

The True Witness



MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908

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ment

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

ment

Belleveille, 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 gone to sleep, their snoring might awaken the balance of the congregation.

ment

Archbishop William H. O'Connell, of Boston, is preparing for a second visit to Japan, and will start for Tokyo 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 of 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 the Empire.

ment

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.

ment

Mr. John Delaney, one of the survivors of the Papal Guards, who 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 in that city.

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 Fight."

ment

Master Francis Fitzgerald, a four year-old boy from Dublin, whose grandmother, Mrs. Fitzgerald, is a widow of a wealthy South African mine owner, offered the Pope for his jubilee fifty chalices, fifty ostensoriums 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 for a very large gift."

A brass plate, bearing the following inscription, has been placed in one of the walls of St. Peter's Church, Aungler street, Dublin, in the neighborhood of what recent excavations seem to prove to be the Emmet family vault:—

"This wall stands over the supposed site of the Emmet family vault, which was recently removed to make room for the foundations of the new transept. Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., of New York, and other members of the family have had this brass plate placed here. A.D. 1908.

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 interesting to note that Lady Esmonde, who is with her husband, has been made the medium for the presentation to the Pope of a

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

The Irish writer and scholar, Mr. Patrick H. Pearse, has recently resigned his Professorship of Irish at University College, Dublin, and his Secretaryship to the Gaelic League Publication Committee, to become the founder of a high school for 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 medium of communication between teachers and pupils in the school-room, on the playground, in the gymnasium, and in the refectory." There 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 be "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 thanks." His Lordship concluded by expressing his thanks to Cardinal Moran and the Australian Bishops for allowing an appeal to be made in their churches towards the building fund.

In the course of an address recently in his Cathedral Church, the Bishop of Waterford said that during his recent audience with the Pope, His Holiness made particular inquiry regarding the two most important points of temperance and education. The Bishop was glad to be able to assure him that in the 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 expressed the hope that the new Irish University may be found fruitful for good Irish Catholics. It would be hard to imagine a countenance more benign, more kind, more genial or more considerate than that of Pope Pius the Tenth. Different people had written differently of the Pope, but they had all agreed that a more attractive personality had seldom appeared before men.

One Woman's Opinion of Mixed Marriages.

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 leave it to the priests alone to sound a warning. Young people are apt to discount what the priests say about mixed marriages, thinking that if the Church permits them, there can not be so much danger. They know instances of Catholics who married non-Catholics that afterwards became converts; and these instances they dwell upon, forgetting 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 majority of non-Catholics to-day is either nil or so indefinite and haphazard as to be useless as a practical guide to conduct, especially under temptation. When temptation comes they fight the matter out 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 for good. They have no definite idea as to what is necessary for salvation and usually refuse to give the matter any thought.

A Catholic girl marries a non-Catho-

himself, "I will not serve." Picture a conscientious Catholic married to such a man and loving him devotedly. 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 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.

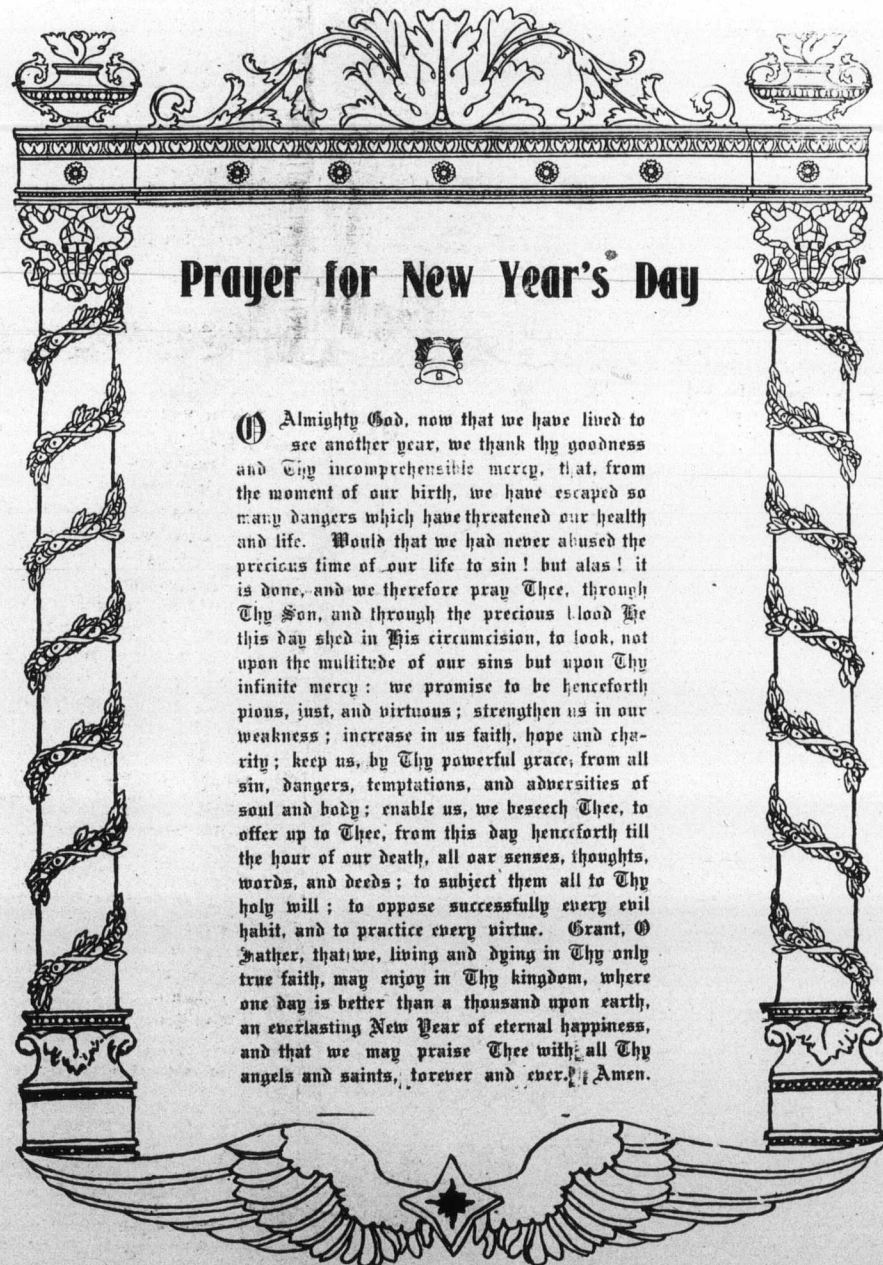
The majority of the young men to-day outside of the Church have such lax notions on many questions of morality that the Catholic wife will be dismayed when she finds out the true state of her husband's mind. He will consider his own view the broad-minded, liberal one, and think his wife narrow, unreasonable, and a goodly-goody if she disagrees with him. 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 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 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 woman may, on occasion, indulge too freely in intoxicants if he or she does not make a habit of it. He will probably consider it his privilege to

