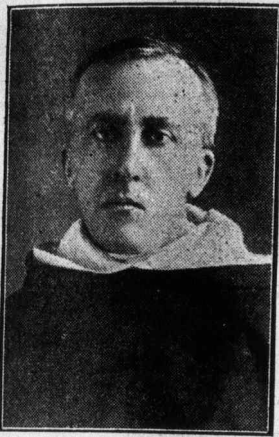


LENTEN PREACHERS' OFFICIAL PROGRAM AT ST. PATRICK'S.

Its Pulpit Will be Filled By two Distinguished Members From the Dominican Priory, Dublin.

The preachers for the present lenten season at St. Patrick's Church are the Rev. Raymond Walsh and Rev. Albert O'Neill, of St. Saviour's Priory, Dublin, arrived in the city on Thursday last and are the guests of the Rev. Gerald McShane.

The Rev. Raymond Walsh is this side of 50 years, tall and of powerful physique. He has been in intimate relations for the past nine months with the Rev. Father Barrett, consequently he knows well the needs of Montreal Catholics and the conditions prevailing. He was notified of his selection by the Provincial of his order last summer, therefore he is well qualified for the work at St. Patrick's. He will speak

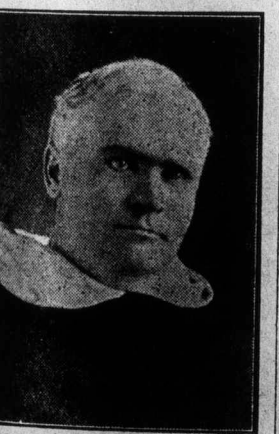


REV. RAYMOND WALSH, O.P.

Preacher of the Lenten Sermons at St. Patrick's (morning series)

on the Sacraments, but viewing them from their standpoint of being the best appointed remedies to the evils of the age and the divinely chosen channels of the aid that must come to man at every stage of his career. The Eucharist will receive special treatment at the hands of Father Walsh, and doubtless our separated brethren will be much interested in these clear expositions of the Catholic dogma that is to be the centre of the great religious demonstration of next summer in our city.

Father O'Neill is a few years the junior of his confrere, and bears a striking resemblance to Father Dowd. He comes from the same



REV. ALBERT O'NEILL, O.P.

Preacher of the Lenten Sermons at St. Patrick's (evening series.)

archdiocese in Ireland as the venerable Sulpician pastor. Father O'Neill will conduct the Sunday evening sermons which will be delivered in addition to the series of High Mass discourses in order to give a greater number of people the opportunity of hearing the word of God during the penitential season.

During Lent two retreats will be given, one for women and one for men. There will also be regular services for the children. In addition to the regular Sunday sermons there will be a special St. Patrick's Day oration, two dwelling upon the Passion, on Good Friday. There will be the usual farewell demonstration after Easter.

Marion—You're not leaving so early simply because I happened to mention that it was leap year, are you?
Anstin (nervously)—Oh, my no! I heard the fire engines go by a while ago and I want to see where the fire is.—Kansas City Journal.

Of the Eucharistic Congress, Montreal, September 7—11, 1910.

The main object of the work of Eucharistic Congresses which was inaugurated some 30 years ago is to promote the knowledge, love and service of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, to assert His sovereign rights by solemn manifestations and to strive thereby and extend His social reign throughout the world. Hence it is that amongst the many Congresses that are being held everywhere especially in our times Eucharistic Congresses are second to none in dignity and excellence. From the very outset Eucharistic Congresses have had a most brilliant career, and the results achieved so far have surpassed the Founders' most sanguine anticipations.

They have been successively held in the important cities of Lille (1881), Avignon (1882), Liège (1883), Friburg (1885), Toulouse (1886), Paris, (1888), Antwerp (1890), Jerusalem (1893), Rheims (1894), Paray (1897), Brussels (1898), Lourdes, (1899), Angers (1900), Namur (1902), Angoulême (1904), Rome, (1905), Tournaï (1906), Metz, (1907), London (1908), Cologne (1909).

An international Eucharistic Congress is a rule held in a city famed in history for some remarkable Eucharistic event, or if its importance and its religious character warrant unusual splendor and prolific results from its demonstrations in honor of the Blessed Eucharist. The privilege of the XXI. International Congress has fallen to the lot of Montreal than which no better choice could have been made. Montreal is the commercial, industrial and religious metropolis of Canada and owing to the number and magnificence of its ecclesiastical edifices and the flourishing condition of its Catholic institutions it is justly styled the Rome of North America. We anticipate unparalleled success for the coming International Eucharistic Congress.

The functions may be divided into two distinct classes, namely, public manifestations and sectional meetings.

The primary object of Montreal's Eucharistic Congress will be public profession of Catholic belief in the Real Presence of Jesus Christ in the Blessed Eucharist. Religious demonstrations will be held daily by the different sections of the City and they will be presided over by the Papal Legate himself. The most solemn will be, doubtless, the Midnight Mass in Notre-Dame Church, the Pontifical Mass in open air at the foot of Mount-Royal, the Holy Hour in which the Clergy will take part in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, the great Procession at the close of the Congress and the grand illumination of the City.

The daily reunions at which papers on the Blessed Eucharist will be read may be classified thus: general meetings morning and evening—special meetings for the young, for Ladies and the Clergy every afternoon. Noted orators, Bishops, Priests and laymen will address the meetings. The most important reunions will unquestionably be the Priests' meetings and the General meeting every evening in Notre-Dame Church.

PROGRAM OF THE FUTURE CONGRESS.

Tuesday, 6th September—8 p.m. Solemn reception of the Cardinal Legate in St. James' Cathedral.

Wednesday, 7th September—8 p.m., grand civic reception in honor of the Cardinal Legate.

Thursday, 8th September.—Midnight Mass in Notre Dame Church—Holy Communion, for men only. 9 a.m., Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral, for the religious communities; 10 a.m. to noon, General Sectional meetings (French and English) of the Congress; 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m., Sectional meetings as in the morning; Priests' Special meetings, in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, special meeting of the Catholic ladies of Montreal; 8 p.m., public meeting in Notre Dame Church. Discourses by Bishops, priests and laymen.

Friday, 9th September—8.30 a.m., Pontifical High Mass at Mance Park Sermons in French and English by two Bishops; 10 a.m. to noon, general sectional meetings, as on Thursday; 2.30 to 4 p.m., Priests' meeting.

Both days English speaking clergymen will also have their meetings. 4 p.m., solemn devotions for priests in the Church of the Blessed Sacrament. Solemn Benediction. 8 p.m., reception of the public by the Cardinal Legate, His Grace the Archbishop, Bishops, Prelates and Clergy.

Saturday, 10th September—8.30 a.m., Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Church; 10 a.m. to noon, general sectional meetings; 2.30 p.m., special meeting for young men at Laval University; 3.30 p.m., chil-

dren's meeting in Notre Dame and in St. Patrick's; 8 p.m., general meeting in Notre Dame Church, discourses, etc.

Every Day—In all the city churches and chapels, the Congress-Mass at 8 o'clock and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at 5.30 p.m. Sunday, 11th September—9.30 a.m., Pontifical Mass at the Cathedral; 10 a.m., Low Mass with music and a sermon by a Bishop in the different churches of the city; 2 p.m., solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament.

Information may be obtained at the General Secretary's office, 368 Mount Royal avenue, Montreal.

Revive the Jaded Condition.—When energy flags and the carus of business become irksome, when the whole system is out of sorts and there is general depression, try Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They will regulate the action of a deranged stomach and a disordered liver, and make you feel like a new man. No one need suffer a day from debilitated digestion when so simple and effective a pill can be got at any drug store.

Audi, Benigne Conditor.

(Church Hymn at Vespers for the Lenten Sundays.)
O loving Maker, strength our share—
Whilst tears adown our cheeks do flow—
Throughout the Forty Days of prayer—
O grant, O grant this ere they go!
And, meekest searcher of our heart,
Thou knowest the weakness of our will;
To contrite seekers grace impart;
Let mercy heal our every ill.
We know it, Lord, we've sinned,
We've strayed,
Confess our faltering, Lord, we do;
But that full praise Thy Name be paid,
Sweet balm be ours, and comfort, too!
Ah! may we crush the body weak,
Through chastering check and sacrifice;
May fasting heart and spirit seek
No more the pastures fell of vice!
Do grant, Thou, most forgiving God
Thou, One in Three, and Three in One,
That, when repentant season's past,
Thy Love, Thyself, we shall have won!
(Rev.) R. H. FITZ-HENRY.
Ash Wednesday, 1910.

The Catholic Editor.

Recently at a great Catholic congress at Sydney, N.S.W., the perennial subject of the Catholic press was discussed, and the archbishop of Hobart said, among other things: "Don't expect Catholic editors to be infallible; they don't profess to be so. Treat them with forbearance. Don't expect to get a Catholic paper for half what it costs to bring it out. Do what you possibly can in your neighborhood to be an agent for the Catholic papers."
The New Zealand Tablet declares these points very well taken by the learned and distinguished prelate, and adds:
"The Roman calendar is not, we think, yet graced by the name of any dead-and-gone Catholic editor among the other confessors and martyrs of the faith. But among our valued living confreres, both clerical and lay, we know of some who might be candidates for the golden aureole."

RULES FOR LENT.

In virtue of an apostolic indult of Jan. 27th, 1903, the rules for lent will be the same as in preceding years:—

1. Meat is allowed on all Sundays of lent at all meals.
2. Every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, with the exception of ember week and Holy Saturday, meat may be eaten at the principal meal. On these days, those exempted from fasting, may eat meat at each meal.
3. All the Wednesdays and Fridays are days of abstinence at each meal.
4. The obligation of fasting exists for all those in the condition to fast.
4. On the days on which meat is eaten, it is not permitted to use fish or oysters at the meal at which meat is eaten. This rule applies to Sundays as to the other days of lent.

"MEN OF THE MOMENT."

Leader of the Irish Party Can Count Upon Almost Every Man.

Under the heading, "Men of the Moment," the Westminster Gazette says:

It has been said that no one can succeed in the House of Commons who does not possess indomitable courage and perseverance. But more is needed than mere physical energy to cut a figure in "the Talking Shop" at Westminster. One must have the power of impressing the Assembly with force and character. For behind the spoken word, however brilliant or apt it may be, members look for the personality of the man, shaping a policy to a definite end. They look also for breadth of view and high purpose in the leaders of parties, for a glimpse of that vision without which people, as the Psalmist says, must perish.

PERSISTENCE, COURAGE AND ENERGY.

Mr. Redmond's speech in the House of Commons may be taken as affording a test of these qualities which make for mastery in an independent assembly. His oratorical power is one of the most precious possessions of the House, and his persistence, courage and energy in the pursuit of a great ideal have long since given him that commanding position which belongs alone to men of character.

No one doubts that if he had chosen any other career—that if, for instance, he had gone to the Bar—he would have been one of the leading advocates of his day. Had he entered politics as a member of either of the great parties he would have attained a position of eminence on the Front Bench. He might have well hoped some day to be Prime Minister of this country. But as leader of the Irish Party he can hope for no emoluments or rewards beyond the gratitude of his countrymen, and in politics gratitude is a varying quality that may altogether disappear before the gust of popular passions.

HIS REWARD THE GRATITUDE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

The House, therefore, takes off its hat, so to speak, when it thinks of the Leader of the Irish Party and his refusal to accept any of those rewards which other men tumble over one another to win. For an enduring name and fame as a British statesman were undoubtedly within Mr. Redmond's grasp had he taken to the high road of politics. His own road, of course, is the highest road of all for a patriotic Irishman, but it is a road that few men would care to tread who had any thought for their own repose, or for the good things of the political world.

Members like to picture the Leader of the Irish Party in classic toga a striking Mark Anthony attitude. For he is one of the few men in the House who suggest a Roman Senator. There is something almost imperial in his attitude as he sits in his corner seat below the gangway, with folded arms and knitted brows, as one may see him on an Irish night. He has a sense of humor, but has rarely, if ever, been known

to make a joke in the House, although he is witty enough in conversation.

A MASTER IN POLITICAL SCIENCE.

His strength as a Parliamentary lies in his just appreciation of the political situation. If opportunity and occasion are important in politics, he may be said to be a master in political science. For he knows when to play the waiting game, and when to throw all his energy and the disciplined fighting power of his Party in the political arena. He has such control over the Party that he leads that for organization and discipline and unity of purpose it has become now the admiration of all parties. And this is a great feather in Mr. Redmond's cap when one thinks of the turmoil and schism that threatened his leadership when he first took the reins after the terrible debacle of Committee Room No. 15. Those days of dissension are happily long past, and there is hardly a man in the Irish Party who cannot be trusted to follow his leader's nod.

