible associates.

Death of the Father of the Gaelic Revival.

There passed away recently at the Carmelite Abbey, Loughrea, Ireland, a venerable priest, to whose patriotic labors the revival of the Gaelic language and literature may be said to be largely due. The Rev. Elias Nolan, who belonged to the Order Discalced Carmelites, was ordained in 1865 and passed the greater part of his sacerdotal life at the Church of St. Teresa, Clarendon street, Dublin. Soon after his ordination Father Nolan, who, as a native of Galway, spoke Gaelic fluently, founded, with the assistance of a few other Gaelic enthusiasts, the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. Over twenty years ago he brought out a prayer book in Irish which had a large sale. He was a zealous but retiring and very pious priest and worked energetically though unobtrusively for the Gaelic revival which is now daily giving evidence of strength, growth and permanence.

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM.

How It Is Caused by Bad Blood, and Why Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Not many years ago doctors thought rheumatism was only a local pain caused by cold or wet in ageing joints and muscles. Now they know that rheumatism is caused by the blood becoming tainted with uric acid from disordered liver and kidneys. This acid eats into the vital organs. It destroys their vitality, contracts the muscles, stiffens the joints and irritates the nerves. Then cold and wet make every bone groan with aching rheumatism. You blame the weather, but the real cause is acid in the blood. The stiffness spreads and the pains grow worse each year until you are a helpless cripple, tortured day and night. Perhaps the disease may spread to the heart—and that means sudden death. You must not neglect rheumatism—but you can't cure it with liniments, plasters or hot cloths. They cannot possibly touch the blood. The only sure scientific cure is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make new blood. They sweep out the painful acid, loosen the joints, and muscles, brace up the nerves, and strengthen the liver and kidneys for their work in casting out impurities. This is proved by the thousands of suffering rheumatics who have been made well and strong by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. T. H. Smith, of Caledonia, Ont., is one of these many witnesses. He says: "For a number of years I was badly troubled with rheumatism, and was so crippled up I could scarcely do any work. I tried a number of medicines, but they did not help me. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised as a cure for rheumatism and decided to try them. Before the third box was gone I found myself much better. I continued to use the pills throughout the winter and they have completely cured me. I got so I could work on the coldest day without a coat and not feel a twinge of the trouble. I think every rheumatic sufferer should promptly take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure men and women who are crippled with lumbago, rheumatism, sciatica, paralysis and even locomotor ataxia, because they actually make new, rich red blood. This new blood sweeps the painful, poisonous impurities out of the system, and puts the whole body into a healthy state. Nothing but good rich blood can do that—and nothing can give you healing blood except Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If the blood is bad the nerves are bad, for the nerves feed on the blood. That is the cause of sleeplessness, nervousness, hysteria, St. Vitus dance, neuralgia, and loss of vitality in men and women. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills faithfully cure these diseases and other blood disorders such as anaemia, biliousness, indigestion, heart troubles, backache, kidney trouble and decline. But you must get the genuine pills. The "something else just as good" medicine which some dealers try to persuade their customers to take never cured anything nor anyone. See that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt write direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

"My husband died last spring," remarked Mrs. Smith, plaintively. "All the doctors' medicines couldn't save him. They tried a post mortem examination, but they didn't do it soon enough to do him any good."

CANADIAN PACIFIC

\$48.90

Vancouver From
Victoria March 1st, 1905
Seattle
Tac ma SECOND CLASS
Portland FROM MONTREAL

Lower rates to many other places.
OTTAWA SLEEPING CAR SERVICE
RESERVED.

Leaves Windsor Station daily at 10.10 p.m.
Passengers may remain in car until 9 a.m. Price of berth \$1.50.
There is now attached to Halifax Express, leaving Windsor Street Station 7.25 p.m. daily, except Saturday, a Dining Car, in which supper will be served a la carte as far as Sherbrooke. On return Diner will be attached at Sherbrooke to Halifax Express, leaving there 6.10 a.m. for Montreal, in which breakfast will be served a la carte. The Dining Car is prepared to serve supper at 6.30 p.m.

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St. Windsor
St. Station, Place Viger Stn

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

REDUCED FARES

MARCH 1st to MAY 15th, 1905.
Second Class Colonist fares from Montreal to
Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, \$48.90
Portland, \$46.40
Robson, Spokane, \$46.40
Annapolis, Butte, Helena, \$45.90
Salt Lake, \$45.50
Colorado Springs, Denver, \$49.00
Pueblo, \$49.00
San Francisco, Los Angeles, \$49.00
Low rates to many other points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m. for passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West—nominal charge for berths.
Fast Ottawa Service—Leave Bonaventure station 4.40 a.m. Sunday, 4.10 p.m. daily; returning leave Ottawa 8.20 a.m. daily, 4.20 p.m. on Sunday.