The chances for happiness of a good Catholic girl who marries a fallen-away Catholic seem to me very slight also. Don't be fooled, 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 you love, 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 mercenary to you that bald-headed, irascible John Sweeney and his dumpy, old-fashioned wife 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 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 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, disposition and character, is growing wider 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-fashioned notions of God, heaven and hell, they will try her numberless times. If, in obedience to conscience, she deny herself some indulgence, they will ridicule such foolishness, and laugh at her simplicity. 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 consequence, 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 husband. They cannot take counsel together and sustain each other in matters of faith. Husband and wife are not fighting the battle of salvation side by side, he is one of the besiegers who would break down her barriers. She feels her disposition 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 arrows of indifference to conscience, worldliness and unbelief may in some unguarded moment find entrance into her soul.

How much resolution it takes to be ever girded up and pushing onward 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

O Almighty God, now that we have lived to see another year, we thank thy goodness and thy 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 Thee, through Thy Son, and through the precious blood He 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 our 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, O Father, 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, forever and ever. Amen.

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 read the novels of Scott, the works of Macaulay and Carlyle, and other authors of their day. People who have no special reason for doing so do not derive below the surface, and the average non-Catholic student and

wouldn't be ruled in anything by narrow-minded, unprogressive Italians." The tune is different when he speaks of the Protestant peoples; the English are a great nation, a broad-minded, enlightened people; the Germans industrious, law-abiding citizens, and most progressive thinkers, etc., etc.

Here are the seeds of many arguments, and arguments breed dissension and put people on the defensive towards each other. Instead of a feeling of oneness and harmony there is a note of discord in the family, a sore spot which to touch is, to say the least, dangerous.

But suppose the non-Catholic has imbibed much of the poison of the times. He is nothing loath to question the authenticity of the Bible, the divinity of Christ, and the existence of God. Through pride of intellect, coupled perhaps with dislike of self-denial, he says "within

swear when he feels like it; to get angry or impatient when impulse prompts; to think and speak with license of the forms of other women, to tease a little child to anger or induce it unwisely. In his heart he thinks that if he is true to his wife and kind according to his notions; if he provides for his family, and commits neither theft nor arson nor murder, and does not sell his vote—he is a model man.

I do not mean to intimate that Catholics are all saints and non-Catholics sinners. But if the husband be a practical Catholic, the wife has a point of leverage; if he expects her to consent to wrong-doing of any sort, and she refuses, giving her reasons, he will see the justice of her attitude, if not at once, at least after a time; since both consider it essential to salvation to obey the commandments of God and His Church and hence consider the matter from the same point of view.

Parents Revolt Against Godless Instruction.

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 pagan schools must necessarily have 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, anarchists, 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 fiancé. "I see it in your lovely eyes."

"What I was going to say is this," responded the fiancée. "Won't you wear a rubber band around your head at nights, so as to train your ears not to stick out?"

HOUSE AND 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 cut on these lines is here illustrated.

PATTERN COUPON

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below. Name, Address in full.

HOUSEWIFE SUGGESTIONS.

- Sweet apples will cook better and have a more delicious flavor if a little lemon juice or pure cider vinegar is added. If lettuce is kept for several hours it should be placed on the cellar floor or in the refrigerator.

proud, A permanent niche in the Temple of Fame, Or the fleeting applause of the crowd? Not the censure or praise of the world I've left,

Oh, the heart cries aloud for an infinite good, A cry which the world can ne'er still, And there's one thing alone that profits in life,

Madonna mine, the while the fleeting years In their swift courses come and pass away, And nearer bring the time when we, like they,

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

Teach us that wisdom, then, Madonna, which Rates time aright while time still perseveres,

BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD. Put three tablespoonsful of grated chocolate in a saucepan and set over hot water until it melts.

SOFT WAFFLES. Beat two eggs without separating until very light; add to them one-half of a pint of milk; add two tablespoonsful of butter that has been softened but not melted and two cups of flour.

OYSTER PIE. 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 water.

CODFISH BALLS. To every cup of codfish take two cups of potatoes; peel the potatoes, cut in pieces and measure. Put in a saucepan, cover with hot water and let cook until soft.

Mix well and put away to cool. Make into balls, roll in egg and bread crumbs, and fry in smoking hot fat.

SLICED BUTTERED CARROTS. Boil the carrots in salted water, with the cover off, until tender; when done slice and peel very thin.

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 delicacy of flavor desired.

SKY SIGNS. Whether clear or cloudy, a rosy sunset presages fine weather. A sickly looking, greenish hue, wind and rain.

To Redden the Blood

Rich, red blood. That is what pale, nervous, weak people need. 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 organs of the body.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box of the genuine.

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

Ruony Sayings.

An Irishman 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."

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 same.

A BIG FAMILY. Little Willie-Say, pa, was George Washington the father of his country? Father-Yes, my son.

ANSWERED. A short time ago in a certain town in the south of Ireland a lecture was being given on the evils of drink.

TRY AGAIN. "Meg!" No answer. "Margie!" he called softly. Complete silence. "Madge!"