In the meantime our Ulysses may appear to be nodding in another sense for a time. But it is a period of repose for a stern battle in the near future. "All se recule pour le malin" is the motto of the politician who will once more near the enviable position when the Nationalists hold, if not actually very clearly, the balance of parties. This is the dream of the Irish Leader when he nods below the gangway, and he instinctively rattles his sword in its scabbard as he thinks of the great times that are coming. For in a sense his Parliamentary career has hardly more than begun, since he has not yet had the opportunity that fell to his predecessor of showing how he can hold the balance of political power.

THE VULGAR WATSON.

No Necessity For Trying to Refute His Calumnies.

A correspondent sends us some clippings from a paper edited by the eccentric anti-Catholic bigot Thomas Evergreen Watson, of Georgia, and asks us if it would not be well to reply to his rebash of all the misrepresentations and falsehoods on anti-Catholic literature.

For several reasons we do not think it worth while. The stuff he reproduces with fisherman vulgarity has been replied to time and time again and relegated to the ill-smelling sewers of decayed slanders. They are the stock in trade of the malicious spirit that manifested itself in the burning of churches in Philadelphia, the burning of convents in Boston, and the murder of American citizens in the streets of Louisville many years ago. It then went under the name of the Native American party. Its fire and blood policy was too hot for the level-headed American people and it became a time quiescent. Some years later it showed its ugly features again under the name of the Know Nothing party, and raged for a time until it excited popular disgust, and as a consequence slunk out of sight. A few years later it blazed out again under the name of the A.P.A. party. This attempt of the evil spirit had its day, a short day, and then followed its predecessors into obscurity. One of the reasons for its short life was the fact that many of its leaders found themselves dead politicians, snowed under as a reward of their excessive zeal, and under the necessity of rooting in other grounds for subsistence. Nothing opens the eyes of the crafty politician so quickly as a snowstorm. Many of them with opened eyes have denied their connection with the A.P.A., but its dark shadow sticks to them like a pitch plaster to a pine board. When they come up again as smiling candidates their record is recalled.

A. P. AISM A DEAD LETTER.

As the epidemic of A. P. Aism has been absent for some years, and as it is periodical, like Halley's Comet, its reappearance is not improbable. Astronomers have discovered that the comet, though threatening, does not portend destruction. And experience has taught Catholics that the periodic resurgence of A. P. Aism, like measles, small pox and other epidemics, though inconvenient and annoying, soon arrives at perihelion and passes out of sight, leaving the atmosphere in its normal salubrity. The present nefarious activity of Evergreen Watson may be prodromous; at least it indicates a desire on his part to resurrect the evil spirit of bitterness and animosity, fire and bloodshed.

In view of this it is comfortable to notice that nearly every movement Evergreen has been conspicuous in as promoter or leader, has turned out an abortion. This jus-

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN 1910.

Of Interest to Catholics—Great Eucharistic Gathering in Our City Next September.

Lent, in 1910, has begun early—February 7, and Easter Sunday falls on March 27. The year will have many interesting centenaries.

CENTENARIES.

The centenary of the birth of America's first cardinal, John McCloskey, second archbishop of New York, will occur on March 10, 1910. Plans are in progress to fittingly celebrate this event.

Martin, John Spalding, archbishop of Baltimore, born at Lebanon, Ky., May 23, 1810, and Michael O'Connor, S. J., first bishop of Pittsburg, born in Cork, Ireland, September 27, 1810, are also worth remembering.

The centenary of the birth of Father Jaime Luciano Balme, the Spanish publicist, whose "European Civilization, Protestantism and Catholicity Compared," is a monument of erudition, will be commemorated on August 10, 1910.

CONVENTIONS.

There will be the usual conventions. The biennial convention of the A.O.H. at Boston is expected to be quite lively.

The seventh annual meeting of the Catholic Educational Association will be held in Detroit, Mich., the first week in July.

The fifty-fourth annual national convention of the German Central Verein will begin in Newark, N.J., September 18, 1910.

EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

The Eucharistic congress is becoming the greatest of Catholic gatherings. This city will be the place of meeting this year. The twenty-first general Eucharistic congress will be held here September 7-11. Cardinal Vincent Vanutelli will again be the Pope's legate, an office he has filled at the last five congresses.

A POLISH EVENT.

A national monument to General Thaddeus Kosciuszko will be unveiled in Washington, D.C., in May, 1910. The last issue of Mr. Griffin's Catholic American Researches is devoted to Kosciuszko's great compatriot, Pulaski.

In 1810 these were the Catholic statistics of the United States: One archbishop, 4 bishops, 70 priests, 80 churches. To-day there are 100 bishops and archbishops, over 16,000 priests and over 13,000 churches.

It is the anticipation that his attempt to rehabilitate the infamous A.P.A. will prove abortive.

The Catholic therefore can look at Watson's efforts with the same evenness of mind and confidence in the harmless result, that the astronomer looks forward to the coming of Halley's comet.

THE CHURCH CAN AFFORD TO WAIT.

Another reason why a Catholic should hesitate to discuss his religion with a man like Evergreen Watson, is the same one should have in declining to discuss matters with a fishwoman eloquent in the language of Billingsgate. Judging from the clippings sent us, and the statements therein, we must conclude that the eccentric Georgia crank knows no more about Catholic theology than a jackass knows of conic sections.

There is one thing about the Catholic Church, which must destroy the hopes of her enemies. She can wait, wait until they are dead. She waited till the powerful Roman emperors disappeared. She waited till the early and middle age heresies came and went; she waited till her enemies of the sixteenth century had passed out. She waited for the Emperor Napoleon to pass like a mighty shadow across the stage. She is waiting and will wait until Thomas Evergreen Watson passes and his voice is shut off forever by the skeleton hand of death. She is the only institution on the face of the earth that can wait, and always triumphs by waiting; it is supernatural, because her Divine Commission runs until the end of human life on earth.—Rev. L. A. Lambert, in the N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflammation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A little sugar to it so make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to ulcers have thus made themselves immune to attack.



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HOUSE AND HOME

The best of a book is not the thoughts it contains, but the thought which it suggests...

Way to Woman's Heart.

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred romance rather than riches is the highway to a woman's heart.

Did You Know

That an open bottle or flat vessel of coal oil set inside the clock will keep the works oiled?

breath will often prevent a spasm of coughing. That toast water is a soothing and healing drink during attacks of bronchitis.

It Takes Courage

To speak the truth when by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage. To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

Woman's Home Companion For February.

The February number has some striking features. Dr. William Oster, the famous physician, contributes a splendid article on tuberculosis.

The February number is in the main a love story number, leading off with the first part of "The House of Healing."

Try dipping the bristles of hair-brushes in a basin of boiling water in which a good sized piece of baking soda has been dissolved.

Do not scrape the frying pan, as it is liable afterwards to burn. Instead rub well with a hard crust of bread, and wash in hot water.

Ink stains can be more quickly removed from white goods by salt, if vinegar is used with it.

To remove ink stains from furniture pour some lemon juice on the ink spot, rub well with the finger.

Sprinkle salt over the coal in your bin in liberal quantity, it will make it burn more evenly and prevent clinkers.

Skim milk is excellent for washing lace. A handful of stoned raisins will improve a dish of prunes.

Fine talcum powder rubbed on gently will clean photographs that have become soiled by greasy fingers.

Verdigris can be removed from brass by the use of ammonia. The cheaper and lighter the pan the whiter and lighter your bread when you bake in a gas range.

Not Every Nurse Knows That orange juice with cracked ice can often be taken by a patient who can retain nothing else.

That chocolate though nourishing, often causes dyspepsia when the digestion is weak. That the nervous patient should have eight or nine hours of sleep.

That one should never ask a sick person, "What can I do for you?" That dainty service often counts more than quality or variety in the invalid's meals.

That the nurse should never save steps when the patient's appetite is capricious. A small portion often tempts where a large one nauseates.

for all the climatic faults of the year. "In that pure October weather which we distinguish by the name of Indian summer, the day, immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields."

According to statistics, the rate of longevity in perfect health of mind and body is the highest in the rural districts of Ireland, where men and women of ninety-odd are willing and able, because willing-to walk five miles to Mass every morning.

Who but a germ-hater would have thought of a variety shelf for the kitchen sink? A certain clever housewife has one on which she keeps all the articles required to make the sink absolutely sanitary.

There is a jar of good scouring fluid, an ammonia bottle, a wide-mouthed china jar in which she keeps a soft flannel cloth to use after the dishes are washed to polish the water taps.

"The idea is to increase the height of the collar by means of bandings, cordings, and pipings which fit the neck snugly, and which finish the collar daintily without breaking the graceful lines of length which are being emphasized in costumes."

Indeed, it is quite reasonable that fashion should decree slender throat lines to harmonize with the slender lines of the figure. "Cordings, bandings and pipings of silk, satin and velvet, lace, chiffon, net and other sheer fabrics are being used extensively."

This month has been so entirely given over to the elections that no one has had time to think of Hyacinth, who, as a rule, is more in force during January than almost any other month of the year.

Laugh at their faults; encourage white lies; give them their own way tell them petty untruths; give them what they cry for; shout at the top of your voice at them; never encourage their efforts to do better.

Our Measure. Your life-work is your statue. You can not get away from it. It is beautiful or hideous, lovely or ugly, inspiring or debasing as you make it.

How to Spoil Your Children. Laugh at their faults; encourage white lies; give them their own way tell them petty untruths; give them what they cry for; shout at the top of your voice at them; never encourage their efforts to do better.

Save the roses of your love for me To place them in a garland on my bier, I shall not need them then, for death shall care

My eyelids fast, so that I shall not see Their radiant beauty, and their scent will be But spent for me in vain; a sigh, a tear Or two, perhaps, is all I ask thee, dear.

Sensible.

A mother was asked why it was that her girls were so proficient in home work, cooking, baking and all that pertains to good housewifery. Her reply was: "I have let my children work with me, from the time they were babies and sat in a high chair beside me while I baked pies or mixed bread."

When I made my pudding they had to watch the proceedings; when I cooked anything, or canned or pickled they helped to do what they could.

Smart Collar Designs. "Rather severe finishing touches for the top of the dress collar have come into vogue again, are taking the place of the wide, fluffy, drooping neck-rushings recently so popular."

What is Worn in London. This month has been so entirely given over to the elections that no one has had time to think of Hyacinth, who, as a rule, is more in force during January than almost any other month of the year.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and child. Text: "Surprise is yours and pleasure, too, every time you use Surprise Soap."

mond. Over the fourreau was draped an over-dress of white moire of the softest description, which is drawn back and front across - the figure from the right shoulder to below the left hip, where it was caught together by a bunch of orange flowers and myrtle, sprays of the same flowers holding the two sides of the drapery lower down.

and the sheaf lies much more easily along the bride's arm than the great circular bouquet, which must be held out in front. Some brides eschew all bouquets, and go to the altar with an ivory prayer-book in their hands.

Woman Assists in Bible Revision. In a very interesting letter to a friend in the New World, Mrs. Warren Mulhall, wife of the famous Dublin statistician, whose works have been accepted as authorities in Great Britain and throughout the world at large, says: "The Church has granted me the greatest honor which has ever been paid to any woman living."

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP is a Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP is a Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. You can't afford to roof a thing without Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles. Good for a hundred years.

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sponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-
natchan; Recording Secretary, Mr.
T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

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any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter
section of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending homesteader.
The homesteader is required to perform
the conditions connected therewith
under one of the following
plans:
(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of the
land entered, the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of in-
tention to apply for patent.
W. W. O'BYE,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid
for.

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Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
The Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags
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10 Blouy Street, Montreal

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HAVING DESIGNS
ENGRAVINGS DONE
SHOULD APPLY TO
LA PRESSE PUB. CO.
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Engravers to the True Witness

THE MIST.

A dull misty, lowering day, especially if it comes in the long slant of winter, when the soul is already a-weary with the drear of the lingering, whitened death of the year, is one of the things which takes the heart out of life. It is much the same whether one can see the outer aspect of sky and earth with the eyes of the body or not. The sense of blankness, of hope dead, of desolation, is a matter of the soul, rather than of the physical sight. Father Marvin was having this borne in upon him this morning a little more than its usual weight. A library, with two full windows facing respectively north and east and sweeping a half circle of lovely country, should, beyond doubt be a pleasant room. Let it then have a cheery rug or two, four or five green-leathered chairs, with a Mission table, as a sort of crown piece; and let the books lining the walls on the two clear sides and stacked up between the windows be, every one of them, old and trusted friends. This, surely, is a place where one might defy the dreariest day.

When however, that library comes to mark the confines of one's daily life through long months, which have nothing at the end of them; when a book, no matter how long-standing a friend it may be, comes to be known from its fellows only by the shape and feeling of its back; when every friendly looking chair becomes a stumbling-block of sorry humiliation; add to these the mist, sweeping indefinitely in from outside, with its clammy suggestion of ghost-wraiths; and the library may not be altogether a place of joy.

