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PRANGER, ST.

IAIN & GUERIN.

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00000000000000000 ANTISEPTIC TABLET and effective remedy for OATS AND COUGH: e germicidal value of Cresoles reporties of slippery elm and in st or from us, 10c in stam Limited, Agents, Montreal.

The True Cuitness



Gardien de la Salle de Lecture Feb 19 1909.

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

Now und ... Ment

A Catholic holding a public office can't represent the Catholics if he doesn't read a Cathonic paper. Vote in a better man.

Belleville, Ont.—At Bancroft, in Sunday last, Rev. Belleville, Ont.—At Bancroft, in this county, on Sunday last, Rev.
Mr. Spargo delivered a scathing rebuke to some young men who were playing cards in church during the service. The young men belonged to respectable families in the village. It may be that if they had to sleep, their snoring might awaken the balance of the congregation.

Archbishop William H. O'Connell, of Boston, is preparing for a second visit to Japan, and will start for Tokio early in the new year to become another factor in the important diplomatic events that are changing the world's relations with the empires of the East. In the fall 1905, when he was then Bishop of Portland, Me., Pope Pius sent him on a mission to the Mikado and in the interests of the Catholic missions and the Church connection in Japan. In his dealings with the Japanese government Bishop O'Connell was eminently successful in having the Pope's authority recognized and the free establishment of Catholic worship secured throughout

Prepared to devote the remainder of her life to nursing and cheering victims of the most dreaded of human afflictions, Sister Marcella, for five years head of the dispensary at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore, has gone to join the little community of Sisters of Charity who have charge of the leper home near New Orleans. There are 66 lepers in the home, attended by six Sisters of Charity, whose mother house is at Emmitsburg, Md., and by a priest, Rev. A. V. Keenan, the chaplain.

Mr. John Delaney, one of the survivors of the Papal Guards, went to the aid of the Pope at the time of the invasion of the States of the Church by Garibaldi, died recently in St. Mary's Hospital, Brooklyn, N.Y., at the age of 74 years. Two others of the Guards still reside

A Catholic who tells you, "I don't read a Catholic paper," is apt to have a son who will say, "I don't go to church."

The death is reported from Newtownbutler, County Fermanagh, Ireland, of Mrs. Catherine Kiernans, claimed to be Ireland's oldest inhabitant. She had attained the remarkable age of 113 years, 80 of which she spent on a lonely island Lough Erne. She had clear recollections of incidents following the rebellion of 1798, and used to tell of a tragic affray in 1820 between Protestants and Catholics, traditionally remembered as the "Macken

grandmother, Mrs. Fitzgerald, is a expressing his thanks to Cardinal widow of a wealthy South African mine owner, offered the Pope for his for allowing an appeal to be made jubilee fifty chalices, fifty ostensori- in their churches towards the buildums and fifty pixes of silver. The Pope greatly appreciated the gift and gave a photograph to the small donor on which he wrote: "An old man grateful to a very young boy ly in his Cathedral Church, the Bi-

Church, Aungler street, Dublin, in the neighborhood of what recent ex- be able to assure him that in the cavations seem to prove to be the Emmet family vault: —
"This wall stands over the sup-

posed site of the Emmet family vault, which was recently removed to make room for the foundations of the new transcept. Thomas Addis Emmet. M.D., of New York, and other members of the family have had this brass plate placed here. A.D.

number of presents from many Irish ladies in recognition of the Jubilee of His Holiness. The presents in clude beautiful vestments worked in Irish convents, and lace, and in addition an illuminated album taining 20,000 names of subscribers

The Irish writer and scholar, Mr. Patrick H. Pearse, has recently signed his Professorship of Irish University College, Dublin, and his Secretaryship to the Gaelic League Publication Committee, to become the founder of a high school boys on "Irish revival" lines, with the adoption of bilingual teaching methods in all its courses. At St Enda's School, Rathmines, Dublin, the first place is accorded to the Irish language, which is taught as a spoken and literary tongue to every pupil. Irish, as we are told, is the "official language of the school, and, as far as possible, the ordinary me dium of communication between teachers and pupils in the schoolroom, on the playground, in the gymnasium, and in the refectory:' Phere is the pleasant prospect of a holiday school to be held in the summer on the shores of Lough Aroolagh-an Irish-speaking district in South Connemara. Another feature of the school is the association of the pupils with its administration-a kind of preliminary rehearsal for Home Rule. The boys are to "consulted with regard to any proposed departures in the curriculum or system of organization, and will be frequently called upon for suggestions as to schemes of work or play."

The Bishop of Kerry on a recent Sunday laid the foundation stone of the work which has been started for the completion of Killarney Cathedral. The work consists of the extension of the nave and aisles and the completion of the tower and the addition of a spire. Addressing the congregation during the high Mass, the Bishop said that all owed a tribute of gratitude and admiration to the great Bishop, Dr. Egan, who in those far-off times conceived the idea of erecting this noble Cathedral, and who possessed the courage of putting this idea into execution. "The great Bishop did the work of a pioneer; he was amongst the first, if not the first, of the great churchbuilders of Ireland, and how nobly he did his work this beautiful Cathedral is 'the most eloquent witness. This is a poor diocese; and yet in the supply of schools and churches it is not surpassed by the richest in Ireland. During the short, space of four years since I entered into my present position, five churches, three new and two practically new, have been erected in this diocese. All honor to those priests and people who have accomplished this good work. To the clergy and people of the diocese who co-operated so freely and so generously with us and who have lessened our anxiety and made light our burden we on this solemn occasion tender the expression of our heartfelt year-old boy from Dublin, whose thanks." His Lordship concluded by ing fund.

shop of Waterford said that during his recent audience with the Pope, A brass plate, bearing the follow-ing inscription, has been placed in one of the walls of St. Peter's most important work of temperance there had been recently a considerable improvement, and that there was now growing up a fine strong public spirit, thanks to the zealous efforts of the priests, regular and secular, and in particular to the labors of the Capuchin Fathers. With regard to education, His Holiness ex-In connection with the stay of Sir Thos. Esmonde, at present in Rome, where he is discharging his duties as one of the Pope's Chamberlains, it is interestiag to note that Lady Esmonde, who is with her husband, has been made the medium for the presentation to the Pope of a speared before men. pressed the hope that the new Irish

One Woman's Opinion of Mixed Marriages.

eave it to the priests alone sound a warning. Young people are apt to discount what the priests say about mixed marriages, thinking that if the Church permits them, that if the Church permits them there can not be so much danger. They know instances of Catholics They know instances of Catholics who married non-Catholics that atterwards became converts; and these instances they dwell upon, rorgetting all about other cases where the non-Catholic husband or wife did not change, and still others where the Catholic fell away.

The religious training of the meaning that the catholic fell away.

The religious training of the majority of non-Catholics to-day is either nil or so indefinite and hap-hazard as to be useless as a practical guide to conduct, especially under temptation. When temptation comes they fight the matters and along the lines of self-respect, the comes they fight the matter along the lines of self-respect, the opinion of others, common decency or honor in the abstract; and whether they yield or not depends upon the comparative strength of the temptation and their instincts They have no definite

I am a Catholic wife of a non-catholic husband, and consequently in a position to fully realize the dangers to which a Catholic who contracts such a marriage is exposed, not only as regards her happiness, but also as regards her Faith. I have felt for some time that we who can estimate the risks should not leave it to the pricets along the catholic wife will arouse it many leave it to the pricets along the table with the result of the catholic wife will arouse it many times by taking up the gourtlet in the catholic wife will arouse it many times by taking up the gourtlet in the catholic wife will arouse it many the sound to conclude from his desultory reading that the general run of Catholics are ignorant, superstitions, simple-minded folk who believe all their crafty priests tell them. This feeling will surely be there and it will crop out occasions allowed the catholic wife will arouse it many the sound to conclude from his desultory reading that the general run of Catholics are ignorant, superstitions, simple-minded folk who can be regarded to the catholic wife will crop out occasions allowed the catholic wife will arouse it many the catholic wife will arouse it many the catholic wife will arouse it many the catholic wife will crop out occasions and the catholic wife will arouse it many the catholic wife will crop out occasions and the catholic wife will crop out occasions. Catholic wife will arouse it many times by taking up the gauntlet in defence of the Faith unnecessarily or in an unwise manner. There are not too many saints in the world and the average, conceited, hot-tempered human being hasn't his or her tongue or temper under year, good tongue or temper under very good

control.

Here are some of the "arguments" the non-Catholic husband will use and which will prove a constant irritant to the Catholic wife: the Protestant nations are progressive, the Catholic church likes to keep the people in ignorance; during the Middle Ages men were tortured and the control of the provided in the control of the co people in ignorance; during the Middle Ages men were tortured and burned if they dared to express an original opinion; the Irish are quarrelsome, improvident, untidy, and too much given to drink; the Spaniards, ignorant, bigoted, and unbelievably cruel; the French (whom all consider Catholics when speaking of their undesirable qualities, but non-Catholic when speaking of their progressiveness), are frivolous and immoral. He condemns the Italian moral. He condemns the Italian with the single word "Dago." The He

himself, "I will not serve." Picture a conscientious Catholic married to such a man and loving him devoted-ly. She realizes that his ignorance of the Faith is rendered sinful by the pride and rebellion which keep him from bending the knee to God. She knows, unless he changes, he has no chance of salvation; and it takes a chance of salvation; and it takes a chance of salvation; and it takes a lifetime to break the pride in some hearts, and some go to their graves rebellious still. Oh, the weary waiting! Perhaps to end in despair.

The majority of the young men today outside of the Church have such lax notions on many questions of morality that the Catholic wife will be disreved when the finds out the

be dismayed when she finds out the true state of her husband's mind. true state of her husband's mind. He will consider his own view the broad-minded, liberal one, and tnink his wife narrow, unreasonable, and a goody-goody if she disagrees with him. He thinks it is better for mm. He thinks it is better for people who cannot agree to get a divorce and remarry; that it is impossible for an unmarried man to remain pure; that poor people should not have so many children; that a questionable story, now and then, between husband and wife, should be laughed at and enjoyed; that occabetween husband and wife, should be laughed at and enjoyed; that occasionally, even in mixed company, it is no great harm; that, if we have not all the things we think we need, we should not be expected to give to others, even to help support the Church; that the priests have a pretty soft same and bleed. church; that the priests have a pret-ty soft snap and bleed the people more or less; that one religion is as good as another; that it is an open question whether there is a God and a life beyond; that therefore a man should make sure of a good time here; that either a man or a wo-men may an occasion indule. as to what is necessary for salvation and usually refuse to give the fact that the Pope and the majority and freely in intoxicants if he or she does not make a habit of it. He will A Catholic girl marries a non-Callians positively incenses him—"he probably consider it his privilege to

The chances for happiness of a good Catholic girt who marries a fallen-away Catholic seem to me very slight also. Don't be fooled, girls, by that world-old fallacy that girls, by that world-old fallacy that you can do anything with a man if he loves you. Look around you at the married couples you know and judge if the men differ much from what they were before marriage; and remember that these men loved their sweethearts just as ardently as your lover, when he comes, will love you; and that the love which most of them bear their wives is a truer love than they bore their sweethearts, since it has less of self in it. It will seem increable to you that will seem increamble to you that bald-headed, irascible John Sweeney bald-headed wife and his dumpy, old-fashioned should feel any very tender sentiment for each other. Nevertheless, their love is probably just as deep and tender as the love you will know. And if, in the pride of your heart, thinking you will be able to inspire a nobler and more salesentificing. thinking you will be able to inspire a nobler and more self-sacrificing love than other women do, you marry a man with the expectation of changing his ideas after marriage, you will repent that pride in bitterness of soul. There is only one true test—will your salvation be aided or hindered by this marriage, and are you giving your children, that will be, the good chance of salvation which they have a right to demand which they have a right to demand

of you?

And all is not yet said on the subject. The divergence between the ideals of the world and of the Church concerning conduct, disposi-Church concerning conduct, disposi-tion and character, is growing wid-er every day. The Catholic wife of a mixed marriage, when with her husband's family, can not help but feel herself an outsider. If they are very worldly people who consider themselves too smart to believe in old-festioned various of God, heaven old-fashioned notions of God, heaven and hell, they will try her number-less times. If, in obedience to con-science, she deny herself some indul-gence, they will ridicule such fool-ishness, and laugh at her simplicity. They will repudiate self-denial and They will repudiate self-denial and boast of their broad-minded notions. Nevertheless they will probably have charming qualities, which win from the Catholic a genuine, deep affection. She will, in condeep affection. She will, in con-sequence, suffer many a heart-ache over their prospects in the life to come. For the love of every true woman toward all her friends has a maternal quality. And when death comes to one of those dear ones imagine the inconsolable bitterness of such a grief.

The man and woman who contract a mixed marriage have no mutual home of the soul—none of that sweet companionship in loving thoughts of God. The Catholic wife is ever conscious that her soul's home is but a strange habitation to her husbut a strange habitation to her nus-band. They cannot take counsel to-gether and sustain each other in matters of faith. Husband and wife are not fighting the battle of sal-vation side by side, he is one of the besiegers who would break down her barriers. She feels her disposition growing beliggeret because she must. growing belligerent because she must always be girding up her loins against some danger threatening. She will long for a season among her own people where she can take off her armor and rest secure, not ever fearful that the poisonous of indifference to conscience worldliness and unbelief may in some nguarded moment find entrance into

How much resolution it takes to be ever girded up and pushing on-ward in the teeth of hostile forces and how wearisome it becomes!
That soul which is always in the thick of the fight is ever weary and may never rest. How it longs for rest in the bosom of God! And how it begs of God to save the souls of its loved ones and bring them home!

Prayer for New Year's Day Almighty God, now that we have lived to see another year, we thank thy goodness and Eig incomprehensible mercy, that, from the moment of our birth, we have escaped so many dangers which have threatened our health and life. Would that we had never abused the precious time of our life to sin! but alas! it is done, and we therefore pray Three, through Thy Son, and through the precious blood We this day shed in His circumcision, to look, not upon the multitude of our sins but upon Thy infinite mercy : we promise to be henceforth pious, just, and virtuous; strengthen us in our weakness; increase in us faith, hope and charity; keep us, by Thy powerful grace, from all sin, dangers, temptations, and adversities of soul and body; enable us, we beseech Thee, to offer up to Thee, from this day henceforth till the hour of our death, all oar senses, thoughts, words, and deeds; to subject them all to Thy holy will; to oppose successfully every evil habit, and to practice every virtue. Grant, @ Sather, that we, living and dying in Thy only true faith, may enjoy in Thy kingdom, where one day is better than a thousand upon earth, an everlasting New Year of eternal happiness, and that we may praise Thee with all Thy angels and saints, torever and ever. Mamen.

tholic man. We will suppose the husband to be a fairly good Protestant, who believes in God and in the authenticity of the Bible. During his courtship he protested that he had not the slightest prejudice against the Catholic religion and argued that there is no reason why a Catholic and Protestant who marry can not be as happy as two of the same faith: and he was sincere. But deep down there is prejudice and a feeling of superiority over Catholics, which comes to the surface in the course of time. The marvel would be if it were otherwise. Anyone can readily realize this who has gone through a public high school and studied the general and English histories in use, or aread the novels of Scott, the works of Macaulay and Carlyle, and other authors of their day. People who have no special reason for doing and the average non-Catholic student and the surface, and there is a like of self-denial, he says within such of the surface, and the average non-Catholic student and the average non-Catholic student and the surface, and the average non-Catholic student and the surface in the course of time. The surface in the course of time and the surface in the course of time. The surface in the course of time and the surface in the course of time. The surface in the surface in the course of time. The surface in the course of time. The surface in the course of time. The surface in the course of time is different when he feels like it; to get angry or impatient when impulse that suns; it is different when he speaks of the Protestant peoples; the dermandary or impatient when impulse intensing. The time is

wouldn't be ruled in anything narrow-minded, unprogressive lians."

Parents Revolt Against Godle In struction.

Following the edict of the irreligious body that now guides the destinies of the city of Rome, a rather startling result has come to light.

Apprehensive of the evil effects that startling result has come to light. Apprehensive of the evil effects that pagan schools must necessarily I ave upon pupils, fathers of families in this city have commenced to withdraw their children from the public schools. An investigation made some weeks ago as to the reduction in attendance showed a decrease this year of four thousand in comparison with the registered number the year just gone by; while the decrease is stated to have gone on steadily since the number of children attending the investigation mentioned took place. As a consequence of this the roll-books of private educational institutions show a large increase in their classes. Thus it is that the efforts of masons, amerchists, and others, under the leadership of Mr. Nathan, the Anglo-Italian Jew, are meeting with defeat.

SOULFUL INDEED.

"You are going to say something soulful," declared the fiance. "I see it in your lovely eyes."
"What I was going to say is this," responded the fiance. "Won't you wear a rubber band around your head at nights, so as to train your ears not to stick out?"

HOUSE NO HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Paris Patterns



CHILD'S DRESS. Paris Pattern No. 2670

All Seams Allowed.

The Empire style is particularly pretty and appropriate for the small girl, and an exceedingly dainty model out on these lines is here illustrated. It is developed in light blue and white dotted challis, and the yoke and front panel are cu-

and the yoke and front panel are cut in one plece. The full skirt portion is gathered and attached to this yoke, the Joinful being hidden by a band of cream-colored beading, run with narrow black velvet ribbon, ornamented with small bows either side of the front, and finished with a small bow at the centerback, the ends of this bow extending to the hem of the skirt. The square Dutch neck and short sleeves are trimined with the ribbon-run beading, and, if desired, the model may be developed with high neck and long sleeves. In this case the beading should be used on the collar and wristbands. The pattern is in 4 skess—14 to 5 years. For a child of 3 years the dress requires 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 38 inches wide, or 1½ yards 42 inches wide, with 1½ yards of beading and 5 yards of ribbon. The full skirt portion is gath

PATTERN COUPON

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given

HOUSEWIFE SUGGESTIONS.