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.

John Boyle O'Reilly was in his every 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.

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 classroom that he ever had.

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 who were left often said, to one another: "What petty things we brought to him for settlement, and how patient he was with us!"

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 kinred with every pang of self-reproach.

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

O'REILLY, THE EDITOR. Patient with a newcomer's blunders, so long as he saw industry and 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 secular press, his office was, nevertheless, a very strict training school, 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 career 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 stiletto, so to speak, and was summoned presently to this verdict on them:

"Yes, these are very clever, and would probably cut and hurt more than 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. "Sarcasm," added Mr. O'Reilly, "is the language of the devil."

He had a great horror of the revengeful. "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 rejoined. Then with a sudden recollection: "Oh, you are holding his ob-

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

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 might have wrecked a precious friendship. "Now write what I dictate," he said. "You are wiser than I," said the humbled blunderer. "Do you know why?" he asked. "Because yesterday I wrote a pettish note to an equally true and tried friend, and to-day I am getting into the proper spirit for the correction 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 who were left often said, to one another: "What petty things we brought to him for settlement, and how patient he was with us!"

It was on a Saturday morning, when he was wont to receive and revise 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 him, and a new clerk was endeavoring to clear up some difficulty-Mr. O'Reilly was not quick at figures-while three men were waiting for appointments, to say nothing of a lad with 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 back, and in the presence of the foreman and his callers apologized sincerely.

Mr. O'Reilly never liked to hear the virtuous "I told you so!" about a discredited man. Once, when the conversation took this turn in his presence, it was observed that he contributed nothing to it. "But, 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 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 kinred 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 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 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 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 Smith's novel, "The Man Who Vanished." Of course, she had never been a nun; but mock-tribute was as good as the genuine article in working up the city British American or the rural native. Suddenly, however, the poor creature of her swindle more dishonest than herself, offered to betray her past to Boyle O'Reilly, of course for a price. I shall never forget the many indignation with which he repulsed the offer; and then his pity for the wretched woman. It was hard to keep quiet the following autumn when she whom he had saved from ignominious exposure was going about the city collecting signatures to a petition against a monument to Boyle O'Reilly. Of course, she did not know; but anyhow, her record was exposed by the Chicago British Americans within a year.

Woe to any man who insulted the Catholic Faith in his presence! Once at a literary dinner in New York, an unbeliever, flushed with wine, dared to speak disrespectfully of the Blessed Mother of God. A spectator told me that, without a word, but with fire in his great eyes, Boyle O'Reilly instantly sprang on the offender and beat him into insensibility. Then, as he paced the corridor of the hotel with sympathizing friends, he suddenly remembered: "I must see about sending that miserable wretch safe home," he cried. But the field of dishonor had been cleared and the unbeliever had learned a life-lesson.

Not a sound. "Margaret!" Then he whistled softly before making his final effort. "Marguerite!" And a flute-like voice replied in the distance, "Yes, darling!"

Dublin Professor on Moral Education 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 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 reason would soon prevent the acceptance of the authority of the State as well as that of the Church. Already teachers and taught were 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 methods of moral training now followed would be successful in preventing moral chaos.

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 who were left often said, to one another: "What petty things we brought to him for settlement, and how patient he was with us!"

ATTENDED BY FIVE DOCTORS

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

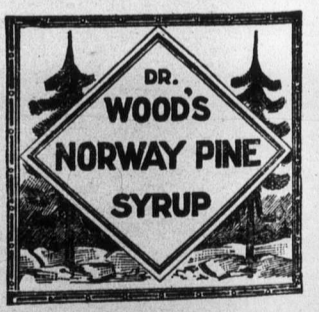
Wonderful Cure of A. F. Richard, Who was Tortured by Rheumatism and Kindred Pains, Sets Kent County Talking.

St. Ignace, Kent Co., N.B., Dec. 28.- (Special).-After being tormented 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 well known farmer living near here, is spreading 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 cure Mr. Richard says:-

"I was a helpless man in July, 1907. For four years I had endured the greatest torture from Backache, 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 working every day on the farm a well man. I owe my wonderful cure to Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else."

There is no case or kind of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

Bishop McQuaid Very Ill. Right Rev. Bernard J. McQuaid, Bishop of the diocese of Rochester, is critically ill, and his death is expected at any moment.



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 TIGHTNESS 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., writes: "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"

MUSCULAR AND (By G. Elliot)

There is an old man in some compartment, a definite supply thought to be that he conserves his strength, and "Now, as free expenditure considerable employ absolutely none, in any day, ally, there are expands little as he expends no provided he goes his system cat energetic about those who give while those are when occasion save themselves persons are nat than others, yet quired by any so however indolent naturally, just can be acquire enough, the only is to expend at tervals the little If the above strange, a little any one that, as same principle lence. If one w he must spend i ness methods ar the outlay the g return.

This is an age vation, so far a concerned. A c prodigiously wit utterly neglect and they expect sequences of this their amount of deceive themselves in a pool which comes stale and the blood in man it does not freely however trite th seem, the fact in fiance is often l you cannot force a body from wha has not escaped. need and capacity new matter. It principle that, me sical work have can hardly digest force into them; to these are those physical exercise; and are benefice 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; weaken them by bit of eating littl we sharpen the work, and thus The writer has al after any kind work, he could e gested perfectly. La large eaters, are n lity, and, yet, ra have stomachs. T rican needs not to

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Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

IN vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 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 face 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 good we could? Have we avoided all the evil? Have we resisted temptation? Have we improved our opportunities? Are we better or 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 us. 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 for 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 year 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 adopt. 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 would be "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 our columns. Let your present dealer 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 custom to one who does so encourage it. When you do buy from our advertisers, let them know that you have noticed their advertisement in our columns.