Months had followed each other in gray, senseless succession, since that midnight when the last hope of seeing a light of this earth had left him. His books had stayed with him more steadfastly than any other thing. But this morning, whether it was the mist, or merely the telling of the long confinement, he had been pressed by the fear that he was losing his hold on them, too. With a diffident, fevered touch, he was going over the lines of them, fingering the lettering and the tracings on the back of each. The dread would crowd strong upon him as he would come upon one, now and then, that was non-committal, in the smoothness of its back, and he would be forced to take it down and try the paper for marks of memory. Even that would fall with some, and he would be forced to go back in humiliation and count the books in the line. This, though, was not the worst, for often, as he opened a book, and a well-used, softened page would bring the passage into mind, he would find himself stumbling over places where always before they would swing clear and true to his memory. Probably he knew that it was only his nervous consciousness of himself that made his mind waver. But the knowledge did not seem to help much. Moving along the middle row, his fingers came upon the old school copy of Faber's Hymns. Here surely was a touch of friendliness. Fingering, with the delicate sensitized touch of the dark, he turned the pages to the lines headed "The Thought of God." Smoothly the lines came through his mind, in a clear, steady flow:

"'Tis like that soft invading light
Which in all darkness shines—shines
—darkness shines—"

Suddenly the verse broke off, and his memory went trailing off after stray threads, only to be brought back by a dead sense of loss and defeat. Not only did these lines seem to be slipping from him, but more than all, the sureness of the fine memory which had kept these months full, was gone.

The insistent "brr-brr" of the door-bell brought the reality of things back to him, and he wondered why it was not being answered. Finally the hope of adventure led him to make his way along the hall to the door himself. There were so many possibilities in the ringing of the door-bell, to one in the dark.

"And this is the welcome I get, Parrain, when I've come out all the way from the city on this awful day to see you? Why, I've nearly pulled the door bell out of place, trying to waken some one in this old house of yours."

It was Betty, Father Marvin's niece, who, in addition to ruling the life and establishment of her father in town, was accustomed to make occasional descents upon the rectory and disturb in general the tenor of ways there.

"Sorry, Betty, but I guess no one else heard the bell, and you know I am not the regular attendant. Tell me, though, what whisperer told you that I needed you this morning above all other mornings?"

"Well, maybe you can find something to scold me about. That helps, doesn't it?"

"Immensely. You came without your rubbers, of course."

"No, honest, Parrain. I kicked them off outside your door, when I was waiting to be let in."

"Sure it wasn't in the train?"

"No, because I didn't put them on till I was in the train." This in triumph.

"That sounds—convincing; but let me pass. I can lend you mine when you're going home, anyway."

Her silent scorn of this proposal was sufficient to seat them both quietly, each in a comfortable green

just free from my books. I was furious—and, Parrain . . . I know it was wrong, I just set myself to be nice to him."

"He would have had more chance under the 'plank' method, I would say." Father Marvin seemed to weigh the odds, for and against the quarry.

"Truly, honest, Parrain, I didn't do anything to attract him. But he has such a way of looking at you, and seeming to get to it things around you, and separating you from everybody else, and forcing you to think that there is nothing between you and him. The second day out he spent most of the time with me on deck, and Isabelle discovered suddenly that she was a poor sailor." She passed the remainder of the voyage in her stateroom.

"Marsh was the best company I ever saw. It was not so much what he said, though he did talk brilliantly; it was more the way he had of understanding, of meeting your thought half way. He seemed to be back of your mind, prompting and bringing out your best things, and then turning them over for you until you were really surprised to see how good they were."

"That wasn't all, though. The third night on board I had just gotten to my stateroom, after an evening on deck with Marsh, when Mrs. Trainer came in to talk to me, in a motherly sort of way. She didn't say that, of course, but it was easy to see that something was coming. She was solicitous in a brooding, clucking manner, and wondered if it was good to sit so late in the spray. Before I knew how she got to it she was talking of Marsh. He was such a charming man. He must be wonderful to a little girl like me, who had not yet met men of his world yet. I agreed indifferently, that he made good company, for a tiresome voyage. Even that did not seem to be enough, though, for her conscience. She remembered that I was at least a half-orphan. She wondered if any one had ever told me anything about Marsh. I replied quietly that there was hardly any need for that, since I had met him with her party. Oh, of course, she had not meant anything of that sort. How could I have understood her that way? Indeed, Mr. Marsh was really the most desirable sort of man, family position, talent, money—she charmed it like a charm. That wasn't what she had meant at all. Well, in fact, it was a little difficult to say just what she did mean. I ought, though, to keep in mind that he was a good deal older than I. At this I was innocently puzzled, confessed that I did not quite follow her, and would she please be more explicit? It should seem that his age would make him all the more a proper person to talk to. I was careful to insist that I was always been taught to respect age.

"Somehow, I guess she thought that I was getting the best of it, and she came out with what she really had to say. The sum of it was that Marsh was a man whom women generally liked, and that this had made him a little bit too ready to try his success in various quarters. Especially, and here was her sting, he liked to try his charm of manner on naive young girls. There had been rumors of his engagement many times, but they had invariably proven premature. Even now there was something between him and Isabelle. Of course, she could not say that there was anything definite. But I would understand how unfortunate it would be for me, in my very first season, and so forth. She drifted off into vagueness. . . . But that was the implication: that

he was amusing himself with my newness. Also, which was the real trouble, that I was interfering with certain plans of her own for Isabelle. I thanked her as prettily as I knew how, for her kindly interest, and promised that I would remember—above all things, I would remember. I did remember. Before we saw Sandy Hook he had proposed, and made no secret of it. And had been accepted.

"Please don't jibe, Parrain, or I will cry in earnest. I couldn't help it, honest, Parrain. I had my revenge on him, and Mrs. Trainer. But it was too big for me. He fairly swept me off my feet. He was so subtle and so perfect in his understanding of things. I never knew how to face him, or to turn him back from any direction that things had taken."

"The soft-wood method was the more satisfactory, after all." Father Marvin moralized reminiscently. The interruption merely gave a rest pause.

"Frank was at the dock waiting for me, and the sight of his face fitting into the old restful things that I knew meant home and everything that I really cared for made me hurry off with him, almost without a word to Marsh. We left him standing on the dock, looking as though he wanted to follow us and demand explanations. Frank asked who he was, and I told him that he was some one I met with the Trainers. I was so frightened that I couldn't say anything else."

"The next week he came over to Philadelphia, and he was just fine—Marsh, I mean. Didn't remember about the dock at all; took everything for granted. By the time we had talked for an hour he got to the point where he was insisting upon making the engagement public, and I had to beg, Parrain, beg for just a little more time. I had to tell Daddy then. He wanted to be angry at first; but then I cried, and he got sensible and said they were both nice, or worse, to be bothering his little girl. That was sweet of daddy, wasn't it? But it didn't help much, for he didn't understand, you know."

"And I am, then, thought to be learned in these matters?"

"Yes, you will know, Parrain. You always know."

"Would it be any breach of trust then, to ask what I am expected to know in this case?"

"Why, don't you see, Parrain, I've fessed, and you are to tell me what I will do."

"What you will do! That's a little too much, Betty, for any man person."

"Well, what I must do, then. It has to come to that, doesn't it?"

"It does come to that, girlie, somewhere, always."

"Then, what is it, Parrain, dear? I'll do it, truly."

"Betty—"

"Yes, Parrain?"

"I can't get that plank out of my mind. Suppose you were to hit Marsh with it?"

"Wait, Parrain—let me see what you mean. Oh, yes; I think I see. If I were to be just myself to him, in my every-day faults, and tantrums, sometimes. Is that it, Parrain?"

"It has to be that in the end, Betty."

"And would he make me be good as Frank does? No, he'd be stand-offish, and he'd wonder at me, and I'd go away and pout alone. You're right, Parrain. I'll go straight home and write to Marsh, while I have the courage. A nice, kind letter—the poor man."

"You are not forgetting Frank, are

FOURTEEN POUNDS IN TWO MONTHS

Remarkable Gain Made by Terra Nova, Cape Breton, Woman

"Father Morrissy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) has wrought some wonderful cures. Here is a typical case, as described by the patient herself:

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you, Betty?"

"Frank?"

"You will tell him—about Marsh, I mean."

"Must I, Parrain—would he understand?"

"He will have to try, like the rest of his bewildered sex."

"Yes, I guess so. There couldn't be any other right way, could there? One has to pay, somehow. And then, brightening, 'it won't be quite so bad, after all. If he doesn't understand at once, I can make it sound so bad and horrible that he'll get angry, and then—and then—it will be all right."

"Must you go so soon, Betty? I was hoping you could stay all day."

"Must, must, Parrain. But I'm coming out another day, to bring daddy. And—"

"What is it, girlie?"

"And, please, Parrain, some time when you're near to God, say a word for wicked Betty. No, don't come all the way to the door. You just want to make a fuss about those old rubbers. I'm sure that's it. Well, I know I did leave them there. Some one must have taken them. Why, if they aren't on my feet, and they've been there all the time! Why didn't you make me take them off in the house? Good-bye. And see, Parrain, the mist has cleared!"

"And when her step had died away he went straight up to the row of books, and taking the one with which he had stopped, he fingered gently for the page. Swiftly, surely the good lines ran through his mind now:

"'Tis like that soft invading light,
That through all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's somber web
In golden pattern twines."
—Richard Aumerle, in Benziger's Magazine.

NOT WHAT SHE WANTED.

"The stupid reporter who called to see me wrote me up as a peerless beauty," sobbed the heiress and society belle.

"Isn't that flattering?" asked the chum.

"Flattering! When every other girl in our set has married or is engaged to a foreign nobleman?"—Philadelphia Times.

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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.

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

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1910.

ASH WEDNESDAY.

"Stand still, my soul, in the silent dark, I would question thee, Alone in the shadow, dear and stark With God and me!

Ash Wednesday and the penitential season of Lent are again with us. We must withdraw our soul from the distractions of the world; we must detach ourselves to the desert, and, with Christ, ascend the mount of prayer.

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return." The priest will speak the words, putting the ashes on our forehead.

Lent is with us again, and we know our obligations. We have read and have studied and have been fed upon the Gospel of Penance.

Many beyond the Pale laugh at such practices as keeping Lent. The lives and teachings of their prophets did not (and do not) include the Cross and the Crucifix; but it might be well for them, and for all of us, to learn what the Fathers and Doctors of the Church thought of Lent and fasting and almsdeeds and sacrificed suffering.

ness of Church History bears out the fact that, from the earliest times, ashes were put on the heads of sinners. In the old days all those who had had the misfortune of sinning grievously, and who wished to recover the grace of conciliation, asked for a public penance on Ash Wednesday.

"Rise! for the day is passing, And you lie dreaming on; The others have buckled their armor And forth to the fight are gone.

NEW MONTREAL. We have now been living in our new civic life for more than a week, and are hopeful of long days of peace, plenty and purity.

Furthermore, we are proud of Montreal, our city. We have shown and proved ourselves the friends of justice and the admirers of honesty.

The new leaders of our city must now do their duty. They must show us, and that very soon, that we have gained by the change we have made.

LENT. Lent is with us again, and we know our obligations. We have read and have studied and have been fed upon the Gospel of Penance.

Why should we refuse to believe what people call the little truths of our holy religion? Why, in other words, question the efficacy of holy water, the power of the priestly blessing, the cheering effect of an indulgence, the value of the sacred sign of the Cross, well made, and other like practices, teachings or prescriptions of Holy Mother?

After we had read part of the reports—enough, at any rate—of the Bartenders' Ball, we asked ourselves if Montreal is really Montreal.

(Bk. II., Feod. II.) tells us that St. Matthew ate but herbs, and Eusebius (Hist. Eccl. II.), that St. James the Apostle never partook of any choice viand or morsel.

THE ACT OF LORD STRATHCONA. Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, Canada's "Grand Old Man," has placed his palatial Montreal residence at the disposal of His Grace the Archbishop, in view of the coming Eucharistic Congress.

LEOPOLDISM. We have borrowed our caption from the Daily Witness for more than one reason. And, indeed, our Craig street contemporary is not a bit pleased that Archbishop Ireland should have defended the memory of King Leopold.

THE LITTLE TRUTHS. Why should we refuse to believe what people call the little truths of our holy religion? Why, in other words, question the efficacy of holy water, the power of the priestly blessing, the cheering effect of an indulgence, the value of the sacred sign of the Cross, well made, and other like practices, teachings or prescriptions of Holy Mother?

IS THIS MONTREAL? After we had read part of the reports—enough, at any rate—of the Bartenders' Ball, we asked ourselves if Montreal is really Montreal.

WINNING CANADA FOR GOD. The (Anglican) Archbishop of York, speaking at Sheffield, England, a few days ago, on behalf of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, referred to the position of the Church of England in Canada, as one problem, which, more than any other, would test the faith and loyalty of the church, during the next quarter of a century.

Now, Mr. 'Orkins knows as well as you and I that Ireland is practically crimeless to-day. He generally 'olds what he 'as, but, according to the British Prison Reports for 1909, he 'olds more prisoners of his own kind than he does of the Irish.