Sweet apples will cook better and have a more delicious flavor if a little lemon juice or pure cider vineis added.

If lettuce is kept for several hours t should be placed on the cellar loor or in the refrigerator. Unpainted wood will remain whiter bbed with cold water and Hot water and strong alkali

will make the wood yellow When washing pongee silk never wring it at all. Simply hang it on the line and let the water drip out. Iron with a warm iron

when dry.

If the sink pipe is clogged remove the strainer and insert the hose into it and turn the water on full force. In almost all cases it cleans

pipe.

porcelain vessels are placed directly over the gas flame they will clean much better by rubbing lard over the outside of the pan before

over the outside of the pan before putting it over the flame.

For "orange jelly in ambush" a well known cook directs one to cut, oranges in half, remove the pulp and juice and with the juice prepare enough orange jelly to fill half the number of orange "cups." Then fill the remaining pieces with a charlotte russe mixture. When both are firm put them together in pairs and tie together with white baby ribbon.

ONE THING ALONE.

What doth it profit to gain the

What doth it profits
world.
Or madly to seek as our goal
Its honor and glory, wealth and joy,
If we lose, in the seeking, our soul?
Whether men my life and my work

proud, rmanent niche in the Temple of

Fame,
Or the fleeting applause of the crowd?

Not the censure or praise of the world I've left,

my life to me of Him who Will matter to me when the snow

Oh, the heart cries aloud for an in

finite good,
A cry which the world can ne'er And there's one thing alone that

profits in life,
The doing of God's holy will.
If only the years that are mine

In an effort my soul to save. The rest will be naught when snowflakes weave.

Their jewelled shroud o'er

grave.
--Arthur Barry O'Neil, C.S.C. WITH THE PASSING YEARS.

Madonna mine, the while the fleeting years
In their swift courses come and

pass away,
And nearer bring the time when we, like they, Shall cease to be; when neither hopes

nor fears,
Nor all the love which life to us en dears, Within our bosoms longer wield

their sway, And the stilled pulses of our hearts

obey
No more the voice of joy, nor plaint of tears;
dear with us if we lift our eyes to
thee,
Who felt the shortness and the

o felt the bus. length of life; albeit therefrom thou

wast free, many snares which in this The many snares which in this world are rife,
And ask thee while our years are yet to be For strength to conquer in their

aseless strife

A little while, and lo, in flight as swift
As the old year, which faster still and fast
Loses itself within the misty past,

We, too, too, shall vanish from men's whose shadow

Across the stream never lift, Except to those waters passed; those who have its A few more days, and what we

have amassed For heaven will b will be the measure of our thrift.

'cach us that wisdom, then, Madonna, which

Rates time aright while time still

perseveres; So that when hence, from our al-

lotted niche,
Death comes to call us unto other

spheres, The deeds which we have wrought may make us rich Through the whole length of God's

eternal years.

-William D. Kelly, in Ave Maria. BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD.

Put three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate in a saucepan and set over and set over hot water until it melts. Add gradually one cupful of milk, stirring until smooth, and set to one suce. Beat together three tablespoonfuls of sugar and three eggs, add one cupful of cold milk, then the contents of the same and the saucepan. Pour into cups, set in a deep pudding dish and pour around them sufficient hot water to reach a little more than half way up the sides of the cups. Place in a slow oven and cook until firm in the

SOFT WAFFLES.

Beat two eggs without separating until very light; add to them one-half of a part of milk; add two tablespoonfuls of butter that has been softened but not melted and cups of flour. Beat thoroughly never about five an about five the spin teaspoonful of baking feet water iron to bake. Dust with powdered sugar and serve hot.

Make a rich paste with two cups of flour, one-half of a tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of salt and one-quarter of a cup of ice Cut the butter into the flo the flour, Cut the butter into the flour, to which has been added the salt, and moisten with the water; take only mough to moisten, and add carefully, cutting and folding. Put on ice for an hour or so, then roll thin and line a deep pie dish with half of the crust. Drain twenty-five oysters from their liquor, turn into the pie with one-fourth of a cup of bread crumbs one tablespoonful of butter cut into pieces, and one-fourth of a cup of oyster liquor; salt and pepper to taste. Roll out the remaining half of the paste for the upper crust. Bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes. nutes.

CODFISH BALLS.

What shall I reck, when the snow flebes yeave?

What doth it profit to gain world—
A rank which the world calls

Boil the carrots in salted water, with the cover off, until tender; when done slice and peel very thin. Season each layer with a sprinkling of salt and pepper and a teaspoonful of melted butter over the whole, then add vinegar enough to cover. Serve while warm. SCALLOPED ONIONS

Peel one dozen onions of moderate size and boil in salted water until tender, changing the water two or three times, according to the deli-cacy of flavor designed. cacy of flavor desired. Prepare one cupful of white sauce, using one

cupful of white sauce, using on tablespoonful of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, one-half of teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper and one cupful of milk. Drain the onions cupful of milk. Drain the onions turn them into a buttered bakin dish, pour over them the white sauc and cover them with half a cupful of fine bread crumbs mixed with one teaspoonful of melted butter and of salt. Bake in a hot over

high dawn wind, a low dawn fair high dawi wild, a low dawn weather. Remarkable clearness of the atmosphere near the horizon, distant objects, such as hills, unusually visible, or raised by refraction, and what is called a good "hearing day"

may be mentioned among signs owet, if not wind. To Redden the Blood

Rich, red blood That is what pale, nervous, weak

Red blood to form new cells and tissues, to invigorate the nerves, to strengthen the heart's action, to give energy and vigor to the organ

of the body.

The elements from which nature forms rich, red blood are found in condensed and easily assimilated form in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and because of its wonderful blood-building qualities this gree restorative has become world fan

There is no guess work, no experi-nenting with this treatment. Every dose is bound to do you a certain amount of good

Boutilier, 168 Morri Mrs. John Bouther, the mother street, Halifax, N.S., writes: "My daughter was very weak and nervous and had severe headaches as a result of confinement at school. Chase's Nerve Food has fully stored her health."

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

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

Funny Sayings.

An Irishman and a Yankee An Irishian and a Yankee were talking about their own countries one day, when the Yankee said:
"America is the richest country in the world to-day."
"Sure," said Pat, "Ireland will soon be the richest."
"How's that?" said the Yankee

"How's that?" said the Yankee

"Sure." answered Pat, "isn't the capital always Dublin?"

He—What would you say, darling, if I told you that you can never be

mine?
She—I should say, pet, that I've got a nice bundle of letters that would help make it expensive to

FELLOW FEELING.

Eve—Why do you lug that broken umbrella about with you? Adam—I sympathize with it. Since it lost a rib, it's never been the

A BIG FAMILY.

Little Willie—Say, pa, was George Vashington the father of his coun-Vashington the

Father—Yes, my son.
Little Willie—Well, I'll bet he would be surprised if he could see the size of his family now.

A short time ago in a certain town in the south of Ireland a lec-ture was being given on the evils of

drink.
"Yes," said the lecturer, "alcohol
has ruined our country and has slain
its thousands, but when has bright,
clear, cold water caused the death of

And from the back of the audier

well and put away to cool. in the into balls, roll in egg and de crumbs, and fry in smoking Anecdotes of Boyle O'Reilly.

A very interesting article on "The Anecdotal Side of John Boyle O'Reilly," is contributed to the December number of "Extension" by Miss Katherine E. Conway, for many years closely associated with O'Reilly as his assistant in the editorship of the Boston Pilot.

of the Boston Pilot.

John Boyle O'Reilly was in his early middle age when I came into editorial association with him, says Miss Conway. Indeed, he was hardly beyond it, according to the present reckoning, at the time of his lamented death. Reminiscences of precitical labers of the horizones. lamented death. Reminiscences of practical jokes of his boyhood and early manhood were afloat, it is true, among his earlier friends, but the man with whom I had to do alis

On another occasion it was On another occasion it was the writer's duty to present to this former political refugee an inquiry on the police system of Australia. "Naturally, I was not on very friendly terms with the police," he answered quietly

A LIFE-LONG STUDENT Both of Boyle O'Reilly's parents were teachers, and in their school and home, locally known as Dowth Castle (County Louth, Ireland), the future author and editor received all the experience of the class-room that he ever had. Sixty years ago teahe ever had. Sixty years ago tea-chers had not so much tenderness for the "young idea" as they have in these softer days. Yet it is marin these softer days. Yet it is marvelous how many worth-while men and women passed the Spartan discipline of the time, and were none the worse in mind or body for it. O'Reilly was but nine years old when he was apprenticed to the printer's trade; and he was so small that he had to kneel upon a chair to sign the articles. But he had been five years in school; and in English and history, at least, was more advance. history, at least, was more advanc-than our American lads of twelve

than our American laus of control of whom so much less is expected. He remained a student all his life, at night school in his hard-working adolescence. in Preston, England; in his various prisons, where he learned the only books allowed him, the Bi ble and the Imitation of Christ, so well as greatly to dignify and en-rich his style; in his young years in Boston, where, with Patrick A. Col-lins, his devoted friend, he took cer-tain special courses at Harvard. Mr. Collins had been a successful carpen ter before he entered on the state the law, and could pay his way in cash; but Boyle O'Reilly was a journalist of very modest financial beginnings, and gave fencing lessons in financial for his tuition. As a manager of the state of the sta

He was the most inveterate "job getter" of his time, and when had filled all the places in his own gift, he levied unceasingly on friends, Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew, for more. The instinct by which he discerned the man or wonan fit to fill a given position was

o'REILLY, THE EDITOR. Patient with a newcomer's blunders, so long as he saw industry and good good will; so generous in money compensation that it would have been no object for any of his staff to leave him for a place on the se-cular press, his office was, neverthe-

both as to the substance and both as to the substance and form of good Catholic journalism.
A certain novice journalist had manifested a gift which had been encouraged in a brief earlier service, for writing sharp and bitter things.
Asked by Mr. O'Reilly for some proof of editorial experience, this young person deposited in his box some pages of paragraphs traced with a stilletto, so to speak, and was summoned presently to this verdict on them:

less, a very strict training school

dict on them: "Yes, these are very clever. would probably cut and hurt more then you dream, and to show you what I think of them—look!" The writer looked, and saw his day's work shred into fragments and thrown into the waste basket. "Sargary" added Mr. O'Roille. "is a come." added Mr. O'Roille. "is a come."

He had a great horror of the revengeful. "I could not be at ease," he said, "if I thought I had a vin-

TRY AGAIN.

jections to me against him. now, and do for him as if he my friend." And when the same was starting on a European was starting on a European tour, Mr. O'Reilly furnished him with a most serviceable introductions.
CHERISHED NO GRIEVANCES.

He waged war on the disposition to "hit back." "What are you do to "hit back." "What are you doing," he would say, "but carrying a live coal in your heart which hurts you as it can hurt no one else." Not that he was insensitive, nor incapable of a hasty word; but he was quick to see the folly of it and to make it right.

make it right.

Once he saw the writer much perturbed over a fancied slight from an old friend. "Let me see your letter," he demanded. He promptly destroyed the imprudent missive which the man with whom I had to do almost every day for over six years was fundamentally serious.

Now and then, however, one a glimpse of his unspent humor. It was noted, for example, that there was a spot somewhere on the earth's surface, full eight miles square, which no Irishman had ever foot. "How in the world did overlook it?" he exclaimed.

On another occasion it was the long friend, "Let me see your letter," he demanded. He promptly destroyed the imprudent missive which might have wrecked a precious friends, "You are wiser than I," said the humbled blunderer. "Do you know why?" he asked. "Bedauge we pesterday I wrote a pettish note to an equally true and tried overlook it?" he exclaimed. on "Do you know why?" he asked. The set cause yesterday I wrote a pettish we note to an equally true and tried friend, and to-day I am getting into the the proper spirit for the correction of my fault."

of my fault."

He was always willing to admit his own likelihood of being in error in any given case. While he was ordinarily most equable, he often had enough to try the patience of several patient men. After his death we way he were left often said. several patient men. After his death, we who were left often said, to one another: "What petty things we brought to him for settlement, and how patient he was with us!" But one day he was sorely tried. It was on a Saturday morning, when he was wont to receive and textual large installments of "copy" against the next issue, and also the accounts of the week, which had later to be transmitted to the Archbishop. These accounts were before he was wont to receive and revise to be transmitted to the Arch-bishop. These accounts were before him, and a new clerk was endeavor-ing to clear up some difficuty—Mr O'Reilly was not quick at figures— while three men were waiting for apwith a special delivery letter. The worried man lost himself a little, and spoke sharply to the clerk, who retired in confusion. But hardly had he reached the counting room, when Mr. O'Reilly regretted the hasty words, telephoned the young man ty words, telephoned the young man back, and in the presence of the foreman and his callers apologized sin

O'Reilly never liked to hear rirtuous "I told you so!" about the virtuous "I told you so!" about a discredited man. Once, when the conversation took this turn in his

this poor fellow."

He was one of those men most rare in secular life to whom a fellow creature could safely tell his failure, his sin, his shame. "Don't forgive yourself too easily," he said to one of these, after he had claimed kindred with every pang of self-reproach. "Repent, agonize before God, but"—with a quick lifting of the head and squaring of the shoulders. "let no

squaring of the shoulders, "let no fellow sinner nag you."

Ireland never had in our day and generation such a lover and helper as this exiled son. No one ever brought home the justice of her cause so clearly to Americans of the older stock. But he insisted on his own Americanism, and on that of all of us born under the starry flag or swearing allegiance to it. "We help

wearing allegiance to it. we help Ireland more by our Americanism than by our Irishism," he said "Do nothing as a journalist which you would not do as a gentleman," was one of Boyle O'Reilly's mottoes, and I saw the principle which it it embodied put to a severe test in the very last months of his life. Jealousy of Catholic numerical strength had some singular manifestations, especially in school politics, and the "escaped nun" became a factor to be reckoned with, just as in Dr. John Talbot Switzer John Talbot Smith's novel, "The Man Who Vanished." Of course, she had never been a nun; but mock-turtle was as good turtle was as good as the genuine article in working up the city Briarticle in working up the city British American or the rural native. Suddenly, however, the poor creature's sin found her out. A partner of her swindle, more dishonest than herself, offered to betray her past sm," added Mr. O'Reilly, "is the to Boyle O'Reilly, of course for price. I shall never forget the man-ly indignation with which he repuls-ed the offer; and then his pity for the wretched woman. It was hard to keep quiet the following autumn

vengeful. "I could not be at ease," he said, "if I thought I had a vindictive man or woman on my staff. I never could be sure that they were not taking it out of their enemies through my paper." For himself, he was one of the most forgiving and forgetting disposition. Whatever one's faults or blunders, every day was a new beginning with him. It was an almost unheard of happening, and always grievously provoked when he referred to any past unpleasant incident in his relations with an employe.

He appreciated the devoted adherence of his associates, but he would not have them fight his battles. Once he had referred in the presence of two of his staff with some natural indignation to certain attempts at belittling his ability to conduct a Catholic Journal. An ardent partisan treasured up the incident. Long after, the name of the critic came into some prominence. "Shall I mention him?" "Why, certainly." he rejoinfield of dishoner had been cleared and the unbeliever had learned a lifetion: "Oh, you are holding his ob-lesson."

Wot a sound.
"Margaret!" Then he whistled softly before making his final effort. "Marguerite!"
And a flute-like voice replied in the distance, "Yes, darling!" "Meg!" No answer.
"Maggie!" he called softly.
Complete silence.
"Madge!"

Dublin Professor on Moral Edu-Cation In France.

Lecturing at Trinity College on "The Modern Problem of Moral Education as seen in its Extreme Form in France." Professor Silverwell dealt at length with the present educational system of France, and pointed out how inevitable it was that such a system of moral teaching should weaken religious influences. He then went on to describe the teaching in more detail. As to its results opinion was greatly divided. Its advocates claimed a large measure of success, its opponents denounced it as ruings the results opinion was greatly divided. Its advocates claimed a large measure of success, its opponents denounced it as ruining the moral fibre of the nation. It was certainly carried on under very unfavorable circumstances. In 1886 all restrictions were taken off the sale of intoxicating liquors, and France which in sobriety had been first among the nations, had now sunk to the seventh place. The license of the press in France was appalling, and illustrated papers and postcards of the most immoral description were sold openly at the doors of the schools in Paris. Moreover, most of the pupils left school before they were twelve years of age. Was the blame to be put on these things or on the school teaching of morals? This much was certain—the old Greek assertion of the supremacy of This much was certain—the old Greek assertion of the supremacy of reason would soon prevent the ac-Greek assertion of the supremacy of reason would soon prevent the ac-ceptance of the authority of the State as well as that of the Church. Already teachers and taught were beginning to ask that "the essential beginning to ask that "the essential notions of a morality common to all men" should justify themselves before the bar of reason. This disintegrating factor was only now beginning to produce its effect, and experience alone could show whether the me-thods of moral training now follow-ed would be successful in preventing

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

But Got No Relief Until He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N.B., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—After being tortured for four years with Backache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins, and getting no relief from five doctors whom he called in, Mr. Antoine F. Richard, a a discredited man. Once, when a discredit matter with a don't you think Boyle—" "Yes," he said, sadly, "I was thinking how hard it might fare with me and with many if we were put under the microscope as the world is putting this poor fellow."

