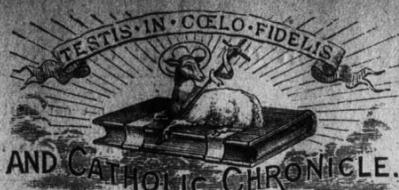


The True



Witness

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

PAPAL ENCYCLICAL

Addressed to the Catholics of France.

The Osservatore Romano, official organ of the Vatican, has just published the text of a most important encyclical addressed by the Pope to French Catholics. In this document, which was addressed to "Our Venerable Brothers, the Cardinals, Bishops and Clergy, and the French people," the Pontiff said that his chief object in addressing the faithful in France was to comfort them in their sufferings, which he felt deeply. There was, however, great consolation in the fact that the Catholics of France were united. The French Government's declaration of war was not only against the Christian faith, but against all spiritualities. The French Catholics must be prepared for all sorts of trials, but they were certain to achieve final victory. This meant the maintenance of their union with the Holy See, which was of the greatest importance, as shown by the enemies of the Church to dissolve this union. The Church did not desire a religious war involving violent persecutions. Being a messenger of peace, and carrying out her mission loyally, the Church did not willingly expose herself to war and persecutions, as she did not desire to see her children suffer. Regarding the ecclesiastical properties, the encyclical said, the Pope had not abandoned them. The French Government had imposed on the Catholics of France an organization which the Church was unable to accept without imperilling her existence as a divine institution. The Church could not prevent the unjust spoliation in progress. As for the proposed cultural associations, they were contrary to the ecclesiastical hierarchy given to the Church by the Divine Founder Himself. The Pope condemned them in spite of the material injuries involved at the hands of the Government. Besides, the law conferred on these associations, attributes regarding both the exercise of worship and possession and administration of church property, which appertain alone to ecclesiastical authority.

Finally, the associations are not only withdrawn from ecclesiastical jurisdiction, but are placed under civil authority. Continuing, the Pope said:

"We have been accused of prejudice and inconsistency. It has been said that we refused to approve in France what we had already approved in Germany. But this reproach is unjust and unfounded, for while the German law is commendable on many points, and was only accepted in order to avoid greater evils, the situations are most different. The German law explicitly recognizes the Catholic Hierarchy, which the French law does not.

"As to the annual declaration required for public worship, it did not offer the legal guaranty that the Church had the right to expect. Nevertheless, to obviate worse evils, the Church might have tolerated making declarations; but laying down that the clergy shall only be occupants of the churches, without the right to perform any administrative act in the exercise of their ministry, placed them in such a vague and humiliating position that the making of declarations could not be accepted.

"It remains to examine the law recently voted by the Chambers. From the point of view of church property, the law is a law of spoliation and confiscation, and has consummated the pillage of the Church. Although her Divine Founder was born poor in a stable, and died poor on the cross, and although she knows poverty from the cradle, the property she was possessed of nevertheless belonged to her, and no one had the right to deprive her of it. This ownership, indisputably hers from every point of view, has been officially sanctioned by the State.

"The statement that the Government disposed of the abandoned properties of the Church, is adding the decision to spoliation.

ORGANIZED ANARCHY.

"From the point of view of exercise of religion, the new law has organized anarchy. It installs a regime of uncertainty and arbitrariness. There is uncertainty as to whether the churches, which are always liable to disaffection, shall in the meanwhile be at the disposal of the clergy and the faithful. In each parish the priest will be in the power of the municipality, with the consequent possibility of conflicts. In addition, the clergy are under an obligation to meet the heaviest expenses, while their sources of revenue are subjected to the strictest limitations. The new law aggravates the law separating Church and State. We can only condemn it with precision and without ambiguity. Certain articles of the law throw new light on the real aims of our enemies. They wish to destroy the Church and dechristianize France, without attracting too closely the attention of the people. If their course was really popular, as they pretend it is, they would pursue it openly and take all the responsibility."

In conclusion, the Pope appealed to the judgment of history, which, he said, will recognize that the Papacy acted as it has done because it did not wish to humiliate any trivial officials or oppose any form of government, but defended, with all its strength, the work of the Divine Founder of the Church, demanding respect for the hierarchy and the inviolability of its property and liberty.

The Papacy wished to remind the world that "man must concern himself here below with higher ideals than the occurrences of everyday life, and that the supreme, inviolable joy of the human soul on earth is to accomplish its spiritual duty at all costs, and thus in spite of all, honor, serve and love God."

OTTAWA COUNCIL, KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS, PASS IMPORTANT RESOLUTION.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted by Ottawa Council, No. 485, Knights of Columbus, at its meeting on January 8th, 1907:

Whereas, the action of the French Government in enforcing the Separation Laws recently enacted against the Catholic Church, requires that drastic measures should be taken by Catholic societies and Catholics generally in entering their solemn protest against that government for the manner in which it is persecuting the Church in France;

And whereas the most effective means, in the opinion of this Council, to bring this persecuting government to a realization of the folly of its wilful plunder and desecration of the Church, is for the Catholics of this country to boycott all French manufactured goods and other commodities;

Therefore be it resolved that the members of this Council pledge themselves and their families to refrain from purchasing any goods of French manufacture until such time as the said government restores to the Church its full freedom and the property of which it has so wickedly been despoiled; and also pledge themselves to do all in their power to induce others to act in a similar manner.

A Small Pill, but Powerful.—They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. What it lacks in size it makes up in potency. The remedies which it carries are put up in these small doses, because they are so powerful that only small doses are required. The full strength of the extracts is secured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

Seumas MacManus in Montreal

Well Known Irish Author Discusses Literary, Social and Political Matters.

The chronicler of the fairies of Donegal is in this city. Seumas MacManus, the well known Irish author, whose name has of late been a very familiar one in American magazines, has reached this city in the course of his lecture tour of the United States and Canada, and is staying at the St. Lawrence Hall.

There is nothing fairy-like about Mr. MacManus's appearance. A powerful, well-built man, above the average height, spectacled, and with clean shaven face, excepting a heavy moustache, Mr. MacMands looks anything but the teller of charming fairy tales and stories of Irish life.

Neither does Seumas (which, by the way, is pronounced Shamus) talk like the poet of the "good people." On the contrary, Mr. MacManus talks of very serious subjects, such as the true inwardness and work of the Gaelic League and the revival it has fostered.

"The Gaelic revival has been a great thing for Ireland," he said to a reporter, "and no one can exaggerate the importance of its work in bringing to the Irish people a strong national feeling. This spirit is now stronger than at any time in the past hundred years, except perhaps in the days of the Young Irelanders in '48 and the Fenians in the sixties. In the past decade there passed over Ireland a wave of Anglicization which threatened to destroy everything distinctively Irish in the country, and this amounts to destroying everything beautiful, all those delightful characteristics and tender associations which endear Ireland to the heart. This, however has now been stopped in great measure, and a new feeling of co-operation for the advancement of Ireland and things Irish has been built up. This gratifying result is largely due to the efforts of the Gaelic League."

Mr. MacManus then referred to the political and social movement known as the Sinn Fein in the Gaelic language, but which in English is "Ourselves." It is a sort of Ireland for the Irish cult, whose theory is that the salvation of Ireland is to be worked out by Irishmen on Irish soil.

"We have hitherto occupied a very weak position in this respect," said Mr. MacManus. "We have been crying out that the English Government had no right to direct Irish affairs as it has done; we have called it unjust, and yet we have sent our representatives to London to assist in the work of misgovernment. The new movement would correct this and would concentrate the attention of Irishmen in Ireland, even going so far as to withdraw representatives from the Imperial Parliament."

At the same time, Mr. MacManus explains, there is an industrial side to this movement, which is of the very first importance. This movement is to lead Irishmen to patronize only Irish industries in so far as this is possible. The devotees of the new cult refuse to wear clothes, to smoke tobacco, to use ink or paper, which has not been manufactured on Irish soil. In this way it is hoped to build up Irish industries to such a point that there will no longer be any necessity for young Irishmen and women to emigrate to foreign lands to find suitable employment.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Michael O'Brien, who was recently ordained, has been appointed to the parish of Cote St. Paul.

MONTH'S MIND SERVICE.

A Month's Mind service will be sung in St. Patrick's Church on Friday, January 18, 1907, at 7 a.m., for the soul of the late Robert James Cherry, who died in Chicago, Dec. 18, 1906.

Hibernians on Record

Will Boycott Products of France Until Obnoxious Anti-Catholic Law is Repealed.

This is the position taken by the County Board of Directors of the A.O.H. for the County of Hochelaga:

"The Ancient Order of Hibernians of this country express their sorrow and indignation at the treatment accorded their co-religionists by the French Government, place themselves on record by refusing to purchase any article of French manufacture, unless same law is repealed and freedom of worship restored to the Catholics of France such as we enjoy in Canada and the United States of America."

It was decided to send copies of the resolution to the press and to H. Clemenceau, Premier of France. The A.O.H. has a membership of 350,000 in the United States and Canada alone, and represents 50,000 Irish Catholics in Montreal.

The resolution unanimously adopted by the directors was as follows:

"Whereas, the Government of France has set all laws of equity and justice at defiance in their persecution of the Catholic Church in France; and

"Whereas, Cardinals, Bishops and priests are fined, imprisoned, or expelled for celebrating Mass without first making an official declaration to the new law, said law being directly opposed to the principles and the dogmas and authority of the Catholic Church; soldiers break open seminaries and convents, and forcibly eject the inmates and confiscate the property of the Catholic Church; and,

"Whereas, there having been a bond of friendship of long standing between the French and the Irish, an appeal to the historic relations between both countries may have some effect, the Irish Catholics during to 100 years of persecution having been ever and always loyal to the authority of Rome;

"Therefore be it resolved, That the Ancient Order of Hibernians, representing 50,000 Irish Catholics of the city of Montreal, take this opportunity to express their sympathy to His Holiness Pope Pius X., and to assure him of their fidelity and loyal support in his wise determination to protect the integrity and authority of the Catholic Church, and to express the hope that an aroused public indignation from this country will cause the French Government to pause before taking a final and fatal step;

"And be it also resolved, That the Ancient Order of Hibernians of this city express their sorrow and indignation at the treatment accorded their co-religionists by the French Government, place themselves on record by refusing to purchase any article of French product or manufacture unless same law is repealed and freedom of worship restored to the Catholics of France such as we enjoy in Canada and the United States of America.

(Signed)

"PATRICK KEANE,
County President.

"THOS. HEAVERS,
County Secretary."

Manufacturing in Ireland.

Mr. John R. Carroll, of Dublin, and a prominent business man of that city, who is at present visiting Montreal, says that there is a flourishing industrial future before Ireland.

Mr. Carroll states that the industries of the province of Ulster have been long in very sound condition. It is only in the past fifteen or twenty years, however, that the industries of the provinces of Leinster and Munster have assumed any proportions. In Leinster is now situated the largest manufactory of agricultural implements in Ireland.

"As for Munster," continued Mr. Carroll, "Cork is now one of the most enterprising and go-ahead places in Ireland. It has quite a number of very flourishing industries, most

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

ALL DRUGGISTS, 25 and 60c. BOTTLE.

"TYPHOID"

This preparation puts the whole system in the best possible condition to avoid the above very prevalent malady and resist its enervating effects.

* A morning glass—a dessertspoonful in a tumbler of tepid water—you will not regret.

Women of the Capital

City Retaliates.

Eight Hundred of Them Resent Insult To Church

Ottawa, January 15.—With a view of retaliating on the French Government for its attitude towards the Catholic religion, a big meeting of the women of St. Patrick's Church solemnly promised to buy no more goods manufactured in France until satisfactory terms are made between the French Government and the Pope for the free exercise of religion in that country.

About 800 women were present at a meeting held in the church to consider a retaliatory measure, and without dissent from any of them a boycott was declared.

Episcopal Bishop of Maine Authorizes Protestant Churches to Pray for Catholics.

The Right Rev. Robert Codman, D.D., Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Maine, has authorized the churches in his diocese to offer a special prayer in behalf of the Catholic Church in France. The prayer is as follows:

"O Heavenly Father, behold in mercy our sister, the Catholic Church in France, and if it be Thy will that she meet with persecution, poverty and humiliation, let it be for her good and for Thy glory. Grant that she may seek her victory not in fame and glorious deeds, not in new wealth and luxury, not in the humiliation of her enemies nor in the triumph of her ambitions, but in the power of the sacramental life in the priest and people, in the family and in the home. We ask this in the name of our common Lord and Bishop of our souls, to Whom be all glory. Amen."

Seumas MacManus at Villa Maria.

At half-past two o'clock on Monday afternoon, in the grand hall of Villa Maria Convent, the students of the institution and a hundred or more sister students from several academies in the city, awaited the arrival of the renowned lecturer, novelist, folk-loreist and poet, Mr. Seumas MacManus, of Mount Charles, Co. Donegal, Ireland. A few minutes later he entered, accompanied by the Rev. C. Lamarche, chaplain, the Rev. T. Hefferan and Rev. G. McShane, S.S. The latter in a few cordial words of "Irish welcome" introduced Mr. MacManus.