If you find anything in the paper which you particularly approve of, call the attention of your friends to

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

By adopting this line of conduct, by praising what you approve, and 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 the legislators of the Quebec House for the measure which they adopted last session, closing saloons and hotel bars on Christmas Day. The result on Friday last was a revelation, and even those who habitually favor the opening of such places could not refrain from remarking upon the absence of disorder on this occasion. 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 are also open to congratulation upon the manner in which they enforced the observance of the law on this occasion. The chief, who, by the way, could and would do much better work 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 men 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 regulation 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 incidents 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 further efforts. The closing of the bars earlier each evening, and especially on Saturdays, is the next step, and it should be taken at the very next session. This would remove the occasion of much drunkenness, and disorder, and besides it would afford the employes of the hotels and saloons themselves an opportunity for rest.

Amongst the many subjects attracting the attention of correspondents in The Witness the world to 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 long. It has, however, excited our non-Catholics and divided their camp. 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 so elusive and indefinite as the life after death. No traveller—or at any rate few travellers—ever returned 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 increased when we come to consider the eternity of punishment. We readily admit the hope that there is reserved for us an inheritance whose joys are unending, and a place is preparing for us where rest and glory will be our portion. Conditions are attached 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 make themselves believe that God who is infinitely good cannot punish his weak creatures with eternal punishment as well as His love rule over the unending penalty which He exacts for mortal sin. Between good and evil in the ultimate lies an unbridged gulf which cannot be crossed. Law, virtue and reward are on the one side; disobedience, vice and punishment are on the other. To be forever with God or to be forever separated from Him must be the final lot of

each intelligent creature. That separation does not mean that we get 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 fixed in that condition. Here comes 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 his falls he continues just. He falls. And as nothing defiled can enter heaven, he must pay the debt due to God's justice either in this life or in the world to come. Without going into Scripture where we find 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 more than mere conditions or relations with God is only a portion of the truth. They have place in a meaningful place from the circumscriptive difference of material things. Their time—purgatory excepted—is the endless age of immortal souls. The hereafter is as we make it. We cannot help making one or another for ourselves. Faith, hope and love 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 be practised, God be loved and law 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 punishment for these sins. To attempt the transformation of hell into purgatory is deceptive, vain and presumptuous. To keep both is the strength of virtue and the consolation of frailty.

IRISH BULLS.

The Irish are not the only ones who mix their metaphors and make bulls. Theirs are so superior to those perpetrated by others that they monopolize the credit of the name. Thus Mr. Caine, speaking of a night ride he took in a railway carriage with Dante Rossetti when tortured by weakness and insomnia said: "the great and unhappy man in his mood of most vehement sorrow and self-reproach uncovered his naked soul." Irish bulls arise from the vehemence of thought and the rapidity with which ideas spring in the mind and out through speech—so rapidly that they get mixed. "Hurried utterance," says a writer of the New York Sun quoted by the Literary Digest, "would explain a large number of English and French bulls, but not a single genuine Irish bull." A few examples of English may be given. "The supplies of 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. Now ready," Accrington Observer. These are evidently the result of carelessness. None of them has any positive quality to recommend them. The writer turns to the Irish and gives a typical comment upon the disputed date 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 of two birthdays. The Irishman recognized the same difficulty, but his imagination was equal to the occasion. With forlorn inspiration he made a spring to clear the obstacle. Another is quoted from Sir Boyle 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 bulls.

ANGLICANS AND UNION.

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

by the same all-saving power. There is no religious truth for the shifting guesses of men unless it be the light from above. Revelation must bring with it a sceptre to control as well as a lamp to guide. Man is a strange being. In nothing is he so full of paradoxes as in matters spiritual and religious. Variety sprang from that death-dealing plant of private judgment until by increase of division the number of sects reached several hundred. They were not different in name only. They disagreed 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 priesthood at all. One has no more power than another. We may state without misjudging any of them that they agreed in two points—private judgment and anti-papal theory and practice. One thing is evident at last—the weakness of division and the want of union. Religiously, morally, economically, multiplied division is leaving Protestantism starved, weak, in rage, an object of contempt and a spectacle to men and angels. This want must be keener felt before it can come to anything. Attempts are in progress. Presbyterians and Methodists are shaking hands and paying one another empty compliments. These 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 abandoned the Westminster Confession of Faith and Calvinism; so that they are becoming more American in their creed. They thus yield the teaching of Knox and take up Wesley. They cease to be Presbyterians and become Methodists. Whether they will let the Methodists have the best of the bargain remains to be seen: it 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 are left out. They do not stand cold well and are accustomed to sit down under foreign domination. For this reason while they hate the papacy they are attached to the episcopacy. It is national without danger of becoming foreign; it is aristocratic without being independent. There is a certain disadvantage especially when the Anglicans are 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 bewailing 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 but what we wish. Anglicans would like union provided they could keep the episcopacy. If Anglicans could be guaranteed the papacy we have no doubt they would become Catholic. History is considerably against Anglicans joining any proposed union of Presbyterians and Methodists. Bishop Doane of Albany is credited with suggesting a solution which if not solid is at least ingenious—and we may add ingenious. In the first place Anglicans should let the episcopacy go: they have it not, nor did they ever have it. They pretend to have it, or think they have it. But it is Bishop Doane's peculiar view we have to deal with just now. He maintains that the non-episcopal orders are valid. "Validity of orders" he defines as success in bringing souls to God, and while he regards the ministry of non-episcopal churches as irregular when tested by the universal custom of ages since apostolic times, he says of them: "I cannot think that we can speak of such ministries as invalid." He says of them: "God makes them valid, 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 sacramental character of orders, substituting zeal of ministry for power of jurisdiction. It undermines the whole dispensation of grace by ex-

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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 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 regularity and licity 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 custom of the ages," he would see that he entirely misunderstands the validity of a sacrament and utterly yields the very power which as bishop he is supposed to possess. How an organization based upon the episcopacy, real or imaginary, can unite with a non-episcopal sect is not to be expected. It will not be union: it will be abandonment. Orders may be valid and their exercise most successful, for their validity rests upon an entirely different basis. To conclude: there is weakness and division so that no one laying any claim to be Christian may well pray for union. The attempts so far are childish, human, not lasting when they should be virile, divine and rock-founded and unending.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Theophile David, painter, of the City and District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next 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 Mre. 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 Exercises at St. Patrick's Boy's School.