He was one of those men most rare with the was one of those men most rare as the world is putting the good news that he is once more a well man, and that he owes his cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills. Speaking of his wonderful was a helpless man in July.

For four years 1 had endu-

cure Mr. Richard says:—
"I was a helpless man in July.
1907. For four years I had endured the greatest to ture from Beckache, Rheumatism, Stiffness of the Joints and Pains in the Loins. I had dark circles under my eyes, my head ached, and I was often dizzy. I was attended by five doctors, but not one of them could help me. "Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and after the first few doses I began to improve. I used four boxes in all and now I am

in all and now I four boxes well man. I owe my wonderful cure to _Dodd's Kidney Pills and no-thing else."

Bishop McQuaig Very III.

not cure.

Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid diocese of Rochester. is critically ill, and his death is ex-



Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHT-NESS in the CHEST,

and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., prites:-"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

"Healt

THURSDAY, I

MUSCULAR AND (By G. Elliot that man is a some compartman definite supp thought to be that he conserved.

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comes stale and the blood in mar it does not freely however trite the seem, the fact in ficance is often 1 you cannot force a body from wh has not escaped. need and capacit new matter. It new matter. It principle that me sical work have can hardly digest force into thems to these are those physical exercise; and are benefite because there is p fested by a sharp comes from food appropriated after gested; when ther it, it is merely e repeat that to ge give out energy. We are told that that we can live that therefore we a serious thing to tritive functions;

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ent Co., N.B., Dec.

—After being tortured with Backache, Rheuss of the Joints and poins, and getting no obins, and getting no doctors whom he antoine F. Richard, a mer living near here, e good news that he well man, and that re to Dodd's Kidney g of his wonderful d says: pless man in July,

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Bernard J. McQuaid, diocese of Rochester, and his death is ex-coment.



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DS, BRONCHITIS, S, CROUP, SORE AIN or TIGHT. the CHEST,

d lung troubles. It is wrapper, 3 pine trees at the price 25 cents.

DRY COUGH.

been troubled with a or a long time, especialafter having used Dr. Pine Syrup, for a few cough has left me. To ring as I did, I can say is well worth a trial. I hout it in the house.

"Health Talks"

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

MUSCULAR WORK, APPETITE
AND EMERGY.
(By G. Elliot Flint, in December
Outing.)
There is an odd notion current
that man is a kind of vessel, in
some compartments of which he has a definite supply of energy; and it is a definite supply of energy; and it is thought to be of vital importance that he conserve this energy as much as possible. We hear constantly such phrases as "Saving the strength," and "Wasting the energy." Now, as a matter of fact, the free expenditure of energy and a considerable employment of strength are absolutely necessary for the existence, in any degree, of both. Naturally, there are gradations. One who expends little will possess little, and ds little will possess little, and expends little will possess little, and as he expends more will have more, provided he goes not beyond what his system can bear. The more energetic about us are, therefore, those who give out much energy; while those are least energetic, even when occasion requires action when when occasion requires action, who save themselves most. Though some persons are naturally more energetic than others, yet energy can be acnired by any sound man or woman wever indolent he or she may be naturally, just as easily as strength can be acquired: and, curiously enough, the only way to acquire it can be acquired: and, curiously enough, the only way to acquire it is to expend at certain regular in-tervals the little that one has.

tervals the little that one has.

If the above proposition seems strange, a little reflection will show any one that, as in physiology, the same principle holds good in finance. If one wishes to make money he must spend it, and, if his business methods are sound, the more the outlay the greater will be the This is an age of overmuch conser-

ration, so far as physical energy is concerned. A certain class work prodigiously with their brains, and utterly neglect all bodily exercises, and they expect to escape the consequences of this neglect by lessening their amount of food. But they deceive themselves. As the water in a pool which has no outlet because the conductive that the transfer of the conductive themselves. s stale and at last foul, the blood in man becomes foul when does not freely circulate. Again however trite the observation may seem, the fact in its practical signi-ficance is often lost sight of, that you cannot force new matter into you cannot force new matter into a body from which the old matter has not escaped. There must be need and capacity to receive the new matter. It is by reason of this principle that men who do no physical principle that men sical work have poor appetites, and can hardly digest the little food they force into themselves. In contrast force into themselves. In contrast to these are those who take much physical exercise; they eat largely, and are benefited by their food, because there is previous need, manifested by a sharp appetite. Energy comes from food only if the food is appropriated after it has been di-gested; when there is no need for it, it is merely eliminated. So I repeat that to get energy we must

give out energy.
We are told that we eat too much, that we can live on less food, and that therefore we should. But it is a serious thing to weaken the nutritive functions; and we assuredly weaken them by cultivating the habit of eating little. Rather should we sharpen the appetite by more work, and thus strengthen them. The writer has always found that,

work more and to eat more.

It is easy to cultivate a strong stomach, on the vigor of which our of energy depends, as it is stomach, on the vigor of which our amount of energy depends, as it is to cultivate strong biceps. But our method should be the reverse of "babying" it. Not that I suggest indiscriminately overloading it with rich foods. There are plain foods, such as beefsteak, boiled rice and a variety of fresh vecetables, which

weight.

To develop strong muscles we train them gradually to do strong work. In the same way we can, by judicious care, accustom even a weak stomach to digest hearty meals. But we cannot do this by foreing into the stomach more food than it calls for; we must create the need of a greater quantity by a proper amount. greater quantity by a proper amount of bodily exercise. Of all cures for of bodily exercise. Of all cures for dyspepsia with its accompanying langour, exercise is the best cure I know of.

Many middle-aged women, who are rather stout, but young looking, diet with the idea of improving their apapearance. But is their appearance improved by this method? They lose a few pounds, but their faces become haggard and wrinkled; and did they realize the their. did they realize that their "Banting" after any kind of hard physical work, he could eat hugely and digest perfectly. Laborers are usually large eaters, are not nice about quality, and, yet, rarely realize they have stomachs. The dyspeptic American needs not to eat less, but to

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We shall consider now what kind of exercise develops the most energy. The slight, muscular contractions of light exercises can be repeated successively many times; which shows that each contraction requires but little energy. On the other hand, heavy exercises, requiring as they do

The exhibitantion that is felt after vigorous exercise is altogether wanting after prolonged lighter work. What woman has not experienced the depression that follows a shopping four or the language and enuit contour, or the languor and ennul con-sequent on her eternal round of small duties? For such, vigorous exercise of any kind, performed, say, three times a week, would stimulate the formation of energy, and make their tiresome, but necessary duties, less exhausting.

the horse that has remained in the stable a day, as contrasted with How long-continued light strain is more prostrating in its after-effects than a heavier strain can possibly be may be seen by an illustration. Suppose a man "puts up" a five-pound dumb-bell until he can put it up no more. The effect in the must up no more. The effect in the must appropriate the stable a day, as contrasted with the spiritless nag that plods the same weary round daily.

The above simple system of training has enabled the writer to retain his full muscular power for the past twenty years—a long time to keep in condition; and what he has done almost anyone can do. more prostrating in its after-effects than a heavier strain can possibly be, may be seen by an illustration. Suppose a man "puts up" a five-pound dumb-bell until he can put it

light and of heavy exercises the more particularly because the latter do not hold the high place in modern physical culture that they deserve. Calisthenics and light exercises generally have a value; but the claims made for them as regenerators of mankind have lately become so absurd that it is well to know their limitations.

Still another effect of prolonged light exercises or exercises of endurance deserves mention for its important bearing on the general health. Using the muscles of course draws the blood to them away from the internal organs. Now this does not affect deleteriously the internal organs unless the muscles are employed too constantly. But if muscular work be continued for several hours each day—and only comparatively light muscular work can be so long continued—then these organs do suffer, and this is detrimental to health; for health depends far more on the organic than on the muscular strength. This (organic deterioration due to too-prolonged muscular work) is probably one reason why many athletes who place a high value on feats of endurance, die young. tion due to too-prolonged muscular work) is probably one reason why many athletes who place a high value on feats of endurance, die young.

That I may not be misunderstood I shall now say plainly what I mean by "heavy work." Certainly

How oft' I felt within myself The call—Rejoice, Rejoice!

And yet, again, I heard the sound and knew of the work of the training the sound and knew of the training the training the sound and knew of the training the training the sound and knew of the training the training training the sound and knew of the training training

I do not mean work requiring excessive strain. In dumb-bell exercise there is no weight which I would advise all, or even the majority of persons to use; for what would be a proper weight for one would be not proper for another. Here, however, is a rule which every reader may apply to his particular case. Whether you raise two weights to the shoulders and put both up simultaneously to straight arm above the head; whether you "see-saw" them—that is, put up each alternately, lowering one as you raise the other: or whether you put up a single weight with one arm; use weights with which you can repeat the movement successively about five times. Such a weight will be neither too heavy nor too light, and there will be little danger of overstrain. Increase the weights as your strength increases and you will December

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in a be has

as much as soft-task, boiled rice and a simple the service of t

next expenditure. Furthermore, in the days of comparative rest, the blood, enriched by the digestive pro-cesses which have been made more vigorous by the half-hours of sharp work, is not drawn from the internal organs, which consequently de rive the full benefit of the blood's

any kind, permanes a week, would some an activity that follows it; or, in other words, when exercise is vigorous, the formation of energy through the nutritive functions is very great; whence results an augmentation rate than a diminution of energy. Ther than a diminution of energy ther than a diminution of energy. There is a number of functions not much more than functions not much more than a manual and the state of the formation of energy. The state of the formation of energy there is a number of the state of the sta

Suppose a man "puts up" a five pound dumb-bell until he can put it up no more. The effect in the muscles involved is to leave them not sufficient energy to raise the light weight of five pounds. But this effect cannot be attained by putting up a fifty-pound weight as many times as possible, for the muscles will still retain enough energy' to put up immediately forty pounds. It this statement be doubted the "Thomas" can easily convince himself by trying the experiment.

To sum up: Light exercise, when prolonged, consumes much energy and forms less—in fact, can be carried almost to the point of exhaustion: whereas, heavy exercises, while they also consume much energy, form more, and absolutely cannot be continued until there is exhaustion, because such work, obviously, can be performed only by comparatively fresh muscles.

I have mentioned the above facts relative to the respective effects of light and of heavy exercises the more particularly because the latter do not hold the high place in modern physical culture that they deserve. Calisthenics and light exercises generally have a value; but the claims made for them as regeneral rate is of mankind have lately be-

The Hoisting of Charlotte.

(For the True Witness.)

I stood and watched the old bell To her appointed place; All blest' by consecrated hands All blest' by consecrated line gothic tower to grace.

Dear thoughts of other days returned,.
And present work beguiled,
I paused, and, in a vision saw,
Myself again a child.

What memories of golden days
The old bell brought to me!
What memories of dead and gone
A priceless legacy!

Frank E. Donovan

Office: Alliance Building

107 St. James St., Room 42, Telephones Main 2091-3836.5

Time Proves All Things

One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots.
"Our Work Survives." the test of time."

GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

rest.
And knelled: "It must be so."

Through centuries of strife, Charlotte, And centuries of Peace, four message never failed in the Heavenly increase.

So may you be enthroned aloft Through centuries yet unread. When souls who love thee with rich

Are with the blessed dead.

P. F. D. DUNN.

Bec. 2180, 1108.



Franciscons to Issue Dictionary of Navaje Language.

The Franciscan Fathers at St. Michaels, Arizona, near Gallup, propose issuing in the near future a dictionary of the Navejo language upon which they have been engaged for the past ten years. The book besides containing a vocabulary as complete as it is possible to be obtained, will also have a series of articles on Navajo religion, ceremonies, arts and industries, each to be followed by a list of Navajo terms employed, with more or less detailed explanation. The descriptive text will comprise articles on industries, weaving, dyeing, silver The Franciscan Fathers at industries, weaving, dyeing, silver working and basket making, also lists of Navajo names of persons and places and names of plants and animals. This book, when issued from the press, will likely be very much in demand by students of Indian lore, as it will be a great step toward unraveling the early history of the Navalos. It is hard to realize the vajos. immense amount of work expended on a work of this kind. The language of the Navajos is a very difficult on to acquire, owing to there being in distinct pronunciation of the words a gutteral sound predominating.

Time Has Tested It.—Pr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been on the market upwards of thirty years and in that time it has proved a blessing to thousands. It is in high rayor throughout Canada and its excellence has carried its form here will be the carried its form here. has carried its fame beyond It has no equal in the whole liniments. If it were double the price it would be cheap as liniment.

Joan of Arc Beailied.

There was an impressive ceremony at the Vatican upon the occasion of the reading of the Beatification Decrees conferred upon Joan of Arc and thirty-six French missionaries who met the death of martyrs in China. The reading of the decrees took place in the case of Joan of Arc and many high prelates. The decree in the case of Joan of Arc recited the details of three miraculous cures in the years 1891, 1893 and 1900. Following the invocation to Joan of Arc, Pope Pius delivered an address extolling the faith of Joan. "She was called by God to defend her country," said His Holiness, "and accomplished a feat that the whole world believed to be impossible. That which is impossible to man alone and unaided, can be accomplished with the help of God. The power of the evil one is in the feed pupils in their care and five hundred orphans under their care and five hundred orphans continued: "When you return to France, tell your fellow-citizens if they love France they should love God, the faith, and the mother Church. Let them remember Joan ferry. Long live Christ and the King of France!"

The Holy Father expressed the deep conviction that France, through Alvine intercession, would return to the bosom of the Church, saying that the intercession, would return to the bosom of the Church, saying that the intercession, would return to the bosom of the Church, saying that the intercession of the new saints strengthened him in this belief.

It may come as a sort of revelation to many readers to learn that the intercession of the new saints strengthened him in this belief.

The mournful tone of woe, The dead in Christ borne forth to: Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Domi-nion Land in Manitoba, Saskatche-wan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

tion of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

(1) At least six months residence upon and contivation of the land is each year for three years.

(2) if the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the home-

the father is deceased) of the home-steader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the father entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(8.1. If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his nomestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by irist-dence upon said land.

Six months notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. CORY,

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Deputy Minister of the Interior,
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I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. † PAUL.

Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908.

THE NEW YEAR AND THE OLD.

With this issue of our paper passes the last day of the year. A year ago 1908 seemed to offer many opportunities for good, but these have all gone into the past, and now we another year, with its responsibilities and its possibilities for good and evil.

What has been our record in 1908? That is the question each one of us should ask to-night. How many of the acts-nay of the days of the year can we recall? Have we, throughout the ending year, done all the Have we avoided good we could? all the evil? Have we resisted temptation? Have we improved our opportunities? Are we better worse off for having lived through the year 1908?

The past is past. It cannot be lived over again. It has gone forever But the future is still before What shall the record of 1909 be? Shall it be full of acts of virtue, acts of charity, acts of love! Shall it find us at its end more fit Heaven than we are now? Will we be better Christians, better relatives, better friends, better neighbors? Will the new year lift us towards God or lower us towards the devil?

BOOST, DON'T KNOCK.

Now that the New Year season is upon us, and resolutions for the venr about to begin are in order, we would suggest the above resolution as one which the readers of the True Witness might ask their friends to We are all more or less inclined to criticize, and criticism may be helpful, when it is kindly and made where it can aid those to whom it is directed. The tendency, however, is not generally in that direction.

Our readers have doubtless often heard many who should be strong supporters of a Catholic newspaper in this city make unkind remarks with regard to our humble journal and find fault with the various features of the publication. A fair question to those who talk thus "What have you ever done to help the paper along, and enable it to do better?"

Another way in which our newspaper can be helped is by its readers patronizing those who advertise in themselves believe that God who is o'r columns. Let your present dealer infinitely good cannot punish know that it would please you to see him encourage your Catholic paper by an advertisement, or intimate to him that you intend to give your age it. When you do buy from our advertisers, let them know that you have noticed their advertisement in tue and reward are on the one side;

it, and they may be induced to b come regular subscribers. If, on the other hand, you find something of which you disapprove, do not around abusing the editor and the management, but let us know what you find fault with, so that we may prrect it, if it can be done.

this line of conduct By adopting by praising what you approve, refraining from what is generally, in familiar terms, known as knocking, by encouraging our present advertisers, and inducing new advertisers to try our columns, you will be doing much to further the improvement of a Catholic paper, for it takes money to keep up such a publication, and advertising and subscriptions are our only source of revenue.

A DRY CHRISTMAS.

Congratulations are due to egislators of the Quebec House for the measure which they adopted last closing saloons and hotel bars on Christmas Day. on Friday last was a revelation, and even those who habitually favor the opening of such places could not refrain from remarking upon the abon this occasion. sence of disorder The roster of the Recorder's Court on Saturday had only five names as a result of the work of the police in gathering in drunks on Thursday and Friday, whereas in years gone by the unfortunates were to be counted by the dozens.

Chief Campeau and his men also open to congratulation upon the manner in which they enforced the observance of the law on this occa-The chief, who, by the way, and would do much better could if he were freed to a greater extent from aldermanic pressure in his conduct of the force, went the rounds himself to see that his were on watch, and the result was entirely satisfactory. While, no doubt, some thirsty souls could obtain a solace in some places. the generality of the licensees observed the law closely, and many expressed their satisfaction at its adoption.

It is to be hoped that on Friday next, the observance of the regula tion will be fully as strict, so that the family gatherings which mark the observance of the day among our French-Canadian fellow citizens will not be marred by any unfortunate reidents such as are bound to arise when liquor is sold freely on a day when work is suspended.