For almost two hours the distinguished lecturer not only held the attention of his delighted hearers, but through the charms of his genial muse awakened in every heart a vibrant chord of true sympathy.

The readings from Mr. MacManus's own poems, and the selections from the poetry of the late Ethna Carbery, his young and gifted wife prematurely snatched from earth, were choice morsels from what critics on both sides of the Atlantic agree to call a high-class literary feast.

The lecture was in every way a marked success, and the groups of delighted young ladies and Sisters that thronged the parlors of Villa Maria about five o'clock on Monday afternoon were as one voice in their spontaneous congratulations and appreciative thanks to the gifted writer and lecturer.

Elegant as syrup, nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Judge Guerin's Brave Act.

A despatch from Ottawa states that Judge Guerin gave evidence of his bravery on Thursday last by stopping a runaway horse on Wellington street, thereby preventing possible injury to a number of little children who were in the act of crossing the street.

The judge was returning to his hotel from an interview with Mr. McGee, clerk of the Privy Council, in respect to his being sworn in. Just as he emerged from the eastern gate, the horse came running madly down the street. In an instant Judge Guerin rushed into the road and seized the animal by the bridle. He was dragged some twenty yards, but succeeded in halting the runaway when only a short distance from the children. Fortunately the judge escaped without injury.

Laval to Archbishop of Paris.

At the last meeting of the corporation of Laval University it was resolved to convey to Cardinal Archbishop Richard, Archbishop of Paris, the expression of the sympathy of Laval University Corporation over the recent events in the French capital and throughout that country. The different faculties and the student bodies in Laval and the affiliated schools having taken action in the same direction, the following cablegram was despatched by Archbishop Bruchesi:

"The administrators and governors of Laval University, Montreal, the professors and students of her four faculties, as well as the staffs of the affiliated schools, deploring the painful trial of the Church in France, offer to His Excellency the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, the expression of their deep sympathy and pray for the re-establishment of religious liberty in France."

(Signed) PAUL BRUCHESI,
Archbishop of Montreal,
Vice-Chancellor of Laval University.

ACTOR BECOMES PRIEST.

Rarely does the Garrick Theatre give an ecclesiastical student to Rome. This has now occurred, in the case of Mr. George Trollope, who has joined St. Bede's after nine years on the stage. He has been a Catholic for two. His age is 26. As a member of Mr. Tree's company Mr. Trollope took leading parts. Mr. Williamson, an architect and convert, has also entered the college. He is studying for the diocese of Southwark. Two other new arrivals are Mr. Murphy, a lay Catholic, and Mr. Roberts, a lay convert. In all there has been an increase of five in the college so far during the present scholastic year. The fifth is Father Barret, a priest of the diocese of Liverpool.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A woman who has taught herself to give up cheerfully, taking pleasure in the happiness of others, becomes generous in mind and heart, giving help to all with whom she associates. She is able to rise above the mean influence of gossip or scandal, for instance, because, being generous minded, she can give others the benefit of the doubt and the kindness of spirit that is part of generosity keeps her faith strong in the good and makes her doubt the bad. The spirit will go even farther, for if the bad is proved, it gives assistance either by word or act, not bitterly or grudgingly, but sweetly and kindly because of the generous nature that prompted. Much that passes for generosity is either indifference or a form of self conceit. No desirable reputation is more easy to gain than one for generosity, as a woman may, by sending castoff gowns to poor relatives, giving money or other gifts to friends or philanthropies, and in other such ways being quoted as a person who gives. This may not be generosity, though undoubtedly it is giving, and it is pleasant and gratifying to be known as a benefactor, no matter in how limited a way. Indifference that passes for generosity is that form of giving that is done because it is expected and it is easier to give than to refuse. True generosity lies deeper than either of these, and with it is happiness.

TALENT MUST BE CULTIVATED.

A talent is next to worthless unless one has an ability to get down to plain every day hard work. The painter, the singer, the writer must study and toil else they will ever stand still in the ranks of mediocrity. The public fancies that the successful individual merely sits down and writes of paints or sketches and that's all there is to it. Success is usually preceded by years of driving, grinding hardship and work. Certainly, any talent should be cultivated. To neglect this is like having a gift of a beautiful plant and throwing it aside. A girl who can write clever letters, who is bright and witty, has every chance of making a name for herself. But she must not imagine that the road will be easy, or that good luck will immediately furnish her with an automobile, so she will get over the track more quickly. She must plod for time.

QUALITIES UNLIKE IN THE SEXES.

"A man is a man down to his thumbs and a woman is a woman down to her little toes," writes Dr. Havelick Ellis in his book "Men and Women." There is hardly a measurable quality of any sort which is not unlike in the two sexes. Women even button their garments on the other side from that chosen by men and choose Sunday instead of Monday for making way with themselves. So far as laboratory tests go Dr. Ellis says that women are unquestionably superior in general tactile sensibility and probably superior in the discrimination of tastes with no advantage either way in the case of the other senses. Women have better memories, read more rapidly, bear pain better, recover better from wounds and serious illness, are less changed by old age and live longer.

BOATS FROM EGG SHELLS.

Save the egg shells for your little folks to play with. They will answer nicely for a miniature fleet of boats, and if a man cut out of paper sits in the boat so much the better. This with the sea—a small pan of water—in which to sail the boats, will delight any child, and if the boats are going across the ocean to China for tea, or on a charitable mission, so much the better.

Remember these simple things are baby's first school.—Mother's Magazine.

WHAT PARENTS SHOULD NOT NEGLECT.

Parents, even in a humble cottage home, should pay attention to the conduct and manners of their children at meal times. They cannot tell what position they will fill in after life, and a man or woman who is ignorant of the most simple laws of table etiquette is handicapped. Were the parents to deprive the child who conveys its food to its mouth with a knife, who drinks its tea from the saucer, or who sticks its elbows out at right angles, the lesson so taught would never be forgotten.—Woman's Life.

HER TWO IN HEAVEN.

"You have two children," said I. "I have four," was the reply; "two on earth and two in heaven." Thus spoke the mother! Still hers, only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved and cherished by the hearts and at the board—their places not yet filled, even though their successes rest upon the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed. "Two in heaven!"

Safely housed from storm and tempest. No sickness there, nor fading eye, nor weary feet. By the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold. "Two in heaven!"

Earth less attractive; eternity nearer; maternal cords drawing the soul upward. Still, small voices ever whispered, "Come!" to the world-weary spirit. "Two in heaven!"

Mother of angels, walk softly; holy eyes watch thy footsteps; cherub forms bend to listen! Keep thy spirit free from earthly taint; so thou shalt go to them as they cannot return to thee.

FAMOUS ROMAN FAMILY.

The Gaetani family had eight Cardinals. They claim descent from Amalio of the early Roman empire, and for ten centuries were one of the most powerful families in Rome. Their palace, which still remains in the family, is among the show places of the city and is described by Marion Crawford in his "Saracenesca novels."

CONFIDENCE UNSOUGHT.

"Do you know what I love you best for?" said a woman whose domestic burdens were almost beyond bearing, to the friend to whom she had been giving a partial confidence. "Because you never ask any questions." How many more hearts might have the relief that comes from sympathy and expression if only this immunity from questioning could be assured! But few griefs and perplexities, and those not the most poignant, can fittingly be poured forth without reserve. The friendship that will respect one's reticences that will not seek, by word or gaze or guess, to overpass the line one's self-respect has drawn, is more rare than it should be. To betray a confidence is recognized as a breach of honor. To force one is almost as base.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't find fault. Don't hunt for unpleasant things. Don't believe all the evil you hear. Don't repeat unverified evil reports. Don't jest at anybody's religious views. Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position. Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it. Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you. Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right. Don't wander away from the strict line of veracity for the sake of "clinching an argument." Don't do it.

Minister Speaks to Mothers

Tells His Wife's Experience for the Sake of Other Sufferers.

The following letter has been sent to Dr. T. A. Sloum, Ltd., for publication.

Dr. T. A. Sloum, Limited.—Dear Sirs: Within the last two years my wife (who is of a delicate constitution) has had two severe attacks of influenza, both of which have been speedily corrected by the use of Psychine. We have such faith in the efficiency of your remedies that as a family we use no other. For toning up a debilitated system, however run down, restoring to healthy action the heart and lungs, and as a specific for all wasting diseases, your Psychine and Oxomulsion are simply peerless. Yours sincerely, Rev. J. J. Rice, 51 Walker Avenue, Toronto.

PSYCHINE, Pronounced Si-keen, is a scientific preparation, having wonderful tonic properties acting directly upon the Stomach, Blood and weak organs of the body, quickly restoring them to strong and healthy action. It is especially adapted for people who are run down from any cause, especially Coughs, Colds, Catarrh, LaGrippe, Pneumonia, Consumption and all stomach or organic troubles. It has no substitute.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

is for sale at all dealers, at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, or write direct to Dr. T. A. Sloum, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto.

There is no other remedy "Just as Good" as PSYCHINE.

Dr. Roof's Kidney Pills are a sure and permanent cure for Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Pain in the Back and all forms of Kidney Trouble. 25c per box, at all dealers.

MAKE YOURSELF A NEST!

Make yourself nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us as yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palace we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity.—Ruskin.

TIMELY HINTS.

A large ink spot was removed from a light colored Axminster carpet by the application of common kitchen sandsoap with a soft cloth that had been wrung nearly dry.

Grease may be removed from the leaves of a book by sponging the part with ether or benzine, and then placing it between two sheets of blotting paper, and quickly and lightly passing a hot flatiron over it.

Tightened fruit-tin lids, crust stoppers and mineral water screw tops are sometimes almost immovable. An easy plan to remove them is to take a piece of common sandpaper, and cover the lid or stopper. Turn sharply, and the top will at once become loosened.

Grime on the hands should be removed with methylated spirit, and paint or tar by rubbing in butter or lard. When the stains are loosened, wipe the hands as clean as may be with soft paper or rag, and then give them a good washing with soap and warm water.

Lumps of fresh charcoal tied inside of fish nets and hung wherever there is a convenient place is a marvelous power to remove all bad odors in the cellar. As its power is strictly proportioned to its freshness, which heating restores, the charcoal bags must be taken down each week and emptied, the charcoal heated and returned to the bag, which in turn are replaced.

Lisle thread stockings should be washed in tepid water tinted with a little blue and soap should only be used for the feet. Rinse in clear water, allowing a piece of ammonia the size of a bean to every gallon of water. Dry quickly in the sun.

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanston, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

fresh air, but not in the sun. If this is impossible, roll up tightly and wring in a clean cloth, letting a fold of the cloth come between each fold of the stocking.

Externally or Internally, it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil opens the pores and penetrates the tissue as few ointments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still irritate in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

FUNNY SAYING.

Marjorie was on a visit to her grandmother on the farm. One day her mother asked her to run to the barn and call grandpa to dinner. She started, but, spying a cow in the lot, ran back, crying, "O mamma, there's a cow out there." "Why, Marjorie, that's a mooley cow. She can't harm you, for she hasn't any horns." "But, mamma," exclaimed the child, "she might butt me with her pompadour!"

HE KNEW.

Schoolmaster (at end of object lesson)—Now, can any of you tell me what is water? Small and Grubby Urchin—Please, teacher, water's what turns black when you puts your 'ands in it!

"Some women," said Uncle Eben, according to a writer in the Washington Star, "not only wants deir own way, but dey wants de privilege of blamin' deir husbands foh lettin' 'em have it if it don' turn out right."

Once a Scotchman was visiting New York, and coming across a statue of Washington stood gazing at it. Just then a Yankee came up and said to Sandy, "There's a good man; a lie never passed his lips." "No," said the Scotchman, "I suppose he talked through his nose, like the rest of you."

FEMININE ECONOMY.

The following letter was received from his sister by a New Yorker who was away from home on a visit: "I am sending by mail a parcel containing the golf-club you wanted. As the brass buttons are heavy a I have cut them off to save postage. Your loving sister,

"P.S.—You will find the buttons in the right-hand pocket of the coat." —Harper's Weekly.

A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

An engineer, employed for forty-eight years on Western railroads, says, in the Davenport (Iowa) Democrat, that although he has had some narrow escapes, he has never been hurt in a wreck. The story of one of his escapes is interesting and peculiar. One day in 1863 he had left Stockton, bound east. The train was carrying a lot of green wood, cut the day before, but on the back end of the tender there was some dry wood for use in climbing a steep grade.

"My fireman was back after some of that dry wood, and down where he couldn't see me or the engine. I got down on the deck and stood with one foot on the front end of the tender and the other on the sill of the engine deck, taking a look into the fire. Just at that instant the engine parted from the tender and shot away ahead.