Chief Campeau think of the whole affair? Perhaps, we are nearing the end of the end? It may be one of the dying kicks of a once very spirited horse? The campaign for decency is telling with a vengeance, most likely, and the worst element of a rather undesirable trade are letting us know the why and the wherefore.

These souls who are deeply interested in the welfare of gin, rum and whiskey, must understand that, with spectacles such as the "Commiss de Bar" gave the other evening, temperance workers will become all the more interested in the campaign for law and order.

Now is the Time

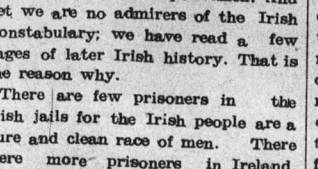
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of his at Sheffield. Naturally, the prelates of Canterbury and York, with those of the other more important English sees, want to control, so far as they can, the destinies of the colonial branch of Anglicanism.

The good Archbishop, in his utter kindness of heart, admits that other churches are making serious efforts to win Canada to the Lord! "There is the Church of Rome," he says, "whose energy ought to command our admiration."

"After Rome," he adds, "the Methodists are also working with wonderful zeal, force and faith, as well as the Presbyterian Church; but where does the National Church come?"

Remember, the Archbishop says the "National Church, meaning the communion set up by His Holiness Henry VIII! At any rate, he agrees with what we said two or three weeks ago. He declares "the National Church is a bad fourth, not only in numbers, but is showing very few signs of force, enthusiasm, and vigor."

And there you are! A bad fourth! Yes, and a very bad one! A bad fifth, we should think; for His Grace forgot to speak of the Baptists. However, if we are to have Protestantism, in spite of the truth (but always with tolerance), we prefer the Anglican kind to all the others.

The Anglicans stand for a fuller measure of the Revelation, and do not go to the low extents of the Methodists and Baptists. They are too straightforward to work under the queer policies of the Kirk. It is true that some envoys of the English Protestant Alliance, among the "foreign sparrow" Anglican ministers, are spreading lying pamphlets broadcast, but they are nobodies among their brethren. They are only harming the chances of the "National Church."

Are you likely they are the "Deaf Trust." We offer our sympathies to the signal success of William O'Brien and especially the former Ball's trust and death protection. We hope the Hon. tin will soon be well again. We cannot afford to lose him.

Not three of the Q "Sibin-Faners" could they belong to that exploded quacks. It is poor policy for English-speaking Catholics more the just cause for the sake of culture.

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Father Holland vis form our readers the friends are those who Joseph's Home.

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There are no I among the Montreal F should pity them if We believe in being C and thoroughly, as ba said to be.

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Time of our smart, new cre-Ties, Mufflers, Pins, Dressing other hints. ROS. Fishers THE BRINE ST. EAST ONE EAST 246 Pictures Framing.

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Echoes and Remarks.

Some religions do without Lent. Most likely they are interested in the "Deaf Trust."

We offer our sympathy to Mr. Matheon Cummings over John Redmond's signal success.

William O'Brien and Tim Healy, especially the former, are now J. Ball's truest and dearest friends and protection.

We hope the Hon. Mr. C. R. Devlin will soon be well and strong again. We cannot afford to lose such men as he.

Not three of the Quebec squad of "Sibon-Faners" could tell you why they belong to that organization of exploded quacks.

It is poor policy for any English-speaking Catholic paper to ignore the just cause of Home Rule, for the sake of culture.

Benziger's Monthly Magazine is an honor to Catholics. We hope it will soon reach a million homes in the land.

The coming Easter would be a very auspicious time for Mayor Gaynor to remember he should be a good, practical Catholic.

With Archbishop McNeil and Bishop MacDonald, on the Pacific Coast, there is now hope for the West, thank God.

Father Martin Callaghan is away in Florida, but five hundred thousand hearts are with him on a trip to the South.

Father Holland wishes us to inform our readers that his best friends are those who remember St. Joseph's Home.

The Irish in Quebec City are not so numerous as they used once to be. Former Quebecers now constitute one-half of Montreal's Irish population.

There are no Irish-Catholics among the Montreal Freemasons. We should pity them if there were! We believe in being Catholics truly and thoroughly, as bad as we are said to be.

All this agitation against the clergy and Church authority never began in either a Branch of the Ancient Order or in a Council of the Knights of Columbus! It is a pity some Catholic readers are fed on nothing else but schism.

When so-called Catholic papers, reviews, or magazines take upon themselves to criticize Church authority, they must not be surprised if publications worse than their own continue the nefarious work with a vengeance. The publications that engender schism foster the chances of empty.

The police authorities are always posted on "cocking mains." We wish they would be as well posted on things a hundred times more important. Happily, Inspector O'Keefe is showing us that Montreal delinquency is capable of being controlled. It is a pity the Inspector was not discovered fifteen years ago.

More power to the Congress and Senate of the United States! Our American friends mean to put a telling check on the "White Slave Traffic." It is pretty near time something strong and effective were done for Montreal and several other Canadian cities. Let the new City Council show its progress along the lines of virtue and righteousness.

An Ontario preacher has given up his job in the pulpit. He is now booked for work as superintendent

of the S.P.C.A. in another town. Strange, isn't it, and very strange? What does the certificate of ordination amount to in that man's eyes? Does he expect more soulful success in his new work? A Harvard professor says the United States cares more for dumb animals than for men!

Seumas MacManus has lost his love for the fairies and leprechauns, ever since he heard of Redmond's success. He thought his letters to the Star would be more effective; so did the Star. "T. S. B. is left, however.

Gross, dull, presuming, stubborn blind, Unmoved, amid the mighty all, Deaf to the universal call!

It might be well for some Montreal newspaper subscribers to meditate these words of William Hamilton.

The result of the elections in Great Britain is causing no end of trouble. Lloyd-George is getting more blame than he deserves. Asquith is a weak man to be at head of any party; while Balfour owes his surprising gains to interests in his defence of which he should not feel proud. John Redmond is the strongest of them all, and that, in spite of such fuss-makers as William O'Brien and Timothy Healy. It is good that Esmorde is getting sense at last.

We are glad to think our Catholic schools are able to hold their own, on the score of English essay-writing. Glad we say, but not surprised. In fact, we think that had the Catholic schools taken a more lively interest in a late competition open to all-comers, the results would be twenty times more satisfactory. But, then, we suppose our school authorities need no advice from us.

The Seine generally rolls through Paris at the rate of one mile an hour. Recently the rate has been twenty miles an hour, and the volume of water is calculated as thirty times the usual winter flow. Too bad any people should suffer from a disastrous flood, even if France has tempted Heaven. It would be good, however, if something were to open the eyes of the people.

"The attentive student of the mythology of the nations of antiquity cannot fail to find many vestiges of a primitive revelation of some of the principal truths of religion, although, in the lapse of time, they have been so distorted, and mingled with fiction, that it requires careful study to sift the few remaining grains of truth from the great masses of error and superstition, in which they are all but lost."—Rev. A. W. Lambing.

And, now, a Kentucky dame comes forth as the champion of divorce. She is ever proud of the fact that women are responsible for ninety percent. of the acts of separation. Why does that poor woman not attend to her morning and evening prayers more carefully? She denounces Italian and Spanish morals, presumably because they are not up to her own standards. Who is her husband? Is he a man or a manikin?

Mr. Purvis Carter, who has been engaged in retouching the paintings in the Laval University recently visited the gallery of the Sisters of Charity, where he discovered pictures of a great value, two, in particular, that are valued extremely high. One of these is a painting by the French master, Nicolas Pousin, representing the descent of Christ from Calvary, and the other by Giovanni Dossi, better known under the name of Dosso Dosso. The latter represents Saint Jerome flag-

ellating himself in a grotto. Among other valuable paintings is one representing St. Simon with the child Jesus. The author of this painting has not signed it, but Mr. Carter says he belongs to the class of Van Dyke. Others are "Le Dominicain," representing the Assumption of Holy Mary; one by Carlo Dolci, representing Jesus meeting Veronica, and the "Immaculate Conception," by Schidone.

NOTICE!

We want all our readers to know that the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" intends to publish serially Ralph Connor's anti-Catholic attempt at a novel, known as "The Foreigner."

We hope the Catholic subscribers will relish the hints and utterances against their faith. Some of them will not care, for they prefer any old printed matter to a Catholic weekly! They like any paper, if only it will not make their faith all the more reasoned and intelligent.

Canadian Catholics in general owe the "Family Herald and Weekly Star" a debt of gratitude. "The Foreigner" is a neat little engine of warfare against the old bulwarks!

THE POPE MAY JOIN THE KNIGHTS.

After writing our title we could not help recalling "The Kirk's Alarm," by Bobbie Burns, Scotland's patron saint:

"Orthodox, orthodox, Wha believe in John Knox, Let me sound an alarm to your conscience: There's a heretic blast Has been blawn in the wast, That what is not sense must be nonsense!"

Now, as much as we admire the Knights of Columbus—although we hold no brief for them—and as much as we like them, for the kind of enemies they have; yet we could not help enjoying a hearty laugh at the announcement made in that New York scandal-rag, the World, to the effect that His Holiness may become a member of the brotherhood.

ARCHBISHOP MOELLER AND THE STAGE.

We know what our own Archbishop thinks of the sinful stage; we know what all the archbishops and bishops of the Church think of the like, too. Just at present, however, the purveyors of slimy theatricals are realizing that there is still public sentiment left in America, notwithstanding the education they have been seeking to give the old and the young theatre-goers. Ohio, we know, is not renowned, throughout the world, for the sanctity of its principal cities; but Archbishop Moeller, of Cincinnati, is not afraid to protest in the face of sin and destruction. In a letter on the uplift of the stage, he gives some sane advice on the subject of plays and theatres. Nor shall our Archbishop be left alone to fight the battle for righteousness. If the present attitudes and tendencies of the stage continue, there is little doubt that public decency will demand a censorship of theatres. The Archbishop says in part:

"We might as well endeavor to make the waters of the Ohio flow up stream as to try to suppress all diversions. The nature of man calls for them and the man who would live without them has about him something that is abnormal. Mind and body need relaxation in order that they may be able properly to perform their functions. Amusements and plays afford these needed diversions and relaxations to many people.

"The best things may be abused and thus what is highest and best may become lowest and meanest. This holds good, also, in regard to plays. It is sad to be obliged to admit it, but it is true there are those who will feast their eyes and ears on things that gratify the ani-

The Catholic Church.

A Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.

(Continued from last week.)

In our last paper we dealt with the Church of Christ in its nature and make-up as a society. It is now our turn to argue against the claims of the Lutherans, Calvinists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, etc., and declare that Christ's Church is a visible society of men. Strange, indeed, are the notions held by the heretical multitude in this respect. While sects and conventicles excommunicate one another in virtue of the charter, they have given themselves, yet they are willing to say and admit that, although they may differ from one another, as clouds differ from thunderbolt, yet they are glad to confess all heretics to be members of Christ's Church, even if, in their charity and broadmindedness, they must exclude the Catholics. The fact however, constitutes a strong argument in our favor. Only heretics need apply.

Protestantism, say our adversaries, was not visible before Luther's day; it subsisted in the hearts of the faithful, ever after the days of the Apostles; the believers in it constituted the true Catholic Church. Now, an invisible church, as Dr. Miller, explains, is no church at all. The idea of such a church is at variance with the predictions of the prophets respecting Jesus Christ's future church, where they describe it as a "mountain on the top of mountains" (Is. II, 2; Mich. IV, 2), and as a city, whose "watchmen shall never hold their peace" (Is. LXII, 6); indeed, with the injunction of Our Lord Himself, "to tell the church" (Matt. XVIII, 17) in a certain case, which he mentions. It is no less repugnant to the declaration of Luther, who says of himself, "At first I stood alone"; and to that of Calvin, who says (Epist. 171), "The first Protestants were obliged to break off from the whole world"; as also to that of the Church of England, in her Homilies, where she says, "Laid and clergy, learned and unlearned, all ages, sects and degrees, have been drowned in abominable idolatry, most detested by God, and damnable to man, for eight hundred years and more." (Perils of Idolatry, p. 111.) What sublime contradiction! Reclaiming oneself of Christ, and yet willing to admit His Church could have been steeped in idolatry for centuries! What logic, ye gods, what logic!

As to the argument in favor of an invisible church, drawn from I Kings XIX, 18, where the Almighty tells Elijah, "I have left me seven thousand in Israel, whose knees have not been bowed to Baal," we know that theologians have sense enough to know if others have not, that, however invisible the church of the Old Law was, in the schismatical kingdom of Israel, at the time here spoken of, it was most conspicuous and flourishing in its proper seat, the kingdom of Juda under the pious King Josaphat. As to the contention that the Protestant Church always existed, only that it was reformed from many sinful errors, let us say that such quibbling is simply to fall back into the refuted system of an invisible church; it is also to contradict the Homilies, or else it is to confess the real truth, that Protestantism had no existence at all before the sixteenth century.