Special exercises marked the closing of 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 Prudent then called upon Father McShane to distribute the rewards for the work of the term, and the monthly notes were read.

The following address was read 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 offering you an unanimous vote of thanks for the interest 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. 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.

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, 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."

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 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 ordains 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 the inestimable privilege of having as a director of his studies Rev. Brother Prudent, who was devoting himself to the success of St. Patrick's School to-day. The good brother in the days when he taught was as devoted as he is to-day in directing 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 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 possibility in view and direct their studies in consequence. The pastor closed with the customary good wishes for the festive season to 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 enjoy 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 realized how Mr. Scott's lads carried off the championship of the

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 Holiness 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. Shea and Scott, and said that the boys of St. Ann's had reason to be proud in having two such distinguished professors attached 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 compliments 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 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: For Excellence—G. O'Grady, P. Clarke, R. Donovan, G. Carroll, W. Rogan, J. Bryant, F. Gallery, J. Martin, E. Gallagher, M. Tolan, P. Woodfine, P. Donnelly, J. Keenan. For Honor—P. Maher, J. Meehan, F. Butt, J. Meehan, J. Neville, T. Scalan. For Attendance—J. Ahearn, W. Whitaker, F. Cullen, V. Latimer, E. Dalley, W. Donohue. For Physical Drill—L. O'Grady, W. Brady, A. McKenna.

For Music—R. Finnell. ROLL OF HONOR FOR DECEMBER: First Class—G. O'Grady, G. Wier, J. Ahearn, P. Clarke, W. Brady, R. O'Reilly, F. McMillan, F. Hyland, J. Connelly, T. Hammill, J. O'Reilly, M. Norton, T. Sullivan, J. Donovan, P. Maher, P. McNichol, L. O'Grady, J. Buckley, H. Neville. Second Class—G. Carroll, M. Donovan, J. Fitzpatrick, R. Doran, A. McKenna.

Third Class—J. Bryant, R. Cannon, J. Clancy, J. Shanahan, J. Connelly, H. Carroll, F. Gallery, F. Shea, F. Cullen, F. Butt. Fourth Class—J. Martin, J. Finnions, J. Birmingham, J. Meehan, E. Gallagher. Fifth Class—M. Tolan, T. Clarke, J. Neville, H. Ward, E. Sweeney, P. Walsh, N. McHugh, P. Woodfine, J. Sixth Class—P. Donnelly, H. Tierney, E. Howard, E. McGurran, T. Scalan, P. Birmingham, J. McMahon, J. Quinn, F. Madigan, J. Keenan, E. Davin, M. Smith, W. Keenan, E. Walsh, T. Hammill, J. Gilligan, M. Richer.

Lecture by Rev. T. F. Heffernan.

Rev. Father Thomas F. Heffernan, of St. Thomas Aquinas, one of the most brilliant of the younger generation of Irish priests, was the lecturer at a meeting of the Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society, held at their new hall, corner of Notre Dame and Seigneurs street, on Wednesday last.

The lecturer took for his subject "The Irish in Society." He did not mean by society, the aggregation of ultra fashionable people who attempt to look down upon those who do not dress or act precisely as they do, but the broader term including all the activities of life. Their race was blessed with a diversity of gifts which made it possible for them to shine in almost any rank of society, and in every pursuit of life, from the humble laborer to the great orator, or the even greater privilege of serving God at His altar.

The Irish in Montreal had the opportunity to aid the faith and nationality to which they had always been so devotedly attached by encouraging in every way possible the society which those present represented, which had for its aim the uplifting 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 Heffernan 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, 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.

Mr. Patrick Golden, president of the society, was in the chair both during the lecture and the concert which followed under the direction of Prof. J. J. McCaffrey, who rendered a selection of Irish airs. Songs were contributed by the Misses Fitzgerald and Durkin, and Messrs. H. Griffin and M. Benoit.

A WILLING SUBJECT. Hypnotist—Why, my dear sir, by making a few simple passes before your eyes, I can make you forget that you are married. Visitor—Go ahead, I've been trying to forget it for 10 years.—St. Louis Times.

Canon O'Meara's Silver Jubilee.

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 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. 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. His title 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, 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 appreciation. 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 district 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 intuitively. The guest of the evening had on his right ex-Judge C. J. Doherty, and on his left Mr. P. Monahan, chairman of the banquet committee. 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. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Outremont, and Rev. Father Brophy, chaplain 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 guests.

After the banquet had been done 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 priestly labor.

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

Death of Bishop Michael of Burlington, Vt.

The Right Rev. John S. Michael, 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 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 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.

"Our copy of the third volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia," says Father Cleary in the Tablet, "has reached us after a long delay. Despatched from New York in June, it went to the bottom of the Pacific in the ill-fated steamer Aeon, remained there for some time, was fished up again and was despatched to us by the New Zealand postal authorities after they had, with much care and thought, dried out it as much of the briny ocean as left it, considering its adventures, a fairly presentable volume."

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 Born.

"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 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, there stood my ancestor, a buckthorn, of whose branches they wore 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."

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

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

"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 and if the things that are hidden, yet would He know his faithful by the foot-prints that lead from the houses 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, whom 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 peep and see how the poor woman and her children are getting on."

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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 thorn-bush.

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 manger 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 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, save, oh! save my 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 burst from her breast a heavy sigh burst from her 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. 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 dreamed 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 comfortable 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. 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 door of the great room, crept lightly in, and up to the arm-chair where the landlord slept. The stranger's eyes gleamed with passion, a sneering smile distorted his weather-beaten face. He cast one look stealthily around the room. A knife

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glistened in one hand, the other 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 and look in at the window—no one but the thorn-bush.

Asby pale, Stephen gazed into the stable. There he saw his wife kneeling, motionless, as the dead man in the castle yonder, but more lovely; and gentle and pure as innocence, the child in the manger. Then Stephen, rushing forward, not knowing whether, rushed through the open church door and sank senseless on 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 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 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!" 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 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 his 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 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 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.