"Of course, I went down between engine and tender, clear to the ground between the rails. "I didn't think; I grabbed and caught the safety chains at the front end of the tender. We were running only four or five miles an hour, but that was enough. I pulled myself up and climbed up into the tender, and just then the fireman looked forward from the rear over the pile of wood he had been heaving up.

"What's the matter? Is she slipping?" he asked. "Yes, she's slipping," I said. "There she goes!" "Her smoke was a mile ahead of us. She ran a good seven miles, and there we found her, without fire, water or steam.

"After she was on the pit in the roundhouse, we put a plank across the pit in front of the tender and cut her loose from it. There wasn't a man in the house that could start off that plank, holding to the chains, and climb up into the tender; and when I tried to myself there in the house, I couldn't do it, either. But the fireman and I both knew that the thing happened."

THE POET'S CORNER

THE IRISH PIPES.

I heard the piper playing, The piper old and blind, And knew its secret saying— The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling, Lapping from stone to stone, The wood-dove crying and calling, Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather Ring in the summer breeze, Soft stir of fur and feather And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning Into the dim gray lands Where there is no returning, Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning I saw my dead again, All in a happy mooning Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary, Your pipes upon your knee, If I should tell my story, The things you piped to me.

The folk would leave their selling, And bid their buying go, If I could but be telling The things you let me know. —Katherine Tynan Hinkson.

THE REWARD OF SERVICE.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed, Whose deeds, both great and small, Are close-knit strands of an unbroken thread,

Where love ennobles all. The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;

The Book of Life the shining record tells. Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes After its own life working. A child's kiss

Set on thy singing lips shall make thee glad; A poor man helped by thee shall make thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong; Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense.

Of service that thou renderest. —Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

THE WINGS OF A DOVE.

At sunset, when the rosy light was dying

Far down the pathway of the west I saw a lonely dove in silence flying, To be at rest.

"Pilgrim of air," I cried, "could I but borrow Thy wandering wings, thy freedom blest,

I'd fly away from every care-full sorrow And find my rest."

But when the dusk a filmy veil was weaving,

Back came the dove to seek her nest, Deep in the forest where her mate was grieving— There was the true rest.

DAILY FADING AWAY.

The Story of a Woman Made well by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Bad blood means bad health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills mean good health. They actually make new, rich blood which strengthens every nerve and every organ in the body. That is why people who use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feel bright, active and strong. Mrs. Arthur Harnigan says: "For nearly three years I suffered from anæmia (bloodlessness) and during that time consulted and took medicine from several doctors, without beneficial results. My complexion was of a waxy appearance, my lips and gums seemed bloodless. I suffered from headaches, dizziness and palpitation of the heart. My appetite was so poor that I did not care whether I ate or not and I grew so weak, and was so much reduced in flesh that my friends thought I was in consumption. As I have said I doubted

Peace, heart of mine! No longer sigh to wander; Lose not thy life in fruitless quest, There are no happy islands over yonder; Come home to rest. —Henry Van Dyke.

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills and far away A little boy steals from his morning play,

And under the blossoming apple tree He lies and he dreams of the things to be;

Of battles fought and of victories won, Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done—

Of the valor that he shall prove some day, Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away It's oh, for the toll the livelong day! But it mattered not to the soul aflame

With a love for riches and power and fame! On, oh man! while the sun is high— On to the certain joys that lie Yonder where blazeth the noon of day!

Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away An old man lingers at close of day; Now that his journey is almost done His battles fought and his victories won—

The old-time honesty and truth, The trustfulness and the friends of youth, Home and mother—where are they? Over the hills and far away— Over the hills and far away!

—Eugene Field.

KISS THEM GOOD-NIGHT. The tales are told, the songs are sung, The evening romp is over,

And up the nursery stairs they climb, With little buzzing tongues that chime Like bees among the clover.

Their busy brains and happy hearts Are full of crowding fancies; From song and tale and make-believe

A wondrous web of dreams they weave, And airy child romances.

The starry night is fair without, The new moon rises slowly, The nursery lamp is burning faint, Each white-robed like a little saint, Their prayers they murmur slowly.

Good-night! The tired heads are still, On pillows oft reposing, The dim and dizzy mists of sleep About their thoughts begin to creep; Their drowsy eyes are closing.

Good-night! While through the silent air The moonbeams pale are streaming They drift from daylight's noisy shore,

Blow out the light and shut the door, And leave them to their dreaming.

without benefit, until the last doctor whom I consulted advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I followed his advice, and less than a dozen boxes have made me the well woman I am to-day. All the symptoms of my trouble have vanished and I enjoy the very best of health. I know there are hundreds of women who are drifting into the same condition I was, and to all such I would strongly urge the immediate use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do not act upon the bowels; they do not tinker with mere symptoms; they go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney troubles, headaches and backaches, St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments that afflict so many women and growing girls. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

President Benjamin S. Styles, comes from the same place.

OUR BY A

Dear Girls and Boys: I am so disappointed, but Maude C. took into the coming competition in their suggestions. I it open another week, the 19th. I know you having such a good time Christmas and New Year that you could hardly be think about the "Corner" ever, I want all my girls to put on their thinking when tell me what sort of things they would like to member, now. Have all gessions in by Saturday inst. Love to all my girls and nephews.

AUNT BECKY: It gave me great pleasure that you intend having a petition for the boys and as you kindly asked us something which would propose a composition of object you may wish to give been trying to study that school and would be pleased a specimen of my efforts. Hoping it will meet with approval and also of my little. Your loving niece, M. A. Quebec, Jan. 4, 1907.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS: I'm twins, I guess, 'cause I'm two little girls. An' Is Good little girl, an' Is Bad little girl as she An' Ma says so 'most every when My doll won't mind, an' W'y, nen my ma she so An' say, "Dear Good I good-by! Bad little girl's comed he I remain,

Last time 'at ma act' th I cried all to myself an' An' get my doll all fix' An' go in where ma's at "Morning to you, momm' Where's that Bad little here? Bad little girl's goned c An' Good little girl's com stay."

A WORD TO THE B SMOKES CIGARETT. A word to you, sonny— twelve or thirteen year old is smoking cigarettes. What do you want to be grow up—a stalwart, health-ous, broad-shouldered man, little, puny, measley, no-minded dude? If you want, strong like a man, your face, brains in your and muscles in your limbs, let those cigarettes alone. Want to be a thing pitiful folks, despised by the in contempt by the fellow right on smoking.—Hustler

AN HONORED QUEEN. She doesn't wear a costly decorated with precious stones as most queens are usually to wear. She doesn't sit great throne nor hold a her hand. She doesn't dress sunny days in a handsome but surely no queen was lously guarded, more tenderly over, or more carefully and cared for from baby's maturity than this little And it is doubtful if a had more loyal subjects or faithful retinue of servants upon her than this same Queen. Indeed I think there are sovereigns whose subjects loyal and true to them as Queen Bee. Little Queen is very wonderful creature. ages and controls a whole of many hundreds of busy bustling little fellows, seem to think there is any this world to be idle, for as the first warm days of come they hasten out of where they have kept them closely during the winter and go to work gathering from the flowers with strength as though it were day they had for getting instead of there being a winter of long, sunny days them in which to gather their store.

The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's, Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents Bottle.

LUBY'S

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY

Dear Girls and Boys:

I am so disappointed that no one but Maude C. took interest enough in the coming competition to send in their suggestions. I shall leave it open another week, that is, until the 19th. I know you have been having such a good time during the Christmas and New Year vacation that you could hardly be expected to think about the "Corner." However, I want all my girls and boys to put on their thinking caps and then tell me what sort of competition they would like to have. Remember, now, have all your suggestions in by Saturday, the 19th inst. Love to all my little nieces and nephews,

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It gave me great pleasure to hear that you intend having another competition for the boys and girls, and as you kindly asked us to suggest something which would please us, I propose a composition on any subject you may wish to give. I have been trying to study that branch in school and would be pleased to give a specimen of my efforts.

Hoping it will meet with your approval and also of my little cousins,
Your loving niece,
MAUDE C.
Quebec, Jan. 4, 1907.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

I'm twins, I guess, 'cause my ma says I'm two little girls. An' one o' me is Good little girl, an' the other'n she calls Bad little girl as she can be. An' ma says so 'most every day. An' she's the funniest ma! 'Cause when my doll won't mind, an' I 'st cry, Wy, nen my ma she sob and sigh, An' say, "Dear Good little girl, good-by!" Bad little girl's comed here again! I remain,

Last time 'at ma act' that a-way, I cried all to myself awhile. Out on the steps, an' nen I smile, An' get my doll all fix' in style, An' go in where ma 's at an' say: "Morning to you, mommy dear! Where's that Bad little girl wuz here? Bad little girl's goned clean away, An' Good little girl's comed back to stay."
—James Whitcomb Riley.

HOW ONE MAN CHOOSES BOYS.

A gentleman who has charge of 200 boys in a large department store loves to talk about boys.

"How do you choose your boys?" was asked.

"My first question is: 'Who is the boy?' You see, it all depends upon the boy himself. You can judge the boy better from his appearance, his manner, his dress and the way he comes into an office than from any description of him. Character shows forth in little things; you can't hide it. I take boys by what you might almost term first impressions. I have 'sized him up' before he enters the office, the respectful and self-respectful way in which he meets my look and questions giving me an idea of his bringing up and the stuff he has in him. As to appearances, I look at once for these things: Polished shoes, clean clothes and clean finger-nails. Good clothes are not requisites. A boy's clothes may be ragged, his shoes may have holes in them, yet his appearance may still give evidence of a desire to be neat. I will not employ a cigarette smoker if I know it. As for reference, a boy's teacher is the best reference that he can have. The recommendation which a good boy in our employ gives a boy applying for a position always receives marked consideration. A cash boy's first advance is to stock boy, office boy or cadet. A stock boy attends to the work of whatever stock he is in. A cadet is general utility boy. An office boy works around some one of the offices of the house. We promote according to merit, length of service, or combined. Whenever possible we try to give our oldest employees preference, but if another boy who has not been here as long as another shows greater fitness for a vacancy, in justice to the house and the boy, he gets it. A cash boy gets \$2.50 a week; when he has been here three months, \$3; if he has shown marked ability, \$3.50.

They talked a good deal in German, some approving and some condemning, while Bonny and Liese stood aside partly comprehending, and Liese at any rate wishing it was all over.

Then Herr Hausmann took them into a room where a number of gentlemen were assembled, and explained to them the state of the case, with his proposal to introduce the child violinist as a substitute for his father, who was lying dangerously ill.

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But Herr Bruder had many friends and but few enemies among his musical brethren, so though some of them opposed the plan, thinking that they should rather have been given the place of honor, the majority were ready and anxious to put forward his little son and pupil, and to give him the benefit of such an opportunity of entering upon his father's life.

Presently a little fellow in a white sailor costume, with a very pale face, and round bead-like eyes, holding a violin in his hand, was, to the astonishment of the large assembly, handed on to the big platform.

They clapped him vociferously, and laughed good-naturedly, wondering what the little interlude meant, for no one dreamed that this mite of a child was intended as one of the performers.

Liese was taken to the piano. She also looked very pale, and was trembling violently, but she remembered what her uncle had said, and turned her head away from the people. Bonny was tuning up, and the first thing that Liese observed was that he did not seem to be able to get in tune. "Johann," she said softly, when he took the bow as if he were about to begin, "that isn't right a bit; can't you hear how sharp you have got it?"

"What?" he asked, turning round to her, while several of the gentlemen looking on glanced at one another, and Herr Hausmann smiled across to them reassuringly. "You're not in tune," she said again.

"Strike the note louder, then," he said abruptly. "I couldn't hear it." Liese did so. "What can be the matter with him?" she said to herself. "I believe he's frightfully nervous, worse than I am."

"Johann, you're not in tune now," she said in despair, when he had tried again.

Then a gentleman came forward and took the violin from the child's hands. "Keep cool, my little man," he said kindly, as he twanged the strings, and turned the pegs to the proper point. "There is nothing to fear, if only you keep cool." Then he put the violin into Bonny's hands, and the little fellow moved to his music-stand ready to begin.

He turned his head round to Liese with a look of intense distress during the few bars she had to play before he began.

"Little one, you shall not go unless you wish," Herr Bruder replied tenderly.

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Bonny stared at her blankly. She thought he was cross and would not answer. He had not heard.

All the way she thought he was in a very disagreeable temper. He sat in the railway carriage holding his violin in his arms, and never speaking a word. Liese thought it too bad, when she had come so much against her own wish, really only because he so much wanted her to.

Herr Hausmann was waiting at the terminus to receive them. Now Bonny had taken a violent dislike to this man, and was barely civil to him. When spoken to, he answered in the short, sharp manner of days past, and sometimes he simply stared stupidly. Liese thought she had

never seen him look so silly, and she began to wonder whether he was really nervous. She was quite as much vexed with as sorry for him, because he would come, and had talked so grandly, that it was his own fault, and really almost served him, right. Poor Bonny! How little anyone guessed what was troubling that precocious mind!