The success of their efforts in this direction should encourage temperance workers in the city to ther efforts. The closing of bars earlier each evening, and pecially on Saturdays, is the next step, and it should be taken at the very next session. This would move the occasion of much drunkenness, and disorder, and besides would afford the employes of the hotels and saloons themselves an opportunity for rest.

Amongst the many subjects atracting the attention of correspondents in The Witness the world come occupies as much space as "the pastoral staff." We do not mean that if the pastoral staff were measured it would be a whole world It has, however, excited our non-Catholics and divided their The same may be said of the finality of man which was opened up by a sermon from the Rev. Dr. Paterson Smyth. No point in revelation seems to private judgment elusive and indefinite as the life after death. No traveller-or at any rate few travellers-eve from the charnel house telling what it is to die or bringing news of the shadow land upon the other side. Immortality and eternity are foreign terms to beings surrounded by death, and immutability seems hard to understand when all things keep changing here and we change with them The difficulty is rather when we come to consider the eternity of punishment. We readily ad mit the hope that there is reserved for us an inheritance whose joys are unending, and a place is preparing for us where rest and giory will be our portion. Conditions are tached which through Him who is our resurrection and our life will not be very hard for men of good will. How different do we feel in regard to eternal punishment. The wish is father to the thought. Sometimes men hide within the mercy and love of God, so that they try to mak weak creatures with eternal punishment. God's holiness and justice as well as His love rule over the ending penalty which He exacts for mortal sin. Between good and evil in the ultimate lies an unbridged gulf which cannot be crossed. Law, virdisobedience, vice and punishment If you find anything in the paper are on the other. To be forever teed from the beginning by Divine which you particularly approve of, with God or to be forever separated authorization and whose indefectibicall the attention of your friends to from Him must be the final lot of lity will be protected from change

each intelligent creature. That sepa is no religious truth for the shifting ration does not mean that we away from God. It means that dying in sin, the man died with his will turned away from God. Thus as far as he could he separated himself from God. Dying thus he is forever full of paradoxes as in matters sp ixed in that condition. Here come ritual and religious. Variety sprang in the Catholic distinction between sin and sin. All sin is not mortal. The just man falls seven times in the day-so that notwithstanding falls he continues just. He falls. And as nothing defiled can enter heaven, he must pay the debt due God's justice either in this life or in the world to come. Without going into Scripture where we much to establish Purgatory, we find theological reasons confirming what revelation clearly indicates if it does not positively demonstrate it. What is the nature of life beyond the grave is difficult for a being with material body to imagine. That heaven, hell and purgatory are conditions or relations than mere with God is only a portion of truth. They have place in a meaning different from the circumscriptive place of material things. Their time-purgatory excepted-is the endof immortal souls. less age hereafter is as we make it. We cannot help making one or another for ourselves. Faith, hope and are the abundant helps God gives the children of His Church to enable them to reach home and gain their eternal rest. But virtue must practised, God be loved and obeyed. The sad frequency of sin can be no argument against the eternal sanction of God's law; nor can God's mercy palliate the enormity and guilt of grave sin. All God's attributes proclaim unending punish ment for these sins. To attempt the transformation of hell into purgatory is deceptive, vain and presump tuous. To keep both is the strength of virtue and the consolation frailty.

IRISH BULLS. The Irish are not the only who mix their metaphors and make Theirs are so superior to perpetrated by others that bulls. they monopolize the credit of the Thus Mr. Caine, speaking of name. ride he took in a railway carriage with Dante Rossetti when tortured by weakness and insomnia "the great and unhappy man in his mood of most vehement sorrow and self-reproach uncovered his naked soul." Irish bulls arise from of thought and the the vehemence rapidity with which ideas spring in the mind and out through speechso rapidly that they get mixed. 'Hurried utterance," says a writer of the New York Sun quoted by the Literary Digest, "would explain large number of English and French bulls, but not a single genuine Irish A few examples of Engspecimen." lish may be given. "The supplies fallen fruit have been so large that much of it has hardly paid for the picking." So says the London Chronicle. "The odds at start were even on Barry," we are told by the London Daily Mail. "Fielden's sausages. Made for forty years. Accrington Observer. These rendy." are evidently the result of careless-None of them has any positive quality to recommend them. The writer turns to the Irish and gives a typical comment upon the disputdate of St. Patrick's birthday: "He couldn't have two birthdays unless he was twins." An English man would have stopped as soon as he remarked the impossibility. two birthdays. The Irishman cognized the same difficulty, but his imagination was equal to the occa-With forlorn inspiration he made a spring to clear the obstacle. is quoted from Sir Boyle Another Roche, who said: "I couldn't have been in two places at once unless I was a bird." These are away and above the negative specimens of English bullists.

ANGLICANS AND UNION.

Theology through the medium of private judgment is kaleidescopic in its variety of opinions if not in any charm of unity. Newspaper columns magazine pages, pamphlets, serve to scatter to the four quarters many think and what few believe. Except as a gratification of curiosity these expressions have no weight and convey no enlightened They are simply indicative of ment. the helplessness of Protestantism and the blindness of individual guidance. The multiplied differences of opinion are not the only reasons why criticize them. It is the absence of ordinary logic in their arguments and the lack of common sense manifest throughout. These things men who otherwise are shrewd phasize the need of a living teacher whose infallibility will be guaranteed from the beginning by Divine

agreed from the foundation to the roof of the temple. Some were Calvinists, others rejected the doctrine of election. Many believed in Orders and an historical episcopate: they clung to sacrifice without realizing the full consequence of the premise Others did not believe in a hood at all. One has no power than another. We may state without misjudging any of them that they agreed in two points-private judgment and anti-papal theory and One thing is evident at practice. last-the weakness of division and the want of union. Religiously, morally, economically, multiplied division is leaving Protestantism starved, weak, in rags, an object of contempt and a spectacle to men and This want must be keener felt before it can come to anything. Attempts are in progress. Presbyterians and Methodists shaking hands and paying one another empty compliments. externals count for very little. Presbyterians and Methodists were more or less inclined to be fraternal, more for selfish purposes than religious. They are drifting together. Presbyterians have somewhat abandone the Westminster Confession of Faith and Calvanism; so that they becoming more American in their creed. They thus yield the teaching of Knox and take up Wesley. They cease to be Presbyterians and Whether they will come Methodists. let the Methodists have the best of the bargain remains to be seen: will be unlike the canny Scotch thus to be caught. There is no union here. Call it what may suit popular desire and ill-instructed flattery and it will plume itself on union. This is not the union for which the Master prayed-and which He certainly obtained. The body is not made by bringing the bones of the hand and sewing them with silver thread to the bones of the arms. Presbyterianism and Methodism are not one because they vote that they believe certain doctrines which they will not define for fear of incompatibility. Then we have the Anglicans. They hate to be left out in the cold Indeed it is very seldom they left out. They do not stand cold well and are praccustomed to down under foreign domination. For this reason while they hate the papacy they are attached to the epis-It is national without dancopacy. ger of becoming foreign; it is aristocratic without being independent There is a certain disadvantage eswhen the Anglicans are pecially right in the midst of the social meetings between these Methodists and Presbyterians. Why did Wesley leave them? Why did not North Britain accept the offers of Land and the episcopacy? It is no use wailing the past, though it is trying to see these Presbyterians and Methodists so flourishing and so united. -at least externally. Another danger threatens Anglicanism-disestablishment. The whole thing is a question of expediency, not of humble faith and religious piety. It is not what Christ did bu wish. Anglicans would like union provided they could keep the episcopacy. If Anglicans could be guaran teed the papacy we have no doubt they would become Catholic. tory is considerably against Anglicans joining any proposed union of Presbyterians and Methodists. shop Doane of Albany is credited with suggesting a solution which if not solid is at least ingenious-and we may add ingenuous. In the first place Anglicans should let the episcopacy go: they have it not, did they ever have it. They pretend to have it, or think they have it. But it is Bishop Doane's pecu liar view we have to deal with just now. He maintains that the episcopal orders are valid. "Validity of orders" he defines as success in yields the very power which as bibringing souls to God; and while he regards the ministry of non-espicopal churches as irregular when tested by the universal custom of ages apostolic times, he says of them: "I be expected. It will not be union: cannot think that we can speak of it will be abandonment. Orders may such ministries as invalid." He says of them: "God makes them valid, successful, for their validity rest and what Anglicans must do is to recognize this, and offer the gift which shall make them regular as well." This wipes out entirely the acramental character of orders, sub-

stituting zeal of ministry for power

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, Miss Johanna Malone, Miss Annie Watters, Miss Annie Fox, Miss Helen Gillespie and Miss Elizabeth Webb, all of the City and District of Montreal, will present a bill asking to be incorporated as a charitable and philanthropic as a charitable and philadellopid corporation under the name of "St. Anthony's Guild."

Montreal, 21st December, 1908.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN,

Attorneys for Petitioners.

ternal ministry. It confuses the validity of a sacrament with the gularity and liceity of its administration and reception. It implies that the sacraments are an ecclesiastical ordinance instead of being instituted by Christ. If Bishop Doane would examine the "universal tome of the ages." he would see that he entirely misunderstands the validity of a sacrament and utterly shop he is supposed to possess. How an organization based upon the epis copacy, real or imaginary, can unite with a non-episcopal sect is not to upon an entirely different basis. conclude: there is weakness and division so that no one laying for union. The attempts so far are childish, human, not lasting when of jurisdiction. It undermines the they should be virile, divine whole dispensation of grace by ex-

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NOTICE is hereby given that Theodule David, painter, of the City and District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its noxt session, to obtain an act to ratify a deed of exchange made between himself and Joseph Bourgeois and others, of the said City of Montreal, before Mtre. Leandre Belanger, N.P., on the twenty-seventh of August, 1908, under No. 19025 of the minutes of said Mr. Belanger.

Montreal, 12th November, 1908.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST.

GERMAIN & GUERIN.

Attorneys for Petitioner.

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Special 1 at S

Special exering for the C St. Patrick's week. Rev. I pastor of St. special interes present and pr sent and pr present and present given by direction of F young perform carols in sple full justice to recitations we dered. Rev. called upon Fi tribute the re of the term,

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Last Wednesda Ann's Hall was rents and friends the boys' Christ cises. The exper sanguine were fu teresting. Speec tics were the ma G. Shea, J. Con J. Corcoran, J. gerald and J. B selections in a r ections in a careful preparatidering of "Little ceived. The schomany lively choined and R. Finitics to the control of the ceived. Shea and R. Find tice to the solor Professor P. J. Spiano. The most ture of the programastic display junior pupils. The sand snap with the various evaluations and the various evaluations. and snap with the various evolution are continuing this display read how Maried off the characteristics.

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hereby given that painter, of the City Montreal, will applicate of the Protatits next session, to ratify a deed of between himself and and others, of the ntreal, before Mtre., N.P., on the twender of the minutes of said

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ANGER, ST.
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Special Exercises at St. Patrick's Boy's School.

Special exercises marked the closing for the Christmas holidays in St. Patrick's Boys' School last week. Rev. Father Gerald McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's, who takes a special interest in the school, was present and presided at the entertainment given by the pupils under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea. The young performers sang the Christmas carols in splendid style, thus doing full justice to their leader, while the recitations were equally well rendered. Rev. Brother Pruder then called upon Father McShane to distribute the rewards for the work of the term, and the monthly notes were read.

were read.
The following address was to Rev. Father McShane: :

to Rev. Father McShane:
Rev. and dear Father:
We have taken up so much of your precious time this morning that we feel we owe you an apology, but in place of an apology we are going to offer you an unanimous vote of thanks for the interest you have taken in us aver since you became Pasoffer you have taken in us ever since you became Pastor of our dear old parish. Your frequent visits to our school show us that like the great first pastor, you suffer the little ones to come near to you, and you come near to them, either directly or indirectly, through the intermediary of your zealous and devoted assistants, Rev. Fathers Killoran and Singleton, whom you were good enough to send to look after our spiritual needs, and if we are not all that might be desired it is certainly no fault of yours.

might be desired it is certainly no fault of yours.

We have every reason to be grateful to God for giving us a pastor who can find time to look after every detail in his parish and who, contiles

who can find time every detail in his parish and who, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, makes himself all to all to save all. It is only one short year, Rev. Father, since you came amongst us, and during that brief period you have accomplished works that are the admiration of everyone. It may not seem becoming for us to refer to this, but as of old, if the children are forbidden to cry hosanna, the very stones will speak. Suffice it to say, Rev. Father, that the work you have done illustrates the truth "That nothing succeeds like success."

have done illustrates the truth into mothing succeeds like success."

We pray every day that God will continue to bless your generous endeavors and during this holy season we shall ask in a special manner the

we shall ask in a special manner the Infant Jesus to give you health and strength, and long years of life to watch over us and to make of our dear old parish what heaven ordaned it should be, the model Irish Catholic parish of Canada.

Rev. Father McShane was happy in his reply. He dwelt upon the pleasure it gave to come among the younger ones and see them struggle to attain the higher paths of excellence in scholarship. He recalled his own school days, when he had he inestimable privilege of having his own school days, when he had the inestimable privilege of having as a director of his studies Rev. Brother Prudent, who was devoting himself to the success of St. Pattrick's School to-day. The good brother between the truth was ther in the days when he taught was as devoted as he is to-day in recting the school, and he is admirably seconded by the efficient staff. With such teachers much is expected of the boys of St. Patrick's and he was proud to realize that they were living up to those expectations. They would now enjoy a well-earned rest, and he hoped that on their return they would set to work with renewed vigor. To succeed in after life, they must miss no opportunity to store their minds with useful Christian knowledge, as ther in the days when he taught was as devoted as he is to-day in di-recting the school, and he is adno opportunity to store their limits with useful Christian knowledge, as well as with the knowledge that is required of those who enter upon the various commercial pursuits. They should cultivate a taste for and af-

teachers and pupils.

Candy and other refreshments were served to the boys who enjoyed the treat immensely, and they gave three hearty cheers for Father McShane, Brother Prudent and their teachers.

Christmas Closing at St' Ann's.

Last Wednesday afternoon St. Ann's Hall was thronged with parents and friends who came to emjoy the boys' Christmas closing exercises. The expectations of the most sanguine were fully realized, for the programme was both varied and interesting. Speech, song and gymnastics were the main features. Masters G. Shea, J. Corcoran, N. McHugh, J. Corcoran, J. Ahearn, M. Fitzgerald and J. Buckley spoke their selections in a manner that showed careful preparation. The class rendering of 'Little Jim' was well received. The school choir contributed many lively choruses, Masters W. Shea and R. Finnell doing ample justice to the solos confided to them. Professor P. J. Shea presided at the piano. The most interesting feature of the programme was the gymnastic display by Prof. H. Scott's junior pupils. The precision, grace and snap with which they executed the various evolutions kept the audience in a continued strain of admiration and applause. In witnessing this display the audience easily taked how Mr. Scott's lads carried off the championship of the

world from the International Meet of

world from the International Meet of Gymnasts at Rome some months ago. Below are given the names of the successful boys of the junior class to whom Mr. Scott presented medals blessed by His Holliness the Pope.

At the conclusion of the programme Master George O'Grady, one of Prof. Scott's world champions, stepped to the front of the stage and read a congratulatory address to Rev. Father Rector, thanking him for his paternal solicitude for the welfare of the school. With the name of the Rev. Rector he coupled that of Rev. Brother William, and begged they would both accept the affectionate sentiments and hearty good wishes of the boys. He also bestowed words of praise and gratitude on Messrs. Steps and Scott.

wishes of the boys. He also be-stowed words of praise and grati-tude on Messrs. Shea and Scott, and said that the boys of St. Ann's had reason to be proud in having two such distinguished professors attach-ed to their school. After thanking Father Rector and the many friends for their kindness in assisting at the little entertainment, Master O'Grady wished them, one and all, the com-pliments of the season.

pliments of the season.

Amidst loud applause, Rev. Father
Rioux rose, and in a few well-chosen
words thanked the boys for their
interesting and successful closing.
Likewise he thanked the parents for Discusse he thanked the parents for their presence, and assured them the hearty gratitude of both pupils and professors. He then wished all a Merry Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

The following boys were awarded prizes:

The lollowing Drizes:
For Excellence—G. O'Grady, P. Clarke, R. Donovan, G. Carroll, W. Regan, J. Bryant, F. Gallery, J. Martin, E. Gallagher, M. Tolan, P. Woodfine, P. Donnelly, J. Keenan, For Honor—P. Maher, J. Meehan, E. Butt, J. Mechan, J. Neville, T. Schalan.

For Attendance.—J. Ahearn, W. Whittaker, F. Cullen, V. Latimor, E. Dalley, W. Donohue.
For Physical Drill—L. O'Grady, W. Brady, A. McKenna.
For Music—R. Finnell.
ROLL OF HONOR FOR DECEMBER

ROLL OF HONOR FOR DECEMBER
First Class—G. O'Grady, G. Wyer,
J. Ahearn, P. Clarke, W. Brady, R.
O'Reilly, F. McMullan, F. Hyland,
J. Connelly, T. Hammill, J. O'Reilly, M. Norton, T. Sullivan, R. Donovan, P. Maher, P. McNichol, L. O'Grady, J. Buckley, H. Neville.
Second Class—G. Carroll, M. Donovan, J. Fitzpatrica, R. Doran, A.

van, J. Fitzpatrick, R. Doran, A. McKenna.