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 and were still standing by his side. Then Stephen recognized his two elder boys, grandly and beautifully dressed as he had never seen them before.

Still it seemed like a vision. He raised both children in his arms; he held them close and kissed them; no it could not be a dream.

"Christ is born," cried the watchman from the tower. "Aye, born He is, and within my soul, too!" exclaimed Stephen, and still holding the two children, sprang to his wife. He drew her towards him and held her to his breast. "Jenny," he said, "wake up, Christ is indeed born."

Then she lifted her eyes and looked around in amazement, saying: "What has happened? Is it really then, Stephen?—and all this light here! Is my dream true? I saw two angels bringing a Christmas tree, and one of them went to the manger and laid his hand healingly upon my baby's breast. Yes, yes, it is true; for he is alive," she exclaimed, taking the smiling child from the manger and clasping it to her bosom. "It is true, Stephen," she said, and 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 without 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 persons."

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 devotion. The villagers passed by the thorn-bush in their holiday dress, and when they saw the snow underneath it bedewed as it was with ruddy pearls, they cried: "See, now, the buckthorn has borne red blossoms during the night!"

"Yes," answered the cross-thorn, "for Christ is born indeed."

Renowned Franciscan Preacher in United States.

Rev. Michelangelo Draghetti, O.S.F., renowned throughout Italy for his power as a pulpit orator, has been 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 is accompanied by Father Luca Nannetti.

Father Michelangelo was born on July 24, 1864, in Ferrara, near Bologna, and was ordained to the priesthood in 1895. Since that time he has traveled over all of Italy and to Constantinople, Cairo, and the Holy Land. There is not a city of Italy where he did not preach with great success, sometimes even in six different churches on the same day. His profound doctrine and powerful voice, combined with an ascetic appearance, will no doubt prove him a true apostle of the Italians in America, as he has been in his own country.

There is one subject on which it is difficult to keep up interest? "What particular subject is that on which it is difficult to keep up interest?" "The mortgage of my house."

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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 he doing 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 useful there in return for his keep."

Giovanni heard them talking, half dazed. What would become of him? He turned to look back as they neared the presbytery; he heard the sound of heavy shoes on the cobblestones of the street, and the shrill voices of children at play came up from the gardens below the ramparts. 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, was that great eye—

Je vois tout, et partout.

"We will keep him here for a day or two, Elise," the curé said, and the old woman grumbled a little under her 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 remain.

He was put to bed again that night beside the fire, and he had dropped to sleep, but presently he heard voices, and his own name spoken. The Mayor had come in to call on the curé, and feeling the great importance of his office, he was talking of paupers and foundlings that were a burden on the town. "Now this vagabond," he said, "Monseigneur, you must not let him be a care to you; you are too kind-hearted, and you must not undertake the support of a child like this; neither must Elise be burdened. No; 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 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, 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? Thank you, Monseigneur 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 curé accompanied him to the door and 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, no, he would not. He fell asleep, and the curé went to bed, leaving the door of his room ajar. The night 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 crept towards the little hallway and he slipped on his trousers and 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 in shadow. He closed the door softly behind him, and pressing closely to the bushes that bordered the walk leading to the gate, he came to it, and went out into the street. It was 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. "I'll wait, wait, at 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.

and wiped his eyes on the sleeve of his blouse, remembering how his 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 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. 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-tower, and occasionally one swooped down towards the ground and strutted along the cobblestones 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 which had seen the great loaves that had just been withdrawn from the oven and were piled on the long, low counter ready for early distribution. Giovanni hesitated a moment, then ventured inside the door, and laying one of his treasured coins on the counter, asked for a penny's worth of bread. The baker, too busy to pay much heed to the child, cut one 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, mademoiselle," Giovanni answered, and gratefully took the bowl which she handed him, greedily drinking its contents.

"But you are hungry," the girl said. "Yes, mademoiselle, and the milk 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 journey, 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 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 tall houses, whose lower story gave on to the street, but whose garrets opened into the upper road. Giovanni kept close to the wall and began to climb 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 there was a 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.
Le Père and la Mère Jammonaye rose early on the morning of the 24th of December. Père 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. 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 terrace on a level with the roofs of the houses below.

"Our little domain does not look very flourishing this morning, maman," Père Jammonaye said, smiling kindly at the old woman.

"But what can one expect in winter, papa," she answered. "Everything looks dead at this time of year, but we know that the plants 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 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.

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 had them, if only there were someone to whom he could understand. He was awaked. He had felt almost impatient when the poor children had lifted up their voices and proudly—yes, proudly—had fairly murdered the 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 that made them quite happy and content.

When Père and Mère Jammonaye came to their own rooms that Christmas Eve they put away the baskets, and directly the old woman busied herself in the kitchen preparing the dinner to which they 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 shelf 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 dishes 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 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.

"It is time to be locking up," the old man said at last, as he rose from his chair and, knocking the ashes from his pipe, laid it on the shelf above the stove. He put on his cap, threw his old cape across his shoulders, and went out of the 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 coming out, while the crescent moon was to be seen shining brightly overhead. Père Jammonaye went through the garden, past the beehives which were to him such a source of pride, between the box hedges, and under the bare overhanging 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 it, and when he stooped down to see what it was, his eyes rested on the 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. Père Jammonaye shook him by the shoulder; still the child did not move; he felt very cold, he wore no overcoat, and it seemed to the old man that he must be half-frozen. Stooping, he lifted him in his arms, and closing the door behind him with his foot, he carried him back to the house.

Mère Jammonaye, who when her husband was no longer in the room had allowed herself to give way to the fit of crying which she had managed to restrain while the old man was still in the house, wiped her eyes and looked up as the door opened and he came into the kitchen carrying the child in his arms.

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

"What is it? What have you got?" The old woman got up hastily.

"Pull the armchair up to the fire," the old man continued; "it's not every night in the year that one can find a child at one's very door; this is evidently a gift sent by le bon 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 I?" he asked.