CITY TICKET OFFICES:
187 St. James Street, Telephone 634
466 & 461, Bonaventure Station.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

EXPECTATIONS.

We know that you are expecting to see some changes around this store, and you will not be disappointed. Every day there will be improvements somewhere. Just now our principal attention is being given to selling out such stocks as we do not intend to carry, and the clearing up of the stocks we do.

\$1.00 SILKS 50c

In looking over our stock of Silks, we find some 1670 yards of a certain line that isn't moving out as rapidly as its quantity demands. It is Taffeta Silk of the best quality, that we have been selling for \$1.00 a yard. The colors include dark seal, goblin, garnet, blue gray, royal blue, slate, purple, old rose, dark drab, three shades of heliotrope, cadet, etc. In order that there shall be no doubt as to its complete sale we have set the price at, per yard, 50c.

Nick-Nacks to Co.

There is a lot of valuable space on the main floor taken up with nick-nacks. We want to get them out of the way as soon as possible. Therefore we shall sell
EBONIZED GOODS, such as Manicure Pieces, Brushes, Whisks, Shaving Sets, Blotters, Ink Wells, Hand Glasses and more such articles than we can possibly mention at 25 per cent. off.
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES, in fancy boxes. Regular prices 25c, and 30c, for 15c.

Smallwares.

10c worth of Linen Thread for 5c.
10c worth of Pins for 5c.
By the way, a lot of Valentines just came in ranging in price from 1c to 65c. Remember us when you think of the 14th.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd

2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St.
Corner Metcalfe.

Terms Cash. Tel. 1Up 2740

Music has an important influence on the whole of our emotional nature, and indirectly upon expressions of all kinds. He who has once learned the self-control of the musician, the use of "piano" and "forte," each in its right place, when to be lightly swift or majestically slow, and especially how to keep to the key once chosen till the right time has come for changing it, he who has once learnt this knows the secret of the art. No painter, writer, orator, who had the power and judgment of a thoroughly cultivated musician, could sin against the broad principles of taste.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

WELCOME ARRIVAL OF THE NEWEST WASH FABRICS AND MUSLINS.

The first shipment of exquisite Wash Fabrics and Muslins for 1905 has arrived. Fresh, cool, sheer delightful weaves, propitious harbingers of approaching spring. As to prices—sufficient to say The Big Store's record. Some promises of variety:

Plain Voiles in an enormous variety of new and charming tints.
Per yard 21c
Dainty Check Voiles, in a multitude of color tones, check embroidered spots, new effects. Per yard 25c
Splendid Canvas Cloth, beautiful open work embroidery, in two tone effects. Per yard 59c
Voiles, delicately embroidered in silks, lovely designs, in three tone effects. Per yard 35c
Etamines, in two strikingly original check effects.
Per yard 33c

NEW WINTER COSTUMES

Equally desirable for early spring wear. Suits that we wouldn't sell at double their present prices if space were more plentiful. New importations cannot be denied, hence the sweeping price cuts in the Costume Salon. This list will give an idea of prevailing price conditions.

\$12.00 LADIES' STYLISH COSTUMES for \$4.95
\$15.00 LADIES' STYLISH COSTUMES for 7.90
\$18.00 LADIES' STYLISH COSTUMES for 9.90
\$25.00 LADIES' STYLISH COSTUMES for 15.00
\$45.00 LADIES' STYLISH COSTUMES for 18.00

SOME BARGAINS FOR MEN

Some opportunities men will do well to consider:
MEN'S WOOL CARDIGAN JACKETS, in black and seal brown, warm and well fitting, two pockets. Worth 75c. Reduced price, each 59c
MEN'S FLANNELETTE NIGHT SHIRTS, fancy stripes, extra good quality, all sizes, good roomy cut. Worth \$1.00. For 85c
MEN'S FANCY SMOKING JACKETS, in various colors, materials and styles—all the best. To be cleared at Reductions from 25 to 50 per cent.

Stirring Announcement From the SILK STORE

Here is a collection of about 2500 yards of Silks and Satins that are worth from a half up to double the price you need pay for them. It is a gathering up of odd lots, part pieces and discontinued lines, and yet all the fabrics included are most desirable. There are Silks and Satins for full dresses, waists, linings, petticoats, etc.
The lot includes Liberty Satins, Merveilleux and Suran Silks. The color assortment includes most all of the fashionable shades.
48c a yard—for 75c to \$1.00 SILKS!

Ladies' Winter Coats At HALF PRICE.

Here are two groups of new and beautifully tailored Coats, made of excellent materials, stylish and correct in every way—absolutely at HALF PRICE. Here are descriptions in detail:
AT \$3.90—LADIES' AND MISSES' TWEED COATS, epaulette shoulders, smartly shirred sleeves, trimmed plain box cloth. Regular value, \$7.80. Reduced Price \$3.90
At \$6.85—LADIES' AND MISSES' HEAVY REVERSIBLE CLOTH COATS, long shoulder and belted backs, collar, cuffs and belt in-laid and piped light box cloth. Regular value, \$13.75. Reduced Price \$6.85

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

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

DISCOUNT SALE OF

Carpets, Floor Coverings, Rugs, Curtains, Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads will be continued for a few days. Liberal Discounts and a most complete and up-to-date stock make this sale a golden opportunity for saving money.

THOMAS LIGGET

Empire Building, 2474-2476 St. Catherine Street.

LITTLE LAUGHS.

ONE ON PAPA'S NOSE.
"Your little boy seems to have his father's nose, Mrs. Wibbleton."
"Oh, no. It looks that way because he fell yesterday and bumped it on an iron choo-choo car, poor little pet."

ALL HE GAVE HER.
After the concert was over they all boarded the Clifton and Elm car, each with a new gown and a single action box of bonbons. The announced intention of all was to transfer to Norwood, and to this end the girl in the red hat got six transfers. But the other five changed their minds just before the transfer point and declared themselves in favor of a foraging expedition into the shopping district. Only the girl with the red hat stuck to the original plan and boarded the Norwood car. To the conductor looking for his due she handed the bunch of transfers.

The conductor looked at her and each side of her and all around her. At last he looked into the bonbon box. She was oblivious. Then he spoke, rather haughtily:
"Where are the others?" he inquired.

The girl looked up, startled, and confused for an instant. Then she spoke, rather haughtily:
"That's all he gave me!" she said.

The Fulton (Mo.) Gazette reports that a minister of that town was moved by the grief of a husband whose wife was to be buried, and sought to commiserate him in the following manner:
"My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one who was your companion and partner in life, I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love."

To this the bereaved man replied by asking, as he gazed through tears into the minister's face. "What's her name?"

THE GAZETTE
Lecture
Assembled
Vol. LIV., No. 3
PASTOR
Right Reverend
Erection of the Diocese
ment of the Right
to th
Richard Alphonsus O'Con
Holy S
To the Clergy, Religious C
and Laity of our Dioc
peace and benediction is
DEARLY BELOVED BRETHR
The Apostolic See, eve
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portion of the Christian
wealth, places Bishops to
Church of God, and disp
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As a country becomes mo
and the wants of the
multiplied, new Dioceses a
and Bishops are appointed
and govern them.
On account of the large
settlers of late years into
tario, which embraces the
and western part of the Di
Peterborough, the Holy Se
petitioned to establish a
cese in that district.
Our Holy Father Pius X
graciously pleased to gran
quest, and has erected the
cess of Sault Ste. Marie, w
prises the western part o
District, the Districts o
and Thunder Bay, includ
toulain and St. Joseph Islan
new Diocese will extend fr
Bay west about 800 miles
eastern limit of the Rainy
tract, whilst the Diocese of
North will comprise the C
Northumberland, Durham,
rough and Victoria, with
tricts of Muskoka and Par
A glance at what has be
plished in the western porti
Diocese during the fifteen
our administration will, r
be interesting, as well as
the rapid growth of the Ca
pulation in that district.
that time 72 churches hav
built, 49 of which are with
limits of the new Diocese o
Ste. Marie. In addition,
churches have been enlarg
improved. To provide suita
lings for the clergy, 19 P
have been erected, and of
are in the new Diocese. F
pitals have been construct
three of these are located i
at towns of the new Dioc
Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arth
Sudbury—suitable centres
relief and consolation to
and injured that are bro
the surrounding districts.
of the parishes and missio
lic schools are established
the children receive religio
moral training. Moreover,
about 6000 Catholic India
per cent. of the total India
tion in the Diocese. These
vided with three boarding
where the children are educ
trained by devoted and sel
ing Sisters, under the dire
the Jesuit Fathers. Beside
are several day schools wh
rudiments of a religious an
education are imparted to
origines.
The Catholic population o
Diocese of Sault Ste. Marie
27,000, with 35 priests a
churches, whilst the Cathol
lation of what will hencefo
stitute the Diocese of Pete
is about 24,000, with 25
and 45 churches. Thus th
Diocese will contain a larg
of territory and also a grea
ber of priests to attend to
ritual welfare of the peopl
From these few details it
easily perceived why the H
ther was pleased to establi
Diocese and appoint a Bisho
will build upon the foundati
ready laid, and continue m
factually the work of relig
that section of the Provin
action taken to urge the par