Third Class—J. Bryant, R. Can-Third Class—J. Bryant, R. Cannon. J. Clancy, J. Shanahan, J.
Connolly, H. Carroll, F. Gallery, F.
Shea, F. Cullen, F. Butt.
Fourth Class—J. Martin, J. Fimmons, J. Birmingham, J. Meehan,
E. Gallagher.
Fifth Class—M. Tolan, T. Clarke,
J. Neville, H. Ward, E. Sweeney, W.
Walsh, N. McHugh, P. Woodfine.
Sixth Class.—P. Donnelly, H. Tierney, E. Howard, E. McGurrin, T.
Scanlan, P. Birmingham, J. Mc-

T. F. Heffernan.

with useful Christian knowledge, as well as with the knowledge that is required of those who enter upon the various commercial pursuits. They should cultivate a taste for study, and if they did this, and after their days in St. Patrick's were concluded they felt the desire to go further along the paths of study they could enter higher institutions of learning they might some day have the great privilege of being called to serve God as one of His anointed priests. The boys should keep this studies in consequence. The pastor closed with the customary good wishes for the festive season to teachers and pupils.

Candy and other refreshments were concluded they refreshments were concluded they and other refreshments were concluded they and other refreshments were concluded they are consequence. The pastor closed with the customary good wishes for the festive season to teachers and pupils. to look down upon those who

of the race, and the promotion of national unity and progress.

Rev. Father Nash, S.J., who while attached to the mission of the Immaculate Conception, is spending some time aiding Rev. Father Hefsome time atting feet. Father fernan at St. Thomas Aquinas, was introduced and dwelt upon the possibilities of the young Irishmen in a city and country such as this. He had spent thirteen years as a missionary in India, and in that country the fame of the Irish as soldiers and administrators was well established. Before Irishmen could obtain commissions in the British army, from which they were excluded by their faith, they had taken service with the East India company, and to-day the brightest minds carrying out the government of that immense country, with one fifth of the human race, were Irish. The great drawback of Irishmen was lack of belief in their own powers. fernan at St. Thomas Aquinas, was

Canon O'Meara's Silver lubilee.

As previously chronicled, the festivities in connection with the celebration of Canon O'Meara's silver jubilee began at 9.30 o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 21st inst., by a solemn high Mass.

At the close the visiting clergymen assembled at St. Gabriel Convent, where a banquet was tendered.

At the close the visiting clergymen assembled at St. Gabriel Convent, where a banquet was tendered by the jubilarian. The hall and banquet table were most tastefully decorated, with roses and carnations, silver links predominating. In the absence of His Grace the Archbishop, the place of honor was filled by his worthy auxiliary, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Racicot, who in an eloquent and feeling address, wished the Rev. Canon, at least, another twenty-five years of life, wherein to exercise that energy and usefulness for which he is renowned. Following His Lordship with feeling and congratulatory expressions of personal appreciation, Rev. Father Shea, P.P. of St. Aloysius, added another link to the chain which binds Rev. Canon O'Meara so firmly and so lovingly to all who are personally acquainted with him. turn of the gues was then the It was then the turn of the guest of the gathering to say something, to take his place in a tangible way among the speakers of the occasion, and do due honor to the event. He then called upon Rev. Father Reid, whom he addressed by the endearing title of the "baby priest" of the parish, and asked him to honor the occasion by a few words. The latter. parish, and asked him to honor the occasion by a few words. The latter, on rising, said that he heartily agreed with everything that had been said and done, for which he wished to express his full and hearty approximation. preciation. Then followed a momen

preciation. Then followed a moment of joyful and happy song and all was ended until Tuesday.

The evening following, Tuesday, saw the immense basement hall of St. Gabriel Church thronged by over five hundred of the people of the discrete forms the Years. trict and their friends from the various Irish parishes of the city who went to do honor to the one among them to whom all hearts turned in-tutively. The guest of the evening had on his right ex-Judge C. J. Do-herty, and on his left Mr. P. Monachairman of the banquet mittee. There were also present Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P. of St. Anthony's, Rev. Father Shea, P.P. of St. Aloysius, Rev. Father T. Heffernan, P.P. of St. Thomas Aquinas, Rev. Fathers Doyle and Kavanagh, S.J., Rev. M. Callaghan, P.S.S., Rev. M. O'Brien, of St. Mary's, Rev. P. McDonnell, of St. Agnes, and Rev. Father Reid, of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Outremont, and Rev. Father Brophy, chaplain of the Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Outremont. There were also presen cnapiain of the Convent of the Sisters of Jesus and Mary, Outremont.

Places at the table of honor were also occupied by the churchwardens, members of the ladies' committee and Drs. Lennon, McGovern and Conroy, as well as a few other invited

After the banquet had been done After the banquet nau been was ample justice to, the pastor was presented with an address of congratulation, a well filled purse, and a bouquet of twenty-five American Beauty roses, as a remembrance of his twenty-five years of noble priest

his twenty-rive years of noble priest-ly labor.

Congratulatory speeches were then freely indulged in by Fathers Don-nelly. Callaghan and Shea, as well as a tribute from ex-Judge Doherty, couched in bright and happy style, thus adding another page to the his-tory of St. Gabriel, of which it may

Beath of Bishop Michaud of Burtillgton, VI.

The Right Rev. John S. Michaud, Bishop of Burlington, Vt., died in New York on Dec. 22, of Bright's disease. He had just returned from Europe. He was the son of an Irish mother and a French-Canadian father, and was born in Burlington in November, 1843. After studying at Montreal College, he was graduated from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in 1870. He then entered St. Joseph's Seminary at Troy, N. Y., and was ordained priest in 1873. In June, 1892, he was consecrated Bishop of Burlington.

The funeral took place at Burlington on Monday of this week, and was largely attended by members of the clergy from Canada, New England and New York. Very Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, of St. Albans, who has frequently been heard in the pulpit

frequently been heard in the pulpit of St. Patrick's, is mentioned as a probable successor to the vacant see.

LOST IN THE SEA.

There must be something rather substantial in the material make-up substantial in the material make-up of a book which can bob up serenely and fit for use, after undergoing the experiences which befell one of the volumes of the Catholic Encyclopedia not long ago, and an amusing paragraph in the New Zealand Tablet, which describes the devious way by which this copy reached New Zealand, cannot but be a source of considerable satisfaction to the publishers of the work.

Ace, Zealand, Cambol Ca

Corns cripple the feet and make walking a torture, yet sure relief in the shape of Holloway's Corn Cure is within the reach of all.

Christ is Dorn.

"Really I take it unkindly of our pastor that he is continually speaking ill of us thorns, in the church yonder," said the thorn-bush, standing by a crumbling stable wall among the castle ruins near a village church. "It is very unfair of him. How can he know, for instance, how the subject may affect me? On the bloody field of Golgotha, nearly two thousand years ago,

me? On the bloody field of Golgotha, nearly two thousand years ago, there stood my ancestor, a buckthorn, of whose branches they wove our Saviour's crown. But the pastor yonder little thinks that I come of the same buckthorn, or that all its direct descendants bear red blossoms."

soms."
So spake the thorn-bush; and the wind blew through its branches and shook them until the snow dropped

"Positively, this connection ought to be known!" sighed the thorn-bush.

bush.

But it was just then Christmas

Eve, and midnight was drawing near

The church-bells were ringing for
midnight Mass, and the good priest
passed by, going to the service of

God.

passed by, going to the service of God.

"See, now, how indifferently he goes past me," said the thorn-bush.

"And no wonder, since he knows nothing of my connections! And all the rest brush by me into the church and if the Lord God could not see the things that are hidden, yet would He know his faithful by the footprints that lead from the houses to the church. But He knows them to the church. But He knows them all, for He guides their steps. I know, though, two in the village who have not been to church to-day, nor yet this whole year, for they are godless men: the gloomy lord of our castle and Wild Stephen the lord turned out of his cottage yesterday because the rent was not paid. Here live the poor wife and her half-naked children now in this ruined stable before which I stand guard. Really I must take a pand see how the poor woman her children are getting on." and the thorn-bush, as it stretched up its boughs to look in at the broken

But it was dark within, and But it was dark within, and the night wind moaned through the damp walls and the open window. "O God! the creature is so good and so wretched. Here in this stable are tears and chattering teeth on this day of Christmas gifts. Now, this is too grievous," sighed the thornthis

And over the way the church organ poured out its solemn tones. "Christ is born," sang the people from the choir and benches. "Christ is born," cried the watchman from the tower. And our thorn-bush was right—in that old. deserted stable a poor woman knelt and prayed. Tears ran down her cheeks, her hands were clasped, and her eyes rested fixedly on the straw in the old stone man-

ger; for in that manger lay her youngest born, a half-year-old child, sick and trembling with the cold. The moon shone through the window opening upon this group. Her rays fell on the sick baby, but they could not warm him; nor could the mother's breast do it either, she was herself so icy cold. And through the chinks of the rotting roof, whose gaps were covered with snow, fell by hundreds thousands the little glittering was to see the country of the country of

ing snow-stars and played in the moonbeams, but they gave no light nor warmth either.
"Savior of the world, Thou Who wert born this night, Who didst lie to-day in a manger, like this poor helpless creature. helpless creature, save, oh! save sick child!'

So prayed this poor woman, as the baby, on its miserable bed of straw, stretched out his little cold hands and wept. But the mother's strength was all gone. She let her weary head sink on the icy edge of the stone manger; but her eyes closed and a heavy sigh burst from her was all gone. Shead sink on the breast. Days and nights had she watched; days and nights of bitter misery had she endured; and now she broke down and sleep took pity on her wretchedness.

"Poor wife, where is thy husband? Poor baby, where is thy father?" whispered the thorn-bush pityingly, looking in at the window.

dow.

Yes, where was the husband, where was the father? Wild Stephen, for so the villagers called him, had been turned out of his cottage with his wife and children the evening before, as we have already said. He sought a refuge among the neighbors, but they would have nothing to do with him, for they were afraid of godless Stephen, who had never done a good thing, so they said. And so he and his had come to this deserted stable. Then he had rushed away breathless, in spite of the entreaties of his wife, who dreaded some misfortune.

Where, then, was Wild Stephen?

who dreaded some misfortune.
Where, then, was Wild Stephen?
The bells rang out, the organ sounded, the people sang carols before the church door, and the good priest marched towards the altar and chanted: "Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of goodwill." Up in the old Castle, in a comfort-

less room, a man of dark, forbidding aspect sat near the long extinguished fire. He was the lord of the castle, a hard-hearted man, feared by every one within the limits of his estate.

ed by every one within the limits of his estate.

The light before him on the table burnt low; his face looked stiff and motionless, his eyes were closed. It seemed like sleep, only he looked so very pale, Now, while in the out-buildings of the courtyard servants hurried to and fro, a man was stealing up the stairs and through the gloomy corridor. He softly opened the doer of the great room, crept lightly in, and up to the arm-chair where the landlord slept. The stranger's eyes rleamed with passion, a specific smile disfigured his weather-beaten face. He cast one look stealthily around the room. A knife

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1909

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glistened in one hand, the

the castle yonder, but more lovely, and gentle and pure as innocence, the child in the manger. Then Stephen, running forward, not knowing whither, rushed through the open church door and sank senseless on the steps of the altar.

the steps of the altar.

Now the pastor was just going home. He came to the thorn-bush and saw two little boys sitting beneath it in the snow. They were shivering, and hiding their little red

hands in their rags.
"Take them with thee," said the Take them with thee, said the thorn-bush to the pastor. "They are Wild Stephen's children; they dare not go in doors for fear their father might beat them because they have come home empty-handed. Take them with thee. I cannot warm them. I

with thee. I cannot warm them. I am so poor and naked."

We know not whether it was the pastor's heart, or the thorn-bush that spoke, but he took the children home with him.

"So now have I one care less!" "So, now have I one care less!" said the thorn bush to itself. "Now they are beginning to light up the Christmas trees there—and there—and again over yonder. What a pity that I'm not stationed under the

gleaming with countless lights. And, as they descended, it grew warm in the stable, and the light threw such a gleam into the street that the thorn-bush wondered within itself. "There is no hut so poor Christ is there to-night," it said.

"There is no hut so poor but Christ is there to-night," it said. The angels fluttered down, and while one offered the Christmas tree, the other went to the sick child and laid its hand healingly upon his breast. Then they flew upward again and vanished; but the light remained in the stable. In the meantime Wild Stephen lay upon the cold altar steps. At last his consciousness returned, and he raised his head from the stone. A wonderful vision had appeared to him in a dream, for he had seen two beautiful spirits, who, blessing him, walked by his side; and now, on awaking, he saw them standing by him and felt, each angel lay a little warm hand in his and lead him from the church.

To seem sent to the United States by the general of his order to give missions to the Italians for two years, in order to assist in strengthening the faith and religious practices of the many sons of Italy who have immigrated to that country. Father Michelangelo was born on Yuly 24, 1864, in Ferrara, near Bologna, and was ordained to the presthood in 1895. Since that the church.

warm hand in his and lead him from the church.

It seemed to Stephen as if he still dreamed; as if it were in sleep that the two little angels led him from the church to the stable, where he knew his poor wife and sorrowing children were. Willingly he let himself be guided; but when they reached the wretched dwelling, and everything within looked so warm and bright and pleasant; when he saw the Christmas presents he rubbed his eyes and looked down at the angels who had brought him there were still standing by his side. Then were still the standin

Still it seemed like a

glistened in one hand, the grasped that of the sleeping landlord. The blade quivered.

"Christ is born," sang the people in the church below.

Wild Stephen shrank back, for the hand was icy cold. He had touched a corpse.

"Christ is born," cried the warder from the tower; for Mass was over, and the people were hastening home.

Stephen's knife fell from his hand. He looked again at the dead man, and it seemed as if the cold eyes were opening to blast him. Covering his face with both hands, he fled from the room. No one had seen him glide into the house; no one saw him now pause before the old stable laid his hand healingly upon my him glide into the house; no one saw him now pause before the old stable and look in at the window—no one but the thorn-bush.

Ashy pale, Stephen gazed into the stable. There he saw his wife kneeling, motionless, as the dead man in the castle yonder, but more lovely. laid the baby in his arms

laid the baby in his arms. "Our Savior is born, and He will not let my child die."

And while they were all looking at the Christmas presents the pastor stepped from behind the tree, for he it was who had sent the gifts through two good children of his parish; he it was who had seen wild Stephen sink down upon the altar steps; he it was who had dressed the little boys so beautifully and led them to their father in the church. "Christ is born," said the pastor, "and it is His Will that even the poorest dwelling should not be with-

poorest dwelling should not be with-out Him to-day; but where He lodges for the first time, Stephen, is in your heart; cherish Him tenderly, for you know there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-nine just per-

All this time the thorn-bush was

All this time the thorn-bush was looking in at the window. Its branches rustled with joy.

The next morning Stephen went to church with his wife and children. In the meantime something must have passed between them and the pastor, producing a change in material as well as spiritual matters; for they were seen clad in modest and suitable attire, going to the Lord's table with deepest devothat I'm not stationed under the windows, for here in this dreary stable there will be nothing to see."

But the thorn-bush was wrong, for just then the interior of the stable grew bright with a piercing light. Still knelt the poor woman with closed eyes, and the sick child, waking, stretched out its little arms laughing; for the roof opened, and down fluttered, surrounded by a light cloud, two lovely angels, bearing between them a little Christmas tree the windows when they saw the snow underneath it bedewed as if with ruddy pearls, they cried: "See, now, the buckthorn has borne red blossoms during the night!"

"Yes," answered the cross-thorn, "Yes," answered the cross-thorn, "Yes," is shorn indeed."

"for Christ is born indeed."

Renowned Franciscan Preacher in United States.



A Christmas Nightingale. (Continued.) When it was over the neighbors gathered about Elise, asking questions. "Who was the boy? Where had he come from? What was to be done A Christmas Nightingale. Iterrace on a level with the roofs of the houses below. "Our little domain does not look very flourishing this morning, maman," Père Jammonaye said, smilling kindly at the old woman. "But what can one expect in winter, paps," she answered. "Everything looks dead at this time of year, but we know that the plants of year, but we know the year.

when it was over the legislate sa-thered about Elise, asking questions.
Who was the boy? Where had he come from? What was to be done with him? Was there any money? No? Ah, well, he would be a burden upon the town. They supposed he would be sent to the almshouse, that was where the poor had to go, and indeed they should be thankful that there was such a place. No doubt he was strong enough to do some work. He could make himself

seful there in return for his keep."
Giovanni heard them talking, hal dazed. What would become of him He turned to look back as they near the presbytere; he heard the sound children at play came up from the gardens below the rampures. A yellow, wintry sun was shining overhead; the red-brown tiles of the roof of the church contrasted with the clear blue of the sky, and high up on the wall, ceaselessly watching.

the wall, ceaselessiy watching, is that great eyee vois tout, et partout.
We will keep him here for a day
two, Elise," the cure said, and
old woman grumbled a little unher breath, but she was really kind-hearted, and her grumbling was only the sort of protest she felt due to her own dignity; in reality she was glad that the child was to re-

He was put to bed again that night He was put to bed again that dropped beside the fire, and he had dropped to sleep, but presently he neard voices and his own name spoken. The Mayor had come in to call on the cure, and feeling the great importance of his office, he was talking of paupers and foundlings that were a burden to the town. Now this vagabond," he said. "Monsieuf le curé, you must not let him be a le curé, you must not let him be care to you; you are too kind-hearted, and you must not undertake the support of a child like this; neither support of a child have this, the thing to be done will be to send him to the almshouse: there they will feed him and work him hard, and he will take his place as any of the

will take his place as any of the other paupers; and lucky he is to find a spot to lay his head."