Well, at last the hour for the rehearsal drew near. Herr Hausmann's carriage came to the door, and into it stepped his wife, himself, and the two children, with a huge parcel of music. When they arrived at the place of performance it was already nearly filled, for a large number of people had been allowed to purchase tickets who would not be able to get places on the evening of the concert.

Bonny glanced swiftly around the hall with a troubled frown on his face that did not render it prepossessing.

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Everyone saw the child's nervousness, and pitied him. His eyes were fixed on Liese's fingers for a few moments, and then he turned to the audience and began.

He now kept his eyes firmly on his music, and by the concentrated expression of his young face seemed to be bending all his energies to the task before him, and yet—Herr Hausmann could have torn his hair with rage and disappointment. The playing was correct as far as it went, but the exquisite tone, the delicate soft passages, the clear brilliancy that had so impressed him before—where were they?

It was not Liese's fault. She had done her part wonderfully well, even hiding mistakes of time that Bonny had made, by her own presence of mind. When the performance was ended it was Liese who received the lion's share of applause.

"Well my dear Herr, it is fair playing for a child," one of the critics said to Herr Hausmann, "but I see nothing about it to warrant an introduction to the public. He is a brave little fellow, and may do something yet."

"I tell you he can do then, twenty, a hundred times better than that. The child is frightened. He will get over it. Let him try again."

"By all means," the critic said, shrugging his shoulders. "I am ready to grant the facility of execution he displays, but I should say the musical ear was deficient."

Then others joined in, and there was a buzz of conversation.

Liese and Bonny were standing aside, awaiting the signal; Bonny frowning horribly and looking so fierce, that Liese did not like to tell him how badly he had played.

It was decided they were to try again.

"Don't think of the people," Liese said kindly. "I forgot all about them; I was only thinking about you, Johann."

"You might have played a little louder."

"Why, Johann, you shouldn't have played so loudly yourself. It sounds so scrappy. You never play like that at home. I'd play just as you always do, if I were you. I'm sure they'd hear all right."

Bonny said nothing, only frowning a trifle more than he had been doing before. Once more he faced the audience and did his best, but this time he kept on taking furtive glances at the people. He knew he was not doing well, but he plodded on bravely until the end was reached, when he rushed from the platform to the welcome refuge of the artists' room, without waiting for applause or criticism.

"Sir," he said to Herr Hausmann, who came after him, "it is no good, I cannot play."

Herr Hausmann was furious at his disappointment. "Your father will then fulfil his engagement to me," he said, with an expression of countenance that made Bonny glare at him, although he had not heard the words.

"Liese," he exclaimed, when she joined him. "I cannot stay here; I must go home."

"But, Johann, that is not possible until to-morrow," Liese said.

"You needn't come, but I will go, I tell you. I am going to make them take me to the station."

Liese did not think he meant it, but only that he was cross and disappointed; but when she and Madame Hausmann were ready to go, Bonny had disappeared. "He was so bent on going home that I let him have his way," she told Liese. "I directed the servant who went with him to telegraph to your aunt to send to meet him."

This the servant carefully forgot, so when Bonny arrived at the little station he knew so well he found himself alone; but it was a relief to the poor child's pent-up feelings to tear along the familiar roads, even though it was dark, and he might well have been alarmed.

When at last he reached home he did not wait to explain to the astonished maid the mystery of his unexpected presence, but went straight upstairs to the professor's room.

Herr Bruder was sitting near the fire in a large invalid chair filled with soft pillows and blankets, and Bonny ran straight to him and threw himself down by his side, crying bitterly all the time.

"Herr Papa," he cried, in tones of distress. "I could not play a bit. I did try. It wasn't my fault. Something was wrong. I couldn't hear right."

"How did you get back, Johann?" Herr Bruder asked, scarcely heeding the child's rapid speech. Bonny did not reply. The Herr Papa repeated his question. Bonny lifted his drooping head and looked questioningly into the kind face.

"What did you say to me, Herr

Frank E. Donovan

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Papa?"

Again the question was asked. "Get back? Yes, I would come. I do not like Herr Hausmann, and I wanted you."

He had only heard vaguely after all. The truth flashed on Herr Bruder with an awful shock. Bonny had suddenly become deaf.

CHAPTER XVI.—BONNY'S FEARS REALIZED.

Bonny, looking intently at the professor's face, saw the expression that came suddenly into it.

"Herr Papa," he cried passionately, "you know I did try, don't you? I wanted to play more than anything, but it was like wool in my ears, and my little violin wouldn't speak at all. When I touched it softly no sound came from it."

"It was not the violin, my Johann," the Herr Papa said sadly; but Bonny did not hear a word. He seemed, however, to guess the professor's thoughts, for he went on rapidly, "You did tell me a long time ago, about a poor man whose ears were shut, that never heard his beautiful music any more. Are my ears shut too, Herr Papa?"

The distressed face Bonny was watching told its own tale.

Bonny glanced round the room till his eyes rested on the professor's violin, which was never very far away from its owner. He jumped up and brought it to Herr Bruder.

"Play to me," he said abruptly.

The professor took the instrument in his hand and played a few strains, Bonny all the while listening, with his head thrust forward and his brow wrinkled into a deep frown.

"Herr Papa," he cried suddenly, "I shall, I must, I will hear you play. I won't have my ears shut; I'll—I'll—"

The sentence ended in a sob of rage, and the next moment Bonny was rolling on the floor, beating the ground in one of his old fits of frenzy.

The whole scene was terribly distressing to the tender heart of the sick man, who made painful efforts to disentangle himself from the invalid chair, that he might soothe the passionate little creature. For a moment Bonny looked up and saw what he was doing. He jumped up and flew out of the room.

A touch of the bell brought Madame Bruder, who quickly discovered what had happened, and went in search of the child. It was a long time before she could soothe him sufficiently to divert his attention from himself to her. When she had done so she wrote down on a slate "Things that come quickly, go quickly. Herr Papa's good doctor will, perhaps, open Johann's ears quite easily."

This quieted him a little, and at last, worn out with all the terror and excitement of that day, he fell asleep in the little mother's arms. She had next to soothe and comfort her husband, whom she found greatly distressed and cast down. "It is my fault," he said, "to have rested content without having a doctor always to watch the child. The blow has come when I least looked to feel it, and the child's life is ended. The great genius that is in him will die without speaking. This is to break my heart."

"Ah, no," his wife said; "you are

quick. Wait to see what the doctors say. It may be a passing thing, and all will be well again."

"Heaven grant it," he replied; but he had not much hope, and for the rest of that evening and night his mind dwelt upon the sad future that lay before the passionate-hearted child.

So that next morning he was not so well, for the fever had again mounted high.

Bonny came to see him as soon as he was up, but was not allowed to stay, yet on the bed he had seen a letter which troubled him.

"Did Herr Hausmann write to Herr Papa?" he asked of Madame.

Madame nodded. Bonny guessed quickly what Herr Hausmann wanted.

"Little mother, you will not let him say 'Yes' to that bad man, will you?"

Madame shook her head, but not very decidedly, for she knew that, gentle as the professor was, no one could turn him from what he considered to be a duty.

Bonny passed a miserable day. He was not allowed to be with Herr Bruder, and could not have much of Madame's society. The kind doctor came and looked at Bonny's ears, and advised Madame Bruder to consult without delay a special ear doctor in Berlin.

Liese came home and had to be told, and although she was, dreadfully sorry and very kind, her very sympathy made Bonny more cross and irritable, for his heart was full of anger and mortification, wanting only the slightest touch to make it blaze out again. And the next day the grand concert was to be given.

To Bonny's surprise he was prepared for a journey, and when he had on all his nicest clothes Madame and Liese came downstairs also dressed. Luggage was brought into the hall, and the carriage drove up to the door, and last of all there came down the stairs, leaning on the arm of Fritz, his attendant, the Herr Papa himself.

Bonny glanced swiftly at his face, which was not at all the laughing, happy face the children knew so well. Then when the professor had been tucked up with rugs and cushions in the carriage, Fritz brought the violin, and Bonny knew all.

His face was puckered into a dreadful frown the whole way along; but he said nothing. A railway carriage had been engaged for the party, and here again the professor was rolled up in rugs by the careful Fritz. Bonny curled himself upon the broad seat by the Herr Papa's side, and laid his head on one of the Papa's cushions, and there he remained the whole time, the frown never once departing from his forehead.

At the grand hotel to which they went a number of people had assembled to welcome the great player. Bonny watched with eager pride the enthusiastic way they pressed forward to greet him, although he could not hear a word that was said, but the child's eyes were continually fixed on the face of his friend with an intensity of watchfulness that many people noticed, saying to each other—

"He has an old thoughtful face, but how sad he looks, and he is wrapped up in his father."

To be Continued.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

Before they started they both went into Herr Bruder's room. "Johann," he said to Bonny, "I would not have chosen for you yet to play in public. That is a life not fitted for a little child like you, but I see that this may be a great opportunity for you, better than any I could devise. Go, my little one, and do your best. Think only of your music, and shut your eyes to the people. Think, too, that the composer is standing near, listening for you to do him justice, and ask the Father of all music to let His angels guide your hand."

To Liese's intense astonishment, Bonny caught hold of the Professor's hand, which was lying on the coverlet, with a look almost of terror in his face. "Herr Papa, Herr Papa," he cried suddenly. "I am so frightened. Oh, I must tell you—" then he stopped short and stood there perfectly silent, with a curious look on his young face.

"Little one, you shall not go unless you wish," Herr Bruder replied tenderly.

"I do want to go," Bonny replied quickly. "I will go."

"It is a wonderful child," Herr Bruder said, when they had departed. "It is the stuff of which genius is made. He will not be cast down by any difficulty."

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Bonny stared at her blankly. She thought he was cross and would not answer. He had not heard.

All the way she thought he was in a very disagreeable temper. He sat in the railway carriage holding his violin in his arms, and never speaking a word. Liese thought it too bad, when she had come so much against her own wish, really only because he so much wanted her to.

Herr Hausmann was waiting at the terminus to receive them. Now Bonny had taken a violent dislike to this man, and was barely civil to him. When spoken to, he answered in the short, sharp manner of days past, and sometimes he simply stared stupidly. Liese thought she had

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous; weak and worn out; and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

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The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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NOTE WELL.—Matter for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907.

ANONYMOUS MISREPRESENTATION.

One of the cheering things in connection with the misrepresentation of the Papacy and the situation in France is that the Protestant world appears to have lost some of its taste for enlightenment by anonymous authorities who call themselves Catholics.

But the anonymous "Catholic" is never a bigot. Oh, no! In the current number of the North American Review one of these masked "Catholics" cuts loose with more than the ordinary degree of freedom.

"Abominable traditions that have disgraced the Roman See and alienated from it the most progressive nations of the world."

"One will have to turn back to some of the most despotic Papal reigns to find a parallel to the bigotry, cruelty, hatred of truth and defiance of civilization which characterizes the Papacy of this hour."

"This good man (Pius X.) has been perverted and overcome by the venerable sham of the traditions of his chair."

these days that intelligent Protestants can no longer be classed among the uninitiated, and the article in The Evening Post is a vindication of Protestant intelligence.

We should be glad to see the example of the Post followed in other quarters nearer home. We should not be surprised if the North American Review article were gulped down with avidity by our friend the Daily Witness.

A CHAPTER FROM IRISH HISTORY.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts, the husband of the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts, shares with Lord Eversleigh, better known as Mr. Shaw Lefevre, the intense dislike of the Stock Exchange patriots in and out of Parliament who provoked the Boer war.

Sir Francis Burdett, in 1817, before he became associated with O'Connell, had a strange experience in Ireland of being one of the principal figures in one of the most sensational trials for murder in Irish annals.

"The acquittal of Roger O'Connor was due to the fact that that gentleman had discovered, by means now unknown, that Leonard MacNally the counsel who defended all the Irish State prisoners whose liberty and lives were in peril, and betrayed their cases for bribes to the Crown Prosecutors, was a traitor."

Controversy is so common these days that intelligent Protestants can no longer be classed among the uninitiated, and the article in The Evening Post is a vindication of Protestant intelligence.

of the case, which he knew would be forwarded to the Castle. He even went further, and was able to see from the brief of the leading Crown Prosecutor, of which he procured an inspection, that MacNally's treachery had been acted on in getting up the case for the prosecution.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

By the death of Lady Burdett-Coutts a link with the past of the most intense interest to Ireland is broken. Her father, the celebrated Sir Francis Burdett, was one of the introducers to the House of Commons of Daniel O'Connell after the Clare election of 1829.

A court martial at Lille, France, has tried and degraded Captain Magniese for refusing to obey orders in connection with taking the inventory of the Chapel of St. John Magniese, before the court, said: "I am a Christian and I prefer to be shot rather than commit a sacrilege."

It is not generally known that the insignia of the Golden Fleece conferred upon the first Duke of Wellington was that actually worn by Columbus, and, as a special mark of Spain's gratitude, that insignia was made hereditary, so that the present Duke is the proud possessor of the star worn by the discoverer of America.

Mr. Spencer's summary of the recent local option vote in Ontario is: "Whiskey beat us in fourteen places, we were legislated out of victory in thirty-five, and in spite of the sixty per cent. vote handicap, we won in forty-two places."

Cornelius O'Brien, a Gaelic scholar and folk-loreist of some note, died suddenly in Buffalo, N.Y., on Sunday last. He was born in Cork, Ireland, and became reputed as a scholar. He was prominently identified with the Gaelic League movement.

The January number of the Century Magazine devotes a number of pages to an article on the Ancient Irish Sagas, which has been written by President Roosevelt.

An interesting function took place at St. Patrick's Academy on Sunday, when Rev. Mother Aloysia, superior of the institution, presented to the Reverend Mother General of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame a cheque for \$1000 towards the erection of an altar in the chapel of the Mother House of the Order now being built on Sherbrooke street, and Atwater Avenue, Westmount.

So popular is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup as a medicine in the treatment of colds and coughs or ailments of the throat, due to exposure, to draughts, or sudden changes of temperature, that druggists and all dealers in patent medicines keep supplies on hand to meet the demand.

The death is announced from Dublin of the Rev. Brother Michael T. Moylan, ex-Superior-General of the Christian Brothers. Mr. Moylan was born in 1848. He belonged to an old and well known Catholic family in Tuam, and in his young days he attended the Christian Brothers' Schools in that town.

Queen Alexandra, of England, who is no mean artist, has been drawing in colored crayons a "St. Cecilia," using as a model one of the maids at Balmoral. Driving through the grounds recently she met a beautiful girl, with a lovely complexion and a serene expression, whom she decided upon as the model she was looking for.

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The Complete Food—Absolutely Pure. Which revivifies the muscles, nerves and brain without a rival. Trappists' Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark. The only wine on the market which contains phosphates assimilable by the organism, quinine in proper proportion to the absolutely pure wine; specially prepared by 'The Trappists'.

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How Silver Mines Are Formed. The process by which nature forms her silver mines is very interesting. It must be remembered that the earth's crust is full of water, which percolates everywhere through the rocks, making solutions of elements obtained from them.

Struggling Infant Mission. WHERE IS MASS SAID AND BENEDICTION GIVEN AT PRESENT? IN A GARRET, the use of which I got for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND. Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I got for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

PRESENTATION TO MOTHER-GENERAL. An interesting function took place at St. Patrick's Academy on Sunday, when Rev. Mother Aloysia, superior of the institution, presented to the Reverend Mother General of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame a cheque for \$1000 towards the erection of an altar in the chapel of the Mother House of the Order now being built on Sherbrooke street, and Atwater Avenue, Westmount.

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Entire stock of Silverware, Dining-Room Fixtures, Reading and Library French Bronzes, 25 Odd Lines in Electrical Smoothing Irons, Embroidered Collars, Chiffon and Net Colors, 33 1-3 per Fancy Colored Silk, Fancy Embroidered Cream Challies, rich \$1.00 per yard, 4 pieces 44 in. Black per cent.

Correspondence. SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE. The following letter refused publication by this city: To the Editor of the Star: Sir,—The very long article in your edition headed "Steps leading framed for Separation and State," was doubt many of your Catholic revelation to the plain language, it was of a studied insult to the intelligence of all fair-minded readers, the writer appearing to have a "red infidel and atheistic tint" to make for them the better cause, and, in time, by insinuation, of fundamental truths of euphoric preparation and Law for "trams, to place the Star as the worst possible pig."

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25 8 in. Waiters. Regular \$3.25; for \$1.75.
10 English Plated Entree Dishes for \$7.00.
30 Cut Glass Cruets. Regular \$9.00. For \$4.00.
Special Table of Silver and Kayserzinn Ware, discontinued lines, HALF PRICE.

Electrical Department

Electroliers and Side Brackets, 25 per cent.
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Reading and Library Lamps, 10 to 30 per cent.
French Bronzes, 25 per cent.
Odd lines in Electrical Shades, 10c to 25c. each.
Smoothing Irons, Electric Kettles, etc., 10 per cent.

Ladies' Neckwear

Embroidered Collars, 50 per cent. net.
Chiffon and Net Embroidered Scarfs, 2 1-2 and 3 yards long, assorted colors, 33 1-3 per cent.
Fancy Colored Silk Stocks, 50 per cent.
Fancy Embroidered Linen Collars, 50 per cent.

Colored Dress Goods

Cream Challies, richly embroidered in cream and colors, 60c, 75c and \$1.00 per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent.
4 pieces 44 in. Black and White Wool Voiles, 80c and \$1.25, less 33 1-3 per cent.

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62-64 Mahogany Library Table, a very fine design, price \$95, less 20 per cent.; 5 ft. 6 in. long.
69-03, 1 Mission Book Case, \$46; 20 per cent.
Imported French Rattan Chairs, all 50 per cent.; enamelled in different colors.
16-91, Large Mahogany Chiffonier, Price \$43.00, less 25 per cent.
Bird's Eye Maple Bureau and Stand, large plate glass mirror, \$125.00, less 50 per cent.
Mission Design Sideboard, Table and Chairs, English finish, 50 p. cent.

Smallwares Department

Ladies' Hose Supporters, special lines, 25c, 35c, 50c, less 20 per cent.
Chiffon Collar Forms, all colors and sizes, 5c.
Ladies' Leather Belts, 75c, less 50 per cent.
Special Table odd lines of Belts, 15c.

Laces and Veilings

Cotton Torchon Laces and insertions, assorted widths and designs, 5c yard.
Narrow Black Guipure Insertion, 33 1-3 per cent.
Embroidered Chiffons, in black and colors, 33 1-3 per cent.
Black Sequin Blouses, 50 per cent.
Limerick Laces and Insertions, 75 per cent.
Cream and Black Yak Lace, 50 per cent.
Allover Black Chantilly Nets, 50 per cent.
Lace Flouncings, 33 1-3 per cent.
Imitation Irish Laces, 20 per cent.
French Veilings, 20 per cent.

Ladies' Shoe Department

Vici Kid Oxfords, \$4.50; for \$2.50.
Patent Oxfords, \$5, for \$3.00.
Girls' Button Boots, spring heels, sizes 2 1-2 to 6, \$3.50 for \$2.00.
Patent Button Boots, \$5.50 for \$4.00.
White and Blue Satin Slippers, \$4.50, less 20 per cent.
Velvet Carriage Boots, \$6.00 and \$6.50, less 20 per cent.
Tables of \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00.

Men's Shoe Department

Patent Boots, \$5.00, for \$3.50.
Kid Boots, \$5.00, for \$3.50.
Boys' Patent Boots, \$3.50, for \$2.
Men's Calf Button Boots, \$6.50, for \$4.00.
Kid Boots, Cushion Insole, \$6.50, for \$5.00.
Overshoes, one buckle, size 6 only, \$1.25.
Tables of High Grade Goods for \$2.00, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00, 20 per cent off all Men's Oxfords.

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Exceptional Values in Imported Corsets.

P. D. Corsets, long hip, \$1.50, for 75 cents.
P. D. Corsets, long hip, \$2.25, for \$1.13.
P. D. Corsets, short hip, \$3.25, for \$1.63.
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W. B. Corsets, long hip, \$1.50, for 75 cents.
W. B. Broche, long hip, \$3.75, for \$1.88.
W. B. Broche, long hip, \$4.50, for \$2.25. With Garters.
Less 5 per cent. for Cash.

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Correspondences.

SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE.

The following letter has been refused publication by the Star of this city:

To the Editor of the Star:

Sir,—The very long and labored article in your edition of Saturday, headed "Steps leading up to laws framed for Separation of Church and State," was doubtless read by many of your Catholic readers as a revelation to the Catholics. To use plain language, it was nothing short of a studied insult to the intelligence of all fair-minded and intelligent readers, the writer thereof appearing to have retained for the infidel and atheistic rulers of France to make for them the worse appear the better cause, and at the same time, by insinuation, the suppression of fundamental truths and the adaptation of euphoric phrases, "of Separation and Law" for injustice and tyranny, to place the Holy Father in the worst possible plight.

When the Star employs a writer to discuss such a vast and intricate subject, Catholics, who are most concerned, would reasonably expect that such a person should have the necessary qualifications, truth, freedom from bias, and, at least, a show of sympathy with the oppressed and down-trodden, who, if they chanced to be in the present instance Jew or Mahomedan, would surely have the active support of the Star as an apologist or defender; but no, it is the Catholic Church and its venerable Pontiff that are now buffeted by the storm in France and their enemies the world over rejoice and conspire against them!

A few passages from the unfair article to which I refer will more than justify my criticism. In the course of the article these words appear: "The Protestants and Jews complied with the law; it is believed that a majority of the Roman Catholic clergy were also ready to do so, but the Pope forbade." What justification has the Star in support of the allegation that a majority of the Roman Catholic clergy were ready to comply with the law which every Catholic reader of the oft-timed manufactured and biased telegraphic despatches from London and Paris knows to be untrue? None whatever.

Again writes the Star: "Through out the conflict the Archbishop and

the clergy, as well as the French Prime Minister and his coadjutors, have shown commendable self-restraint."

If this be not a mixing of metaphors, it is at least a blending of cunning device with shameful sophistry. The venerable and saintly old Archbishop of Paris was only a few days ago hustled out of his archiepiscopal palace, and this heinous offense is balanced by the Star on the scale of equity with the cowardly tactics of Clemenceau and his gendarmes, armed cap-a-pie! Commendable self-restraint forsooth!

And further on the Star adds: "Wherever the law was not complied with, the Government had the right to stop religious services and to sequester property. Yet the services in the 40,000 French parishes have not been interrupted." Comment on such endorsement of "law" for brutal rigor, and "right" for tyrannous might is unnecessary; nay, more, the misstatement that the services in the 40,000 parishes have not been interrupted reflects at once the frame of mind of the writer of the Star, which further on contradicts itself thus: "Though the Government fines the clergy, it wisely keeps the church open." Here are 40,000 distinct flocks with shepherds "cribbed, cabled and confined," and who are subjected to fines and penalties if they exhibit obedience to their spiritual pastor, Pope Pius X, whom the Star wrongfully designates as "a foreign power," and the priests who have sworn at God's altar to obey His Holiness should they not continue their disobedience, as "the recusant clergy."

Finally the Star informs us: "The Government proposes to compel the fifty-five hundred Roman Catholic theological students in France to perform military service." To this drastic measure are added a half-dozen other monstrosities which the Star heads off with the words "commendable restraint."

In the whole of this two column article there is not one word that is not a defence of the worse than Draconian legislation first initiated by Coombs and now executed by Briand and Clemenceau; and, on the other hand, not a word to indicate the noble and heroic stand of the august Roman Pontiff and the entire Catholic clergy in France in defence of the most sacred principles of right and justice and religion.

And yet the Star enters to its

Catholic readers, but, alas; too often reaches them, as in the present instance, a serpent for a fish.

M. MONAGHAN.

Quebec, Dec. 30th, 1906.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF JACQUES CARTIER NORMAL SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Sir,—While thanking you most cordially for the space allowed me in your last week's issue, I am, according to promise, again before your readers with what information I have been able to obtain relative to the subject which I then undertook to treat, viz., the coming Golden Jubilee of the Jacques Cartier Normal School.

In conversation with the Principal of the Institution I was told that the work of organization is complete, the various committees are hard at work, and everything points to a grand success. The proposed programme is about as follows: June 24.—Grand family gathering in the evening, to which all the old pupils whose addresses could be obtained have already been invited. This will serve as an excellent occasion to meet with old friends, many of whom have been separated for years, so that old souvenirs and association may be revived and new ones formed. There will also be in the evening a fine illumination of school and surrounding grounds, when the series of joyous events will be formally opened.

The morning of June 25th will be given to the religious celebration which will consist of a Pontifical High Mass and the special sermon of the occasion. In the afternoon there will be a gathering to consider the drafting of appropriate resolutions suitable to the occasion.

In the evening will take place a banquet, to which not only the pupils, past and present, are expected to attend, but also the authorities, both civil and religious, who have at any time, or under any circumstances, identified themselves with the institution.

It may not be out of place at this point to call attention to the fact that for the past seven years there has been in operation in direct connection with the subject of this sketch, a Normal School for young women in charge of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame, in the buildings surrounding the

Church of Notre Dame de Pitie. These sisters have attached to the school a separate English class, under the control of Rev. Sister St. Mildred, the advantages of which thirty-six English-speaking young women have already profited by.

Now, the opinion is advanced, based upon the best authority, that the same advantage is open to our English-speaking young men just as soon as they ask for it, and certainly no more favorable opportunity could be offered, seeing that the course of study not only furnishes the aspirant with a means of obtaining a livelihood as a teacher, but also opens for him the doors of admission to the study of any profession to which his tastes may direct him, and that certainly at more favorable terms than many of the sister institutions of our city.

In order to show how fully this matter is being entered into, we take the liberty of giving the entire text of an account of the meeting held Dec. 2nd, 1906, and reported in the "Canada" of the following day. It reads as follows: Meeting held yesterday of some of the old pupils of the Jacques Cartier Normal School. The Seminars of Nicolet, St. Hyacinthe, Ste. Therese and L'Assomption have had their Golden Weddings; the Seminary of Joliette and the St. Mary's College had theirs in 1897 and '98.

In order to duly celebrate this memorable epoch in their history, all the old pupils belonging to those houses felt it a duty to visit once more the cradle of their intellectual life in order to draw therefrom those joys and charms, the just outcome of a well-founded gratitude.

The Normal Schools of the Province of Quebec, founded in 1856 by the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, have now passed through the first period of their existence, and another half-century is about to open upon them. Now, the old pupils of the Jacques Cartier Normal School have always remained profoundly attached to their Alma Mater, and justly so; and they find it only natural that a befitting demonstration in honor of their grand and noble institution should be perfectly in order.

On the 25th of May last the teachers of the district of Montreal gave light to the subject by saying that the coming year should be a memorable one in the history of their Alma Mater.

tion of the wish of the old pupils, some days later, the Rev. Father Dubois, Principal of the house, in speaking of the fiftieth anniversary of the institution which he directs, was kind enough to hand over to the newspapers an outline of the festivities which he desires to see celebrated in 1907.

On the 2nd of December, 1906, therefore, Mr. J. O. Cassegrain, one of the oldest pupils of the institution, called together all his confreres, either by letter or by a notice in the newspapers, in order to devise ways of properly celebrating so grand an event. Quite a considerable number answered the invitation.

After some discussion, it was decided that the principal officers of the general committee should be chosen from amongst the old pupils who have always continued to teach in order to give eclat to the end for which the school was founded, viz., to prepare teachers for the Catholic schools of the province.

The following officers of the general committee were then elected: Honorary President, Rev. Father Dubois, Principal of the School; President, Mr. J. O. Cassegrain; 1st Vice-President, J. M. Perreault; Principal of Mountcalm School; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. Demers, School Inspector; secretaries, G. Beaulieu and A. B. Charbonneau; treasurers, R. L. Baulne and N. G. Chabot.

The principal difficulty that has been met with is the finding of the addresses of the old pupils still living. This task has been handed over to Mr. N. Brisebois, secretary of the Invitation Committee. The various committees necessary for the work have been formed, and will meet regularly until the entire work shall have been completed. The work is, as yet, only beginning, and yet, from the enthusiasm with which it is pushed ahead, there exists no doubt in the minds of those in charge that the fiftieth anniversary of the Jacques Cartier Normal School will certainly be the grandest day in the history of that institution.

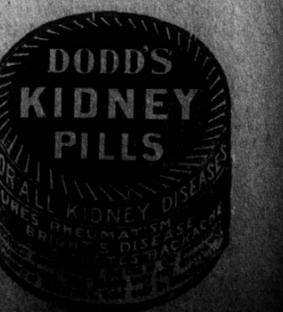
Those who assisted at the meeting of which we speak were the following: Dr. E. Valois, of Valoisville; G. Gelinas, Dr. C. Caisse, E. Daoust, J. O. Pelland, L. D. Demers, Jos. Lavoix, F. A. Roch, J. A. Deschenes, Dr. J. C. Polissant, J. R. Page, J. B. Demers, J. R. E. Ducharme, Dr. E. P. Benoit, H. Mondoux, N. P. Baucher, L. P. Bernard, O. H. Letourneau, S. Aubuchon, J. L. Tremblay, H. Valois.

J. Marchand, J. D. Gauthier, M.D., L. J. Jasmin, Hon. P. E. Leblanc, J. C. Cassegrain, G. Beaulieu, M. J. Curot, Patk. Malone, Denis Malone, G. E. Paget, J. B. Turcotte, J. A. Morin, E. A. Desroches, Jos. B. Lamarche, S. Letourneau, Dr. L. V. Cleroux, John Manning, J. I. Belanger, M.D., J. H. Bergeron, J. A. Brisebois, J. D. Guerin, J. A. Laprade, J. Boule, J. A. Larocque, P. E. Rouillier, M. Lanctot, L. Guerin, C. J. Miller, A. C. Miller, N. J. O'Donoghue, J. D. L'Angévin, A. M. Allaire, C. LeBlanc, J. N. Perrault, A. B. Charbonneau, J. A. Cleroux, J. P. Thibault, R. L. Baulne, N. Brisebois, J. R. Cassegrain, J. W. Harris and others.

Among others who signified their support of the measure by letter were Messrs. Dr. D. Chouinard of St. Isidore; Dr. R. N. Fort of St. Constant, Rev. G. C. Croteau, of Buckingham; P. I. L. Heuroux, of St. John, P.Q.; J. I. Nadon, of Sault-aux-Recollets; Dr. P. A. Lecuyer, of Lacadie; Dr. A. Hebert, of St. Romi, and A. Jette, of Montreal.

Regular meetings are being held, and everything looks most favorable for a celebration worthy of the event in every respect. Therefore, dear Mr. Editor, with many thanks for your valuable space, and best wishes for the success of this worthy undertaking, while soliciting any questions to which the foregoing may give rise, I have the honor to remain, Yours respectfully, M.

Butterfly Suspensers. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as none." 50c.



Vertical text on the left margin: Pure Brain, na Bark, ins phos, n proper, ally pre-ak, suffer- s Tonic; s. rs- ecial, PHOLIO, ARTS, the Alphabets, of MARKED, embraced in 7 charts size, LORS, illusary, Tertiary the Rainbow, and adapted or Child's, R & CO., St. West, Company, CTORS, Centre Sts., ublic every thing y and most modern, e built upon the ecial arrangements M. B. A., A. O. H., EL and Also lub, Montreal, 8861, LAND, DOOFING of Gal- Work, g a Specialty. ment Work. Montreal, ak Digestion, ral Water, meal, apation, breakfast, Water Co., Montreal

HER TRUE STORY

"And so you are a journalist?" said Captain John Danvers, looking intently upon the pale, delicate features of the girl he had taken into dinner at Mrs. Dewbury's farewell party, given in his honor.

"Sometimes necessity makes us work when we should otherwise be lazy," answered Silvia Clarke, with a wistful smile; "and writing is not always such a spontaneous operation as people imagine it to be.

"He leaves to-morrow night," said Mrs. Dewbury, regretfully, "and we shall miss him more than I can tell you, for he is always the life and soul of our gatherings. You seemed to get on famously together, Silvia, as he never turned his eyes from your direction during dinner, and it's your own fault," she added significantly, "if you didn't meet him ere this. On both the previous occasions of his dining here you were asked to join us, but you wrote each time that you couldn't leave your work. I wish, child, that you were not so horribly conscientious."

"But I have no pleasures in life that I prefer to my work," said Silvia, warming to her subject, "excepting, of course, visiting a few old friends like yourselves. And, besides, dear Mrs. Dewbury, I have my living to earn. No one can do that but myself, and so I ought to be grateful for small mercies and take what the gods give me and be content."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Dewbury emphatically. "You ought to marry. I call it perfectly disgraceful that a pretty, accomplished girl like you should not have been snapped up long ere this. How old are you? Twenty-two. Well, I call it disgraceful. I don't know what the men are about!"

Silvia laughed in a pretty, amused way, and took her hostess' hands between her own. "You dear, kind, sweet enthusiast. I don't want to marry; I am quite content," she said. "I feel sure I'm destined to be an old maid."

"Why?" "Oh, because I have never seen anybody I could like sufficiently to care for always."

"That's nonsense, my child; wait till Mr. Right comes. Good gracious, John, how you started me!" for Captain Danvers had walked up to the ladies so quietly that they had not heard him, and he stood looking at them without speaking.

"Aren't you going to smoke?" Mrs. Dewbury inquired, rather ruffled at having been taken unawares.

"Of course I am," he answered complacently, after a pause. "And that's why I thought I would ask Miss Clarke to come for a stroll in the garden and keep me company. Will you?" he added, stooping over the girl. "It's such a lovely night, and if you put on a wrap you can't possibly take cold."

"By all means go," said Mrs. Dewbury, with alacrity, as she rose and answered for Silvia, who was hesitating. "Take her for a turn, John, but don't let her take cold."

Silvia rose in a half-shy, half-fearful way and silently took the arm that was proffered her.

rushed to her scanty wardrobe to see whether or not her clothes would permit of her accepting. A black silk skirt, somewhat the worse for wear, and a pale pink chiffon blouse came to the rescue, and after some local attention to these with the aid of a flat-iron, Silvia had thought to abandon her dreary work for a few hours' pleasant recreation at Mrs. Dewbury's. Of course, she would have to work into the small hours to make up for lost time, but that mattered little; the evening was sure to be a pleasant one—Mrs. Dewbury's parties generally were.

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From Newfoundland.

LITTLE BAY MINES, Nfld. I suffered five years from epileptic fits. I tried several doctors but they didn't do me any good. Then Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was recommended to me by our pastor. Since I took it I had no more attacks in six months and I find myself as well as ever.

Mr. W. Perry writes from Brantford, Ontario, Canada, that he broke an arm, which caused quite a nervous shock to him, for which he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and derived great relief therefrom.

From Ottawa, Can., Mr. J. E. Devlin writes, I consider Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic a good thing for the nerves and I recommend it to every one suffering from nervousness or any disease of the brain or nerves.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free. Prepared by the Rev. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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Since the year in which she had been robbed of both her parents, and had existed under the immediate guardianship of a deaf old maiden aunt, Silvia had led a life of inanimate indifference. She had tried with passionate vehemence to bury her grief in her work, and had so far succeeded, inasmuch as her life had become a calm, uneventful one, neither joyful nor sorrowful, but just impassive.

Her daily occupations did not permit of her overstepping the confining poverty and narrowness of her surroundings, and so she just plodded on, trying to cheer the old lady with whom she lived from her state of muteness and lethargy and working with might and main to keep her tiny household from actual want.

But to-night it seemed as though for the first time, she was living again purely for the sake of living. The warm night air out in the garden fanned her cheeks; the sweet scent of the flowers instilled her with a new thankfulness, and her senses seemed to have become possessed of an unknown, unexpected joy. And yet there was nothing strange, nothing unusual in a man whose dining companion she had been asking her to stroll with him round the grounds of a friend's house while he smoked a cigar.

They were seated below a veranda, the roofing of which was festooned by trailing vines which hung down almost to their feet. Silvia sat against a background of huge vine leaves, and the shadows between her and a brilliant moon cast great patterns over her delicate form. Her head was uplifted, and the dark, luminous eyes, mysterious, intent and searching, impressed John Denvers with marvellous possibilities. He watched her carefully through the drifting smoke of his Havana, and again wondered why, in the name of Fortune, he had never met her before. Silvia's mood alternated between enthusiasm on one point and seriousness on the other, and she chattered on from subject to subject, generally dealing with her work, her hopes, her aspirations, but with all that charm of gentle docility which a man so indisputably likes. Her simple frankness and naturalness was fast adding new forces to her power of thrilling and fascinating him. Presently Denvers laid his arm on the back of the seat, and, looking at the girl intently, he said: "Do you believe in love at first sight, Miss Clarke?"

Silvia was not in the least taken aback at the strange abruptness of the question from a comparative stranger, and mused for a while, collecting her thoughts.

"Curiously enough," she answered presently, "I myself was wondering whether such a thing really exists when you asked the question." She turned her well-poised head with its wealth of hair towards him and looked him full in the face. It was Captain Denvers' turn to be surprised, and yet that there was not one iota of arrière-pensée in the girl's mind was obvious by her perfectly natural way of expressing herself. "I will tell you why I wondered," she continued. "I have a story to write to-night, and am rather fluctuating between two plots. The one embodies the idea that a girl loves the man who is engaged to her sister, and that he, although he, too, has ceased to care for his fiancée, is too much of a moral coward to confess to both girls; and the other, well the story of a wonderful reciprocity of love at first sight. Now, which suggestion do you prefer? I don't believe I could make a hero out of a coward. A man must be noble, honorable, straight, reliable—in fact, everything that is upholding good and worthy of reverence in a woman's eyes." Those confidences were spoken in a low voice, broken by sobs.

her hands characteristically clasped across her bosom—it was a way of hers in moments of intentness—and an eagerness of purpose which was augmented by the subject of their discussion.

"I like the suggestion of love at first sight best," said John, letting his eyes feast upon the idealistic face, "and I do honestly believe it exists. Come, will you let me help you with your story? Let us put our heads together, metaphorically speaking, and see what we can concoct."

"Will you really?" The girl flushed and her eyes shone mysteriously. "You are very kind, considering. We have only just met."

"Don't say that, Miss Clarke. I feel as if I had known you a lifetime. The moments have been weeks, the hours years. You interest me. Your work, your life, your pluck, everything about you appeals to me tremendously, and makes me wish—you'll think me mad for talking like this—that I were not going away, or that, at least, I were not leaving to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" echoed Silvia vaguely. "I, too, wish that you could stay."

"Do you?" cried John, clasping her trembling hand in his, but only for a moment, for the girl withdrew it and turned away. "Ah, forgive me, I have offended you. I have no right to speak like this, and you have every reason to be vexed."

The tender face, with uplifted brow was full of forgiveness as she turned to him again. The deep shadows of the rustling vine leaves played over them, and the moonlight filtered gently through the tendrils of her dark hair as she held out her hand in gentle remission.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said, almost in a whisper, "and I'm sorry that you are going away." She spoke her words with great simplicity, while John Denvers pressed her fingers to his lips and then released them.

Then Silvia started up from her reverie and came back with a rebound to the matter-of-fact realities of the situation.

"It is getting late," she said, almost regretfully, looking down upon John. He was very handsome. The magnificently bronzed face, with a slight curving moustache of brown hue, which softened without hiding the fine mouth beneath, and the strong, dark glance, which embodied a look of splendid resolve, took her fancy.

"I like him but he is going away," it was what she thought. "But still I shall remember that he kissed my hand and told me he wished he had met before. No matter what happens, nothing can rob us of this perfect night, these few happy moments spent in absolute harmony and sympathy together."

"Don't go yet," he pleaded anxiously. "There is still our story to finish," he added, "and you know we agreed to compose it together."

"It is not yet begun," the girl answered with a tender smile; "but I think now that I know how it will end." Then a new firmness of manner took possession of her, and she said with decision, "Will you take me back to the house, Captain Denvers? I must go. Remember, I have a long task before me, and it is getting late."

Reluctantly John Denvers wrapped the shawl tighter round the girl's shoulders and then slowly they walked towards the house.



Makes Child's Play of Wash Day. Read the Directions on the Wrapper. SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

turning with earnest supplication in his eyes. "I shall never forget you—or our story."

It was pleasant to hear him say "our story." To Silvia it seemed as though at least one undeniable fact formed a tiny bond between them.

"Where shall I send it?" she asked presently, and then John wrote on a card, "The Orient Club, Calcutta."

Once they had entered the house there was no further reason for delay, and Silvia, having informed Mrs. Dewbury that her aunt was sitting up for her, and that she was obliged to hurry home, she enveloped her head in a lace mantilla and hurried down-stairs.

In the hall John Denvers stood waiting to say good night and good-by.

She placed her hand in his and let her eyes rest on his face. It was to be a long good-by—a good-by like the story, that had hardly had a beginning, and yet the hands were terribly firmly clasped and the two faces bore an intense look of tender longing.

Denvers pressed his lips tightly together, and Silvia agitatedly drew her cloak closer to her. The cab stood at the door, and Silvia tore herself away.

"You'll not forget?" he called to her, straining to catch a last glimpse of her face, and she answered back with trembling lips, "No; you shall read our story. Good-by."

That night in her lonely little room Silvia Clarke wrote the story of her first and only love. It was the simplest little plot imaginable. Her heroine was called Sophia, and her hero James. It was the old, old story of love at first sight, while the lovers had to part and pass their lives in vain regret and longing for that which could not be.

But Silvia broke her word to Captain Denvers. When, after some weeks, the "Fenwick Magazine" appeared containing her story, and she read it through for the first time in print, she was horrified at its realism, and almost regretted having written it.

"What would he think, after the lapse of time, were I to send it to him now? It would be impossible. I can't. That night he may have fancied that he liked me, but now he has probably forgotten my name. We must let our little story die its natural death; that memory is just a passing gleam of sunshine in my gloomy life."

But John Denvers had not forgotten Silvia's name, or even the slightest detail about her personality. He had stolen a photograph of Silvia from Mrs. Dewbury's drawing room mantelpiece with a sang-froid that defied competition, and he had pored over it every day since he had met and left her until her face had become engraven on the tablet of his mind. He remembered everything—her sweet, perfect figure, her general delicacy and refinement of manner, and, above all, what charmed him most, her incomparable naturalness in saying things which, coming from the lips of any other woman, would sound inharmonious, impossible. "Oh, Silvia, what a havoc you have wrought in this poor mortal's brain," he said often to himself, and, "Child, I am coming back to fetch you, never fear; there is only one woman in God's world for me, and she is Silvia Clarke!"

girl's narrative, told tenderly and romantically, went straight to his heart. The blood rushed to his brain as he realized how she had taken her plot word for word from their own slender romance; how she had even named her hero and heroine after their own initials, and how the thread of the story faithfully followed its lead up to the time of John Denvers' departure for India.

John was crazy with joy when he read the story. "She meant it for me, and has loved me ever since I left her," he cried gladly, "Oh, my sweet, brave darling, you were not ashamed to take the theme of our story. But why didn't you send it to me, as you promised to do?"

And then a sudden fear beset him. "Perhaps, since the writing of that story, she has fallen in love with some one else. Great heavens! how am I to know—to find out the truth? I can't remain in suspense for weeks. I must know at once." Off he rushed to the telegraph office and wrote out a cable addressed to "Clarke, care Dewbury, London."

The message was laconic, but to the point. "Have just read story. Did you mean me, Silvia? If so, will you come out and marry me at once? Wire—John."

Silvia was at her writing table thinking out some new plots when, several hours afterwards, Mrs. Dewbury rushed into the room and thrust the telegram into her hand.

"There! What do you say to that?" cried Mrs. Dewbury triumphantly and in high glee.

Silvia, flushing to the roots of her hair, hid her face in the motherly breast of her friend and shed thankful, happy tears. "I can't believe it after only one meeting," she said between her ecstatic sobs. "Does he really mean it?"

"Well, what do you suppose?" answered Mrs. Dewbury. "You simp-ton, do you think he would have cabled if he hadn't been serious? But don't lose a moment in answering, because you may be sure he is in a petty fume of excitement."

"What shall I say?" said Silvia, sitting bolt upright and looking perplexed.

"Why, simply say 'Yes, I'm coming. Love—Silvia.'" said Mrs. Dewbury in a matter-of-fact tone. "And now put that blessed writing away. It has served its purpose, anyway; but now you won't need to do another stroke, and if I were you I would turn my attention to my wardrobe."

And so the writing was put aside for a new life, a new world, a new kingdom, of which John Denvers was to be the supreme ruler, and Silvia Clarke, happy, radiant and almost intoxicated with her new-found joy, prepared to go and join her future husband at Calcutta—Marie A. Beatty-Kington, in the Catholic Home Journal.

"Say, old man, how do you like me in my new dress suit?" "Fine. Now, if you only had a little dignity you'd look like a head waiter."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BIRDSEED BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia, Bile, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.

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LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

If you have a baby or young children in the home always keep a box of Baby's Own Tablets on hand. Don't wait until the little one is sick for sometimes an hour's delay may prove fatal. This medicine cures stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers and makes teething painless. If children are sick, Baby's Own Tablets make them well; and better still an occasional dose will keep them well. The Tablets are good for children of all ages and are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Joseph Ross, Hawthorne, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and find them just the thing to keep children well." These Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"Say, old man, how do you like me in my new dress suit?" "Fine. Now, if you only had a little dignity you'd look like a head waiter."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

LIBTY—Estab- 356; incorpor- 840. Meets in St. Alexan- day of the eets last Wed- ev. Director, .F. President, t Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; ary, W. J. ratory, T. P.

. & B. SO. second Sun- St. Patrick's street, at 3.30 Management on the first month, at 8 Rev. Jas. Kil- P. Gunning; onnell, 412 St.

Branch 26 umber, 1883. New Hall, (In- St. Catherine ular meetings of business are 4th Wednes- th, at eight : Spiritual illoran; Chan- dy; President, /ice-President, and Vice-Pres- Recording Se- lan, 16 Over- Sec., E. J. n. Secretary, J. rbalin st. lly; Marshal, d, J. A. Har- W. A. Hodg- J. McMillan, J. Cahill; H. J. Harri-

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our Content- l, give notice the legislature session, for authorizing me of the Associa- the Province of g the said As- amongst its cause my name secretary and arrears pay-

CONTENT, 12, 1906.

STUTIONS NS DONE

SPRUCINE

The Leading Cough Remedy of the Day.



SPRUCINE having had a thorough public trial covering a period of over 25 years, consequently its efficacy and value in pulmonary affections has been well established. It is palatable and pleasant to the taste, containing nothing deleterious in its composition, will allay all irritation of the air passages, produce easy expectoration, check the Cough and restore the Throat and Lungs to healthy condition. Persons suffering from Chronic Bronchitis or an habitual Cough during the winter months, or to spasmodic fits of coughing during the night will find SPRUCINE prompt in relieving the same. No person who has once used it will on any account be without it.

If you have a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial trouble however slight do not neglect it, as the irritation may extend and consequently some incurable disease be the result.

For sale everywhere. Price 25 cts., or by mail on receipt of price.

The Wingate Chemical Co., Ltd. MONTREAL.

OBITUARY.

MR. D. MCKENTY.

Word has reached us of the death of Mr. Daniel McKenty, of Windsor Mills, Que., on the fifteenth of December, after a protracted illness, borne with great Christian fortitude. Mr. McKenty had been a subscriber to the True Witness for many years. He received the last rites of Holy Church on the feast of the Immaculate Conception. May his soul rest in peace.

OLD PARISHIONER OF ST. PATRICK'S DEAD.

The death of an old and respected member of St. Patrick's Church took place on the 11th inst. in the person of Mrs. Matthew Wall. The deceased, who was 52 years of age, came to this country 24 years ago from Limerick, Ireland. Her genial nature made her many friends, who when sickness made itself felt among them, invariably sent for her and by her kindly attention and sound advice brought relief to the sufferer. She received the last rites of the Church before she died, the end coming peacefully, she being conscious to the last, and she passed away surrounded by the members of her family, which is a large one, four sons and four daughters. The sons are William F., of the Deimel Linen Mesh Co., and Chancellor of Branch 26, C.M.B.A.; John, of Baltimore, Edward and Matthew, Jr., of this city. The daughters are Mrs. Thorpe, of Baltimore; Mrs. P. Chambers, Misses Annie and Elizabeth, of this city.

The funeral was held on Sunday, the 13th, and was a very large and imposing one, testifying to the great esteem in which the deceased lady was held. The requiem service was celebrated in St. Patrick's on Monday, the 14th, being very largely attended.

MRS. P. DOHERTY.

(From our Own Correspondent.)

Mrs. P. Doherty, the oldest resident of St. Malachy, has passed away to her eternal reward. On Saturday morning, Dec. 29th, at an early hour, she breathed her last at the home of her daughter, Mrs. O'Hara, of Ottawa, where she had been visiting. Deceased was a native of Innisfail, and was a devout Catholic. Her life throughout had been an exemplary one. The solemn requiem Mass was chanted by Rev. Father Barrette, of this place. The funeral was exceptionally large, in spite of the inclemency of the weather. Among those present were noticed deceased's two daughters and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. McGuire and Mrs. O'Hara, of Ottawa. May her soul rest in peace.

MR. P. ROOS.

Mr. Phillip Roos, an old resident of the mission of Our Lady of Light, has gone to join the saintly souls in the realms beyond the grave. On Monday evening he breathed his last in the old homestead. He had suffered from a lingering sickness, but throughout gave the edifying example of patience and Christian resignation to the will of the Most High. Death is sad at all times, but particularly so at the joyous feast of Christmas. Rev. Father Barrette officiated at the requiem Mass.

The funeral took place on Thursday, Dec. 27th, and was unusually large. Deceased leaves to mourn their loss his wife and three sons,

Joseph, Thomas and John, of Mulgrave, and six daughters, Mary, Maggie and Annie, of Ottawa, and Julia, Josephine and Ethel of Mulgrave, and also one brother, Mr. Pierre Roos, of Mulgrave. Rev. Father Herwig, of Ottawa, was present at the funeral service. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community in their hour of sorrow. May his soul rest in peace.

Mayo, Jan 14, 1907.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 13th January, 1907: Irish, 125; French, 37; English, 9; other nationalities, 8. Total, 179.

MIXED MARRIAGES.

The Council of Trent on mixed marriages was read in all the city churches on Sunday last. The first Sunday after Epiphany is the time prescribed for the reading of this document.

REV. BRO. URBANUS IS ILL.

Rev. Brother Urbanus, director of St. John's Industrial School, Blantyre Park, East Toronto, is at present undergoing treatment at the Hotel Dieu. Rev. Brother Timothy, of St. Ann's School, has assumed the direction of the Industrial school.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE FOR LATE ARCHBISHOP FABRE.

A solemn anniversary service was chanted in St. James Cathedral yesterday morning for the repose of the soul of the late Rt. Rev. Charles Edward Fabre, first Archbishop of Montreal. An immense congregation filled the edifice testifying to an undying remembrance of the late prelate.

SYMPATHY FROM UNITED STATES.

Edward Feeney, of Brooklyn, national president of the American Federation of Catholic Societies, representing about 1,500,000 Catholics in the United States, has cabled to Pope Pius X. a message of sympathy from that organization, protesting against the present treatment of the Catholics of France by the French Government.

BEQUESTS FOR MASSES.

The court has ordered a non-suit in the action to establish the validity of the bequests of M. Leely, a music publisher, who left sums of money to three churches for the perpetual celebration of masses for himself and his relatives. The decision states that as vestries existed at the time the will was made, it is necessary now to postpone the execution of the will until the property of the abolished vestries has been regularly transferred to some establishment entitled to it.

EUCHERE AND ENTERTAINMENT.

It is the intention of the 'St. Gabriel's Young Men to give a eucHERE and entertainment in St. Gabriel's Hall, on Shrove Tuesday evening, Feb. 12. It is understood that twelve valuable prizes will be offered for competition. In addition to the above, a select musical pro-

gramme is expected and general invitations are extended to all the sister societies. The playing will start not later than 3.30 p.m., and a splendid evening's amusement may be looked forward to.

LITTLE SISTERS OF THE POOR.

The above named Sisters, well known in this city for the admirable work they are doing for the less fortunate ones who are always to be found in a vast population such as ours, are building a wing to their home. Space had become inadequate for the great numbers under their care, so they set to work and collected the required amount. This addition is nearing completion, and then the Sisters, no longer handicapped, will be able to still further hold out their helping hands and give shelter to many more than at present can gain admittance.

DEATH OF FATHER G. M. LEBLANC.

A telegram received Wednesday from Arichat, B.C., announced the death of Father G. M. Leblanc, a venerable Canadian priest, well known in this city. Father Leblanc was first assigned to a parish in Cape Breton, his native province. Later, becoming interested in the genealogy of his Acadian compatriots he came to Montreal to the Bon Pasteur and to Sault-aux-Recollets. He travelled about a great deal, and was untiring in examining parish records.

STATUE OF THE POPE.

In the presence of Tadolini, the sculptor, the statue of the late Pope Leo XIII., which is 20 feet high, was raised above the door leading to the sacristy of the Church of St. John Lateran, to the left of the choir.

It is expected that the monument, which will cost \$12,000, will be paid for among the cardinals created by Pope Leo, who were alive when the late Pontiff died.

It is likely that the body of the late Pope will be removed to the Church of St. John Lateran in February.

ST. PATRICK'S 'SOCIETY' TO CARDINAL RICHARD.

St. Patrick's Society of Montreal has, through its executive board, expressed its sympathy with the Catholics of France in the trial through which they are now passing. The following telegram was forwarded to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris: "His Eminence Cardinal Richard, Paris.

"St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, representing Irish Catholic citizens, respectfully tender its profound sympathy in this hour of distress through spoliation of the Church."

FRANK J. CURRAN, President.

T. P. TANSLEY, Secretary.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

January 16.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.

Rolled Oats—\$1.95 to \$2 in bags of 90 lbs.

Oats—No. 2, 42c to 42 1/2c per bushel; No. 3, 41c to 41 1/2c; No. 4, 40c to 40 1/2c.

Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag, granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags \$20 to \$21; shorts, in bags, \$22.50 to \$23; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20 to \$21; shorts, \$22.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.25 to \$1.30 per bushel.

Potatoes—75c to 80c per bag of 90 lbs., in carload lots.

Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.

Hay—No. 1, \$14 to \$14.50 per ton on track; No. 2, \$13 to \$13.50; clover, \$11.50 to \$12; clover mixed, \$12 to \$12.50.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; dark, 9 1/2c to 10c per lb. section; white extract, 10c to 10 1/2c; and buckwheat, 6 1/2c to 7c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$23.50; 1-2 brls. \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$21 to \$24.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50 to \$22; 1-2 brls. do., \$10.75 to \$11.50; dry salt long cut bacon,

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

"INTERNATIONAL LIMITED" Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4 20 p.m., Hamilton 5 30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6 35 p.m., Buffalo 8 25 p.m., London 7 47 p.m., Detroit 9 50 p.m., Chicago 7 42 a.m.

Elegant Cafe Service on above train.

MONTREAL and OTTAWA

THREE HOURS EACH WAY
Leave Montreal: 7 30 a.m., 1 40 p.m., 7 30 p.m.
Leave Ottawa: 7 30 a.m., 1 30 p.m., 8 00 p.m.

Parlor Cars on all trains.
Buffet Service on 1 p.m. train from Ottawa.
*Daily. †Week days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 466 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

OTTAWA TRAINS

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION
7 45 a.m., 9 40 a.m., 10 00 a.m., 14 00 p.m., 19 40 p.m., 21 15 p.m.

Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.
LEAVE PLACE VIGEE
10 20 a.m., 19 45 p.m.

*Daily. †Daily except Sunday. ‡Sunday only.

Improved Sleeping Car service

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays compartment car "Canada" will run to Toronto, and on other nights, about business warppit, a double drawing room car will run from Montreal to Toronto in addition to the regular sleeping cars.

TICKET OFFICE: 137 St. James Street Next Post Office.

Intercolonial RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT S J MCKER TRAIN SERVICE.

4 Trains Daily.
7 25 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cocouana, Bic, Rimouski and Little Metis.

Leaves 7 25 a.m. daily except Sunday, Parlor Car Montreal to Little Metis.

12 "MARITIME EXPRESS" for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney.

Leaves at 12 00 noon daily except Saturday. Through sleeping car to Halifax.

7 30 "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Cocouana, Little Metis, Matapedia, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.

Leaves 7 30 p.m. daily, except Saturday. Through sleeping car to Riviere du Loup (for Murray Bay point): Little Metis, St. John and Halifax.

11 40 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations.
P.M. Daily, except Sunday, at 11 45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers can occupy after 9 00 p.m.

GARPE AND BAY CHALEUR
Passenger leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 7 30 p.m. "Ocean Limited", Fridays, will connect at Campbellton with SS. "Lady Ellice".

All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot (for Murray Bay point): Little Metis, St. John and Halifax.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.
St. Lawrence Hall—41 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 655.

J. J. McCONNIEFF, City Pass & Tkt. Agent

P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Haunts, via "Ocean Limited." Train de Luxe.

COWAN'S COCOA

GIVES AN ASSURED TREAT ALWAYS

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventor's Adviser sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal; and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

12c to 12 1/2c; barrels plate beef, \$11 to \$12.50; half barrels do., \$6 to \$6.50; barrels heavy mess beef, \$8.50; 1-2 barrels do., \$4.75; compound lard, 8 3/4 to 10c; pure lard, 11 3/4c to 13c; kettle rendered, 13c to 13 1/2c; hams, 18c to 14c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16c; fresh killed abattoir hogs, \$10; alive, \$7.25.

Eggs—New laid, 40c; No. 1 candled, 21c to 22c.

Cheese—October made, Ontario, 12 1/2c to 13c; November made, 12c, nominal.

Butter—Choice creamery, 25 1/4c to 25 1/2c; medium grades, 24c to 25c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60 per 100 pounds.

Can Cancer Be Cured. It Can, Sir.

Send 5 cents (stamps) for Booklet, "Cancer, Its Cause and Cure."

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

THIS STORE CLOSSES AT 5:30 P.M.
THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED
THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1907.

Extraordinary Sale of Staples

Linen approved by the most particular House-keepers and priced to make the usual rush of January Sale Bargains high in price. Cottons offered at a price they would now cost us at the Mills. Values and prices irresistible.

135 dozen NAPKINS, Tea size, in all the new leading patterns, worth \$1.35 per doz, for \$1.15

200 dozen NAPKINS, Dinner size, good heavy satin finish, quality that retails regular at \$3. Very special at \$2.25

Only 35 dozen left of our 3-4 and 7-8 size Napkins, SECONDS, quality amongst them up to \$5.00 dozen. Your choice at about Half Price.

56 inch HEAVY BLEACHED TABLE DAMASK, in Floral or Spot designs. Regular 42c value. For 30c. yard

64 inch PURE IRISH LINEN TABLE DAMASK, assorted patterns, the quality and kind used in Restaurants. Worth 75c. Our special sale price 50c. Yard

72 inch HEAVY IRISH DOUBLE SATIN TABLE DAMASK, in four different patterns; would be cheap at \$1. Special sale price 81c

2 yards x 2 yards WHITE TABLE CLOTHS, in great variety of patterns, pure satin finish, pure Irish Linen, should sell at \$2.00 each. Special for January sale \$1.60

About 95 TABLE CLOTHS left of our job line bought specially for our January Sale; size 2x2 1-2 yards, well assorted designs, well worth \$1.95. To clear \$1.45

150 TABLE CLOTHS, seconds from the mill, all 2 yard lengths, all new patterns, very best quality, worth when perfect from \$2.00 up to \$4.50. To clear at 33 1-3 less than regular price.

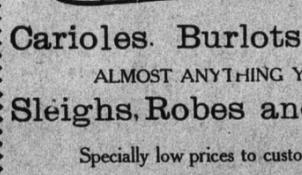
Bleached Lansdown Cambric, 36 inches 11 1/2c.

English Long Cloth, 36 inches, soft finish, 12 yards by piece \$1.45

English Twill Sheeting, 8-4. Price 26c

THE S. CARSLY CO. LIMITED

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City and Country Sleighs of all kinds

Carioles, Burlots, Bobsleighs, Sleighs, Robes and Harnesses.

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Specially low prices to customers at a distance.

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Next door to TRUE WITNESS

The Bear Remembered.

The beasts are sensible of kindness and remember it is proved by many interesting incidents. The following, from the "Home Monthly," is a pleasant illustration of tenets unforgotten:

A woodman who was fond of pets found a young cub bear in the woods half-frozen and nearly starved, its mother having probably been killed by hunters.

He took the little orphan home with him, and it soon became as playful and affectionate as a kitten. Every night he had a romp with it on the floor of his cabin, and upon his return from his day's work in the woods the cub would greet him with the uncontrollable delight that an affectionate dog displays when his master comes home.

But as the bear grew older its wild nature began to assert itself, in spite of its fondness for its benefactor, until finally one day it disappeared in the woods and did not return.

The man looked long and carefully for his pet, searching every nook and ravine for miles about his cabin, but without success.



Vol. LVI, N. 1

The Issue Before

of

The True Witness will, head, each week give one articles of leading thought issue, whose paramount is arresting the close attention all civilized countries of the world.

We print in to-day's issue delivered before the Protestant Club this week at 11 P.M., by Rev. Wm. J. O'Sullivan, a very forceful speaker, who the priesthood at the Grand, and who has been here pleasure in Montreal in person.

Father O'Sullivan prefaces his address with a few preliminary reflections, which he said it well to bear in mind for a comprehension of the question. From time immemorial more exact, from the establishment of Christianity in France, to our own day, a property such as cathedrals, episcopal residences, rectories, colleges, church schools, convents, land and connected therewith belong every right and title to the monks, to the religious, the leading orders of men, men, belonged to them by and fair a claim as the most just and rightful property could possibly bestow upon of civilized nations.

These properties were not benefactions from the State nor acquired precisely as properties have been and are in our own country, in the States. The title to these tholles alike—from the piety and reverence of individuals and the generosity and sacrifices of the people. This is simply a positive history within the all who wish to investigate the truth that during the revolution of 1789, when anarchy, chaos, and bloodshed, error and crime, and the rights of God and man were outraged and set at naught, church property of every description was sequestered, confiscated, sold, but when order was restored under Napoleon Bonaparte with the true insight of a statesman that he was standing the overrunning tide that brought him to Waterloo and forlorn death, recognized the fact that "was a condition—'sine qua non'—imperious necessity requisite out which there could be no earnest peace, order or for the state. Hence it was in 1801 he proposed to Pope VII, the reigning Pontiff, supreme authority in the Church throughout the world, matters ecclesiastical and an agreement, a bilateral compact to be observed, held by both parties until mutually by said parties the government of France a supreme authority of the Church. In accordance with tract and agreement, all tangible properties, such as schools, churches, colleges, monasteries, convents, etc., were to be restored to the church with clear title, and the property was to be returned to the church, with this provision, with this proviso, the certain church property, held by several millions, was to be sold by the revolutionaries to individuals, and would be extremely difficult to claim these properties, the government of France, guarantee this contract and agreement in perpetuity as above stated, and the bishops of the Catholic Church of which would amount to about 100,000,000 of the value restored to the church, this agreement is the famous concordat between the government of France and the pope, and the Catholic Church, the Pope, and right there is the kernel, which explains the dates the whole question.