"Here you are, at home, at home with Papa and Maman Jammonaye; where else should you be?" The old man laughed, and Mère 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 stove was always ready. Mère Jammonaye brought soup and bread and the child ate it greedily.

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

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me 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 without a Church.

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 85 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan 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 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 hour 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 acknowledgments 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 necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
† F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

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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 curé, and he could not be sure that he would not be sent back again, but Maman Jammonaye, who understood children, and whose motherly heart had never ceased to yearn for those she had lost, gradually succeeded in reassuring him. She and Papa Jammonaye heard and understood the story and they promised the boy that, whatever else happened, he should not be sent to 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 up at the crucifix which hung under that bright colored print of the Mother of God, and give thanks for the gift that had been left at their door, the gift that was to prove the joy and solace of their old age.

For almost the first time in her life Maman Jammonaye did not go to the midnight Mass. To be sure, the child was sleeping, but there was a chance that he might wake, and if he should, and he were to find himself alone in the strange house, he would be alarmed. So Maman Jammonaye decided to stay and watch beside him while the old man went up to the church alone. The boy lay quietly back among the soft pillows, drawing himself up like a dormouse under the plump duvet and sleeping as if he enjoyed every breath. Mère Jammonaye listened, smiling to herself at the thought of the child who had come to stay. She was tired herself, but she preferred to sit up waiting till the old man came back, and she nodded by the fire, her head drooping forward. She must have fallen asleep, for she started at her head suddenly with a start, the clock pointed to ten minutes after one, and the noise that woke her.

(Continued on page 7.)

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.

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."

"Such little things to tell father about," whispered Jenny indignantly, to which John retorted promptly: "No littler than some you told mother about me the other day."

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 peddler 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 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.

"Excuse me, please," begged Jenny 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."

"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.

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 dreamy, 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.

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 And shun the land of Lie-a-Bed.—Youth's Companion.

A TRAMP CAT AND HOW SHE SAVED A FAMILY FROM SUFFOCATION. Spunk was a tramp cat that haunted the garbage barrels and basements of a neighborhood in New York city.

Spunk was a tramp cat that haunted the garbage barrels and basements of a neighborhood in New York city. She was not at all clean and not a bit handsome, but she was tame and good natured, and the neighborhood children had a lot of fun 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 have a play with her.

At supper time he fed her, and then forgot all about her. Spunk did not forget herself, though, and had no mind to be turned out of that warm 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.

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.

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 awakened 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, to 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. He walks beside me all the day, And tells me what to do and say, And when my wicked thoughts arise, He gently points up to the skies— My angel guide,

When tempted oft to go astray, He 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 was running on either side. The wind whistled past with a bitter moan, As I wended my weary way alone.

In crossing the street I chanced to pass A boy in the arms of a wee, toddling lass, "Isn't he heavy, sweet little mother?" "Oh, no," she replied, "he's my baby brother."

Thy load may be heavy, thy road may be long, The winds of adversity bitter and strong; But the way will seem bright if ye love one another, The burden be light if you carry a brother.—Advance.

ISABEL'S DOLLS. Monday morning in vacation is horrid; Isabel thought so as she ruefully 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 time Isabel had to help.

To-day mamma had some extra work, and it was Isabel's task to wash and dry the dishes all alone. "They're just mountains high!" 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, Isabel was busy playing with her numerous family of dolls. Very reluctantly she laid Gertrude Maud back into her bed, and covered Gladys Emily carefully in the doll-carriage, and started with lagging footsteps toward the kitchen.

She filled the big dish-pan with hot water, and gave the glasses, then the silver, their morning bath. Somehow the large kitchen seemed lonely without either mamma or Janet in spite of the fact that the sunshine was streaming in brightly through the windows. Then a sad thought came to her.

"I'll bring the dolls out here and make believe they are helping me," she said to herself. So Gertrude Maud and Gladys Emily and Lillian, and black Alice with her apron and turban looking very much fitted for her task, were all seated in a row on the big table, with their backs against the wall and their feet sticking out straight in front of them.

Then Isabel began her game. "The plates you shall wash and wipe," she said, addressing Gertrude Maud. "Cause you're the biggest." So Isabel carefully washed and wiped the plates and placed them in front of Gertrude.

"And the cups and saucers belong to you, Gladys. Be sure to do them nicely," she said. Then they were done, and piled on the table by Gladys.

The smaller dolls, Hetty and Lillian, had the little butterplates and oatmeal dishes to do. It was great fun. Isabel made be-

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. "Cause she's black for her to do the hard part always."

When mamma 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 lightning 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 each unwholesome wave; And on though they felt that each sea was their last, They fought as do heroes, lashed to the mast.

The fight was unequal and God from above 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.

And quickly the waves were as quiet and calm, As if o'er their crests had been poured some sweet balm; And soon the grim thunders, their crashing they ceased, And the wind grew as gentle, as if from the top Of some soft summer breeze it were wafted to earth.

And blown through the branches of whispering trees, And soon through the clouds the moon ope'd her eye, And smiled on those men from her fair starry sky.

And then in the hearts of those men of the deep, Was aroused a strong longing for a home which was not to be found in their port.

Nor even in every bright palace of earth, But in some safe harbor, where storms were unknown, And there 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. Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years. Many Women Suffer Untold Agony 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 bachache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble."

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. G. Dupuis, Bellevue Village, N.B., writes: "I was unable to do my house-work for two years on account of back-ache. 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."

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Thier's Prophecy. In 1869 I formed the acquaintance of M. Thiers, who was then wintering at Cannes. I can see M. Thiers even as I write; a stout little gentleman, with a large, white-haired head, featured not unlike Mr. Punch, and moreover blessed, or otherwise, with the squeakiest voice imaginable notwithstanding which drawback he was, I believe, one of the finest orators of modern times. I had in those days a mania for diary keeping, and some admirable "entries" which I have carefully preserved. The Second Empire, which was drawing so near its close, seemed at this particular 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 bay, "What will succeed?" I asked, "A monarchy?"