"I suppose you are right, Mayor," the curé answered with a sigh, "and yet I am loth to turn him away. The poor child seems so gentle and so grateful for any little thing that is done for him."

"Ah. was that's all your wall here."

is done for him."

"Ah, yes, that's all very well, but his place is at the almshouse, and there he should go before another day passes. A glass of wine? day passes. A glass of wine? Thank you, Monsieur le curé; yes, I will take a little glass to drink your health. Good luck to you, and don't keep the child another day; let him go where he belongs. Good-night."

The benignant, warm-hearted cure accompanied him to the door and stood watching his retreating figure

stood watching his retreating figure as he went clumping heavily through the garden and so out into the now almost deserted road.
Giovanni lay very still. He had heard, he had heard it all, but he would not go to the almshouse; no, he would not. He fell asleep, and the cure went to bed, leaving the deer of his room air. The night the door of his room ajar. The night wore on and the fire died down; wore on and the fire died down, there were only a few embers on the hearth, and gradually they were extinguished. The clock struck three It was cold and it was very dark. Giovanni woke and rubbed his eyes.
He remembered the words of the Mayor, he had understood the acquiescence of the curé. He put one foot slowly to the ground, then the other; he felt for his clothes on the chair near the lounge stealthily he other; he felt for his clothes on the chair near the lounge; stealthily he crept towards the little hallway and he slipped on his trousers and His cap was hanging on e door. He turned the his blouse. His cap was hanging on a nail by the door. He turned the key slowly in the lock; it creaked a little and he waited fearfully, hardly daring to breathe; then he opened the door, just a little—a little more, till there was room for his body to pass through. Everything was shadow. He closed the door sol behind him, and pressing closely the bushes that bordered the w leading to the gate, he came to and went out into the street. It v through. Everything was in ow. He closed the door softly very quiet; the only sound he heard was of the water trickling into the very quiet; the only sound he heard was of the water trickling into the fountain. He saw the church wall dimly outlined. He remembered the fresco, and he trembled. "Il voit tout, et partout." Was it wrong, he wondered. Oh, no, it could not be wrong. God saw, God knew; He would protect him; and, keeping well in the shadow, he passed down the road, crossed to a narrow alley-way that led he knew not where, but following on he found himself at the top of a long flight of stone steps leading down between steep terraced gardens. Down, down, fifty, a hundred and fifty—would they never end—two hundred and one, two hundred and ten—yes, here he was at the end at last, down on a road that led away—away—but he would follow it.

that led away—away—but he would follow it.

When the sun rose, coming up there behind the mountains whose crests were white with snow, Glovanni was three miles away from R—. He dared not stop, though he was vervired. There were orchards all about, trees with bare branches high hedges beside the road that stretched away interminably; and presently he heard, voices: occasionally a cert would pass along the road on the way to the market town Glovanni crent through a hole in the hedge and lay down close to the bushes, fearing to be discovered, but no one storned. Every ene week here with his own affeirs. The child kept on and on he was getting huncry. He felt in his neeket there were six creat sous. He cave a sob-

grandfather had given them to him, one each day last week, because he had sung so well, and they were to have a treat at a cake shop some day when they stopped in a town. But now, alas! there were no cakes to be thought of, no treats; only, perhaps, when he got far enough away he would dare to stop at a bakery and buy a loaf of bread.

The dawn was coming; slowly the sky turned from darkness, and soft grey tints were shading into yellow and pink light that painted the snowy tips of the distant mountains

snowy tips of the distant mountains and just as the sun showed its great red disc above the horizon, Giovanni found himself entering the narrow, ill-paved street of a little village. ill-paved street of a little village. Everything was very still, almost all the shutters were closed, but sometimes there were sounds of life; a cock crowed, and there were pigeons wheeling about the church towers.

wer, and occasionally one swooped down towards the ground and strut-ted along the cobble-stones of the street. The smell of newly baked bread greeted the child's nostrils, as a low door swung heavily back on its hinges, and the baker came out and took down the shutters from and took down the shutters from the window, through which could be seen the great loaves that had just been withdrawn from the oven and were piled on the long, low counter ready for early distribution. Gio-vanni hesitated a moment, then ven-tured inside the door, and laying

ceded to straighten up the apartment of the loaves in half and handed it to him across the counter, then threw the penny carelessly into the till. As the boy turned to go, a door at the back of the shop opened and a girl came in from the yard. She was a healthy, bright-faced young woman with red cheeks and laughing black eyes; she had black hair and she wore a coarse blue stuff dress, the skirt of which was turned back, showing her short brown petticoat, and wooden shoes that clattered on the tiles of the floor as she walked. She carried a pail of milk, warm and foaming, and when she saw the child she said good-naturedly, "Good-morning, little one, won't you let me give you a bowl of milk?"

"Thank you mademoisalle" (15)

"Thank you, mademoiselle," Giovanni answered, and gratefully took the bowl which she handed him, greedily drinking its contents.
"But you are hungry," the

said.

"Yes, mademoiselle, and the milk
Thank you again," is very good. Thank you again," and as the girl turned to her morning work Giovanni hurried out of the shop, fearful that someone might stop and question him. He got away from the village as quickly as possible, and continued on his jour-ncy, which was to lead him he knew not whither. Sometimes he sat down to rest in an out-of-the-way corner, eating a little of the bread, but he dared not finish it; he must but he dared not links it; he must make it last as long as possible. Once, creeping close to a hedge, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he was stiff and cold. It was getting late in the afternoon, and snow was beginning to fall in tiny flakes. Still he pressed forward; he must find some sheltered corner where he could sleep for the night, and it was dark and the lamps were lighted when he came to the village of X—. And it was Christmas Eve.

There was a steep, narrow path leading up between the walls of whose lower story gave on to the street, but whose on to the street, but whose garrets opened into the upper road. Giovanni kept close to the wall and began to climb up—up—feeling his way along. He was getting very tired, and he thought he must soon lie down, and when he came upon a depression in the wall and felt that here was doorway in which was to be found partial shelter from the snow and the cold, he sank down and, curling himself up, soon fell fast asleep. CHAPTER II.

24th of December. Père Jammonav 24th of December. Pere Jammonaye opened the shutters, and, looking out saw the sun rising over the far eastern mountains; then he went into the kitchen and made a fire, where Mère Jammonaye soon followed him. Mère Jammonaye soon followed him. She put the kettle on to boil, and then the pair walked out of the door that led from the top of the house into the little garden, which, walled in from the road, was on a sort of

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are not really dead, and it won't be very long before the snowdrops are coming up and the crocuses cover the ground."
"Yes, yes, and there's no little domain so beautiful as ours; we were fortunate indeed to find the little place in which to spend our declining years. Now that the children were gone, gone long ago, and they ing years. Now that the children were gone, gone long ago, and they two were alone and had been for many a year, but neither of them ever forgot, though each one tried for the other's sake to be brave and cheerful.

They walked through the little garden where the box borders were almost the only green things to be seen; the beds that in summer time seen; the beds that in summer that were the old man's pride, with the lettuce and parsley and various vegetables; the rose bushes and wonderful dahlias, the two apple trees and the espaliered pears and the vinegalized pears and the vinegalized pears and the vinegalized pears and the vinegalized pears are vinegalized pears. ed arbor-all were brown and Coming to the dark red gate covered arbor-all bare. Coming to the dark red gate in the wall Père Jammonaye unlocked it, and the two old people passed out to the flight of steps, which soon brought them to the church, through whose open doors people were passing to early Mass. When they had reverently said their prayers before the alter, they lighted candles for their children, who were never forgotten, and then returned to the house, where the kettle was singing merrily in the kitchen over one of his treasured coins on the counter, asked for a penny's worth of bread. The baker. too busy to Jammonaye made the coffee and propay much heed to the child, cut one of the loaves in half and handed it ment, so that it could be left for the man and the counter of the loaves in half and handed it ment, so that it could be left for the

> and then, as the white petale and soft green baby leaves unfolded the tiny fruit formed and grew large the tiny fruit formed and grew large bending down the branches with its weight, so that they had to be propy-ped up at last with great forked sticks that Père Jammonaye went out and cut in the woods for the purpose. It had been a wonderful year for the fruit, for the pears and apples, as well as for the currants and raspberries, and the great purapples, as well as in the great pur-ple gooseberries. The hotte that he now strapped to his wife's shoulders the old man had only partially filled for he knew that it was difficult for he knew that it was difficult for her to carry a heavy burden, and he had put some late chrysanthehe had put some late chrysanthemums on top of the pears, and two brand new wreaths of metal and beadwork which were to be hung on the crosses over there in the churchyard, not far from which was the land to which they always fondly re-

yard, not hat had a land to which they always to had ferred as the great domain.

In the market square at Belfort they disposed of the fruit at a good price, and they exchanged greetings with old friends whom they saw but seldom in these days. Every one they are the seldom in the same and the seldom in the se with old friends whom they saw but seldom in these days. Every one had a kind word for them in their childless old age. When they quitted the market-place they went to pray in the churchyard, and hung the wreaths on the crosses that marked the graves of the children, strewing the mounds with gay comarked the graves of the children, strewing the mounds with gay colored flowers. Then, coming back through the town, they called at the house of a friend, who insisted upon their stopping for déjeûner, and the day wore on and it was late before they found themselves back in the streets of X—, so that they went into the house through the lower into the house through the lower door and climbed the long flight of

L'Abbe Gregoire had not been many months at X—, but in those few months he had succeeded in endearing himself to everyone. Old men and women, the middle aged and young women, the middle aged and young women, the middle aged and young women, the word of the state of Le Père and la Mère Jammonaye months at X—, but in those few months he had succeeded in endearing himself to everyone. Old then and women, the middle aged and young children, all had come to trust and to love him; he was their spiritual father, and he was also their true and sympathetic friend. He had father, and he was also their true and sympathetic friend. He had given up everything to follow the Voice that had called him, and he had never allowed himself to look back, never permitted himself to indulge in vain regrets. It had taken him some time to become accustomed to the ways of the little parish, and he had felt lonely in the beginning, but devoting nimself to his people and their various needs, he had found his reward and happiness in constant occupation. Shortly bepeople and their various needs, he had found his reward and happiness in constant occupation. Shortly before his arrival in the village, the wife of the proprietor who had bought and restored the wonderful medieval castle at the top of the hill, whose walled garden overlooked the churchyard, had presented an organ to the parish, a beautiful instrument, which had been the greatest joy to l'Abbé Gregoire, for he was a lover of music, and whenever he had a spare half hour he was in the habit of crossing the little bridge that led from his own door in the upner story of one of those tall houses to the road just opposite thereat door of the church. Once inside, he would seat himself before the instrument and let his handwander over the keys, and music such as the old church had never heard before would fill the buildire with a great volume of glorious me lody.

I'Abbe Gregoire also taught the

or them. Tracked a difficulty. To the difficulty of them. Tracked and accouraging the them. The them to sing and accouraging them as well as he could; but, here befound a difficulty, for not one her any idea of music; there was no

sign of a voice among them all. The hymn that he had composed for the Christmas festival, he knew what it might be like if only he could get it properly sung; he could hear it as he closed his eyes and threw back his head, playing the accompaniment softly and trying to fancy the words sung as he would have them, if only there were someone who could understand. He was ashamed. He had felt almost impatient when the poor children lifted up their voices and—proudl yes, proudly-had fairly murdered hymn that ne knew was in itself hymn that he knew was in itself a gem among Christmas songs. But he shrugged his shoulders, saying to himself, 'If one can't have what one likes, one must like what one has,'' and he thanked the children and

smiled upon them in a way made them quite happy and

came to their own rooms that Christmas Eve they put away the baskets, and directly the old wo-man busied herself in the kitchen preparing the dinner to which they would bring good appetites after their long and tiresome day. The would bring good appetites after their long and tiresome day. The good soupe aux choux sent up a steam that filled the little kitchen with the odor of cooking vegetables, and Mère Jammonaye drew the round black oak table near the fire, placing on it the bowls and plates, and the caraffe that Père Jammonaye filled with red wine from the cask in the cellar; and the old woman brought one of the flat, round loaves from a shell in the cupboard, putting it on the bread board and laying a knife beside it with which they cut great slices as they were required. When the meal was finished, the old woman went about washing the dish es and putting things in place, and gathered up the crumbs left from the loaf, and opening the window, scattered them outside for the birds.

The old man sat by the fire smoking his pipe; occasionally they spoke ing his pipe; occasionally they spoke a few words, but both were preoccupied, and though neither of them said so in words, each knew that the other was thinking of the long ago, when they were both young, and the children had played about their feet or nestled their heads contentedly, against their shoulders. tentedly against their shoulders

"It is time to be locking up," the old man said at last, as he rose from his chair and, knocking the rehes from his pipe, laid it on the shelf above the stove. He put on his cap, threw his old cape across he shoulders and worth the shoulders, and went out of he door, walking the length of the little domain. It would have been quite dark by now, but happily the snow, having whitened the ground, had ceased falling and the stars were the ground, had coming out, while the crescent moon was to be seen shining brightly overhead. Pere Jammonaye went through the garden, past the bee-blyes which were to him each hives which were to him such source of pride, between the hedges, and under the bare overhanging branches of the fruit trees nanging branches of the fruit trees, and, coming to the garden door, he opened it, intending to look up and down the long flight of steps to see if anyone were passing. As he lifted the latch, something that was leaning against the door fell back with its adjusted to the latch when he stepped down to see it, and when he stooped down to se what it was, his eyes rested on

form of a sleeping child.

"Hello, hello, what's this?" The old man put his hand on the head of the child, who did not open his eyes but only moved impatiently and drew himself together. Pere Jam-monaye shook him by the shoulder still the child did not move; he very cold, he wore no overcoat, it seemed to the old man that must be half frozen. Stooping, ifted him in his arms, and the door behind him with his foot

he carried him back to the hous Mère Jammonaye, who when husband was no longer in the had allowed herself to give wa allowed herself to fit of crying which aged to restrain while the old mar vas still in the house, wiped eves and looked up as the door oper ed and he came into the kitchen carrying the child in his arms.

"Here, maman, le bon Dieu has sent us a Christmas present," he

Dieu to comfort us in our old age."

He put the child down in the great chair, and presently he began to move; he opened his eyes.

"Where am 1?" he asked.

"Here you are, at home, at home with Papa and Maman Jammonaye; where else should you be?" The old

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As is, well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-cating, the use of too much rich fool, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc.

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY of Padua.

Dear Reader,-Be patient with me Dear Reader,—Be patient with the for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain with-

out a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and

I am still obliged to say mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocemer Grant No. En-

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocean Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery.

We have money in hand towards the We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will

not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say: —For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad bour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is mecessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorise you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, am judgment, it has been fully attained. Yours faithfully in Christ, † F. W. KEATING.

Bishop of Northampton.

man laughed, and Mère Jammonaye bent over the child and stroked his

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"No, no, this is not the almshouse, this is the house of Papa and Maman Jammonaye, and perhaps le bon Dieu has chosen to send you here instead.'

It took some time for the whole story to come out. Giovanni was afraid at first; he knew that he had run away from the cure, and he could not be sure that he would not could not be sure that he would not be sent back again, but Maman Jam-monaye, who understood children, and whose motherly heart had never ceased to yearn for those she had lost, gradually succeeded in reassu-ring him. She and Papa Jammon-aye heard and understood the story and they promised the boy that, whatever else happened, he should-not be sent to the almshouse.

mottever eight in the almshouse.

Bye and bye a bed was made up for him in the little room opening from their own. How often had the old people looked at that little empty bed, sighing that there was no child to sleep in it, and then glanced up at the old-fashioned photographs in their own room, each with its wreath of flowers made from the hair of a dead child. To-night their eyes did not linger there so long. They knelt looking up at the crucifix which hung under that bright colored print of the Mother of God. and gave thanks for the gift that not be sent to the almshouse.

man laughed, and More Jammonaye bent over the child and stroked his hand.

He sat up and looked about, dazed by the light and the voices and the strange room in which he found himself.

"Where am I? I don't understand."

"Here, maman, get him some soup that's what the child wants."

"It took only a few minutes: the soup kettle on the back of the store was always ready. Mere Jammonaya end that the child ate it greedily.

"But who vre you?" he asked at last.

"We are your good friends, Papa and Maman Jammonaye, and we think, it being Christmas Eve, le bon Dieu has brought you to us as a Christmas gift; only we do not quite understand where he brought you from."

The child drew back suddenly, looking friends."

"What is the matter, little one?" the old man asked. "There's nothing to be afraid of; you are among if friends."

"But the almshouse—is this talmshouse? That is where they said they would send me."

They knett looking under that bright to colored print of the Mother of God, and gave thanks for the gift that had been left at their door,

MORRISON & HATCHETT

were and n be hap ther t of the til the am go When office 1 about.

ly, to ly: "No l mother At the office th but the mother. street wh

he bumpe ed my ha "John minutes v company, the aftern And so talking at father or tattle abo Presently with his touched Je -"Oh, mostopped su
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"I will,"
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ed to touch make a cro began, "Je ped, too. "Excuse r and then th bed he said to keep up children are be cured pre has been ab can stand." They're

voice from t another voice it, too, and "All right father hearti joiced to be tattling fever

THE LA

The lazy land Has two fat A downy com And restful for A drowsy, dr And yawn. "] And many chi To wonder-wa

It is a pleasan If I were you The pathway The shining m The dream wo om honest. v And you must read And shun the -Youth's Co

A TRAMP CA SAVED A F was haunted the ga York city and not a bit he tame and good neighborhood ch with her oy named Har picked up Spunk as she was, an arms into his n

about her. So herself, though, be turned out of to spend the night was cold weat Spunk sneaked schen range out of sleep.

Harry got sleep and went upstaire all the other sev family when their and not one of th tramp cat behind It was a gas rang gas jets belonging burning.

burning.

The lighted jet low that when came and the gas duced the light wa ed, although the to flow, filling the poisonous runes, gas mounted the as mounted the st

through the rest of the family—father, dren—were still fas of anything but they were in. But Cpunk, cat f

a hole in ms coat.

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny indignantly, to which John retorted prompt-

ther and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting with his water colors, accidentally touched Jenny's dress with his brush—"Oh, mother," she began, and then stopped suddenly.

"Excuse me, please," said John.
"I will," said Jenny.

A few minutes later Jenny happened to touch John's arm, making him make a crooked line. "Mother," he began, "Jenny—" and then he stopped, too.

They're cured now," called

THE LAND OF LIE-A-BED.

The lazy land of Lie-a-Bed Has two fat pillows at the head,

A downy comfort spread all neat And restful from the head to feet. A drowsy, dreamy place to stay And yawn. "I'll not get up to-day." And many children like to go To wonder-wander here, you know.

CHETK

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the alms-of Papa and d perhaps le send you the whole é, and he ne would not Maman Jamood children, rt had never ose she had d in reassu-

pa Jammon-od the story e boy that, he should house. ften had the t little emp-re was no then glanced photographs h with its le from the o-night their ere so long. t the cruci-that bright

ther of God, gift that oor, the gift joy and sodid not go To be sure,

the strange larmed. So ded to stay hile the old hurch alone. a emong the maself up like shaped every e listened, a thought of to stay. She he preferred he old man ided by the corward. She

BOYS and GIRLS



HOW THE FEVER WAS CURED.

John and Jenny had the tattling fever" and really it was the most disinteresting disease that they had ever had. Instead of being bad for a few days, or even weeks, like the whooping-cough, or the measles, and then going away, it just stayed right along, and grew worse and worse all the time. Of course the children were not happy when they had it, and nobody else around them could be happy either, and father and mother tried many remedies, but none of them seemed to do any good, until they thought of the one that I am going to tell you about.

When father came home from the office that night mother met him at the door, exclaiming, "Oh, father, what do you think the children did? Jenny broke a saucer and John tore a hole in his coat." early riser. She wandered through the kitchen, looking for something to eat. Then she smelled the gas It seemed as if she knew all about it, and maybe she did. Who can tell? Spunk bounded lightly up the stairs and through the rooms till she came to Harry's bed. She sprang upon it with a big bounce and stroked Harry's face with her paws till he waked suddenly. He jumped up with a yell, for he had been suddenly wakened from a sound sleep. The yell waked all the rest of the family In an instant they smelled the gas, and the grown folk knew what it meant. Harry's father jumped to the windows and opened them, and let the air in and saved their lives. Then he bounded downstairs and shut off the gas jet. As to Spunk, she just sat still upon Harry's bed and looked mightily pleased.

MY ANGEL GUIDE.

ly, to which John retorted promptly:

"No littler than some you told mother about me the other day," and Jenny had nothing more to say."
At the supper table father remarked: "I had to walk upstairs to my office this morning. I rang and rang but the elevator boy didn't pay any attention."

"The grocery boy left the gate open this morning, and so did the open this morning, and so did the open this morning, and so did the open that was here," complained

mother.

"There was a big man on the street when I was coming home, and he bumped into me and nearly knocked my hat off," said father.

"John didn't come for nearly ten minutes when I called him at lunch time," said mother, "and Jenny had company, and didn't help me any all the afternoon."

And so it went on. No merry talking at supper, no pleasant hour spent together afterward, for if father or mother spoke it was to tattle about somebody. Jenny and John played quietly by themselves, wondering what could be making father and mother talk like that.

Presently John, who was painting He holds me from the path of sin; He purifies my soul within, And, tho' my heart may ache with

g, the hard pain.

Pain,

Ils me no cross, no crown I gain.

My angel guide.

He's ever whispering at my side;
He does my every footstep guide,
And leads me with a hand of love
To realms of peace—to God above—
My angel guide.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

"Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
Quoted mother,
Then small brother
In distress
Did thus confess,
"In my stomach, not my head.
If you mean that gingerbread."
—Margaret Jewett.

CARRYING BROTHER.

The crossing was muddy, the street was wide, And water

began, "Jenny—" and then he stopped, too.
"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny and then they both laughed.
"The country was going unstairs to

and then they both laughed.

When father was going upstairs to bed he said to mother, "If we have to keep up this tattling until the children are cured, I hope they will be cured pretty soon, for one evening has been about as much of it as I can stand."

And water was running on either side;
The wind whistled past with a bitter moan,
As I wended my weary way alone. And water was running on either side;
The wind whistled past with a bitter moan,
As I wended my weary way alone. And water was running on either side;
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The wind whistled past with a bitter moan,
As I wended my weary way alone. And water was running on either w Pass
A boy in the arms of a wee, toddl-

ing lass,
"Isn't he heavy, sweet little mother?"
"Oh po"

bh, no," she replied, "he's my baby brother."

"They're cured now," called a voice from the children's room, and another voice added. "We're tired of it, too, and we'll stop if you will," "All right, it's a bargain," said father heartily. And everybody rejoiced to be rid of the disagreeable tattling fever.—Louise M. Oglevee, in S.S. Times. Thy load may be heavy, thy road may be long,
The winds of adversity bitter and

strong: a strong: a But the way will seem bright if ye love one another.

The burden be light if you carry a brother.

Wery often they think it is from so-called

ISABEL'S DOLLS.

And yawn. "I'll not get up to-day."
And many children like to go
To wonder-wander here, you know.

It is a pleasant land, and yet
If I were you I would forget
The pathway there and follow back
The shining merry morning track.
The dream world lies too far away.
From honest work and happy play.
And you must heed what you have
read

Monday morning in vacation is horrid. Isabel thought so as she rue-fully eyed the big pile of dishes. Washday mamma always did the dining-room and kitchen work while Janet was busy in the laundry, and always in vacation is horrid. Isabel had dining-room and kitchen work while Janet was busy in the laundry, and always in vacation is horrid. Isabel thought so as she rue-fully eyed the big pile of dishes. Washday mamma always did the dishes all alone.

lieve they didn't want to do them at all, and then had to scold them a little and remind them that such tasks had to be done by little girls, and it was well to learn how to do them properly.

Black Alice had the frying pans and oatmeal pot to do. But the next time Isabel had the dishes to do alone, and the dollies helped. Gertrude Maud did the pans, "Cause it doesn't seen fair, just "cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mama came in and saw the row of dollies and the nicely washed dishes, she was much pleased with Isabel's little game of dish-washing and dolls.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The night was stormy, and wild the wind,
As over the waves the "White Swan" flew.

And wild was the roaring of the deep, dark waves
As they smashed and shattered the "White Swan's" crew.

And sharp were the lightnings which split the dark clouds.
Like the swords of bad angels, who though conquered are proud.
That their powers of evil are but veiled in a cloud.

They labored well those sailors brave, And fought for their lives through

The fight was unequal and God from

Looked down on those men, whose souls he so loved; And summoning angels about His great throne,

Commanded them quickly to guide the ship home.

work For Two Years

From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease."

Most of the so-called "female disorders" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. C. Dupuis, Belleview Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my house, work for two years on account of backache. I could not get up the stairs. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me permanently after doctors failed to even relieve the pain. I can highly recommend them to all sufferers from kidney trouble."

Price 50 cts. pr box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co.,

From honest work and happy play. And you must heed what you have read
And shun the land of Lie-a-Bed.
—Youth's Companion.
—Ye **

A TRAMP CAT AND HOW SHE SAVED A FAMILY FROM SUF-Spunk was a tramp cat that the dishes were ready. Spunk was a tramp cat that the dishes were ready. Isabely that the dishes were ready. Isabely her bed, and not a bit handsome, but she was ame and good natured, and the neighborhood children had a lot only named Harry, seven years old, picked up Spunk in the street, dirty as she was, and carried her in his arms into his mother's kitchen to neighborhood children had a lot of un with her. One afternoon a little boy, named Harry, seven years old, picked up Spunk in the street, dirty as she was, and carried her in his arms into his mother's kitchen to spend the night in the street, for it was cold weather at that time, so Spunk sneaked slyly behind the kitchen to spend the night in the street, for it was cold weather at that time, so Spunk sneaked slyly behind the kitchen range out of sight and went to sleep.

Harry got sleepy, too, in due time and went under the dishes all alone. They weren't at all, though I must confess that there were a good many of them.

They re just mountains hight" she declared. They weren't at all, though I must confess that there were a good many of them.

When mamma had called to her that the dishes were ready. Isabely her bed, and covered Gladys Emily as the dishers and covered Gladys Emily as the was the dishers and the find the street of the sum of the s head, featured not unlike Mr. Punch and moreover blessed, or otherwise, and moreover blessed, or otherwise, with the squeakliest voice imaginable was, I believe, one of the finest orators of modern times. I had in those days a mania for diary keeping, and M. Thier's chats supplied me with some admirable "entries" which I have carefully preserved. The Second Empire, which was drawing so for the cular time almost as firmly established as the Pyramids. One Sunday afternoon M. Thiers said to me, as we all sat on a seat facing the sea, enjoying the glorious view of the Peter the "wire will acceed?" I asked. "A monarchy?" to spend the night in the street, for it was cold weather at that time, so Spunks anacked sliyly behind the kitchen range out of sight and went to sleep.

Harry got sleepy, too, in due time and went upstairs to bed. So did all lillan, and black Alice and place the tramp can behind the kitchen range. It was a gas range, and one of them knew about the tramp cat behind the kitchen range. It was a gas range, and one of the say like belonging to it had been left. Directly the said, addressing Gertrude Mand, low that when the early morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen range and one of Gertrude.

So Isabel carefully washed and placed them in the foot of Gertrude washed and too of Gertrude washed and placed them in the foot of Gertrude.

So Isabel carefully washed and placed them in the foot of Gertrude washed and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen range.

All the family—father, morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen range.

All the family—father, morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen range.

All the family—father, morning came and the gas pressure was reduced the light was quite extinguished, although the gas still continued to flow, filling the kitchen range.

The interval of the dolls and the gas pressure was reduced the plates and placed them in the state of the house. All the family—father, morning came and the gas pressure was reduced to the state of the plates and placed them in the plate of the plates and placed them in the plate of the p

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAGIG BAKING



THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS. TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA.

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

And quickly the waves were as quiet and calm, As if ever their crests had been partial and calm, And soon the grim thunders, their crashing they ceased, And the wind grow as gentle, as if from the top, was according to the deep, and smiled on those men from her fair starry sky.

And the in the hearts of those men of the deep, was aroused a strong longing for something called homs; their port and many states of the control of all their port something called homs; aroused a strong longing for something called homs; the fair starry sky.

It is the clouds the summer breeze it were would place the control of all the longing three words and place the control of all the clouds the same three will rise up and murder you. There must be some higher attributes the summar stable will rise up and murder you. There must be some higher attributes the summar and many house the produce of the clouds the same three will rise up and margetic three three will rise up and murder you. There must be some higher attributes the summar and the failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summar that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing the summar that our appeal failed to reach them and conseque earth,
But in some safe harbor, where storms were unknown.
And where was not heard that deep dreary moan of a sea that would relish the death of all men, So that it might truly call all things its own.

HAD BACHACHE.

if it does not it will sooner of the companies of the content of the property of the content of the property of the

and in the world."

M. Thiers was not pious, but he was certainly not antagonistic to religion, although throughout the better part of his life he was an avowed free-thinker.—Richard Davey, in the Fortnightly Review.

A Christmas Nightingale.

(Continued from page 6.) was the joyful sound of a voice that was singing. It was wonderful—a child's voice that came from the little room where the boy had been put to sleep.

Maman Jammonaye could not at first understand, but soon, wide awake, she took up a lighted candle and went towards the child's bed. He was sitting up, but his eyes were Maman Jammona.

first understand, but soon, awake, she took up a lighted candle and went towards the child's bed. He was sitting up, but his eyes were closed, his head was thrown back, and in his sleep he was once more by his grandfather's side, singing his meiody, unlike anything Maman Jammonaye had ever heard. It seemed to her like the voice of an angel. Could it be that perhaps she was harboring an angel, unawares?

As she stood transfixed, holding her eyes with the other, the door during her eyes with the other, the door during her eyes with the other, the door and his voice, clear the story exactly as he had had it from the boy's own lips—

"You must leave him with the hoir in the morning," the prisad. "His voice is the one for which have been waiting. Ah! there is not doubt that the boy is the Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting. Ah! there is may been waiting. Ah! there is may one that the thoy is the Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting that the tother was the story exactly as the not for which had been waiting. Ah! there is may be been waiting. Ah! there is may be been waiting, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been was the control of the principle."

That Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting the principle.

The Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting the principle.

The Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting the principle.

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The Christmas morning, when Pana and Maman Jammonaye climbed had been waiting the principle.

The Christmas morning was the principle of the principle of the principle.

The christmas morning was the principle of the principle of the princi

like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause-To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name

me down from the midnight Mass, the reached their asdit came enmishouse at the end in the control of the contro

organ.

"Ye faithful, approach ye,
Joyfully triumphing.
On come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem.
Come and behold ye,
Born the King of angels.
Oh come, let us worship,
oh come, let us worship Christ the
Lord."

"You must leave him with the choir in the morning," the priest said. "His voice is the one for which I have been waiting. Ah! there is no doubt that the boy is the Christmas gift of the bon Dieu."

That Christmas morning, when Papa and Maman Jammonaye looked at each other in astonishment. The châtelaine, who sat in the front pew, turned her head. L'Abbe Gregars, even though he had been partially prepared by the wonderful to be steps that led to the upper road, each held one of the boy's hands. He smiled up at them as they talked to him, he feit quite at home with them, and seemed already to feel that the old people had been sent to take the place of his dear grandfather. He would be a good boy.

They went into the church together It was garlanded with holly and laurel, and there in one corner was the crib; there was the star shining down above the Child that lay in the manger, with his Mother and St. Joseph, and the shepherds kneeling beside him. Glovanni took his place as he had been told among the christers. He heard the music of the organ.

"Ye faithful, approach ye,"

when the Mass was over and Giovanni walked down the hill again with his old friends and they were going through the little domain, Père Jammonaye noticed a few bread crumbs still lying on the window ledge, and turning to the old wife, he said with a smile: "When you scattered the crumbs for the sparrows, Maman, you did not think I would bring you in a nightingale." And Giovanni whispered softly to himself,

And Glovanni whispered softly to himself, "Il voit tout, et partout." —Patience Warren, in American Messenger.



Parish News of the Week

bscriptions to the Father Holand Birthday Fund.

P.Q.
An Old Friend

F. Ward

John B. O'Higgim, Beston

Ere. Guilfoyle

W. Guilfoyle

A Friend, Powerscourt, P.Q.

Christmas and New Year Letter From Father Lecorre, O.M.I.

To our friends and benefactors of St. Michael's Indian School, Duck Lake, Saskatchewan.

Dear friends,
Although journeying still through the States to fulfil my arduous and most important mission, I beg to join with Father Charlebois, our Sisters and Indian pupils, in addressing you my best wishes of the season. I had the pleasure of meeting some of you on my way, and will always remember their cordial welcome and charity. Others I expect to visit along for a short stay likewise. But the heavy expenses of cars forbid that I may follow the impulse of attachment and gratitude and see all. So, for my wishes of Merry Xmas and Happy New Year, I give you all a pious "rendez-vous" to the feet of the Infant Jesus, beseching Him to bless you, your families, your enterprises. What I liked to say to you many times in my letters, I will repeat the more fervently in my prayers.

ters, I will repeat the more lervently in my prayers.

It will be, indeed, a great satisfaction to me, dear friends, to witness that lovely anniversary of Xmas in one of your fine cathedrals or churches this winter. But I am not wently my thoughts will not for sure that my thoughts will not fly far away, and carry me, mind and heart, to one of those Northern mis-sions, so familiar and dear to me for

g years. ell, I think I can and will indulge weil, I think I can and will indulge in these distractions, and imagine that the Mackenzie River is there, with its blocks of ice and 60 degrees of cold, instead of the Ohio, and that our mission of Our Lady of Good Hope, under Polar Circle, welcomes again, at that hour, one of its first Oblates. There are our Exhitisking. There are our Rabbitskin Oblates. There are our Rabbitskin Indians, coming with their dog sleighs, in large families and from every point of the compass—men, women and children, they had to travel six, seven, eight days and more pointed day, and to sleep in the snow all along! Surely the shepherds of Bethlehem had not so far to travel, nor so icy weather to endure. But now they are all there, 600, 700 good Indians, of all sizes

But now they are all there, 600, 700 good Indians, of all sizes, of all colors and fashion of dress, but of one same feeling of piety and love towards their Divine Saviour. The little church is overcrowded; never mind, there is room yet for the few Protestants of the trading post, who prover fail to join our convergenties. reotestants of the training post, who never fail to join our congregation in these solemnities, and leave their minister in a troubled sleep.

At three o'clock in the morning the office of the night, with their joyful

office of the night, with their joyful hymns and canticles, with the so touching spectacle of a general communion, being over, you may think, perhaps, dear friends, that my trip to the country of remembrances is at an end now for Xmas night.

No: a little distraction more, please. There is no Midnight Mass without a lunch core please.

please. There is no Midnight Mass without a lunch, even close to the icebergs of Arctic shores—So you see these brown-faced groups of families crouching around a blanket they have spread on the rough floor of a log cabin, or on the spruce branches in the wood. A piece of dry meat, a bladder of grease, a kettle of boiling test that is quite enough. ing tea: that is quite enough t make them as comfortable as possi

ble.

But they do not forget about the comfort of their Fathers. They will also have a good meal for the circumstances; and I remember that once the 'widow's mite' gave us a royal supper. That is quite a little Christmas story. They were both widows, those two very poor old women, who left their camp and walked on snowshoes for five days to 'ahake hands.' as they said. walked on snowshoes for five days to "shake hands," as they said, "with the Divine Baby." No dogs, no sleighs, not even a pinch of tea. "They were so poor! Just a bit of dry meat for two days. But "Divine Providence will come to our help," they said, and they trod, trod along on the deep snow path leading to they said, and they trod, trod along on the deep snow path leading to Jesus. After two nights passed in the snow, nothing more to eat, but a Divine Providence will not abandon us! and they went, and found a black bear under the roots of a large fallen tree. They had no gun, but they had a small axe to chop wood, and they chopped off the head of the hear. "Merci," they said, "our good Father." And they reached the mission with a choice piece of fresh meet on their backs. Need 1 add that the "widow's mite" was welcome?

add that the "widow's mite" was welcome?

Now, my friends, the way for escaping such a lot of sweet memories about our Indian Christmas, even amid the splendor of yours! It is not better not to try, but rather to associate the grateful remembrance of your charity with the comforting one of the faithfulness of our dearly loved Indian, and address to the merciful heart of our divine Lord this confident and appealing cry of my own missionary heart:

"O Jesus, keep to our far-off missions their jouful Xmas! Keep to our dear children of the woods their Oblate missionaries! Inspire generous souls to come to our help, that they may not only contribute by their alms and clefhing, to the conversion of poor abandoned Indian souls and the education of their children, but

also to co-operate with us, by a little more generosity, to the formation of good young missionaries themselves."

themselves."
Yes, my dear friends, help us to establish a seminary in our new Provinces; help us to favor good young religious vocations: upon them depend mostly the Catholic future and the "merry Kmas" of our immense territory of northern Indian withen.

Yours sincerely in J. M. J. A. LECORRE, O.M.I.

Rev. Father A. Lecorre, O.M.I. 5 5th St., Madison, Wis. or St. Michael's Indian School, Duck Lake, Saskatchewan,

They Cleanse While they Cure.—The vegetable compounds of which Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are composed, mainly dandelion and mandrake, clear the stomach and intestines of deleterious matter and restore the deranged organs to healthful action. Hence they are the best remedy for indigestion available to-day. A trial of them will establish the truth of this assertion and do more to convince the alling than anything that can be written of these pills.

PERSONAL.

Mr. John James Cox, of this city, for some years in the fuel supply department of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has severed his connection with the company and has accepted a position with Mr. G. A. Monette, architect, St. James street. Mr. Cox's many friends throughout Montreal and Eastern Ontario will be pleased to learn of his success.

Old Age Pension Law is Creating a Stir in Ireland

Under a new law enacted by British Parliament, all persons Under a new law enacted by the British Parliament, all persons over seventy years of age, are (with certain exceptions), entitled to a pension of five shillings a week. This law has made a stir in Ireland. Stories regarding the working of the Old Age Pension Act are many.

FATHER AND SON.

In a remote part of Connaught an aged man travened about eight miles to the post office and applied for his "paper." He was known to the postmaster, who was aware that the applicant was well over seventy years of age, The "paper." was duny miles, and then the venerable gentleman said he wanted another paper. "For my lather," he said. The official was astonished; but the facts were undernable. The old man's lather still lived and was as take and. aged man travelled about eight miles ther still lived, and was as hale and nearty as could have been expected, considering that his age was 95. Neither father nor son had ever stood inside a workhouse, nor accepted a penny of outdoor relief.

AGE VALUABLE

One old man in a Northern town One old man in a worthern cown secured his pension paper and brought it to the local priest to be filled up. The priest was also the custodian of the parish register, and consequently had his time fully occ-

consequently had his time fully occupied for several days after the passing of the act.

"I did not think, Martin," said his reverence, "that you were seventy years old. Why, man, you would easily pass for sixty or sixty-five."
"Aye, sir," said Martin, "my years ara a fact. I had always heard thet age was honorable, now I find it is valuable."

IS IT HOME RULE?

Peggy and Lizzie live in he sam Peggy and Lizzie live in he same town. They have been friends since early childhood; both were married in the same year, and during the course of their lives have remained on the most neighborly terms, with occasional interruptions on and around successive "Tweifths," for Peggy is a devout and convinced Catholic and Lizzie is an equally determined and resolute Protestant. During the "Tweifth holidays" little disagreements sprang up, Lizzie declaring year after year that there were no immediate prospects of were no immediate prospects of Home Rule, and defying the Pope and all his followers to bring about and all his followers to bring about that terrible event. Peggy prophesied as confidently every year that the next twelve months would see her neighbor living under Home Rule and "mighty glad of the chance of being civil for the first time myour life."

At last the Old Age Pension schem

At last the Old Age Pension scheme came into operation. Lizzie had never heard of it until her neighbor called on her and explained the possibilities of the new act.

"Well, now, Lizzie," said Peggy, "are we not glad Home Rule has come at last? You were always agin it, and this is what it has done for ye."

"Is this on account of Home Rule?" asked Lizzie.

"It is Home Rule and no mistake about it," said Peggy.

Then the Pratestant old lady shook her hoary head, and, with a sigh of resignation, replied: "Ah, well, one thing at any rate can never be said—that I did not fight, again it till there was no use fighting any longer." And she felt happy in the approval of her political conscience.

FATHER WAS SLOW.

It did not happen to this town, but in the neighboring village not more than fifteen miles from Belfast, that an intelligent old man brought his paper to the keeper of the register and sought for particulars as to his age. The book was searched

MONTHLY CALENDAR

12 December, 1908. T. | Bl. Edward Campion & Comp W. 2 St. Bibiana, V. Mr. Th. 3 St. Francis Xavier, C F 4 St. Peter Chrysologus, Abp. C D St. Saba, Ab.

Second Sunday In Advent. 6. 6 St. Nicholas. Abp. C.
M. 7 St. Ambrose, B. C. D.
T. 8 The Immaculate Conce.
S. Leocadia, V. M.
Th. 10 St. Mekhindes, P. M.
F. 11 St. Damasus, P. C.
S. 12 St. Cormac. Ab.

8. 13 St. Lucy, V. M.
M. 14 Bl. Andrew Bobola, M.
T. 15 St. Florence, Ab.
W. 16 St. Eusebius, B. M.
Th. 17 St. Olympias, W.
F. 18 Expectation of Bl. V. Mary.
S. 19 St. Nemesion, M.

Fourth Sunday In Advent.

B. 20 St. Christian, B. M. 21 St. Thomas, A.A. T. 22 St. Zeno, M. 23 St. Victoria, V. M. Th. 24 SS. Thrasilia and Emiliana.

2 St. Stephen, First Martyr. St. Stephen, First Martyr.

S. 27 St. John, Ap. Evangelist
M. 28 The Holy Innocents, MM.
T. 29 St. Thomas à Becket, App. M.
W. 30 St. Sabinus, B M.
Th 31 St. Sylvester I., P C

and William B— was identified as the babe who had been duly baptiz-ed in 1840. "There is no doubt about it, Billy," said the Registrar; about it, Billy," said the Registrar, "you are two years benna the age, and the fact cannot be hidden even if we tried to do so. But you are not so badly off man, and can hold out two Ghristmases more; then, perhaps, the allowance will have been greatly increased."

"'Aye," said Billy, sadly, "but would it not be a good thing to have it as it is in the meantime? I always had a prejudice against long engagements. My father and mother were coortin' for seven years before they got married."

CENTENNARIANS.

As might be expected from its n merous contributions to the annals of longevity, Donegal has taken up a conspicuous position in the relative number of its inhabitants who have Presented claims under the Old Age Pensions Act. At the end of Sep-tember, 1200 forms of application had already been obtained from the Donegal head office and sub-offices, and some of these had possessed the legal age qualification more than thirty years ago. Three of the right age qualification more than thirty years ago. Three of the applicants are 111, 106 and 108 years old respectively, and one of them, Bryan O'Donnell, of Tower, Parish of Inver, it has been stated that he has always used the Irish language only, having never uttered a sennas always used the Irish language only, having never uttered a sentence of English during the whole of his life! All three venerable applicants are described as being in good health, both physically and mentally.

Pills of Attested Value.-Parmy lee's Vegetable Pills are the result of careful study of the properties of certain roots and herbs, and the action of such as sedatives and laxatives on the digestive apparatus. The tives on the digestive apparatus. The success the compounders have met with attests the value of their work. These pills have been recognized for many years as the best cleansers of the system that can be got. Their excellence was recognized from the first and they grow more popular deally.

The Catholic Church-a Retrospect

Tae Rev. Mr. Martineau, the distinguished English Unitarian minister, on a certain occasion said this: "Long and far was this Church the sole vehicle of Christianity that bore it on over the storms of ages and sheltered it amid the clash of and sheltered it amid the clash of nations. It evangelized the philoso-phy of the East and gave some so-briety to its wild and voluptuous dreams. It received into its bosom the savage conquerors of the North and nursed them successively out of utter barbarism. It stood by the desert fountain from which all modern history flows and dropped into it the sweetening branch of Christian truth and peace. It presided at the birth of art and literally gave the tradition into the young hands of

it the sweetening branch of Christian ruth and peace. It presided at the birth of art and literally gave its tradition into the young hands of color and design. Traces of its labors and of its versatile power over the human mind are scattered throughout the globe. It has consecrated the memory of the lost cities of Africa, and given to Carthage a Christian as well as a classic renown. The mountains of Switzerland have heard its vespers mingling with the cry of liberty and the requiem sung over the patriot greves. The convulsions of Asiatic history have failed to overthrow it: on the heights of Lebanea, on the plains of Armenia, either in the seclusion of the convent or smid the stir of population, the names of Jesus and Mary still ascended. It is not difficult to understand the enthusiasm which this ancient and picturesque religion kindles in its disciples. To the poor peasant who knows no other dignity it must be a proud thing to feel himself a member of a vast community that spreads from the Andes to the Indies; that has bid defiance to the vicinsitudes of lifteen centuries and adorned itself with the genius and virtues of them all: that beheld the transition from ancient to modern civilization, and itself forms the connecting link between the old world in Europe and the new: the missionery of the nations, the associate of history, the patron of art, the vanquisher of the sword."

CANADIAN PACIFIC NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

and all all e statons in Canada, Fort William and East also to Detroit and Sault Ste. Meric, Wich., to Buffelo, Black Rock, Suspenson Bridge, and Niagara Falls, N.Y., and to Canadian Pacific Stations in Vermont and Maine, at

ONE-WAY FIRST CLASS FARE

Going December 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Eturn limit, January 4, 1909. FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD

EPIPHANY

AT ONE WAY RIDET OF ASS PADE between all stations in Province of Quebec as Ontario, Ottawa and East thereof. Good going January 5th and 6th. Good to return until January 7th, 1909.

TICKET OFFICE : 129 St. James Street

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY **NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS**

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Ret. limit, Jan 4, 1909. FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD.

Going Dec 30, 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Return Epiphany, January 6, 1909 SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Between all stations in the Province of Onta-rio and Quebec, Ott. wa and Rost thereor. Good-coing January 6 and 6. Return limit January 71 1900.

For tickets and full information apply to

CITY TICKET OFFICES 130 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

New Year and Epiphanu Holidays

SINGLE (FIRST CLASS) FARE

Going Dec. 21, 1908, until Jan. 1 1909. Return

TRAIN SERVICE 7.30 a.m. 12.00 noon. 4.00 p.m.

Maritime Express

NOON

St. Hyacinthe, Drumr ville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, St. John, Halifax, and Campoenton, Sydney. Through connections to Newfoundland.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

Tel. Main 615 GEO. STRUBBE, H. A. PRICE. Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

Province of Quebec, District Montreal, Superior Court. 1582. Dame Betsie Sidler, of City of Montreal, said district. City of Montreal, said district, wife common as to property of Mayor Lithner, furrier, of the same place, and duly authorized to appear in judicial proceedings, has instituted a suit against her husband for separation from bed and board.

Montreal, 14 Dec., 1908.

JEAN CHARBONNEAU,

Attorney for Plaintiff.

NOTICE.

The Institutes and the Curator named to the substitution created by an act of donation of the late Mauan act of donation of the late Maurice Gougeon to his children do hereby give notice that they will present to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, a Bill to ratify and render final between the Institutes and the substitutes a certain division of the said substitution, and to authorize each and every of the Institutes to sell by lot and by mutual consent, his or her interest in a certain property known as number one hundred and seventy-five (No. 175) of the civil plan of the parish of Montreal, already substituted by the deed above mentioned, without the necessary formalities required for the sale of substituted property and also for other purposes.

for other purposes.

Montreal, December 21st. 1908.

Attorney for the Institutes and the Curator to the Substitution of the late Maurice Gougeon.

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

S. CARSLEY CO.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908. STORE CLOSES AT 6. P.M.

Sale of Ladies' Winter Coats

Ladies' Semi fitted Coat, in brown beaver cloth, 48 in. long double breasted, silk braid binding, new 3-piece sleeve, lap pockets fancy collar, lined throughout. Regular \$13. Special. \$10.40 Ladies' Loose Coat, in navy blue beaver, 48 in. long, self applique, full sleeves with cuff, and flat neck, finish of fancy braid, velvet covered buttons, lined throughout. Regular

\$19.25. Special \$15.40 lies' Loose Coat, in very fine quality dark green broadcloth, 52 in. long, braided in pattern, inlaid velvet collar, very full sleeves, turnover cuffs, padded and lined throughout, fancy metal buttons. Regular \$25.75. Special \$20.60

Three Furniture Money-Savers

ish, fancy turned legs, with undershelf, highly polished.
Very neat tables, worth at least \$2.00, for\$1.70

Startling Silk Sale, Regular \$1.25 values for 79 cents.

AFFETTA SILKS, chiffon finish, in neat floral effects of Nile. fawn, sky, old rose, pearl gray and mauve. Regular \$1.25

Great Bargains in Table Glassware.

1,000 TABLE TUMBLERS, nice glass, each 2,000 Table Tumblers, neatly etched in Greek star and band de-

sign, each 3,000 Wine Glasses, Sherrys, Ports, Whiskeys, etc. Special for

Thursday, each
foo Table Tumblers, half crystal, broad flute cut. Wed. each. 12 11,000 Cocktail Glasses, Quebec and St. Louis patterns. Special.
2,000 Hot Whiskey Glasses, in the old style, tall bell shape.
Thursday, each.

S. CARSLEY CO.



Department of Public Works and Labour.

Quebec, 3rd December, 1908. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Honorable L. A. Taschereau, Minister of Public Works and Labour, P.Q., will be received at the Parliament Building, Quebec, on the 28rd of December, instant (1908), for the completion of the new jail of the District of Montreal.

Until such date, plans and specifications of the work required may be seen in Quebec, at the Parliament Building, and in Mo. asl, at the office of the Architects, Messrs. Marchand & Brassard, 164 St. James street, each day, from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

4 p.m.
Each tender must be accompanied by a cheque for sixty thousand dollars (\$60,000.00), drawn on a duly chartered bank and accepted by the same. Such cheque to be made payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works and Labour, P.Q., and to be forfeited to the Government should the tenderer refuse to fulfil the conditions of his tender: The other cheques will be returned to

other cheques will be returned to those entitled to them not later than the 80th December next. The Government does not bind it-self to accept the lewest er any of the said tenders.

By order, ALPHONSE GAGNON,

Department of Puoric Works and La-bour, P.Q.

N.B.—No reproduction of this no-tice without special order in writing from this Department.

from this Department.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that at the next Session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, application will be made by Dame Catherine Mitcheson, widow of the late Stanley Clark Bagg, and Robert Stanley Clark Bagg, Esquire, B.C.L., both of this cityMMM WM B.C.L., both of the city and district of Montreal, in their quality of executors under the last will and testament of the late Stanley Clark Bagg, for an Act amending the Statute 38 Victoria, (Quebec), Chapter 94, and enlarging the powers of the Executors of the said Estate S. C. Bagg, and to provide for their remuneration, and for other purposes. Montreal, December 1st, 1908.

HICKSON & CAMPBELL, Attorneys for Applicants.

If I were a wise man,
I would do my part,—
Yet what can I give him,
Give my heart.
—Christina Rossetti.

Application to the Legislature

Application to the Legislature.

Public notice is hereby given the College of Physicians and Sigeons of the Province of Quel will apply to the Legislature of Province of Quebec, at its next sion, for the consolidation and vision of the law creating it, whis contained in section two, chapfour, of the revised statutes of Province of Quebec, entitled "Phycians and Surgeons," and moreov for the purpose of changing this is notably in that which concerns creation of a medical board of aminers for the obtaining of provincial license of medicine, creation of various commissions we authorization by the Board of Gernors to delegate their powers those commissions, the repression the illegal practice of medicine, internal direction of its administ tion, the prolongation of the internal direction of its administion, the prolongation of the of office of the governors, the nual contribution of the member the College, the admission to study of medicine, the privilege more extended powers to the retrar, and in general for all purple concerning the good working of College.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST.

GERMAIN & GUERIN.

Attorneys for the College of F sicians and Surgeons of the Provi

Montreal, 7th of Dec