Holy Scriptures, Tradition, and Reason teach and declare the visibility of Christ's Church. (1) Holy Scripture, the words and actions of the Saviour and the teaching of the Apostles substantiate our statement. (a) Christ's Words and Actions. Our Saviour (Matt. V, 14) calls His Church a "city built upon a mountain"; a bin, in which there were corn and chaff; a net, into which entered good fishes and bad;

mal nature in them. Their conscience tells them that they should not do so, but they will follow the bent of their depraved nature, especially when the occasions for doing so present themselves, according to the familiar, but all too true, saying, "Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor."

"Knowing this proclivity of man's nature, we ought to keep from him all that will be food for this propensity. As parents place beyond the reach of children what might harm, so each of us, required by the Master to love his neighbor, should keep from him whatever is detrimental.

Plays then, that foster vice and immorality are gnawing at the very vitals of the State, and hence those who are called to preside over city, county or State, should not give such performances any quarter. I am fully convinced that plays as well as press and pulpit can be made a means of doing good, of lifting up the people from the lower to the higher level of probity, of instilling on the one hand a love of virtue and on the other inspiring a hatred for all that is bad and wicked. In a word, a good moral, carefully prepared play will bring home to those present at it salutary lessons, inspire them with noble sentiments which will have a beneficial influence on their whole manner of living.

a field, in which there grew wheat and cockle; a banquet, to which the good and the bad were invited; a sheepfold, in which there were sheep and goats. All these allusions and parables plainly point to the scabiousness of the Church.

From the Gospel narrative we learn that Christ established in His Church a visible mastership with right to publicly declare with authority what was to be held or done, either in conscience or before men (Matt. XXVIII, 19; Mark, XVI, 15). He, likewise, established a visible ministry, for the visible dispensation of the mysteries of God (Matt. XXVIII, 19; Luke XXII, 19); finally, a visible rule (Matt. XVI, 19; Ibid. XVIII, 17 and 18; Luke, X, 16). Now, a church so constituted, a society so dowered, must, in plain common sense, be a visible society, a sociable community of men. All must hear the Church. He established (Matt. XVIII, 17). How can you hear what, under some conditions, at least you cannot see? I mean, if given a full chance.

(b) The teaching of the Apostles.—The Apostle (Acts, XX, 28) speaks as follows to the priests come from Ephesus: "Take heed to yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath placed you bishops, to rule the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." This text and teaching implies the existence of a visible Church. Rule implies the visibility of the ruled. It would be well to read St. Paul to the Ephesians (IV, 11), and to Timothy (I Tim. III, 15), as well.

(c) Tradition's Voice offers us the witness of the Fathers, which is buttressed by Church History and even the declarations of Protestants. (a) Witness of the Fathers.—St. Cyprian (De Unit. Eccl., n. 5; Patr. Lat., IV, 502) says: "The Church of God has been filled with light, it casts forth its rays over all the earth." St. Augustine teaches the selfsame doctrine. He even plainly declares the visibility of the Church against the Donatists (Serm. 237, n. 5; Patr. Lat. XXXVIII, 1126) it is useless to multiply testimony from the Fathers. Alluding to the then recent attempt of the Emperor Julia to falsify the prophecy of Daniel, by rebuilding the Jewish Temple, St. John Chrysostom exclaimed: "Behold the temple of Jerusalem; God has destroyed it, and have men been able to restore it? Behold the Church of Christ; God had built it, have men been able to destroy?"

(b) Church History, in which the work of the growth, the persecutions, etc., of the Church are dealt with, plainly proves that the Church is something one may see, an institution visible throughout the centuries of Christ.

(c) Even if Protestants do claim the Church is invisible, yet, in practice, they deny the claim, for they write about their sect, its doings, its members, etc., and thus unwittingly grant our principle. Melancthon, Luther's chief lieutenant, so spoke and acted.

(3) Theological Reasoning is with us, too. In the words of Bellarmine, the church is a society, not of souls or of angels, but of men. Now, a society of men cannot exist without external and visible signs. Men cannot know their fellowship with others unless through outward and visible signs. Perhaps, the sects were meant for the blind only. An army, a city, or a nation is a visible reality; so is a church. The Church must teach; she must see those who art taught. Etc., etc.

Of course, we are willing to grant that the Reformers found it comfortable to declare for an invisible Church; but that was only one of their foolish subtleties.

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

Application to the Legislature. Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Attilios Oflsch, Chabeen Aboud, Esq., Boosamra, Salim Boosamra, Najeb Tabah, Fahed Tabah, Mansour Shatilla, Michael Zegayer and others, all of Montreal, to incorporate them as a religious congregation, under the name of "The Saint Nicholas Greek Syrian Orthodox Church," with power to acquire and possess movable and immovable property, to keep registers of acts of civil status, and to exercise all other rights incident to a religious corporation and for other purposes. Montreal, 15th December, 1909. BARNARD & BARRY, Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that a general and special meeting of the Members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company "La Jacques-Cartier" will be held at its offices No. 118 St. James St., City of Montreal the 7th day of February 1910, at ten o'clock a.m., to take into consideration the liquidation of the said Company and to pass resolutions to this effect, By order of the Board, N. H. THIBAUT, Secretary and Manager.

a stern fight for free government and Home Rule of the city. The great throng that crowded Memorial Hall to listen to the story of the fight for free government and Home Rule for Ireland, proved deeply the lesson has sunk in. The meeting was neither racial nor sectarian. The Irish-American found the fellowship of a common cause in all the varied nationalities that go to make up the city. The mayor of the city, presiding said: "No man could read of that long struggle for the freedom of Ireland without longing to take a hand in it." That sentiment was the sentiment of the gathering Catholic and Protestant clergy were there to lend voice and support. Officials, from the judiciary down, were present in testimony of their sympathy. One of the speakers was a Catholic from "the West"; the other, a Protestant from Ulster. The story of special privilege in Ireland found such an understanding in Toledo as could not be exceeded in the most Irish city in America. The Irish-Americans who have been so loyal in the fight against one form of special privilege here, found stalwart support and sympathy in the fight against another form in their own Motherland. It sounded good to hear of the encouragement the Irish nation derived from the fight for human liberty made here in Toledo, led by Mayor S. M. Jones and Mayor Brand Whitlock. The big meeting was good for Toledo.

PUBLIC NOTICE. Lease of the Net Fishing Rights in Moisie River, North Shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. On Thursday, the 17th of February, at 11 a.m., in the office of the Superintendent of Fisheries, in the City of Quebec, the net fishing rights in the River Moisie, an especially the exclusive right of salmon fishing therein for the term of nine years from the first of May next, will be leased by auction, and on the conditions to be set forth. The lease shall cover the estuary of the river, that is to say, starting on the North Shore, from a point 50 yards below the South-East corner of lot E., North, in the Township of Moisie, and on the South Shore from a point equally distant by 50 yards from the North-East corner of lot E., South, in the Township of Letellier, then going down the river as far as the above estuary's limits, then three miles east of the mouth of said river to a point called "Pointe Au Bots," and 3 miles west ward thereof, on the seashore, above low water mark, less the 800 yards adjoining the said mouth of the river, on each side. Terms: First year rental, cash. S. DUFALUT, Deputy Minister. Department of Colonization, Mines and Fisheries, Quebec, 1st February, 1910.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

IF.

If little girls were little boys They'd always go to bed When mother told them to, and not Say "wait while" instead.

If little boys were little girls They'd not be 'fraid of things, Like katydid and hoppers and And bats with ugly wings.

If we were little girls and boys, Instead of folks grown old, We'd never want to spank ourselves, Nor bullyrag or scold.

Helpful on Roller Skates.

The lady, just about to ascend the steps of Mrs. Walters' cottage, turned and cast a smiling glance about her. "I declare, this street is quite a skating rink," she said.

spending two days with him, "but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done."

"What makes you like it so much?" Mr. Marshall asked, smiling.

"Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra."

"Like it!" Jean repeated vehemently. "I despise it. That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse, I'd never get it done."

"Well, good luck to it—and, you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while."

A month later the three girls were looking at each other with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother, of course, but how? Corinne's music, Barbara's art? They had been studying only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them.

The letter came from Mr. Marshall, with the wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean.

"Jean!" Corinne cried, "why she is the youngest!"

"And never studied typewriting in her life!" Barbara chimed in.

"For Miss Jean," Mrs. Randall read. "A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not 'conquer her morals' is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year."

"Who would have thought that a thing like that—" Barbara said brokenly.

Dollyology.

Oh! I'm looking for a doctor, 'n I've got ter get one quick. It's a very serious case, you know, my dolly's dre'ful sick.

Oh, I'm looking for a doctor, 'n I hope I'll get one soon. 'Cos my dolly's springs is busted, 'n her stomach's out o' tune.

Oh, I think that's just the trouble that she's got, or if it aint, she's got spinal salaratus, that's 'n awful bad complaint.

P'raps her throat is sore, her tonsillighthouse, may be so, I wonder what the trouble is? I'd really like ter know.

So if you see a doctor, ter my house tell him ter call, if he don't know dollyology, he needn't come at all.

Patty's Reward.

"Good morning, Miss Barton." The manager of the grocery department in the great city store paused outside the Van Marsden Cocoa booth, smiling at the one on the inside.

"This is surely a festive array; is it in honor of your reception day, Patty?" and he bent to inhale the fragrance from a bouquet of sweet peas on the corner of the counter.

"Yes, Mr. Lee." Patty Barton laughed, looking up from the Haviland chocolate pot she was rubbing till it shone.

"That's why I got up early this morning to gather my flowers," Patty remarked, glancing with a satisfied little air at the bouquets of roses and sweet peas adorning the counter.

"Excuse me, Miss Barton," from the manager interrupted the story, and he hurried away to answer a telephone call.

Jean's Algebra.

Jean unstrapped her books and took pad and pencils from the chest. "I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall," she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was

the same view of the work whereby she earned her daily bread as did Patty Barton, who put her heart and soul into her work and gave of her best.

In return, many were attracted to her booth, and she had regular customers who often came out of their way to buy of her. There were those who considered it a privilege to rest a minute beside the cocoa booth, and while partaking of the sample cup of delicious cocoa, grew all the more refreshed by the sight of Patty's smiling face.

"I beg pardon, are you serving cocoa this morning?" Patty, bending to take a fresh supply of lump sugar from under the counter, raised two slightly flushed cheeks and saw a broad-shouldered, elderly gentleman looking down at her from the other side.

"I'm sorry; it isn't quite ready," Patty looked at the gentleman with an interest of which she was not aware. He was—of course he was, his accent denoted it—from the country which prepared and exported the cocoa she sold.

The gentleman seated himself on one of the stools provided. "You consider Van Marsden's cocoa good?" he asked, looking appreciatively at the flowers.

"The best in the market, sir," Patty promptly replied. "We sell more of it than of any other kind."

"Because it is cheap?" "It is cheap in the long run," Patty replied. "It really costs a few cents more per pound to buy than other cocoas, but it goes further. Now, I'm going to make it. That is another virtue it possesses—it is easily made. If you have the water-boiling hot, and a little cream, you can't fail to serve a delicious cup of cocoa."

"You are enthusiastic," the gentleman observed smilingly, watching Patty's nimble fingers as they went assuredly about their task.

"Indeed I am, sir. But it makes a difference when you know you're handling the best production in the market of the article you're selling. One lump of sugar, or two, sir?—they're small, you see." Patty stood with the cup in hand and smiled with charming hospitality on the old gentleman.

When the gentleman had drained the last drop he set the cup down and said slowly: "It is indeed, the most delicious cocoa I have ever drunk. Thank you very much. I shall not buy any to-day. I am a traveller and do not wish to be remembered with packages, but I shall carry away with me a very pleasant remembrance of your pretty booth with its flowers and everything so attractive and neat."

"Patty's cheeks flushed. "You are very kind, sir," she said. And as he lifted his hat and walked away, Patty added to herself, "He's such a nice gentleman. It's lovely to meet with people who take an interest in you and your work."

Much to Patty's surprise, shortly before the store closed for the day, Mr. Lee paused beside the booth and handed a flat package to her. A minute later Patty looked with happy eyes upon a photograph of the broad-shouldered elderly gentleman to whom she had served cocoa early in the morning, and read underneath: "To Miss Patty Barton with John Van Marsden's best wishes." There was something else beside—a thin slip of paper that also bore the signature of the great merchant, and which sent a wave of relief and thankfulness surging through Patty's loving heart when she thought of all the cheek meant for the little mother at home trying so bravely to make ends meet.

"It is so much!" Patty gasped to the manager. "It is for faithful and willing service rendered," Mr. Lee replied. "Mr. Van Marsden was much pleased with your booth, Miss Barton. He said it was only occasionally he found his interests looked out for as you are looking out for them."

"Thank you for telling me," said Patty. "But I did it for love of the work, not for gain," she murmured, as she hurried away—"and mother!"

"Patty's feet could not move fast enough now. How glad she was she had served with 'good measure'!"

NO CHARLIES OR WILLIES.

Maud—What in the world did you do with yourself at that lonesome beach?

Ethel—Sat on the sand and watched the eddies.

POET'S CORNER

THOUGHTS IN SORROW.

"In every soul there is a secret chamber, In every life there is an untold tale. In every heart there is a covered picture, That human hands can never dare unveil, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is, to dearest friends unknown. In every character there is a stronghold, The key of which lies in God's hands alone."

"In every soul there is a chord of feeling, Too subtle to be seen or understood, Which vibrates with a certain sad discordance, Swept carelessly by heedless hands or rude. In every heart there is an undercurrent, Whose depth is fathomless by love or hate. In every soul there is a sanctuary, Which neither friend nor foe can violate."

"So there lies hid in every human bosom An unknown world of evil and of good, And all of us at times, each in our measure, Misunderstand, and are misunderstood. For since the golden days of sinless Eden, No one has fully read another's soul."

THREE LESSONS.

There are three lessons I would write Three words as with a golden pen, In tracings of eternal light Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round And Gladness hides her face "in scorn, Put thou the shadow from thy brow No night but has its morn."

Have faith. Where'er thy bark be driven— The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth— Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven, The habitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for ore, But man as man thy brother call, And scatter, like the circling sun, Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul— Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find Strength when life's surges maddest roll, Light when thou'else wert blind.

THE GIFTLESS.

Thou wilt not pass them in the crowded city, Nor in the meanest street, These are Thy children, Lord of Love and Pity, Tire not their tireless feet, Seal not their eyes with tears of bitter weeping, Be with them waking, and be with them sleeping, So whoso'er they meet, O Lord of Love, Thou hast them in Thy keeping.

Thou fetched them to Thee in the shining story, And at the Virgin birth, Great Kings and Prophets rode, in pomp and glory, With gifts of priceless worth, These are the giftless, yet of Thy bestowing, And what to them, to Thee, O Lord is owing, Where sounds our fairy mirth!— The horn of Eiland in the distance blowing. —Alfred Turner.

Was All Run Down. Weighed 125 Lbs Now Weighs 165

Mrs. M. McGann, Debec Junction, N.E. writes:—"I wish to tell you what Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 165 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not get upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble. The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Another Modern Miracle Paralysis Permanently Cured.

The Sufferer Paralyzed From Waist to Feet—Encased in Plaster of Paris for Nine Months—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure After Four Doctors Had Failed—The Cure Vouched for by a Well-Known Clergyman.

Paralysis, no matter how slight, is a terrible affliction, but to be paralyzed from waist to the feet, to be a helpless cripple, totally dependent upon what others do for you, is a condition as wretched as man could possibly bear. Such was the state of Mr. Allan J. McDonald, of Rice Point, P.E.I. For over a year he was a helpless invalid. He was paralyzed from his waist to his feet and for nine months lay in bed encased in a plaster of paris cast. Four of the best doctors in Prince Edward Island were unable to help him, and he seemed doomed for a life of misery and despair. But hope came to him when he read of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for other sufferers from paralysis. He procured a supply of the Pills and began taking them. Gradually they broke the chains of disease that bound him, and filled his whole body with new blood, life and vigor. Mr. McDonald says: "I am a farmer and in consequence have a great deal of hard work to do. One day while about my work I injured my back, but at the time I paid little attention to the injury and continued my work. As time went on, though, the pain became more severe, and I soon found myself unable to lift anything no matter how light. It was not long before I had to stop work altogether and consult a doctor. He treated me but his treatment did not help me, and I rapidly grew worse. I had to take to my bed, and in hope that my spine might receive strength I was encased in a plaster of paris cast. This did not help me, and I could feel the paralysis slowly creeping over me till I was totally paralyzed from my waist to my feet. I lost all control over my bowels and bladder and my legs had no more feeling than if they were made of wood. Three other doctors strived to cure me, but their treatment also was a failure, and for eleven months I lay in bed unable to move. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were then advised and I was shown testimonials of others who had been cured of paralysis through them. I bought a supply and in less than three months they made a remarkable change in me. I was able to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands and knees. Gradually my limbs became stronger. Soon I could walk with the aid of a cane, and inside of nine months after I had begun the use of the Pills I was totally cured, and once more able to do light work. Now I am as strong as ever I was and can do my work about the farm without the least trouble. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are without an equal, for, besides my own case, I know of two other cases of paralysis cured by them. Two young girls who had been cripples and whom I advised to try the Pills."

THE QUIET HOUR.

My heart is tired, so tired to-night— How endless seems the strife! Day after day the restlessness Of all this weary life! I come to lay the burden down That so oppresseth me, And, shutting all the world without To spend an hour with Thee! Dear Lord, To spend an hour with Thee. I would forget a little while The bitterness of tears, The anxious thoughts that crowd my life. The buried hopes of years; Forget that mortal's weary toil My patient care must be, A tired child I come to-night To spend an hour with Thee, Dear Lord, One little hour with Thee. A foolish, wayward child, I know— So often wandering; A weak, complaining child—but O Forgive my murmuring, And fold me to Thy breast, Thou who hast died for me, And let me feel 'tis peace to rest. A little hour with Thee, Dear Lord, One little hour with Thee.

The Proper Relation of Religion and Medicine.

These present-day movements, that exaggerate the influence of religious belief over physical nature, are in no way new in the world's history. Originally medicine was quite subordinate to religion and the first physicians were priests. A recurrent tendency to re-assume this relation has frequently shown itself. But the result has always been unfortunate both for religion and medicine. It has taken much of the spirituality out of religion and much of the science out of medicine. Professor Munsterberg calls attention to the work of Pastor Gassner in Southern Germany in the eighteenth century, because it represents certain similar movements of our own time. Pastor Gassner believed that a great many nervous diseases were from the devil, and he cured them by various religious means. The Catholic Church did not, however, approve of this regard, and so Pastor Gassner died in obscurity, though not before he had influenced Messner very materially and so led to a new medical movement.

Religion and medicine are intimately related. Each has its own definite limits in life. They are co-ordinate factors for happiness here, for there can be no happiness without health, and for pain and suffering help and strength from above are needed. These necessities are given by the two co-ordinate factors—religion and medicine, but each must be kept in its own place. Whenever two such intimately related factors exist, there is apt to be mutual invasion of the other's domain. Medicine for a time promised to make life so much happier and so much longer that men forgot how essential religion is in enabling them to withstand the trials of life. There is danger now of a reaction in which religion, in turn exaggerating its importance, will invade the domain of medicine and most likely do much harm. In the midst of all such agitation it is important to realize that the Catholic Church has been quite unmoved. As she was the main barrier against the infidelity that came from over-confidence in science, she now sanely places spirit and matter each in its proper place; she shows us how other-wards we may make for happiness even in this world; how confidence in God may lessen tribulation; how self-denial may lead to happiness; and, above all, how prayer and confidence in Providence may give that placidity which robs suffering of its terrors.

HEADACHE AND Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly. Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others. Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicine a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken these bottles. I can safely recommend it to all." Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PREACHER AT

Order of Capuchin Having One of an Apostolic P

There is a lesson to be learned from the life of St. Francis. He was a man of many good qualities, and his faith, and his charity, like to no real need of the masses. Holy Father Francis, who sermons are listened to with rapt attention, and the God's grace. The Order of Capuchin has enjoyed the privilege of the apostolic preaching of many of whom, number of whom, services, are elevated in mind and in the nature and the God's grace. The Order of Capuchin has enjoyed the privilege of the apostolic preaching of many of whom, number of whom, services, are elevated in mind and in the nature and the God's grace. The Order of Capuchin has enjoyed the privilege of the apostolic preaching of many of whom, number of whom, services, are elevated in mind and in the nature and the God's grace.

acle...ntly Cured...Encased in Plaster of Pink Pills Cure After...ed for by a Well...

PREACHER AT VATICAN.

Order of Capuchins Have Honor of Having One of the Order Chosen as Apostolic Preacher.

There is a lesson—in the following extract from Rome—for a great many good Catholics who, strong in their faith, and grounded in their catechism, like to think they have no real need of sermons, and so avoid the Masses on Sundays at which sermons are preached. The Holy Father finds it necessary to listen to exhortations and to be reminded of the weakness of human nature and the constant need of God's grace. The editor of Rome says: The Order of Capuchins has long enjoyed the privilege of supplying the Apostolic preachers, the greater number of whom, after a few years service, are elevated to the episcopate, or even to the Cardinalate. The present General of the Capuchins filled the important office until two years ago, when he was elected to his present charge as head of one of the most numerous of religious orders. Pius X. had no difficulty in choosing his successor. Many years ago in Venice his attention had been attracted to the preaching of a young friar who made a deep impression on the people. There were no gorgeous flowers of rhetoric in the sermons, but clear-cut, incisive sentences that carried with them a message of warning and exhortation, and that sent home the people with something to think about. So when Father Pacifico of Segnano left the Vatican to take up the reins of government over the whole Capuchin order, the young Father Luke of Pavia was bidden to the Vatican and installed in the office of Apostolic Preacher. It is very likely that at the beginning of each of his courses he is still a little nervous before the distinguished audience he has to address. While he waits in the ante-chamber of the Pope's apartment, the small Throne begins to fill shortly thereafter in the rear are occupied by the Generals and Procurator Generals of the religious orders; in others are seated the chief prelates of the Vatican; and by the hour fixed for the beginning of the sermon over a score of cardinals of the Curia have entered one by one. Then a door on the left quietly opens, and those present catch a momentary glimpse of the Sovereign Pontiff himself before he takes his place behind the screen which hides him from preacher and congregation though he can see both. Then Father Luke begins—a little nervous at first, for he has before him the most august body of hearers in the world, but gradually warming as he enters deeper and deeper into his subject. It is a striking and significant spectacle. The Friar in the coarse brown habit, with his thin beard and pale ascetic face, is standing under the dais of the papal throne (the throne itself has been removed to be substituted by the pulpit), in a hall covered with precious silks and damasks under a frieze painted by a great master of the renaissance. He is one of the humblest of the sons of St. Francis, and he has been called there to speak words of counsel, warning, exhortation and even menace to the most exalted dignitaries of the Church. He has chosen for his subject this year the four last things: Death, judgement, hell and heaven, and after his first timidity has worn off his voice rings impressively through the silence. He has forgotten himself, but he has not forgotten the audience. He goes on to tell them of the immense responsibility that rests upon them by reason of the lofty positions they hold, puts before them the dangers of worldliness, ambition, human respect, laxity in discharging the duties of their offices; he probes their very consciences for the faults and even the crimes of which they might be guilty, and of which they shall have to render a most rigid account. Hell is not a favorite topic with preachers nowadays, but Father Luke does not shrink from it, nor mitigate its terrors for Popes, Cardinals and Prelates who betray the trust imposed on them. Hardly since the days of the famous Father Segneri has such vigorous preaching been heard in the Vatican as that of the Advent season of 1909.

A Daily Catholic Paper.

Within the last few weeks a number of prominent and energetic Catholics of the Greater City have been discussing the advisability and feasibility of a Catholic daily paper, says the Brooklyn Tablet. The falsehoods appearing almost daily against the Church and her interests, the abundance of Catholic news, and the desirability of a clean daily paper fit to be read by any man, woman or child, whether Catholic or not, as it would carry all the news of the world, purged and unbiased, such as about seventy Catholic dailies of Germany bring, are some of the arguments for advisability.

As to feasibility—that is the question! There are about twelve Catholic dailies in this country at present, but none appears in the language of the land. There are several million English-speaking Catholics within a radius of fifty miles from New York's City Hall. Thousands of non-Catholics would support such a paper, as would many beyond the limited territory mentioned. Still we must agree with the following editorial of the Monitor, Newark, N.J.: "Some of us were airing our ideas recently regarding the need of a daily Catholic paper. We were talking with much show of indignation about the news of the day relative to the Catholic Church that reaches the public and leaves its impressions long before the weekly Catholic paper sees the light. We regretted that there was not a daily influence, such as a daily Catholic paper would be, to counteract the influence."

"We all acknowledge the bias of the press against the Catholic Church. "We all felt that only a daily paper could counteract such an influence."

"One of us, deeply interested in the weekly edition of the Monitor, began to question the others as to their interest even in a weekly Catholic paper. "One of them never gets the Monitor. "Another gets it, but does not find it newsy enough. "And so on. Every one has some fault to find with the Monitor in particular and with Catholic papers in general."

"We have no hesitancy in declaring the need of a daily Catholic paper. "But where there is need there must be support. "Support means more than words. It means money. Where is the money to come from to support a daily Catholic paper? Not, surely out of a few, who are liberal and in earnest, but out of the many. "How are the many to be reached? "Through the priests. "The priests have it in their power to preach the need of the Catholic press to thousands upon thousands every Sunday. All the Catholic people require of the Catholic press is to learn that it has the approval of their pastors. A word from them as to the need and mission of the Catholic paper would be sufficient. Agents to receive subscriptions to the paper would reap a harvest in every parish, had the paper but the pastor's indorsement. "The plan has been tried here and there. The pastor has spoken and the people replied abundantly. "Why not make the plan general? "Why speak of a daily paper, when even a weekly paper receives but a modicum of encouragement? "Why indulge in glittering generalities, when in a particular case the cause is urgent?"

Dentistry in Schools.

The necessity for early care of the teeth becomes more and more apparent to the public as the good effects of modern improvements in sanitation, and better conditions of life make themselves felt throughout the civilized world. Yet three-fourths of the highly intelligent, well educated people look upon the teeth as structures which are more or less able to take care of themselves, even in adult life, and they receive with surprise and even incredulity the suggestion that the teeth of children should be carefully cleaned and attended to. It is time to come to practical principles and rid our minds of the idea that it is a disgrace to remove foreign substances from the mouth. It is our duty to care for the health of the mouth in every possible way, and when that has been accomplished there will be from one-half to three-fourths less work for the physician, as most of the ailments of man are caused by mouth infection. It is not necessary to dwell upon the relation of the oral tissues to bacteria. However, nature does all she can to prevent the entrance of these bacteria into the system, and if in the struggle for existence the natural defences of the body, such as germicidal substance in the blood, fail to perform their duty, whether from fatigue, disease or debility, the tissues fall a prey to the invaders and disease results—the bacteria are for the time masters of the situation. The occasional failure of these natural policemen of the body to afford protection makes it necessary for us to assist by artificial defences. The keynote of prevention lies in hygiene and prophylaxis. Every substance that enters the body through the alimentary canal must first pass through the mouth. If the food is loaded with poisons, as always must be the case when the teeth are not properly cared for, disease is almost certain to follow sooner or later.

SUFFERED FOR SIX LONG YEARS

Then Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Richard's Diabetes.

Her Rheumatism Also Vanished When Dodd's Kidney Pills Put Her Kidneys in Condition to do Their Work.

East Chezzetcook, Halifax Co., N. S., Feb. 7.—(Special)—Cured of Diabetes and Rheumatism from which she had suffered for six years here, Boniface Richard, well known here, is joyfully telling her neighbors that she owes her health to Dodd's Kidney Pills and to no other cause. "My Rheumatism and Diabetes were brought on by a cold and a strain, and though I was attended by a doctor he could not help me. After suffering for six years I made up my mind to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and to my surprise they did me good almost at once. Two boxes cured me completely. I recommend them to everybody as a sure cure for Diabetes, Backache and all other Kidney Diseases." Dodd's Kidney Pills cured Mrs. Richard's Diabetes because Diabetes is a Kidney Disease, and Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all Kidney Diseases. Mrs. Richard's Rheumatism was caused by her diseased Kidneys failing to take the uric acid out of her blood. When her Kidneys were cured they strained the acid out of her blood and her Rheumatism vanished.

Gift to Archbishop Farley.

At the annual dinner of the alumni of Fordham University held at Delmonico's on Jan. 20, Archbishop Farley was presented with a diamond set pectoral cross by Francis D. Dowley. Although the Archbishop's fortieth anniversary of his ordination does not take place till June, the former Fordham student decided to celebrate the historic event in advance. In presenting the cross, Mr. Dowley told a story illustrative of his Grace's loyalty to Fordham teachings. When the Archbishop was in Rome last June, Mr. Dwight said, he gathered certain of the Roman youth together and taught them not religious philosophy or church history, but how to play baseball. "He learned the game at Fordham," said Mr. Dowley, "and the fame of his teaching spread so that I understand that the Holy Father became interested and asked Archbishop Farley to explain the matter." Archbishop Farley gave the cheering and laughter a fresh start by remarking: "This is the first time in my life that I was ever crossed publicly," and he did not apologize for the pun. He told of receiving a pectoral cross from the Pope and said that when the cross of the Episcopate bore too heavily on his shoulders he should take up the gift of the alumni and say, "I know that my friends are praying for me, for this is the evidence of their affection." He praised—the teaching of the Jesuits as carried on at Fordham.

Clean Mouths of Greatest Importance.

It is most surprising to meet children who are the very quintessence of cleanliness as far as dresses and pink hair-ribbons are concerned, but whose mouths are veritable culture tubes for disease germs; the parents of these children never give the matter a thought, and not until the pangs of toothache disturb the peace of their child do they realize that a diseased condition exists. If the parent can afford dental treatment the child is given relief, but if the parents are poor the child is in many instances allowed to suffer even without sympathy. The suffering of childhood must and does appeal to our humane instincts.

To Strengthen the Nerves

Nerve force, like electricity, is hard to explain. One thing is certain. Nerve force can only be created from rich, red blood. Make the blood right and you cure diseases of the nerves such as headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability, weakness of the bodily organs, prostration and partial paralysis. This is the only way actual cure can possibly be brought about and because Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food is a great blood builder it accomplishes wonderful results in the cure of diseases of the nerves. Mrs. Robert Darrah, Chipman, Queen's Co., N.B., writes: "My daughter suffered from nervousness and general debility, brought on by grippes. When the doctors failed to help her Dr. Chase's Nerve Food built her up wonderfully and cured her." Portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box, 50 cents, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. This is your cup—the cup assigned to you. From the beginning. Nay, my child, I know how much of that dark drink is your own brew. Of fault and passion. Ages long ago—in the deep years of yesterday—I knew.

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DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Bronchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this principle of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks. Mrs. John Peleh Windsor, Ontario, writes: "I was troubled with a very hacking cough for the past six months and was a lot of different remedies but they did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house." The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees in the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup." Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa. is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto. 90

J. E. GARREAU LTD. Successor to C. B. LANCROIX. Importers of Church Ornaments, Bronzes and Altar Vases. Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens. Way of the Cross and Statues. Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral Hangings and Religious Articles for Pilgrimages and Missions. 14 & 16 Notre Dame Street West, MONTREAL.

Suffered From Her Terrible Pains For Her Kidneys For Nine Months. For Backache, Lame or Weak Back—one of the commonest and most distressing symptoms of kidney inaction, there is no remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for taking out the stiches, twinges and twinges, limbering up the stiff back, and giving perfect comfort. A medicine that strengthens the kidneys so that they are enabled to extract the poisonous uric acid from the blood and prevent the chief cause of Rheumatism. Mr. Donald A. Melrose, Broad Cove Banks, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for nine months, and suffered with such terrible pains across the small of my back all the time that I could hardly get around. After taking two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken three I was completely cured." Price 25 cents per box, or 5 for \$1.25. All dealers or mailed direct on receipt of note by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

Training Modern Mechanics. Just as Canada is a great melting pot for the making of men, taking in the raw aliens, immigrants and moulding them into Canadian citizens, so have the big railway shops become training schools for boys. The boy just out of school, who becomes an apprentice in a railway shop, is, within a very short time, turned out an intelligent useful citizen, capable of earning good wages in any country. By sending a postal card to the Superintendent of Motive Power, Grand Trunk Railway System, you can secure, free a handsomely illustrated book on "Training Modern Mechanics."

Local and Diocesan News.

ARCHBISHOP'S RETURN.—His Grace arrived in the city on Sunday morning last from his tour to the United States, whither he had gone to confer with and to invite the members of the hierarchy to the coming Eucharistic Congress.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.—On Saturday, Feb. 5, Miss Lillian Turner, daughter of Mr. W. H. Turner, of this city, made her profession at the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Name, Hochelaga, in the presence of many friends, among whom were the following clergy: Rev. F. Singleton, St. Patrick's; Rev. W. J. Casey, St. Agnes; Rev. R. E. Callahan, St. Anthony's. In religion Miss Turner will be known as Sister Mary Stella.

DISTINGUISHED LECTURER COMING.—The Rev. Abbé Le Gac is coming shortly to Montreal, where he will give, under the auspices of the Society for the Advancement of Science, Letters and Arts, three illustrated conferences, forming a resume of the great work of civilization in Eastern Asia, Chaldea, Assyria and Babylon. Father Le Gac has first place in the world of scientists since in 1891, he published an extensive grammatical work, wherein he determined the phonetic value of certain Assyrian signs which until then had remained unclassified. Abbé Le Gac has now before him a colossal work—a methodical inventory of the thousands of texts of the British Museum.

L.C.B.A. SOCIAL.—St. Patrick's Branch, 1024, Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association, held their fifth annual euchre and dance in the Majestic Hall on Friday evening, Jan. 28th. A most enjoyable evening was spent and many valuable prizes were distributed to the winners. Cards were played at fifty tables.

Mrs. Alex. McCullough, first vice-president of the society, delivered an address of welcome to the representatives of the various French Branches and to the many friends present, describing the work of the Society in Montreal and the progress which the Association has made throughout the province.

Those in charge of the tables were Mrs. M. E. Hennessey, Misses M. J. Page, M. C. Scullion, M. A. Shannon and M. E. Whittaker.

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

ST. PATRICK'S SANCTUARY BOYS' BANQUET.—On Monday evening last was held in St. Patrick's Hall the annual banquet of St. Patrick's Sanctuary boys and Chancel Choir. This event has become an annual one with the boys of St. Patrick's, and this year it passed off with more than the ordinary eclat.

The hall was tastefully decorated with pennants, bearing appropriate greetings done in the colors of the Association. The tables with their profusion of colored lights and pink carnations presented a pleasing spectacle. Upon the stage was the table of honor, round which were grouped the chairman, Mr. Bert. Hyland, Rev. Gerald McShane, pastor, rev. Father Donnelly, Rev. Raymond Walsh, O.P., Rev. Albert O'Neill, O.P., Rev. Fathers O'Reilly, Killoran, Singleton, Elliott, Vaughan and Reid, Messrs. P. J. Shea, organizer, Mr. P. F. McCaffrey and Mr. John Hanmill, and a number of delegates from the men's choir and sister societies and the ushers of St. Patrick's.

After justice had been done to the menu, the orchestra meanwhile discouraging choice selections, the programme of toasts was gone through with. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the number of clever, apt and witty toasts proposed by and responded to by the boys themselves. Their many appearance, the confidence and ease of the little fellows, made it a regrettable fact that the affair had not taken place in one of the large halls where the public could see what is being done for our boys, instead of being confined to the few honored guests.

The chief point emphasized in the speeches delivered by the guests was the exalted training imparted to the boys by the Christian Brothers in the ceremonies of the Church; and the fine quality of voice noticeable in the boys of St. Patrick's.

The organizers of the evening's amusement are to be congratulated not only upon the extreme pleasure given by Monday evening's banquet to the boys themselves and to their guests, but more especially upon the degree of refinement and culture that marked the entire evening's proceedings, and which is calculated to have such a telling effect upon the shaping of the character of our youth.

DED.

LADOUCEUR.—At St. Andrews East, P.Q. on Sunday morning, Jan. 18, M. Catherine, beloved wife of the late Mr. Charles Ladouceur, and mother of Miss H. M. Ladouceur and Mrs. K. Pined. Mrs. James Atte, of this city, and Mrs. H. W. Bessier, of St. Andrews.

CHURCH'S GIFTS TO THE AGES.

Art, Genius, Greatness, Glory, She Has Dispensed With Lavish Hands.

The Very Rev. Dean Kavanagh, a distinguished London priest, in a lecture to the members of the Market Harborough Working Men's Club, said it was an historical fact that no nation had ever been converted from paganism to Christianity except by missionaries sent expressly by the Popes, Peter's successors, or by missionaries in open communion with the See of Peter.

For a thousand years England, like the other nation knew but one religion. The early British Church also derived its faith from the Eternal City, as Gildas, the British historian, testified: "The British held St. Peter to be the first of the Apostles and key-bearer, through whom other bishops received their power."

Great was the devotion of the Anglo-Saxon kings to Rome and many the pilgrimages they made to the tomb of St. Peter, Coevala, Ina, Ethelwulf, Conrad, Offa, Canute and Ethelwulf, Goodwala went to be baptized there. Ina founded in Rome a hospice for Anglo-Saxon pilgrims. Edward, King of England, built Westminster Abbey, and dedicated it to St. Peter in exchange for his vow to visit his shrine. Alfred the Great of England was anointed and crowned there, like another monarch, Charlemagne, Lotofre, Louis of France, Otto of Germany, etc.

Referring to the Popes and their deeds, Dean Kavanagh, said that to speak of Rome and leave out the Popes was to play "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. "It was the Popes," he said, "who destroyed the colossal monster of Greek and Roman paganism, with all its abominations. They changed the whole face of Europe, rescuing the degraded slave from bondage, protecting the rights of the poor and the defenseless, putting down infanticide, exalting the position of women, teaching the nations to be pure and chaste, shedding everywhere the blessing of holy charity and grace.

"They founded Christian Rome and made it the centre of light and education to the rest of the world; they rescued Italy over and over again in successive ages from Goths, Vandals, Saracens, etc. Even the infidel Gibbon says: 'Were it not for the Popes the name of Rome might have been erased from the earth.'"

They converted and civilized the wild, barbarian hordes that rushed in from the North on the decaying Roman Empire; they converted Europe with churches, cathedrals, colleges, universities and beneficent institutions of every case of misery; they saved Europe from the Turks, organizing the crusades and planning the victories of Lepanto, Vienna, etc.; they humbled tyrants like Henry IV and the three Fredericks of Germany; they preserved the ancient monuments of Rome—but for them the Coliseum, Pantheon, Hadrian's Mausoleum, etc., might have long since disappeared; they fostered the arts of music, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc. and attracted to Rome the mightiest geniuses in these arts the world has ever seen. Above all, they upheld the light of faith with undimmed splendor in every age."

After describing the Vatican Library the finest in the world, with its 25,000 manuscripts of priceless value, its Codex Vaticanus, the earliest known Greek version of the New Testament, etc., Dean Kavanagh said the greatest universities owed their origin to the Catholic Church. Catholic kings and priests founded Oxford and Cambridge, Eton and Winchester. The Universities of Paris, Aberdeen, Copenhagen, Heidelberg, Prague, Vienna, Bologna, Naples, Pisa, Turin, Rome, Salamanca, Seville, Valladolid, Coimbra, Louvain, etc., were universities founded by Catholic kings and princes, and often under immediate Papal inspiration. The most magnificent cathedrals of the world were built by the genius of the Catholic religion—Westminster, Lincoln, Ely, York, Durham, Salisbury, St. Peter's Rome; Cologne, Milan, etc. Artists of world-wide fame, such as Raphael, Michael Angelo, Correggio, Canova, etc., owed much of their success to the support of the Popes and it was the toister which produced some of the finest artists and their works. It was to priests and monks that they owed some of the greatest discoveries. It was the glory of Catholicity to have given to the world many of its greatest and most important scientific truths—the pendulum, laws of motion, both in solids and fluids, the barometer,

the mariner's compass, the telescope and microscope spectacles, lenses, the thermometer, the perfect catalogue of the stars, the discovery of continuous current of electric energy (the foundation of telegraphy and telephones) the printing press, wireless telegraphy, gunpowder, photography, the magic lantern, the music gamut scale, the first electro motor, the hydraulic press, clogs, the method of teaching deaf mutes, the way of teaching the blind to read, etc.

The first museum was that of the Vatican in Rome, the first botanical garden Pisa, the first newspaper published in Venice, the first scientific society in Naples the first bank founded in Venice, not forgetting the X-rays, that brilliant discovery so useful in surgery and the theme of universal praise. The Catholic Church, moreover, was the first to establish free schools for the poor—episcopal, parochial and grammar schools. In the teeth of such evidence what remarkable stupidity for any man to call the Catholic Church the enemy of the intellectual life and the progress.

In conclusion on this point Dean Kavanagh quoted the great statesman and profound scholar, W. L. Gladstone. "Gladstone" he said, "expresses in one sentence all that might be said on the subject when he declares that 'since the first three hundred years of persecution the Roman Catholic Church has marched for 1,500 years at the head of human civilization, and has driven, harnessed to its chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world; its art, the art of the world; its genius, the genius of the world; its greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has had to boast of.'"

OBITUARY.

MR. PATRICK REYNOLDS.

Mr. Patrick Reynolds, a native of King's County and one of the band of Irish Catholic pioneers who came to Montreal a half a century ago and began a career which won for him the esteem and confidence of a large circle of the financial and commercial community of this city, passed to his reward on Friday last, Feb. 4, after a week's illness, the first attack of which occurred as he was seated at his desk in the Montreal City and District Savings Bank, with which institution he had been associated for nearly forty years. From a humble position, by his perseverance, honesty and faithfulness, he attained the important office of superintendent of the building in connection with the bank and its staff of workmen and of the supplies required by such an institution. He discharged all his duties with ability and tact. Mr. Reynolds had, with much pride, beheld the expansion of the business of the bank and witnessed with regret the passing of a long line of distinguished men in professional and commercial life who had at intervals held the offices of President and Manager. With all the officers of the institution he was trusted in a marked manner, his name for honesty and probity being a passport to every department of the bank.

As a parishioner of St. Patrick's Church, connected with it since the days of the illustrious pastor, Father Dowd, he was always loyal and as a tribute from his associate-parishioners was elected a churchwarden when the parish was transferred by the Gentlemen of St. Sulpice to the Archbishop. Always a peevholder and a contributor to good works in an unassuming manner, Mr. Reynolds was also a member of St. Patrick's Society; a charter member of Branch No. 26 of the C.M.B.A., and of the Holy Name Society, in all which he evinced the spirit of a dutiful son of the old parish of St. Patrick's of this city.

One by one the old guard of Irish Catholics are passing to their eternal rest. We miss their genial smile and kindly words, their unswerving devotion to faith and fatherland, and in no district more than in the vicinity of old St. Patrick's. Mr. Reynolds was one of that old guard who did it credit. The funeral, which took place on Monday last to St. Patrick's Church and to Cote des Neiges cemetery, was attended by a large concourse of citizens. The Rev. Gerald McShane P.P., celebrated the solemn requiem Mass, assisted by Rev. Father Killoran as deacon and Rev. Father Singleton as sub-deacon. The deceased gentleman leaves to mourn their loss a widow, one son, Mr. Frank Reynolds, and two daughters, Mrs. W. P. Doyle and Mrs. T. F. Butler.

The chief mourners were Messrs. W. P. Doyle and T. F. Butler, sons-in-law, Master Edgar Doyle, grandson; Messrs. J. Field, F. Field, W. Field, Thos. Holland and J. Sheehan, nephews; Mr. M. E. Field, brother-in-law; Mr. Patrick Doyle, Mr. Thos. Butler.

Among the large numbers who followed the remains were noticed Rev. R. E. Callahan, Rev. Bro. Henry, Mount St. Louis College; His Worship Mayor Guerin, Mr. C. J. Doherty, M.P., Mr. M. J. Walsh, M.L.A., Mr. A. P. Leeper, manager of the City and District Savings Bank; Messrs. P. F. McCaffrey, J. Hammill, R. N. Taylor, C. A. McDonnell, R. Taylor, T. Coffin, A. Phelan, A. Finn, C. J. McDonagh, J. J. Costigan, W. H. Griffin, T. Smythe, L. Oumet, T. J. Finn, F. J. Curran, B.C.L., J. C. Walsh, ex-M.P., M. Kavan, A. D. McGillivray, B. Durack, Felix Casey, Jas. Rogers, D. Tansey, ex-Ald. A. D. Fraser, ex-Ald. Conroy, J. Fallon, L. Barbeau, N. J. Power, J. Ward, H. Ward, J. E. Doyle, Joseph Doyle,

Geo. Carpenter, P. Carroll, also about one hundred members of Branch No. 26, C.M.B.A. To Mrs. Reynolds, the sorrowing widow, and other members of the family, the True Witness offers sympathy in their sad loss, R.I.P.

If a cough makes your nights sleepless and weary, it will worry you a good deal, and with good cause. To dispel the worry and give yourself rest try Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It exerts a soothing influence on the air passages and allays the irritation that leads to inflammation. It will subdue the most stubborn cough or cold, and eventually eradicate it from the system, as a trial of it will prove to you.

The Mother of a Priest.

Some time ago the Buffalo Union and Times commented editorially on a letter written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her son. Here is the letter: Dear Friend,—Bless, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty-five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it; I was foolish with joy; I felt him living by my side; I stretched out my hand toward him. I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I really possessed him.

Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and those of to-day, which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. To-day, I am the mother of a priest! Those hands that, when they were so small, I kissed with warmest love those hands are consecrated; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has developed, it is flooded with great truths; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now behold, it is consecrated to God. That body which I have cared for and protected, which has made me pass so many nights in tears, when sickness would rob me of my treasure—that body has become large and strong; behold, it is consecrated to God. That body has become the servant of a priest's soul; it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of Him, their God.

That heart, ah! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all the years—that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity. My son! my son! It is I who know his nature, and what priceless treasures are concentrated in his character; they will be his safeguard against the world and against himself. When in the secrecy of his priestly work God may put in his path some faltering soul, faltering or lost, he it is who will know how to find words to lift up that soul and make it trust in the goodness of God.

Oh, yes! my child will do good, he will be according to God's heart, he will be all charity. Yes, yes! I am the mother of a priest, of a true priest.

What shall I tell you of yesterday's ceremonies? I was there, but I saw nothing save only him; when he knelt, when he stood upright, when he lay prostrate, when he arose, when he passed away so recollected from beneath the hand of the Bishop—a priest forever!

And this morning he has said his first Mass, in the little chapel of a humble convent, where pure and loving hands had adorned the altar with lilies and roses, white and red; no pomp was there save the silent flowers and the modest low-lit candles; his server, a child, his congregation, I seemed alone—I, his mother and a few dear friends.

Ah! when they wish to paint the happiness of heaven should they not try to picture the happiness of a mother who sees God descend at the voice of her son, to a mother lost in adoration so deep that she has forgotten the world, forgotten that she lives, and who gazes upon but two objects, God and her own son.

At a certain moment I heard him move as he bent down before the sacred host. I prayed no longer, or at least I know not what to call my emotions. Yes! it was the ecstasy of a Christian mother. I was saying thanks, my God, thanks forevermore!

This priest, he was mine; it is I who formed him; his soul was lit up by mine. He is mine no longer, he belongs to Thee, O my God. Protect him from even the shadow of evil; he is the salt of the earth; keep him from being contaminated. My God I love Thee, and I love him, I respect him, I venerate him for he is Thy priest.

At the moment of communion the young server recites the confiteor; the celebrant has turned around, he has raised his right hand, it is the absolution which descends upon his mother.

My poor child, a sob has escaped him; he takes the holy ciborium, he has come to me; my son, he brings me my God. What a moment! What a union! God, His priest! What! Was I praying? In truth I cannot tell. My being was wrapt in a rapture that has no name. I was bathed in tears, tears of love and gratitude. I was saying in a low, subdued voice: "My God, my son!" Yes for one who is a mother I believe this was a prayer.

Oh! I am too happy. I shall never again complain. In my life there have been beautiful days; these were the most beautiful of all, these



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Chapeau Bridge, Piers, Abutments and Approaches," will be received at this office until 5.00 p.m. on Monday, February 28, 1910, for the construction of Piers, Abutments and Approaches for a Highway Bridge across the Culbute Channel of Ottawa River at Chapeau, Allumette Island, County of Pontiac, Que.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to the Postmasters at Chapeau, Que., and Pembroke Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500,000), which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, NAPOLEON TESSIER, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 27, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

cause unmingled with thoughts of earth. Adieu, I cannot write more, my tears flood this paper, they are the tears of my happiness.

Hope for the Chronic Dyspeptic.—Through lack of consideration for the body's needs many persons allow disorders of the digestive apparatus to endure until they become chronic filling days and nights with suffering. To these a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as a sure and speedy way to regain health. These pills are specially compounded to combat dyspepsia and the many ills that follow in its train, and they are successful always.

Old Irish Proverbs.

The ancient Kings, Brehons and Fileas of the Milesian Irish were men of great intelligence and wisdom, and the sayings of "Allmh foidhla," Fethil the Wise, Moran and Cormac MacArt were so many terse lessons of human wisdom, but, it may be information to the majority of the Irish public of the present day to state that many of our proverbs in present use are merely paraphrases of the old Milesian sayings. Annexed we give a list of genuine Irish proverbs, principally translated, and literally, from Hardman's Irish Minstrelsy, which show the similarity between them and modern English proverbs.

A blind man is no judge of colors. When the cat is out the mice will dance.

Even a fool has luck. Fierceness is often hidden under beauty.

There is often anger in a laugh. A good dress often hides a deceiver.

Fame is more lasting than life. A foolish word is folly. Mild to the meek. Cat after kind.

Hope consoles the persecuted. The satisfied forget the hungry. Long sleep renders a child inert. Hurry without waste.

Drunkenness is the brother of robbery. Hope is the physician of each misery.

It is difficult to tame the proud. Idleness is the desire of a fool. Look before you leap.

The end of a feast is better than the beginning of a quarrel. A wren in the hand is better than a crane out of it.

He who is out, his supper cools. The memory of an old child is long.

Everything is revealed by time. A cat can look at a king. Learning is the desire of the wise. Character is better than wealth.

Without treasure, without friends. A hungry man is angry. No man is wise at all times.

Every dark article is woman's desire. Wisdom exceeds strength. Wine is sweet; to pay for it bitter.

Sleep is the image of death. Enough is a feast. Death is the physician of the poor. Not every flatterer is a friend.

Among the questions in the geography paper was, "Name the seasons." One promising youth of eleven years wrote: "There are two seasons, masculine and feminine. The masculine is either temperate or intemperate; the feminine is either torrid or frigid."

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