"No, no," replied he, "never—that is impossible. No, a Republic, which so long as it stands clear of the traditions of the great Revolution, otherwise Jacobinism, will last a very long time. Jacobinism, however, will eventually kill it. It is all nonsense trying to establish an anti-political movement in these days. The attempt proved a terrible failure in 1793 and again in 1833 and 1848."

The collapse of liberal movements that might have led to happy results. If I had my way, instead of

diminishing religious influences I would place the control of all the elementary schools in the hands of the clergy. If you dechristianize the masses they will rise up and murder you. There must be some higher authority for right-doing than that M. de Ministre, M. le Maire, or M. le Maire l'Ecclie, and I defy anybody to produce anything better than the Ten Commandments with their august authority and majestic history. If ever the Republic is again established in France, it will have to avoid the pitfalls of anti-religion; if it does not it will sooner or later come to grief. It was well for England when framing the Constitution that she had no popular Voltairean or Polespian theories to contend with. France is Catholic and will remain so. The thing is to keep the priests in their places and at the same time avoid diminishing the best influences of religion—still the greatest moral force in the nation 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 Jammoneye 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 closed, his head was thrown back, and in his sleep he was once more by his grandfather's side, singing his very best. It was a clear, bird-like melody, unlike anything Maman Jammoneye 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 the candle in one hand and shading her eyes with the other, the door opened softly and Pere Jammoneye came in, but he was not alone. L'Abbe Gregoire accompanied him, his blue eyes shining with a glorious light.

As they had come down from the church after the midnight Mass, the wonderful music reached their astonished ears, and it came unmistakably from the house at the end of the little domain.

"Whom have you there, Jammoneye?" the priest asked of the old man. "A child that I found at the garden door," the old man answered. "Lead me to him," L'Abbe Gregoire said, and walking rapidly to the house, they went in without knocking and found themselves at the side of the astonished old woman.

L'Abbe Gregoire put his finger on his lips. The melody gradually ceased and the child, smiling and leaning forward, bowing right and left, soon sank back among the pillows and, without having wakened, fell into a natural sleep.

Quietly withdrawing to the kitchen, the priest explained to Pere Jammoneye the strange thing that had happened: how he had found the child at the garden door and had brought him in

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St. Joseph's Home Fund. The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing 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 receipt. FILL OUT THIS COUPON. FOR ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND. Name Address Amount. The boy's head was thrown back, and he seemed forgetful of everything, as the song which he knew so well was carried through the church, and his voice, clear and strong and full of sweetness, rose above all the others—joyfully tripping.

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Michael Birthday Fund. Previously acknowledged \$514.00

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.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with 2 columns: Date and Event. Includes December 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31.

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.

Old Age Pension Law is Creating a Stir in Ireland.

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.

FATHER AND SON.

In a remote part of Connaught an aged man travelled 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.

AGE VALUABLE.

One old man in a Northern town 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 occupied for several days after the passing of the act.

IS IT HOME RULE?

Peggy and Lizzie live in the 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 "Twelfths."

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

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PERSONAL.

and William B— was identified as the babe who had been duly baptized in 1840. "There is no doubt about it, Billy," said the Registrar.

CENTENNARIANS.

As might be expected from its numerous 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.

Pills of Attested Value.

Parmalee'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 Catholic Church—a Retrospect.

The Rev. Mr. Martineau, the distinguished English Unitarian minister, on a certain occasion said: "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 nations."

NOTICE.

The Institutes and the Curator named to the substitution created by an 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.

NOTICE.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

Table with 2 columns: City and Fare. Includes Toronto, Hamilton, London, Detroit, St. John, N.B., and others.

ONE-WAY FIRST CLASS FARE

Going December 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Return limit, January 4, 1909.

EPIPHANY

Excursion Tickets will be sold AT ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE between all stations in Province of Quebec and Ontario, Ottawa and East thereof.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Table with 2 columns: City and Fare. Includes Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, Detroit, St. John, N.B., and others.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Going Dec. 31, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909. Return limit, Jan. 5, 1909.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

180 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461 or Bonaventure Station

New Year and Epiphany Holidays

Return Ticket at SINGLE (FIRST CLASS) FARE Going Dec. 31, 1908, until Jan. 1, 1909. Return limit, Jan. 4, 1909.

TRAIN SERVICE

7.30 a.m. 12.00 noon. 4.00 p.m. Maritime Express

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NOTICE.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for the Institutes and the Curator to the Substitution of the late Maurice Gougeon.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1908. STORE CLOSERS 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

Three Furniture Money-Savers

30 Rattan ROCKERS, good roomy size, very pretty design, well made and worth \$2.80 each, for \$2.45

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

TAFETTA SILKS, chiffon finish, in neat floral effects of Nile, fawn, sky, old rose, pearl gray and mauve. Regular \$1.25 value, for 79c

Great Bargains in Table Glassware.

1,000 TABLE TUMBLERS, nice glass, each 2 1-2

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

Application to the Legislature.

Public notice is hereby given that the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the consolidation and revision of the law creating it, which is contained in section two, chapter four, of the revised statutes of the Province of Quebec, entitled "Physicians and Surgeons," and more for the purpose of changing this law notably in that which concerns the creation of a medical board of examiners for the obtaining of provincial license of medicine, creation of various commissions with authorization by the Board of Governors to delegate their powers to these commissions, the repression of the illegal practice of medicine, internal direction of its administration, the prolongation of the term of office of the governors, the annual contribution of the members of the College, the admission to study of medicine, the privilege of more extended powers to the Registrar, and in general for all purposes concerning the good working of the College.

Department of Public Works and Labour.

Quebec, 3rd December, 1908. 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 23rd of December, instant (1908), for the completion of the new jail of the District of Montreal.

Department of Public Works and Labour.

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, Esquire, B.C.L., both of this 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 88 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.

Mind This

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory

Rheumatism

of the muscles or joints

St. Jacobs Oil

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND C