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The Globe



Witness

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1908

PRICE FIVE CENTS

THE CITY OF THE VIOLATED TREATY

Built in a Magnificent Plain, Through Which Flows the Shannon, the Historic "City of the Violated Treaty," is Proud of Its Storied Past, Which Will Live in the Irish Mind Impenetrable Through All the Ages in Connection with the Last Great Armed Struggle for Irish Freedom—Still Maintains Its National Greatness, and is Justly Proud of Them—An Important Place as Early as the Fifth Century, when it was Visited by St. Patrick.

(John O'Callaghan, in the Boston Globe.)

The women fought before the men. Each man became a match for ten. And back they drove the Saxons then. From Limerick, on the azure river.

There is no city in Ireland that to anybody interested in her chequered history can surpass the historic old "City of the Violated Treaty," by which, "as swelled by many a rivulet, the lordly Shannon flows." Proud of its storied past which will link it in the Irish mind imperishably through all ages in connection with the last great armed struggle for Irish freedom, Limerick still maintains its national traditions, and is justly proud of them.

BUILT IN A MAGNIFICENT PLAIN

The names of Sarsfield, O'Brien, Lord Clare, before whom on "Ramilles' bloody field," the victor Saxon "backward reeled," and in later times of William Smith O'Brien, who was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered for his connection with the Young Ireland rising of 1848, have all been closely identified with the storied city of Limerick. The city is built in a magnificent plain, through which flows the river Shannon, after having wound its way southwards from the County Leitrim, and watering one-half the length of Ireland on its way. Limerick is built on the southern shore of the Shannon, the river dividing into two streams, just above the city, enclosing what is called King's Island. The city consists of two practically distinct portions, one known as "Irish town," the other as "English town."

RECEIVED ITS CHARTER A CENTURY BEFORE DUBLIN.

Upon the arrival of Strongbow, Donald O'Brien swore fealty to Henry II. He subsequently revolted, however, and then Raymond Le Gros laid siege to the city and captured it. It was the scene of fierce fighting from time to time, being alternately in the possession of the Irish and British, until it finally became an addition to the British crown. Richard I. in the ninth year of his reign granted the charter to elect a mayor. In this respect it antedated the city of London, and it was a century later before Dublin's charter was received. King John, when he visited Limerick, was so struck with its importance that he caused Thomond Bridge and a castle to guard its passage, to be erected and established there a mint.

A GLORIOUS EPISODE.

The record, however, which constitutes the most glorious episode in the history of Limerick was its defense against the attacks of William of Orange, and of his commander, Ginckle. The glorious bravery of Patrick Sarsfield in that conflict not only rendered his name imperishable in Irish annals, but the renown attached to the defence of Limerick has served Irish arms to deeds of bravery on every battlefield, both foreign and domestic, ever since. King James' army had been routed at the Boyne by the Williamite forces William advanced on Limerick with

SARSFIELD AND THE WILLIAMITE TRAIN.

The country around was all held by the Williamites, but Sarsfield's guide, immortalized in local tradition as "Galloping Hogan," the Rapparee Chief, knew every path and pass among the mountains, and guided Sarsfield and his followers through the gorges of the Silver Mines and Keeper mountains, where they bivouacked all day in a wild ravine. When night fell on Monday, Sarsfield and his men girded on their swords, lightened their horses' girths and started in the direction of the place they knew the Williamite train must have reached from Cashel, where it was the preceding day. The Williamites had bivouacked for the night and stacked their guns at Ballyneety, and when Sarsfield reached within a mile or two of that place at 3 o'clock in the morning he learned from a farmer that the object of his search was close by.

By a peculiar coincidence the password of the Williamite convoy that night was "Sarsfield." Sarsfield obtained the password by some means, the generally accepted belief being that it was obtained from a woman, the wife of a sergeant in the Williamite convoy, who had been left behind on the road by her own party in the evening, and had been most kindly and humanely treated by Sarsfield and his men. Sarsfield and his army rode quietly to within a short distance of the place which had been indicated to him as the resting place of the convoy. He sent out a few trusted scouts to take observations, and they quickly returned saying that there were only a few scores of the Williamite troops awake, and that they were drowsily sitting beside the watch fires. The rest of the convoy sleeping in fancied security.

"SARSFIELD IS THE WORD, AND SARSFIELD IS THE MAN."

Sarsfield gave his final orders, absolute silence or death till his men were in upon the sentries, then forward like a flash upon the guards. One of the Williamite sentries fancied he heard the beat of horses' hoofs approaching, but never dreamed of foes, and thought it must be one of his own patriots. He saw the figure of an officer, evidently at the head of a body of cavalry, but whether it was a phantom or a reality he could not tell. The sentry challenged, and still believing the approaching forces were his own friends, demanded the "word." Suddenly, as if from the spirit land, and with a weird and wild shout, that startled all the sleepers, the "phantom troop" shot past him like a thunderbolt, the leader of the Irish forces crying out as he flashed his sword, "Sarsfield is the word, and Sarsfield is the man."

The guards dashed forward, the bugles shouted the alarm, the sleepers rushed to arms, but the broadsword of Sarsfield's five hundred men were flashing in their midst, and in their fright the number seemed to the defeated Williamites as if it might have numbered as many thousands. The fight was short, desperate and bloody, and in a few minutes the convoy were cut down or dispersed, and William's siege train was in Sarsfield's hands. But his difficulties were not over yet. Morning was approaching; William's camp was only eight or ten miles distant, and some of the escaped Williamites had already fled there.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SIEGE TRAIN.

There was little time to be lost; he ordered the siege guns and mortars filled with powder, the mortars buried in the earth; the pontoon boats, the contents of the ammunition wagons and the stores of various kinds were laid upon and around the guns, and a train of powder was laid to the huge pyre from a safe distance. Sarsfield removed all the wounded Williamites out of the line of danger, a kindness of which even the Williamite chroniclers themselves make mention, and then drew off his own men. The train was fired, and with a flash that lighted the heavens for miles around, and seemed as if the whole countryside had been blown into the sky, while the ground rocked and heaved beneath the feet of the watchers, the whole train went up into the air with a roar that was heard by the sentinels on the walls of Limerick itself.

The echoes rolled like a thunder-storm across the Shannon, over the hills of Craige, on the Clare side, and waked the sleepers far into the county Clare. William heard the sound at Cahircionish, and knew what had happened. He knew, too, that only one man was brave enough to execute such a daring feat, and he immediately ordered out two other bodies of horse in addition to Lanier's party, who had felt the ground shake beneath their feet as by an earthquake as they arrived at Ballyneety, just in time to be too late. He sighted Sarsfield's rear guard as they retreated after the blowing up of the siege train, and started to give pursuit and cut Sarsfield off from safety by preventing him re-crossing the Shannon.

Judge Curran Speaks Before Caledonian Society.

A banquet and ball marked the occasion of the Burns anniversary at St. George's Club House. The speaker of the evening was Hon. Mr. Justice Curran, who took for his subject "The Memory of Burns." He said that to be called upon at a strictly Scotch gathering to respond to the memory of Robert Burns was a compliment he fully appreciated. No one not to the manor born could do justice to such a toast. He felt there was but one valid apology, and that had been furnished by Burns in his famous poem "For a' that," when he sang:

"It's coming yet for a' that, That man to man the world o'er Shall brothers be for a' that." The speaker throughout a most brilliant speech quoted from many of the poet's most popular poems, and closed by a fervent appeal to join hands and hearts in this glorious country, and whilst honoring the memories of the poets, the orators, the statesmen, scholars and soldiers of the land of our forefathers, to act in such a way that in days to come Canada would be spoken of as a God-fearing, God-loving country, a land of brave men and of women as virtuous as they were beautiful; a land whose people were true to the noblest traditions, ever ready to defend their rights, but excelling in the arts of peace, the highest type of civilization.

The address was frequently applauded during its delivery, and hearty cheers were given at its close.

Cardinal Richard Dead.

Francis Marc Benjamin Richard, Archbishop of Paris, died there on Tuesday of congestion of the lungs, after a short illness. Cardinal Richard was born at Nantes, March 1, 1819, and he was made Cardinal in 1889. He came from the ancient and noble family of the Ivergne. He received his first teachings in the old family castle from a private tutor, entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice and was ordained in 1849. The Archbishop of Nantes took a great liking to the young but able priest and he was called upon to fill the vacancy of Vicar-General, which position he occupied for twenty years. On the 16th of October, 1871, he was promoted to the See of Belley, France, and in March, 1875, received the title of Archbishop Coadjutor of Paris, with a promise of succession.

At the death of Archbishop Guibert, on May 24th, 1886, he took possession of the See of Paris. On May 24, 1889, he was made Cardinal and during the same year he wrote his pastoral letter on the French Revolution, in which letter he approved of the progress made during the past hundred years. The following sentence was made much of by the Republicans and caused some discussion on the part of the Ultramontanes: "The City of God does not reject the democratic forms of modern societies any more than it rejects the monarchic or aristocratic forms of other centuries or other countries. She admits a legitimate use of civic liberties."

His Grace wrote some books before he was called to a bishop's seat. His principal works are: "Life of Saintly Francoise d'Amboise, duchess of Britain and nun of the Carmel." "The Saints of the Church of Nantes." "Life of Rev. Mr. Lefort," and "Statutes of the Parisian Synod."

On December 17, 1906, on the mandate of the Government, the Cardinal Archbishop quitted his palace amid a demonstration of sympathy and pro-clerical enthusiasm such as has not been seen for years. Hundreds of people, priests, deputies and senators and representatives of old French houses, escorted the Cardinal. Some young men took the horses out of the carriage and drew it to the house of M. Denys Cochin. Cardinal Richard was one of the oldest prelates in Christendom. His Eminence was in his eighty-ninth year. He was fifth in seniority on the roll of Cardinals. His seniors are Cardinal Neto, Patriarch of Lisbon; Cardinal Capocciato, Archbishop of Capua; Cardinal Moran, Archbishop and Primate of Australia; and Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore.

A Cure for Costiveness.—Costiveness comes from the refusal of the excretory organs to perform their duties regularly from contributing causes usually disordered digestion. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, prepared on scientific principles, are so compounded that certain ingredients in them pass through the stomach and act upon the bowels so as to remove their torpor and arouse them to proper action. Many thousands are prepared to bear testimony to their power in this respect.

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OBITUARY.

DEATH OF MR. PETER DONOVAN. On Saturday evening last, the death occurred of Mr. Peter Donovan in his ninety-second year. When very young he came with his parents from Ireland, who settled in the West. For many years he conducted a large lumbering business. In 1862 he first entered the City Council, sitting as member for St. Ann's division. This position he filled for five years. Then in 1878 he was elected again for the same ward, holding the seat for nine years. An honorable and upright citizen, he has gone to his rest regretted by a host of friends who held him in the highest esteem. There are left to mourn their loss two daughters, the Misses Helen and Marv Donovan; one son, Mr. James Donovan, and grandson, Mr. Peter Donovan. The funeral took place to St. Anthony's Church, Rev. J. C. Donnelly officiating, and was very largely attended. Amongst those noticed in the cortege were the following: Messrs. Frank Connaughton, sen., F. Casey, C. A. McDonnell, Judge Guerin, J. Mulcair, C. J. Coughlan, Ald. Sadler, J. Fallon, Arthur James, P. J. Gordon, J. Brady, W. Barclay, D. Ford, B. Tansey, J. O'Connor, Wm. McVey, P. Flannery, Ald. O'Connell, W. McCormack, A. D. Mann, T. Kinsella, A. Finn, D. O'Shaughnessy, T. J. Petron, And. Laing, W. Reynolds, J. P. Clarke. After the celebration of the solemn requiem Mass the funeral proceeded to Cote des Neiges. May he rest in peace.

13,887,426 Catholics in United States.

There are 13,887,426 Catholics in the United States, according to the advance sheets of the 1908 official Catholic directory published in Milwaukee. These figures show an increase of 788,078 over last year.

Including the Catholic population of the Philippines, which is 7,106,452, and adding the 100,000 Catholics in Porto Rico and the 35,000 in the Sandwich Islands, the entire Catholic population under the United States flag amounts to 22,018,906.

There are 15,665 Catholic clergymen—11,496 are secular priests and 4,069 are members of religious orders. The total number of Catholic churches in the United States is 12,513. New York leads the forty-six states with a Catholic population of 2,650,000. Illinois is second with 1,468,644 Catholics, and Pennsylvania third with 1,404,604.

A French Bishop On Pius X.

Mgr. Guillibert, Bishop of Fréjus and Toulon, who has recently been in Rome, has written for his people a singularly happy description of the character and policy of the Holy Father. "Pius X.," he says, "seeks advice and listens to it, but he governs with the deep consciousness that the responsibility is his own and cannot be communicated to others. He selects for the highest offices men of worth without troubling himself about the customs of the Curia or alleged claims of priority. His great force lies in the simplicity of his motives; the progress of the Kingdom of God, without anxiety for the things of this world. When you are near him, when you listen to his strong, clear words, and witness his illuminated expression and his decisive gesture, you feel carried away by a sense of conviction and ready to follow where he leads. He is the leader of Israel after the fashion of the prophets. Under his vigilance the true doctrine stands in no danger—he has shown this recently, and he will continue his work of preservation. On God alone Pius X. bases his supernatural mission and his love for the Church. In vain do political parties, including those which vaunt their religious faith, endeavor to draw him and the bishops to their side; in vain do reactions of all kinds seek to compromise him in the toils of their old prejudices, on the plea that he has inexorably condemned dangerous novelties. On the contrary, the Pope has taken care to show that in social as well as in scientific questions he makes a clear-cut distinction between the aberrations of the modernists and the true needs of the time; and the encyclical of Leo XIII on the condition of the working classes constitutes to be—as we have heard from the most authoritative sources—the principle of his social action and the inviolable rule of his councils."

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

Earning a living does not mean earning a shorn, bare existence. It means earning the right to live, and to be useful and happy and glad. When we are really earning a living we earn not only bread and butter and clothes, we also earn the splendid right to live in this glorious old world, to move among our kind, we earn the right to see and rejoice in the sunsets and sunrises; we earn the right to look with joy and hope into the faces of the stars at night; the right to live in our friendships, to rejoice and sorrow with our fellow-beings; the right to be of comfort, of use; to read good books, enjoy good music; to delight in beautiful pictures; we earn the right to love little children, and to pity the unfortunate, and to be of direct help and inspiration to others. And the beauty of it is that the girl who earns these things is usually the finest business girl, too. Ideals are practical. Or, even if you work at a small salary, in a dingy office, yet if your salary, when it is put in your hand at the end of the week, buys you these blessed and higher things, it is as good, believe me, as handfuls of fairy gold.

If only we could keep in mind always that the "life is more than meat!" Too many of us sell our souls for a "mess of pottage." What most of us need is not so much the practical training that enables us to earn a salary—that is easily got—but the ideal understanding of what it really means to "earn a living."

Not all girls have to support themselves; yet I like to think that the finest type of girl is the one who, whether she has to support herself or not, and whether she ever earns a penny or not, chooses and makes it her care to "earn a living."

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.
A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the depths of a frowning sky.
And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter all through an autumn day.
The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind.

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed—the one clear language that all races know.
A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot!
But it typifies to blind human kind the love and trust and hope divine that bears with patience calm and sweet and wilful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care.
And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown weary with burdens hard will be happier in the afterglow of a smile that is warmly kind.
A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.
But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song and the coo of babes in what men call the celestial choir.

LAUGH WHILE YOU MAY.
Heaven knows there are in the world tears enough that can't be helped.
Whenever you feel like laughing go ahead and giggle. When you feel like singing, sing out good and loud. It will break the clouds of the worry-disturbed atmosphere.

It will shake away the miserable little troubles that, come hanging around bothering one and interrupting and making fusses all the time.
Don't let trouble down you.
Put on your steel armor of good thoughts.
Get your broomstick of optimism and when trouble comes along, hit him one big, beautiful swoop.
Then run away so he can't catch you. Don't laugh. This isn't a joke. It's "for real."

Some people have a fool idea that to keep young and happy is to be regardless of the serious matters of life.
The most serious matters in life are the great, big important things that will not let your heart shrivel up like a red flannel shirt that has been treated to a scalding hot bath until it is so small you can hardly see it or feel it or even find it.

If your heart's all right and your conscience working on time, you're just every bit as good and nice as the next one.
But do take time to laugh.
You will find the world isn't one great sob after all. It gives back just what you send out.
Learn to laugh out good and loud, and don't let trouble down you.

THE WAND OF YOUTH.
The Musical Times has the following on Sir Edward Elgar's first suite for orchestra, entitled "The Wand of

YOUTH": "It consists of seven movements severally named Overture, Serenade, Minuet, (old style), Sun Dance, Fairy Pipers, Slumber Scene and Fairies and Giants. The pieces were originally written to a child's play for the entertainment of the composer's family in 1869, when Sir Edward was only 12 years of age, and they were played by his brothers and sisters on various instruments."

THE GLORY OF WOMAN.

A number of our contemporaries are commenting upon the story recently published that George Washington was three times rejected by as many haughty damsels of Virginia before, at the age of 27, his hand was accepted by the young, beautiful and wealthy widow Curtis. The comment, more or less frivolous, is directed to the feelings that the three ladies may have experienced in after life when the young civil engineer had grown to be forever historic in the world's estimation.

In the little city of Laurens, in this State, in its hillside cemetery overlooking Little River, are three graves marked with unpretentious tombstones. The inscriptions record the deaths on the battlefield in the service of the Confederacy of three youths, Willie, Theodore and James Hance, one, a lieutenant colonel, another, a captain and the third, a "mere boy," a sergeant. Their mother was Miss Word, who married an honest gentleman, who was a saddler by trade. It is well authenticated that before her marriage to Mr. Hance, the hand of Miss Word was sought by a journeyman tailor whose name was Andrew Jackson, and who subsequently became President of the United States.

There are differences of opinion in these matters, but it will be held by those who each year have the roll of honor read on Memorial Day in the villages of the South, that the matron who gave three noble and talented sons to her country is not less worthy to be remembered than if she had come to be "the first lady in the land."—Charleston (S.C.) News and Courier.

TWO SIMPLE DESSERTS.

Having no maid, I am always trying to find the easiest way of getting through the daily round of work. The desserts make me the most trouble, I think. I will pass on two of my very easiest rules, writes a correspondent of Harper's Bazar.

"Choose a very cold night for making this dessert, and when the evening meal is well over the way, take some cream and whip it until it stiffens somewhat; then add sugar and flavoring to taste; turn into a common tin pail, cover and put it out doors to freeze. I find it freezes nicely to set it on the piazza. Do not look at it until you serve it at the next day's dinner. The family all like it, and while it is not so nice as ice cream made in the orthodox manner, it is a very good substitute. Another easy dessert is to save the coffee left from breakfast, and an hour before dinner heat it up and when hot stir into it a cup of minute tapioca. Set it in a double boiler and cook until clear. Shortly before serving add to it a cup of sugar and a good-sized lump of butter. Serve hot with cream."

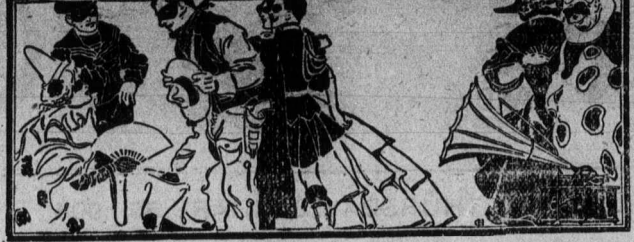
OLIVE OIL ON BRUISES.

In the treatment of bruises, where there is extensive discoloration of the skin, if olive oil be applied freely without rubbing, the discoloration quickly will disappear. Absorbent cotton may be soaked in the oil and applied. If the skin is broken, a little boric acid should be applied over the abrasion. A black eye thus treated can be rendered normal in a few hours, especially if the oil be applied warm.

ANCIENT WORDS ORIGIN.

That some of our everyday words and phrases have a very ancient origin is shown by a student of folklore.

"Take," says he, "the phrase 'better-skoller.' This dates back to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, some of the vessels of which, driven by stress of weather, took refuge north to the river Helder and south to the river Skelder (or Scheldt).
"Where the shoe pinches," is one of the oldest phrases. In its Latin form the old Romans used it, the story being that a Roman who had divorced his wife was taken to task by his friends, who protested that they could see no fault in the woman. The object of their criticism responded by taking off his shoe. "It seems a good shoe," said he. "You will see no fault in it—but none of you can tell where it pinches me."
"To 'don' a man for debt arose from the name of a bailiff of Lincoln, Joseph Dun, a champion debt-collector; while 'hurrah!' or 'hur-



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rayl" is a corruption of "ur ate!" the war cry of the old Norse searovers."

PAPAL JUBILEE OFFERING.
King Alfonso of Spain has appointed his sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, president of the national committee of Spanish women which has been formed to collect vestments and altar essentials for presentation to Pope Pius X. as a jubilee offering, and to be distributed by His Holiness to poor churches all over the world.

A SIMPLE COSMETIC.
"If women who spend so much of time over their complexions, and lish language. She was trying to make her pupils understand the meaning of the word fright, and asked if any one in the class could give a sentence containing the word. Quick and confident was the reply of one little girl: "I had a sentence, teacher. We had fright eggs for breakfast this morning."—Boston Herald.

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To MRS. _____ TOWN _____

ST. _____

so much money at facial beautifiers, would simply wash their faces at night with salt or apply a salt and milk solution, they would not only have better skins, but save money besides," was the remark of a woman with a rose leaf complexion, according to the New York "Sun."
"That sounds absurd to you, no doubt," she continued, as she noted the look of skepticism in her companion's eyes, "but you try it. At night wash your face in very hot water, using salt as you would soap; then rinse in cold water. Your face will feel like ivory. The salt not only whitens the skin, but renders the flesh firm and solid. Then as a cosmetic take a teaspoonful of salt and add it to two tablespoonfuls of milk. Apply to the face, leaving it on overnight. The effect is magical."

A COAT THAT WOULDN'T COME OFF.
The inspector asked the boys of the school he was examining: "Can you take your warm overcoats off?"
"Yes, sir," was the response. "Can the bear" take his warm overcoat off?"
"No, sir." "Why not?"
"There was silence for a while and then a little boy spoke up: "Please, sir, because God alone knows where the buttons are."

HER CHOICE.
"Now, girls," said an ardent Sunday-school teacher, "I want you each to choose some character from the Bible whom you will emulate. Edna, you begin by telling us your choice."
Edna was a very fat little girl and had often been teased on account of her excessive plumpness. "I choose," she said, "the man who was weighed in the balance and found wanting."

FUNNY SAYINGS.
WOULD HAVE BEEN MORE CONSIDERATE.
An antiquary one day visited Westminster Abbey, and found a stonemason at work in the little cloister recutting the name of Wilson, the great tenor of Shakespeare's day.
The antiquary began to tell the stonemason about Wilson, how he had been Shakespeare's friend, and Ben Jonson's, and Kit Marlowe's, and how all these men loved and honored him:
"The stonemason, looking up from his work, frowned and shook his head. "I wish, sir," he said, "we'd known he was such a swell afore we run that drainpipe through him."

THE VERY KIND.
The Sunday-school teacher asked the class, "What kind of boys go to heaven?"
And one little urchin yelled out, "dead boys."—Lippincott's Magazine.

THE EDITOR'S REGRETS.
Office Boy—The editor says he's most obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them.
Fair Artist (eagerly)—Did he say that?
Office Boy (truthfully)—Well, not exactly. He just said: "Take 'em away, Timpe; they make me sick."

HIS ONE REGRET.
Mother—Why, Edgar, I'm afraid you're a very greedy little boy. Now aren't you sorry you ate so much turkey?
Edgar—Yes, ma; 'cause I've only a wee bit of room for the plum puddin'.

A BREAKFAST DISH.
Over in Chelsea, a school teacher was engaged in her task of teaching a class of foreign children the Eng-

WITH THE POETS

EARL DESMOND AND THE BANSHEE.

Now cheer thee on my gallant steed,
There's a weary way before us—
Across the mountain swiftly speed,
For the storm is gathering o'er us.
Away, away, the horseman rides;
His bounding steed's dark form
Seem'd o'er the soft black moss to glide—
A spirit of the storm!

Now, rolling in the troubled sky,
The thunder loudly crashing!
And through the dark clouds, driving by,
The moon's pale light is flashing.
In sheets of foam the mountain flood
Comes roaring down the glen;
On the steep bank one moment stood
The horse and rider then.

One desperate bound the courser gave
And plunged into the stream;
And, snorting, stemmed the boiling wave,
By the lightning's quivering gleam.
The flood is past—the bank is gained,
A fletcher horse than Desmond rein'd
Ne'er served at lover's need.

His scattered train, in eager haste,
Far, far behind him ride;
Alone he's crossed the mountain waste,
To meet his promised bride.
The clouds across the moon's dim form,
Are fast, and faster sailing,
And sounds are heard on the sweeping storm,
Of wild, unearthly wailing.

At first low moanings seem'd to die
Away, and faintly languish;
Then swell into the piercing cry
Of deep, heart-bursting anguish.
Beneath an oak, whose branches bare
Were crashing in the storm,
With wringing hands, and streaming hair,
There sat a female form.

To pass that oak he vainly tried;
His horse refused to stir.
Though furious 'gainst his panting side
Was struck the bloody spur,
The moon, by driving clouds o'er-cast,
Withheld its fitful gleam;
And louder than the tempest's blast
Was heard the Banshee's scream.

And, when the moon unveiled once more,
And showed her paly light,
Then nought was seen save the branches hoar
Of the oak-tree's blasted might.
That shrieking form had vanished
From out that lonely place;
And like a dreamy vision fled,
Nor left one single trace.

Earl Desmond gazed—his bosom swell'd
With grief and sad foreboding;
Then on his fiery way he held,
His courser madly goading.
For well that wailing voice he knew
And onward hurrying fast,
O'er hills and dales impetuous flew,
And reached his home at last.

Beneath his wearied courser's hoof
The trembling drawbridge clangs,
And Desmond sees his own good roof,
But darkness o'er it hangs.
He pass'd beneath the gloomy gate,
No guiding tapers burn;
No vassals in the court-yard wait,
To welcome his return.

The hearth is cold in the lonely hall,
No banquet decks the board;
No page stands ready at the call
To 'tend his wearied lord,
But all within is cold and drear,
No sighs or sounds of gladness—
Nought broke the stillness on the ear,
Save a sudden burst of sadness.

Then slowly swell'd the keener's strain

With loud lament and weeping,
For round a corse a mournful train,
The sad death-watch was keeping,
Aghast he stood, bereft of power,
His fears confirmed—his beautiful flower—
His fair-haired bride—was dead!

THE PEACE OF SILENCE.
There is no silence like the silence
where the grave is,
Under the green trees!
No song of linnet, throistle, or finch,
or mavis—
Nor the best of these—
Is more sweet than silence at its ease.

You are there, my father, in your silence,
With your own folks, and many a friend.
The linnet is on the thorn, the lark
over the highlands;
More sweet than these, to the end,
Is your silence, where the green boughs bend.
—Alice Furlong, in The Irish Monthly.

WIND SCENTS.
The songs that the wind has sung,
The scents that the wind has flung,
From the flower-hearts where they clung
But yesterday—
These are too sweet to linger or delay.

The songs that haunt the past,
The fragrances too faint to last—
Will they never come
Wearily, happily home
To the flowers where they clung,
To the heart of the wind that has sung,
Forever to live in the air—
Forever there?

The dreams that are past and gone!
Is there not one
That shall ever come
Wearily, happily home?
Shall they forever fade
Into the passing shade,
With all the passing fragrance that
has clung
In long dead flowers,
And with the dying hours
Die with the songs the dreaming
wind has sung?
—Charlotte Prentiss, in Atlantic.

THE OLD HIGH HAT.
O! ye needn't be so sly,
All ye lads when I go by,
Wid your winkin' o' the eye
An' your smirkin' an' all that.
Shure, I'm wise enough to see
That the cause of all your glee
Is the ancient cut o' me
An' me old high hat.

Arrah! lads must have their play,
So I've not a word to say;
'Tis mesel' that wance was gay
As the gayest wan o' you.
Shure, there wasn't many men
That would joke about me then,
When me blood was young an' when
This old hat, was new.

It was wid me an' me bride
When the blessed knes was tied;
An' it followed, when she died,
Where they soon will lay me, too.
It has served me all these years,
Shared me laughter an' me tears,
As it's sharin' now the jeers
O' the likes o' you.

Now we're worn an' our old an' sick,
But there's joy to think, avic,
That ye never held a brick.
An' there's some that can't say
that
So they needn't be so sly
When they smile at cock their eye,
All them lads, when we go by,
You an' me, old hat.
—Catholic Standard and Times.

There is nothing to equal Mother
Graves' Worm Exterminator for de-
stroying worms. No article of its
kind has given such satisfaction.

Said Mass for a Protestant Congregation.

Can there be any doubt of the fact that in the majority of towns there is not a willingness to listen to the message of the Catholic missionary, but even a positive desire to have him come? Experience shows that at the mere announcement of Catholic lectures the people will fill the largest hall in the place.
The following curious experience confirms the same facts. It is a part of a conversation with a priest from the far West:
"Arriving very late Sunday morning in a certain town, I found that the only place for saying Mass was a little Protestant church. The minister had been dismissed for some reason or other, and the people, when they heard a Catholic priest was going to officiate, came in good numbers to assist. I ascended the preacher's reading desk, opened my vestments, and began to put on the most respectful attention. But just then an old man came up the aisle and told me in broken English, for he was French, that he was a Catholic—the only one in the place, by the way—and added that he had come fasting so as to receive Holy Communion. I asked the people if any of them knew French, and, finding I was safe, I heard my old man's confession in public, saving the seal unbroken, and showing my spell-bound audience the whole meaning of

this much-dreaded sacrament.
"Then, while putting on my vestments, I explained each of them, from amice to chalice, including the draping of the chalice and altar stone and altar cloths. And just before beginning Mass I added an explanation of why Latin is used, and finally pointed out the significance of the principal and holiest parts of the divine sacrifice. Mass over and my ancient Frenchman, communicated, I preached for an hour to my strange congregation, showing them the full meaning as best I could of all they had witnessed, as the perfection of God's gifts to mankind in His one true Catholic Church.
"I had only stopped over at the village to offer Mass that morning, and I must hurry on to my distant destination. This my new-found congregation of Protestants much regretted. As we parted company they urged me to return again and preach more of such doctrines. To them, now, let me assure you that there are many villages in our country, and many hundreds of thousands of such non-Catholics to be found, had we but the missionaries to devote themselves to the holy vocation of seeking them and saving them.

There is no medicine on the market that can compare with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in expelling from the system the irritating germs that colds engender in the air passages. It is suicide to neglect your cold. Try this cheap experiment of ridding yourself of it by using Bickel's Syrup, which is a simple remedy, easily taken, and once used it will always be prized as a sovereign medicine.

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I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years. I have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got "GIN PILLS."
I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or an ache in my back. I am now 48 and feel as well as I ever did when I was 18. There is nothing can hold a place with GIN PILLS for pain in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly,
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Mrs. Ripley had serious Kidney Trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women.
Try them at our expense. Mention this paper when writing and we will send you a free sample so you can see for yourself just what GIN PILLS will do for you. The Boje Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man. 91
50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.

BOYS AND GIRLS

a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

THE THREAD AND NEEDLE TREE

By Nora Archibald Smith.

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Could never be taught to sew,
A table they gave her, exact to her size,

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Could never be taught to sew!
Her mother's instructions she viewed

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew—
Oh, a terrible thing befell the child!

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew,
Draws her needles now from a cactus leaf.

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew,
Tends the Needle Tree in the desert

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew,
Tends the Needle Tree in the desert

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew,
Tends the Needle Tree in the desert

GLADYS MEHITABLE ARABELLE JANE
Who never would learn to sew,
Tends the Needle Tree in the desert

near the woods and we can't see
many houses.
As my letter is getting long, I will
close hoping to find my letter in print.

Your loving niece,
BRIDGIE BARRY.
Dear Aunt Becky:
I am writing to you again, as I
saw my letter printed in the True

It does seem as if luck were against
me at last. Anne dropped her
work with a sigh as she glanced at the clock.

"What's wrong?" asked her cousin
Ruth, gathering up an assortment
of bundles as she spoke, and

"Oh, I forgot all about Aunt
Anne."
"Nothing except that she is ex-
pecting me this minute."

"To read to her. I promised to
go over every Saturday afternoon."
"Telephone that you can't come."

"What's more than I know, Ruth.
I have had the worst luck trying to
manage something to wear ever since

"Well, Ruth, so many of the
girls have no idea what an old-fash-
ioned dress should be; and the real

gine what she would do without
you.
That's why I'm determined to
keep my appointment, Ruth; and if
you'll wait a minute while I get
my coat and hat, I'll walk along
with you.

Aunt Anne never looked more
pleased to see her niece. "I began to
fear you were not coming," said
she; "it is fifteen minutes later than

"I know it, auntie," was the re-
ply. "Whether was out, and I was
determined by caller, would you
have been disappointed if I hadn't

"Yes, indeed, Anne. If you had
failed to appear this afternoon I
should never have forgotten it. Now
sit down, and let us read without

Anne was pleased to obey promp-
tly. She tried to read as slowly as
usual, not wishing her aunt to dream
of her impatience.

"That will do for to-day, thank
you," interrupted Aunt Anne at the
close of an hour. "Don't be in a

"But," faltered Anne, "you see I
must go. I really can't stay. I—"

"No excuses, child."
"But—Aunt Anne, I should be glad
to stay if my dress would finish

"Mister, do you lend money here?"
asked an earnest young voice at the

office door.
The lawyer turned away from his
desk, confronted a clear-eyed, poorly-
dressed lad of seven years, and stud-
ied him keenly for a minute. "Some-

The little fellow explained that he
had a chance "to buy out a boy
that's cryin' papers." He had half
the money required, but he needed to

The boy's brown hand sought his
pocket, and drew out a paper care-
fully folded. It was a cheaply print-
ed pledge against the use of intoxi-

As respectfully as though it had
been the deed to a farm, the lawyer
examined it, accepted it, and handed
over the required sum.

A friend who had watched the
transaction with silent amusement
laughed as the young borrower de-
parted.

"You think I know nothing about
him?" smiled the lawyer. "I know
that he came manfully in what he

"I wish you to wear a correct gown,
since you're my namesake, and you'll
find it all laid out in the parlor

"I've got to, auntie."
"Where's where you are mistaken,
child. I wondered why you didn't

"I wish you to wear a correct gown,
since you're my namesake, and you'll
find it all laid out in the parlor

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In the Diocese of Northampton,
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HELP! HELP! HELP!
the Love of the Sacred Heart
and in Honor of St. Anthony
of Padua, DO PLEASE send
a mite for the erection of a more
worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament.
True, the out-post at Fakenham
is only a GARRET. But it is
an out-post. It is the SOLE SIGN
of the vitality of the Catholic Church
in 35 x 20 miles of the County of
Norfolk. Large donations are not
sought (though they are not objected
to). What is sought is the
willing CO-OPERATION of all de-
vout Clients of the Sacred Heart
and St. Anthony in England, Ire-
land, Scotland, Wales, and the
Colonies. Each Client is asked to
send a small offering to put a few
bricks in the new Church. May I
not hope for some little measure of
your kind co-operation?
The Church is sadly needed, for at
present I am obliged to SAY MASS
and give Benediction in a Garret.
My average weekly collection is only
3s 6d, and I have no endowment
except HOPE.
But what can I do alone? Very little.
But with your co-operation and that
of the other well-disposed readers of
this paper, I can do all that needs
to be done.
In these days, when the faith of
many is becoming weak, when the
Church is being deserted, when the
people are turning away from its
development, and is about to treat
Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated
His Holy Church, the Catholic
Faith is renewing its youth in Eng-
land and bidding fair to obtain
possession of the hearts of the En-
glish people again. I have a very
up-hill struggle here on behalf of
that Faith. I must succeed or else
this vast district must be aban-
doned.
IT RESTS WITH YOU
to say whether I am to succeed or
fail. All my hopes of success are
in your co-operation. Will you not
then extend a co-operating hand?
Surely you will not refuse? You
may not be able to help much, indeed
But you can help a little, and a mul-
titude of "littles" means a great
deal.
Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent
Appeal
"May God bless and prosper your
endeavours in establishing a Mission
at Fakenham."
ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton.
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FATHER H. W. GRAY,
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P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly
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that Nature provides a cure for
every disease which neglect and ig-
norance have visited upon man. How-
ever this may be, it is well known
that Farmalee's Vegetable Pills, dis-
tilled from roots and herbs, are a
sovereign remedy in curing all dis-
orders of the digestion.

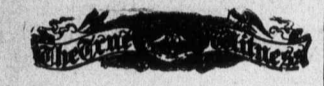
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THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1908.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soo ma e of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL.
Archbishop of Mo. cal.

MODERNISM.

Continuing the article by Canon Moyes upon the Pope's Encyclical, we come to this second point treating of the evolutionary consciousness of Christ. Philosophically the system of Modernism is exaggerated subjectivism and evolution. It has, as might be supposed, the viciousness of Protestantism in so far as it is really private judgment. But it is also widely different from private judgment as used with reference to Protestants. Modernism is agnostic so far as the reality of the object is in question. All that it knows is its own impressions. Again it applies evolution, which it regards as a law, to the facts and foundations of religion. The mystery of the Incarnation is, according to Modernists' principles, no exception to the law of evolution. They apply the evolution tests to the Word-messiah. The Catholic mind thinking of Christ instinctively begins from the divine. There is the Person. There is the term to which all acts and words and thoughts even though some may be operated in the human nature. The Person who taught in Jerusalem and Judea was really a divine Person. The Person whose garment the sick woman touched and by whose virtue she was healed was divine. So also was the Person who was scourged in the courtyard and who died on Calvary. We think and speak of God the Son, living, teaching and suffering in His humanity. Christ was no mere glorified super-human—a man uplifted into a very close, intimate union with God. There never was a man Christ independent of the Divine Person. From the first instant, before the manhood was absolutely terminated by a human personality, the complete human nature was taken up by the Second Divine Person, and thus terminated in the Personality of the Eternal Word. Christ is God, God our Saviour, God made man. It is not that the divine nature becomes human nature, or that human nature is changed into divine nature. That could not be. There is perfect distinction between the natures, no confusion either in their reality or our thought concerning them. Yet Christ is God. That is the joy, the strength and glory of Christianity. No subterfuge of argument or metaphysical distinction can turn Catholic thought from this truth watered with the blood of martyrs and defined by councils from Ephesus in the fourth century to the Vatican in the nineteenth. From any attempt to apply any philosophical principle which might throw a doubt upon Christ's divinity Catholic conscience recoils with horror. When, therefore, Modernist writers express their views which imply that the human knowledge of Christ was evolutionary—that at first Christ was not conscious of His divinity, that this transcendent dignity was unfolded to His human intellect and faculties. On the other hand Catholic faith does not for a moment imagine that the human soul of Christ possessed the absolute Omniscience of the God-

head. The infinite cannot be contained in the finite. But by virtue of the personal union of the human nature of Christ with the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity He was conscious of His divinity from the first moment of His Incarnation. His human nature ever possessed a superabounding share of divine knowledge. It was relatively omniscient. Then again there was real experience or outward progress in Christ's knowledge. Catholic theology does not deny any sort of evolution in the human knowledge and mind of Christ. Evolution on account of its associations is an odious and misleading term. The Church maintains that this progress must be consistent with the central and initial fact and dogma of the personal or hypostatic union of Christ's human soul with His Godhead. From the very beginning Christ knew His own Godhead and His mission of salvation into this world.

Modernists treat Christ as they treat other men. His birth is the same as that of others. Religion is with Him as it is with all mankind, a matter of interior sentiment and experience. As a result of this principle Modernists hold that Christ's knowledge and experience differed from the knowledge and experience of other men, not in kind but in degree. He would be in the same class with the prophets or with the founders of other religions as Buddha, Confucius, Mahomet. The Catholic Church cannot accept this. Christ is not in the same plane with mere men. He is a man. He is also God. Any knowledge or guidance given by God to any mere rational creature can in no sense be compared or co-ordinate with that infusion which God the Son pours into His own human soul, to say nothing of that union with which the Incarnate Son was anointed far above His fellows. There is glory, a knowledge, a dignity belonging to Christ, of which He Himself was fully and perfectly conscious from the beginning and which is incommunicable. The other point in which Modernists wound Catholic truth is the extent of Christ's knowledge. They assert that Christ during the greater part of His life was utterly unconscious of His divinity, that He lived and died without any conception of His Church which was more the work of His followers than it was His own, and that He lived and died without any suspicion of the world. The picture of an ignorant Christ blundering into the knowledge of His kingdom, making up one day to the consciousness that He was God, and going to death without any idea that His blood was the price of man's salvation is not the Christ of Catholic conscience. It is not a Christ to whom any Christian could bend the knee in adoration. It is a caricature. That the Holy Father should resent this attempt of Modernists to force this base substitute upon the unsuspecting faithful is the fulfillment of his duty as guardian of all Catholic truth and father of all Catholic people.

LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Interest cannot fail to attach itself to the series of letters from her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. These have been lately edited and published. As literary documents they cannot give glory to their authoress nor serve as models for imitation. They are not political history of her own long and important reign. Their focus centres in the Queen's personality. The first, and without exaggeration almost the entire, characteristic is the simplicity of her Majesty. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne, England, not so much as a country but as a monarchy, was different from what it was when she laid down her sceptre in death. A long series of sovereigns had dragged down the royal power. A young girl came to the throne, and raised more by her simplicity than by any overpowering ability. "I am very young," she wrote in her diary on the day of her accession, "and perhaps in many, though not in all, things, inexperienced, but I am sure that very few have more real goodwill and more desire to do what is fit and right than I have." With all her simplicity she had courage and never allowed her ministers to complicate her in foreign difficulties. This she showed as long as she possessed vigor and before she became very old. Had there been question of the Boer war fifty years before it took place it would not have been at all. In regard to religion Queen Victoria did not like Catholicism; she despised and feared it. She was opposed to the restoration of the hierarchy. Yet she wrote in a spirit of fairness to Lord John Russell as follows: "The Queen for her own part thinks it entirely against her notions of what is becoming to ask

the Pope for a favor at a moment when his name is being vilified and abused in every possible manner in this country. The Queen deeply regrets the great abuse of the Roman Catholic religion which takes place at these meetings, etc. She thinks it unchristian and unwise, and trusts it will soon cease." Her sentiments against the Tractarians are mingled with her dislike for the undeserved abuse heaped upon Catholics. She says: "Sincerely Protestant as I always have been and always shall be; and indignant as I am at those who call themselves Protestants (the Tractarians), while they in fact are quite the contrary, I much regret the unchristian and intolerant spirit exhibited by many people at the public meetings. I cannot bear to hear the violent abuse of the Catholic religion, which is so painful and cruel towards the many good and innocent Roman Catholics." One thing we miss—a really kind word for Ireland. But the letters selected are more of a domestic character than indicative of political policy. Queen Victoria was a typical Englishwoman, and like all of the nation she did not understand Ireland, and what is more to be criticized, she did not want to understand it. She never visited it but once, and her charity to Erin's starving children time and again told the narrowness of her womanly heart and the unsovereign-like care she took of Ireland of which she by the constitution called herself Queen. There are many qualities to admire in Queen Victoria's character and many events in her reign of which we may feel justly proud. One lack we claim spoiled many a good quality—her want of love for Ireland, and the failure of home rule. Had she shown the same good feeling her royal son and successor has shown home rule would not have failed.

FRENCH IMMIGRATION A TERROR TO ORANGEMEN.

There is a newspaper published in Toronto under the protective roof of the News—known as The Sentinel. Its chief occupation is to rouse the Orange lodges; and whatever space, time or energy it has left it spends in sowing division and in spreading calumny. As a specimen of news the front page of any issue will serve to prove its undesirable purpose and its habitual mendacity. Here is the copy bearing date the 16th inst. Before taking up the main subject let us look at two or three small items intended to whet the appetite of country lodges. We are first told that the redoubtable Col. Sam Hughes "drove through a pelting rainstorm to keep an engagement at Stanhope, Maple Lake." There is an example of bravery which should be told to the lodges, and which the lodges should tell to their children. The Sentinel does not fail to draw the moral—as if the Col. who put a stop to the Boer war was afraid of a rainstorm. That is no doubt a great thing to do and to tell—to drive through rain for duty. The Col. must have been the first to mention it. It sounds silly—but there is about as much of the heroic in it as in any of Col. Hughes' whole life. The next item acquaints Orange lodge was organized at Englehart on the last day of last year, and that the event took place in the Methodist Church. How accommodating that is on the part of these Methodists! The minister may for all we know be Grand Master. They can work so well together. If the minister is sick or absent then the lodge master may take his place. They can hold church meetings and lodge meetings consecutively. As soon as church service is over the women may go home, and the lodge meet to plot against their Catholic neighbors. To Catholics the term church is much more significant. It is not a mere hall where people meet to pray or to hear a sermon. It is God's house, a type of the universal Church. To change its purpose, to turn it open for a secret society is a gross abuse, a scandal and a shame. But Methodism will go any length for popularity. It has no dogma to teach and no principle to defend. Its meeting houses are as easily turned into Orange lodges now as they were into Protestant Protective Associations a few years ago. But the paragraph in which we are specially interested is one based upon a statement by La Nationaliste, of this city. In promoting French immigration to Canada La Nationaliste argues thus: "Non-French immigration must be counterbalanced, and if the current does not come from France, whence can it be expected? The main question is to know whether the French-Canadians, as a distinct race in this country, should call from Europe the help of desirable elements speaking the French language, so as to preserve their position and influence, or

stupidly continue to allow themselves to be crushed under the masses of Anglo-Saxons, Russians and Jews imported at their own expense."

In this policy the Sentinel sees nothing but the hand of Rome. It is not so much the French-Canadians who, both by the natural law of family increase and the encouragement of French immigration desire to advance as the Church who is prompting and encouraging the deep scheme. It is always the Church. If the Finance Minister goes to Rome, there is some ulterior purpose of the Church in the visit. If religious communities seek refuge in Canada, the brave Col. Hughes—the hero whose last exploit was to go through pelting rain—finds ruin for the country and the aim of Rome to take over the Dominion. When La Nationaliste advocates French immigration we have the Church thrust upon us. Jews may come—Japanese—any nation under the sun—provided only they be not Catholic. Geese once roused the capital of Rome. But it takes less hissing than that of a single goose to rouse the ignorant prejudice of country Orange lodges. They are bound together for only one purpose—to hate and persecute the Catholic Church. As long as the hissing and cackling confines itself to Toronto and the Province of Ontario it is not unusual and needs no comment. When the Orange lodge proposes to stop French advancement it is up against a stone wall. Immigration will be only a small detachment in the French march. Early marriages and large families will continue the good work. The Church may be kept busy. It will be in administering sacraments and opening new parishes. There will be nothing else. The people themselves will do the rest. It is all nonsense and worse to talk of troublous times on account of the increase of the French. This country does not belong to English, Scotch, Irish or French. It belongs to Canadians. It is not the property of any commercial company, nor is it an Orange Lodge. It belongs to free citizens who need no secret meeting to protect their rights or belie their neighbors.

An Appeal for Aid.

Udyavara P. O., via Mangalore, India, November 11, 1907. The Editor, True Witness, Montreal: Dear Sir,—I most humbly beg your pardon for having delayed so long to acknowledge your kind letter of August 2, and your express order for \$20.00 sent by the following mail. It was not want of gratitude or carelessness that kept me off from fulfilling this duty, but real inability. During the past few months I have been continually absent from my parish, and once for a whole month together. The reason is, I have been going about on a begging tour, in order to find funds to build my church. What little time remained during the intervals of coming and going was divided between the parish work and the work of designing and superintending the building. Besides parish priest I have to be at the same time the architect, the engineer and the overseer of the work, for which I have to go about myself in search of funds. I hope you will accept this my explanation and pardon my delay in writing to you. I offer my sincerest thanks to the kind benefactors who have so lovingly and generously come forward to assist me, a strange priest, working among a people living so many thousands of miles away from them. They are \$20 that they sent me, but what a substantial aid they are in a pagan country like this! With \$20.00 I have been able to procure these are a fifth part of the total number required to build the church. Again, I cannot express to you how refreshing it was to receive at once a sum like \$20. You that understand this when I tell you that in order to raise such a sum, I have been obliged to go about for days together, begging from door to door. I therefore beg of you to convey my sincerest thanks to my kind benefactors. May our Lord reward their charity in a suitable manner. And now, let me give you some news about my work. As you know already, our former church, which was built only 40 years ago, was ordered to be closed under the orders of the magistrate, as being in imminent danger of collapse. It is now a big heap of ruins. Thus on a sudden myself and my 1200 Christians found ourselves without a place of worship, and this in the midst of pagans who have three temples around our fallen church, and who sneeringly tell us that their gods have put down our church. This was in July of last year. We had no church, but rather a debt. For three months I said Mass, preached, baptized, heard confessions, etc., in my house. The poor people not finding room in the house had to kneel outside. Now we have put up a shed which serves us for a temporary church. Placing all my trust in Divine Providence, on Our Lady the Help of Christians, and the Patron of our former church, St. Francis Xavier, against all the rules of human prudence, and the advice of friends, ignoring all the fears and remarks of my people, I laid the foundation

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stone of the new church on November 18, 1906, and with what money I had collected by begging commenced its building. The work has been necessarily slow. Although it is now a year, the walls have reached only 13 feet high out of a total of 25 feet. After the walls are completed, there remains the work of the roof, which in a rainy country like this must be very strongly built, and costs as much as the work of the masonry. My funds are exhausted, and I am at a loss how to continue the work. All the money that has been spent till now was got by begging, and I require about \$1000, which too I must obtain by begging. But where shall I go, and from whom shall I beg, I do not know, so, dear sir, I have recourse to you and beg of you to make my needs known to your readers. My prayer is the prayer of twelve hundred Christians, living in the midst of thousands of pagans. It is to build a house for God in a place where He is houseless, where, it is so sad to say, the enemy of His Most Holy Name has three temples, worshipped by innumerable followers, but He, the eternal Son of God, has not wherein to lay His head. Therefore for the love of our dear Lord and God, on my knees, I beg each and every one that reads these lines to send me some little contribution. Even a few cents will be thankfully accepted. Every Sunday after Mass we have special prayers offered together for all our benefactors, and these prayers of the poor, united with those of Our Lady the Help of Christians, and our powerful patron and apostle, St. Francis Xavier, to whom the new church is to be dedicated, will not fail to draw down the choicest blessings on our benefactors and their families. With the fullest confidence that this appeal will not have been made in vain, respectfully begging of you to give it a place in your columns, and sincerely thanking you for all your kindness in the past, I am, dear sir,

Sincerely yours in J. C.
R. F. C. MASCARENHAS,
Catholic Priest.
St. Francis Xavier Church.
Udyavara P. O., via Mangalore, India.

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For the balance of this week we will offer the following:

Special lot of Turkish and Indian Rugs, less 50 per cent.

Balance of Persian, Turkish and Indian Rugs, less 20 per cent.

5 Persian Silk Rugs, finest quality and colors, 50 per cent.

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Special lot of made-up Squares in Axminster, Wilton, Brussels and Tapestry, less 50 per cent.

Balance of made-up squares, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Special lot of Wool and Union Squares, less 50 per cent.

Balance of Wool Squares, less 20 per cent.

20 pieces Templeton's Axminster Carpets, with border to match, \$1.80 less 25 per cent, \$1.35.

15 pieces Templeton's Axminster Carpet, with border to match, \$1.60 less 20 per cent, \$1.28.

15 pieces Axminster and Wilton Carpet without border, less 33 1-3.

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Balance of Brussels and Tapestry Carpets, less 10 to 20 per cent.

All Wool and Union Carpets (Kidderminster), less 10 to 25 per cent.

Special lot of Axminster and Wilton Mats, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Linoleum and Oilcloth, less 10 to 50 per cent.

Balance of Japanese, Chinese and Fibre Matting and Rugs, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Remnants of Cocoa Matting, less 75 per cent.

About 100 small made-up squares in Axminster, Wilton, Brussels and Tapestry, less 66 2-3 per cent.

Men's Boots and Shoes

500 pairs of Men's Boots to be sold at greatly reduced prices. These goods are taken from our regular stock. No jobs. The lot includes the following:

200 pairs Calf Boots, all sizes, our regular prices \$4 to \$4.50, to clear at \$3.85.

100 pairs Patent Colt Boots, all sizes, our regular prices \$5 and \$5.50, to clear at \$3.85.

50 pairs Heavy Tan Calf Boots, leather lined, our regular price \$6.50, to clear at \$4.50.

50 pairs Tan Calf, Blucher or bal., all sizes, our regular prices \$5 and \$5.50, to clear at \$3.45.

50 pairs Calf Waterproof Boots, all sizes, our regular prices \$5.50, \$6 and \$7, to clear at \$4.

50 pairs Men's Patent Oxfords, sizes 8 to 10, our regular price \$3.50, to clear at \$2.

Tailoring Department

For Friday

Fancy Vests, to order, balance of stock, \$5 and \$6.

For Saturday.

Worsted Suits to order, regular \$35, for \$30.

Ready Made Clothing

200 Men's Suits, \$13.50 to \$18, all sizes. Choice for \$5.

Rich Cut Glass

SPECIAL OFFER.

Having purchased the entire Bankrupt Stock of Messrs. Farley Phillips, Ltd., valued at over \$10,000 00, consisting of Vases, Bowls, Nappies, Decanters, Jugs, etc. etc., we will offer the same on Thursday at HALF PRICE

Men's Furnishing Department.

FRIDAY & SATURDAY.

Men's Felt Hats, \$2.50 to \$3 00, choice \$1.95.

2000 Four-in-Hand Ties, black and colored, regular 35c to 75c, choice 25c.

1000 Four-in-hand Ties, regular \$1.00 to \$1.25, choice 60c.

In Aid of Samaritan Hospital.

GARRICK CLUB ENTERTAINMENT at His Majesty's on Thursday, Friday & Saturday of this week.

Do not forget to secure seats.

Stationery Dpt.

Great Opportunities in this Department for the last Week of this Month.

One 25c Quire of Fine Linen Paper made specially for us, for 10c.

Envelopes to match, regular 25c, for 10c.

This paper is certainly one of the finest linen made.

Writing Pads

Fine Linen Paper Writing Pads, regular 25c, for 15c.

Fine Linen Paper Writing Pads, regular 20c for 10c.

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Discount on Stationery, 15 p. c.

Discount on Leather Goods, 25 per cent.

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Bargains in Ladies' Purses

A fine Leather Lined Purse, good frame, back or top strap, handy to carry in muff, regular \$2.50 for \$1.25.

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Regular \$1.50 and \$1.25 Books, all the latest copyrights, for 75c.

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To be cleared before stock-taking.

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Principally Skirts and Drawers, slightly soiled, at HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Colored Lawn Dressing Sacques at HALF PRICE.

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Odds and ends in Lawn and Silk Waists, and Children's Cotton Gowns at HALF PRICE.

A small lot of Ladies' Silk Umbrellas at HALF PRICE.

Ladies' Parasols at HALF PRICE.

A table of Ladies' Waists in White and Black Taffeta and White and Navy Lustre at \$2.75.

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Ladies' Plain Waists, tailored, at 33 1-3 per cent. discount.

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For Friday

Boys' Dressing Gowns, less 20 per cent.

For Saturday

Imitation Astrachan, regular \$4, for \$3.50.

Sealette, regular \$6.50 for \$5.

Also similar reductions in all Imitation Fur.

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES

200 pairs Patent Boots (button or lace), Goodyear welted soles, our regular price \$5, to clear at \$3.95.

100 pairs Vici Kid Laced Boots, Goodyear welted soles, our regular price \$5, to clear at \$3.95.

100 pairs Vici Kid Oxfords, turn soles, our regular prices \$2.50 to \$3, to clear at \$1.95.

200 pairs Children's Boots, sizes 5 1-2 to 10 1-2, our regular prices \$1.75, \$2 and \$2.25, to clear at \$1.25.

Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd., Montreal

The City of the Violated Treaty.

(Continued from Page 1)

THE RETURN OF SARFIELD'S BRAVE MEN.

But the Williamite troops had vivid and painful memories of the fighting capacity of the Irish cavalry at the battle of the Boyne, and were in no way encouraged to come to close quarters with Sarsfield and his men. The result was that on Tuesday evening he and his followers rode into camp on the Clare side of the Shannon, in safety, amid a scene such as Limerick had not witnessed for centuries. The whole force turned out, the citizens came with laurels to give him a conqueror's ovation, and the gunners on the old bastion across the river gave a royal salute to the man whom they hailed as the savior of the city.

Sarsfield's success, however, only made William more furious. He was not to be easily thwarted or disconcerted. A week later he had another siege train of thirty-six guns and four mortars brought up from Waterford and poured red-hot shot into the city. Sarsfield and De Boisseleau ordered the women and children to withdraw to the Clare side of the river, out of range of the firing. But the women absolutely refused to go. They had already aided in erecting the defenses of the city, and they resolved to stand in the breach and fight or die with the men of their families. The whole city was by this time surrounded by trenches dug by the Williamites, and William was mining close up to the walls of the city, where on the 26th the trenches were within a few feet of the palisades, and a breach had been made in the walls of St. John's gate.

THE HEROIC DEFENCE OF THE CITY.

William mined, but Sarsfield countermined. On August 27 William gave orders for the final onslaught on the city. Ten thousand men were ordered to support the storming party, and at a given signal, at 3.30 in the afternoon, five hundred Williamite grenadiers fired their pieces, flung their grenades, and in a few moments had mounted the breach. But the Irish were not unprepared for an entrenchment had been made inside the breach, and De Boisseleau had planted a few cannon from which he opened a cross fire on the assailants, under which they staggered and halted until a bloody hand-to-hand struggle ensued.

Spear and dagger, sword and musket were brought into deadly requisition. William flung forward his supports by thousands the moment he found the storming party had fastened on the breach. The Irish, however, finding wool plentiful in the city, packed it into strong cases and hung them out over the walls of the city, dazzling the effect of the enemy's fire. When the Williamites burst into the town a second time, instead of causing dismay or despondency to the garrison, it acted on them as magic in strengthening their defense. The women, armed with whatever weapons they could lay hold of, bricks, glass bottles, delfware and other missiles, fought the Williamites with fury. It was their sturdy behavior which inspired the poem, the quotation from which is given at the opening of the story.

A COSTLY EXPERIMENT TO THE ENEMY.

William gazed on the struggle from "Cromwell fort," ordering every now and then additional troops forward to sustain the assault. This bloody hand-to-hand conflict lasted for three hours in the streets, until by seven o'clock in the evening the Williamites had been driven out of the city and back into their own trenches. A shout of victory went up from the defenders, but William still had a grip on the walls and his Bradenburgh regiment, the sturdy Dutchmen who had ridden with him on the Continent, got in a dense mass at the rear of one of the Irish batteries. But it was to them a costly experiment. They did not know that every foot of the ground beneath them had been mined, and while they were exulting over what they thought would be victory, the earth opened and yawned beneath their feet, and with a roar like thunder mingled with despairing death shrieks, the battery and Bradenburghers went flying into the air.

Sarsfield's success at Ballyneety had been repeated inside the walls of Limerick, and amid the most awful carnage. The Williamites were

finally flung back from the walls, while with a shout of triumph from the defenders, which was caught up and echoed on the Thomond shore, across the Shannon, a final salvo from the unconquered battlements proclaimed that Sarsfield and his force were victorious. William resolved to renew the assault on the following day, but his men could not be persuaded to advance after the two terrible experiences they had gone through. In a rage he left the camp and never stopped until he reached Waterford, where he took ship for England. His army in the meantime retired at night from before the walls of Limerick.

THE DESERTION OF THE FRENCH.

The cowardice of James at the Boyne, which earned for him a title in Irish history more euphonistic than polite, had not yet become known to his French allies. He represented that all was lost in Ireland, and to cover his own cowardly retreat did not hesitate to slander the Irish allies who had stood and fought for his cause after he had himself run away from it. The result was that while William's army, cowed and beaten, were flung back from Limerick, after being thrashed by Sarsfield, Launay and his French allies embarked on a French fleet anchored in Galway for the return to France. Tyrconnel, going to France at the same time, intended representing to James what a mistake he had made in flying from Ireland, and endeavoring to secure a fresh French expedition.

The following May another French fleet arrived in the Shannon, bringing some provisions, clothing, arms and ammunition for the Irish troops, but they brought no money or troops. With the fleet came the brave Lieutenant General, St. Ruth, a French officer of energy and experience, to take command of the Irish army. Sarsfield, to whom more than anybody else the gallant and successful defense of Limerick was due, was thus reduced to a fifth subordinate position, and a stranger, brave and chivalrous though he was, put in command of an army and in a country of which he knew nothing.

THE SECOND SIEGE.

The battle of Aughrim was fought the following year under these discouraging circumstances, and despite a repetition of the bravery which he had shown at Limerick, Sarsfield was compelled to fall back on that city as the only ground regarded then as tenable by the defeated Irish army. In August, 1691, Sarsfield was back in Limerick, with his back again to its solid walls in defense of Ireland. He was closely followed by the Williamite general, Ginckle, with a powerful army, while the Irish forces had been woefully reduced by hard and uphill fighting. It was quite apparent by this time that James' crown had been a misfit from the outset, and that nothing could wrest it from the head of the fighting William.

William, was, therefore, willing enough to offer favorable terms to the Irish if they surrendered, including the preservation of their estates to the Anglo-Irish Catholic nobles and gentry. They were, of course, anxious to accept the terms. But the brave party led by Sarsfield would not hear of compromise and prepared for a fiery ordeal once more within the walls of Limerick. Sixty guns, none less than twelve pounds caliber, opened their fire against the city.

THE BETRAYAL OF THE PASS.

A British fleet sailed up the river and assaulted it from the water side, but Ginckle found assault to be vain and he resolved to starve the garrison and citizens out by blockading the city. An Anglo-Irish officer named Luttrell, who had long been suspected of treachery, betrayed to Ginckle the pass over the Shannon above the city, and one morning at daybreak the Irish, to their horror, beheld the foe on the Clare side of the river. Ginckle again offered to grant almost any terms if the city would capitulate, for he had a lively recollection of the Williamite attempt to take it the year before. The Anglo-Irish party within the city walls, too, had not been idle, and accordingly on September 23, 1691, a parley took place which resulted in a cessation of fighting on both sides.

Sarsfield found himself forced either to accept the British terms, or while in a subordinate command, to fight both the British and the weakened elements on his own side. Sarsfield was, against his will, compelled to assent to the terms offered, although like himself, his soldiers were loud and bitter in expressing their grief at such a course being ta-

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The soldiers rushed to the ramparts, from which they had so many times hurled back their British foes and smashed their swords in pieces. Their guns were broken in a frenzy of desperation, and the shafts of pikes which resisted. William's veterans cavalry were smashed by themselves across the knees of maddened rapparees. The citizens rushed to the walls bearing the arms they had kept as mementoes of the glorious struggle of the year before, and smashed them into fragments, declaring, "We need them no longer, Ireland is no more."

THE SIGNING OF THE VIOLATED TREATY.

Negotiations were, however, concluded on October 3, 1691, just across the bridge on the Clare side of the river, and on the spot where stands to-day the treaty stone which will herald to generations yet to come the treachery of England. Sarsfield took the precaution before signing the terms of capitulation to insist that despite the formal powers which Ginckle declared he had, the treaty should be ratified by the British Lords Justices. They were brought down from Dublin for the purpose, and attended in full state at the signing of the treaty. The treaty consisted of twenty-nine military and fifteen civil articles. The military articles stipulated for the surrendering of Limerick and other fortresses then in the hands of the Irish, but with the provision that the garrisons should march out with the honors of war, and if required be conveyed to France or elsewhere at the cost of the British government. The civil articles provided that Catholics should be granted their religious liberty consistent with the laws of Ireland, as they did enjoy in the reign of King Charles II. They were promised that an Irish Parliament should be summoned and desired to grant such further security as might be necessary to preserve them from any disturbance on account of their religion.

SARFIELD REFUSED TO VIOLATE HIS OATH.

Two days after the signing of the treaty a French fleet of eighteen ships sailed up the Shannon with a supply of men, arms and money, prepared to aid the Irish, who had unfortunately just capitulated. Sarsfield was even then appealed to to discard the terms of the treaty, accept the French aid, and strike out again for Ireland, but his honor as a commander had been pledged, and he determined to maintain it. History proved, as it has on many times, before and since, that the foe with whom he was dealing was unworthy of being kept faith with.

The brave defenders of Limerick were lined up on October 5, 1691, on the north shore of the Shannon around the city walls, there to make their choice between exile from their native land for life or service in the armies of their conqueror. On one side was the standard of France and on the other that of England. The soldiers as they marched out, "and all the honors of war, drums beating, colors flying, and matches lighting," should wheel to the right or the left, beneath the flag under which they should elect to serve.

IRELAND'S ARMY ENLISTS IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE.

The finest regiment in the service, the Irish foot guards, fourteen hundred strong, marched at the head of the line, both sides recognizing that the choice of the first regiment as to which banner they would serve under was likely to sway the remainder, and Ginckle, it is recorded, was especially agitated as he watched the oncoming of the Irish troops. The splendid regiment marched up to the selected spot, and in a body wheeled to the colors of France, only seven men turning to the British side. The regiment which followed, Lord Iveagh's, a title recently revived in Ireland for one of the Guinness family, the brewers, went almost unanimously to the Williamite banner, as did portions of a couple of other regiments. But the bulk of the Irish army deflected "under the fleur de lis of France," only one thousand and forty six out of nearly fourteen thousand men preferring to serve England.

When the French fleet arrived under these circumstances, Ginckle feared the Irish would repudiate the treaty and renew the war. When Sarsfield was told that a powerful fleet was sailing up the river he seemed stunned by the news, remain-

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ed silent for a moment, then said in mournful accents, "Too late, the treaty is signed; our honor is pledged—the honor of Ireland. Though one hundred thousand Frenchmen offered to aid us now, we must keep our pledged troth."

HOME AND FAMILY GIVEN UP RATHER THAN WEAR THE BADGE OF SLAVERY.

He forbade the landing of the expedition, saying, with the scrupulous sense of honor to be expected from a soldier such as he was, that the spirit, if not the letter of the capitulation extended to any such arrival. So the French ships were used to transport to France the Irish army that had volunteered "for foreign service." They sailed away from the Shannon's mouth a day or two later, soldiers and civilians, nobles gentry and clergy; in all more than nineteen thousand persons, who, under their leader, Sarsfield, gave up home, family, friends and fortune rather than accept the badge of the conqueror.

Sarsfield's estates, near Luccan, in Dublin, which are still pointed out, were even at that early time valued at nearly three thousand pounds a year. Those who followed them later for the same purpose were generally conveyed to France in the vessels which brought foreign wines and brandy to Ireland. The soldiers "went entered on the ship's books as 'wild geese,' and that became the common name for them among the people. One of the poets of 1848, Michael J. Barry, in touching lines, thus saug of them:

The wild geese—the wild geese—'tis long since they flew
O'er the billowy ocean's bright bosom of blue;
For the foot of the false-hearted stranger had curst
The shores on whose fond breast
They'd settled at first,
And they sought then a home afar
Off o'er the sea.

Where their pinions, at least, might be chainless and free.

Sarsfield fell in battle two years later on the field of Landen, while bravely leading a victorious charge of his Irish brigade against the British enemy. A rifle ball had entered near his heart, and while he lay on the field his corset was removed to permit an examination of the wound. In a pang of pain he put his hand to his breast as if to staunch the wound, and when he took his hand away it was full of blood. Gazing at it mournfully he faintly gasped, "O that this were for Ireland," and he never spoke again. Even before he died Sarsfield, and the men who sailed with him from Ireland knew of England's treachery regarding the treaty. William and Mary had ratified it and expressed their desire to carry it out, but the Parliament which they controlled declined to do so, and the unfortunate Irish Catholics were oppressed and crushed to as great an extent as if the treaty had never been made.

ENGLAND'S PERFDY NERVED THE VICTORS OF FONTENAY AND OTHER GLORIOUS FIELDS.

That is why to this day the document is referred to as the "Violated Treaty," and Limerick, where it was signed, is known in Irish annals as the "City of the Violated Treaty." The knowledge of England's perfidy served to nerve the arms of Sarsfield, Clare, Dillon, O'Mahoney and MacDonnell, and thousands of others against England in the Continental wars which followed, and it was to the cry "Revenge, remember Limerick, dash down the Sassenach!" that the victorious troops of Clare dashed through the ranks of the bloody Duke of Cumberland at Pontenoy more than half a century later and placed the crown of victory on that bloody field above the standards of France.

It is significant that in August of 1907 a monument in the form of a Celtic cross has been erected on the field of Fontenoy to celebrate the smashing victory of those "Wild Geese," who either themselves or their immediate progenitors took ship from Limerick on the Shannon.

(Continued on Page 3)

THE SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

- (1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.

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

W. W. COLLY.

Deputy Minister of the Interior, N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840.

Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 2nd Vice-President, W. J. Gahan; 3rd Vice-President, J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. Durack; Recording Secretary, T. R. Tansley.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander Street, at 8.00 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoren; President, M. J. O'Donnell; Sec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur Street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 28—Organized 18th November, 1888. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoren; Chancellor, W. A. Hodgson; President, Thos. R. Stevens; 1st Vice-President, James Cahill; 2nd Vice-President, M. J. Dolan; 16 Overdale Avenue; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain Street; Treasurer, F. J. Sear; Marshall, G. I. Nichols; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees—W. F. Wall, T. R. Stevens, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and J. T. Stevens. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison; Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merris, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Curran.

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CHAPTER XXV. She poured out on the lounge beside him and said, "Tell me, Helen, drank the water through the Katharine's presence brighten."

"There is little to tell. My sister and I lived in Ohio. Our parents there was just now we hadn't met what we should do. I was pretty, and made me very idle thought my face was I read novels while the Prince. He can Lambert on the hill, and he was—"

"Katharine nodded. "We were Catholic. I had to drop my religion that I stood out. I have been very poor, too, in a crude sort of way, the other girls he liked. Lambert, my father spoke to me. He said he was happy with me from myself. I did

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History of the Church

The earth, naked up to that time, became clothed in a mantle of green; the meadows became grassy, the fields were covered with crops, the mountains with forests. The green groundwork of this immense picture gives the eye a sweet repose. The grasses, plants, shrubs, trees of different height and foliage give it a harmonious variety. Numberless flowers rejoice in their colors and embalm it with their perfumes. These pass away, but leave after them the luscious fruits that welcome the hand that plucks them and the mouth that eats them. In the midst of these fruits are the seeds, the image of the Word of God. The Word contains in Himself, the model and the essence of every possible being; the seed contains the future plant. Once planted in the ground, this seed mysteriously attracts to itself the elements in the water and in the earth best suited to itself, and transforms them into its own substance. It softens, swells out, opens and from its bosom comes the germ, the young plant which it nourishes and for which it sacrifices its own life. Fortified by this life-giving nourishment, the young plant sends out roots below and a stem above. By its roots it goes about seeking water and good earth, and then chooses and pumps the juices that it requires, and by a mysterious transubstantiation, changes these portions of water and earth into sap, the sap into threads, these into little channels, into bark, into stalk, into branches, into leaves, into flowers, into fruits and seeds which in their turn bear a new generation. And all these wonders are but the commencement. Not only does the plant draw from the earth what is necessary to give it growth toward the sky, but furthermore it is from the sky that it obtains life and beauty. Put the plant in the best of earth, water its roots, but give it no air above; it will wither in the same way that man, deprived of air, smothered, and fire dies out. Give it air, but do not renew it; it will live for a time but will then perish, just as in air that is not renewed fire will extinguish and man smother. It has been discovered that the plant both sweats and breathes. When it has chosen from the earth the substance required for its nourishment, it sweats through its leaves the juice which it had pumped through its roots. It is even believed by some that the dew comes partly from this perspiration. By these same means it breathes: certain portions of the air and its vapors, passes them through its branches and by the bark of the trunk or stem, back to the roots; so that in the plant there is a circulation of sap as there is in man a circulation of blood, and air as necessary to the one as to the other. This is not all. With air and water the plant will live; but that it may take its own natural color and beauty, that it may bear flowers and fruits, something else is required; it must have light. Without the light of day, it would be pale, insipid, scentless, sterile. We see, for example, a plant which is shut up in a room stretch its branches and leaves towards the window, looking for the light; and the potatoes in a dark cellar run into stalks, sometimes twenty feet in length, in an effort to get to an opening where a little light enters. Everybody knows these facts, but who can understand the mystery? Here again is another. There is in plants not only an unexplainable instinct, a hidden force, a vital power that seeks darkness by the roots, and light by the stem; that decomposes air, water, and earth, extracts certain elements from them to compose new substances, marrow, wood, bark, veins, leaves, flowers; there is, like in the animals, a diversity of sex for the propagation of the species. In certain plants, such as hemp, the two sexes are formed on two different stems; in others, like the walnut, they are on the same stem but in different flowers; in the most part they are formed in the same flower, but with distinct organs. Fecundation is obtained by a sort of dust which is conveyed from one to the other. When a rain storm takes place out of season, or some other obstacle hinders this communication, there is no fecundation and the plant remains sterile. This is what happens to the vine when it runs, as they say.

(To be continued.)

Parish News of the Week

Last Sunday St. Ann's Church presented quite an imposing sight as the members of the Holy Family, about 150 in number, approached holy Communion in a body. The above-named society was also accompanied by quite a large number of their friends, in the person of the members of the St. Ann's Young Men, who turned out in splendid numbers to do honor to the occasion. There was a remarkable good attendance at the meeting of the Holy Family Society, on last Thursday evening. The congregational singing led by Mr. Geo. P. Holland, added an additional feature of interest to the meeting. Father Holland gave the sixth conference of his series, which appeared in the True Witness last week. The next meeting of the Holy Family Society will take place on Feb. 7th, when a larger gathering than any yet seen is expected.

We are glad to note that Mr. Berney, of the Holy Family Society, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering.

SERVICE FOR CHILDREN.

A very touching ceremony took place in the Church of St. Louis de France on Sunday afternoon, when all the young children of the parish were consecrated to the Infant Jesus. Several hundred little tots were brought by their parents, and these added to boys and girls a little more advanced in years formed a most interesting congregation. A procession, in which the crib and Infant were carried on the shoulders of some of the little ones, took place inside the church, after which all the children were permitted to kiss the feet of the little Infant.

A.O.H., DIVISION 4, GIVE CONFERT. The A.O.H., Division No. 4, held a most successful concert in St. Mary's Hall, Craig street. The principal feature of the programme was a lecture by Mr. Justice Curran on his recent trip to Ireland, and was a graphic account of a visit to Wexford, Killarney, Dublin, Belfast and the Giant's Causeway. Much interest was evinced by the large and appreciative audience and a hearty vote of thanks was tendered the lecturer at the close.

Rev. Brother Jerome, C.S.S.R. passed through the city on his way from Belgium to St. Louis, Mo., last week.

ST. ANTHONY'S. High Mass on last Sunday was sung by Rev. Father Donnelly, P.P., who, at the prone, after making his usual weekly announcements, preached a most eloquent sermon on the sacrament of baptism, explaining its effects, its power and the channel which it is towards the receiving of the other sacraments.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE. Report for week ending Sunday, 26th January, 1908: Irish, 158; French, 45; English, 31; other nationalities, 27. Total, 261.

C.M.B.A. BRANCH 383, INSTALLS OFFICERS. Branch No. 383, C.M.B.A., Grand Council of Quebec, held their regular monthly meeting Monday evening, in their hall, No. 777 Sandgum street (Lebeau's Hall), and it was one of the most enthusiastic ever held under its auspices.

Amongst those present and who assisted at the ceremonies of installation were: Grand Trustee, Bro. Dr. Alex. Germain; Chancellor, F. J. Curran (committee on laws); Grand Marshal, Bro. J. J. Costigan; Grand Deputies, Bro. I. A. Lynch, T. Kane, J. F. Quinn, L. J. Bertrand, Dr. G. A. H. Dufresne, A. Gravel; Provincial Grand Deputy G. A. Carpenter and Grand Deputy G. A. J. Sears, who was the installing officer of the occasion.

The following officers were elected for 1908: Spiritual adviser, Father W. Casey; chancellor, Bro. J. Murphy; president, Bro. J. F. Quinn, first vice-president, Bro. J. H. Feeley; second vice-president, Bro. J. J. Carroll; recording secretary, Bro. F. J. Côtter; assistant recording secretary, F. Nolan; financial secretary Bro. J. P. Kavanagh; treasurer, Bro. T. J. Kavanagh; marshal, Bro. T. Butler; guard, Bro. H. Maguire. Board of trustees—Bro. J. P. Kavanagh, J. J. Carroll, F. Nolan, H. Maguire, H. W. McDavitt. Medical examiner, Dr. Germain.

Growing Girls Need Pink Pills.

This Tonic is Necessary for Their Proper Development and to Insure Health and Strength.

There are throughout Canada thousands and thousands of young girls who are in a condition approaching a decline. The complexion is pale or sallow. Appetite feeble. A short walk, or going upstairs, leaves them breathless and with a violently palpitating heart. Headaches and dizziness often adds to their misery. Doctors call this anaemia—which, in common English, means poor blood. There is just one sure and certain cure for this trouble—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, strengthens every nerve, and bring a glow of health to pale faces. Do not waste time and money experimenting with other medicines. Do not delay treatment until you are in a hopeless decline. Get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, and see how speedily they will restore your health and strength. Here is the proof. Mrs. Joseph E. LePage, St. Jerome, Que., says: "My daughter Emilia began to lose her health at the age of thirteen years. She suffered from headaches and dizziness. Her appetite was poor. She was pale and apparently bloodless. She had no strength and could neither study nor do any work. Doctors medicine failed to cure her and I thought she was going into a decline. She was in this condition for several months when a neighbor advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to give them a trial. It was not long until an improvement was noticed and the continued use of the pills for a month or more completely cured her and she has since enjoyed the best of health. I feel sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any case of this kind. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor and watery blood, such as rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, neuralgia, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure all troubles due to poor and watery blood, such as rheumatism, sciatica, indigestion, neuralgia, paralysis, St. Vitus dance, and the ailments that make the lives of so many women miserable. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW ENGLISH PARISH. On Sunday next in the basement of St. Joseph's School, Desery street, near Notre Dame, there will be two masses at 8 a.m. and 10 o'clock, formally marking the opening of the new parish under the charge of Rev. M. L. Shea.

MGR. BEGIN RECEIVED BY THE POPE. The Pope yesterday received in private audience the Most Rev. Louis Nazaire Begin, Archbishop of Quebec.

DIED. NORRIS.—On the 11th January, instant, at Athbay, County Meath, Ireland, John Norris, father of Sister Theresa of Jesus, of the Sacred Heart, and of Mrs. S. Beaudin.

OUR MONTHLY CALENDAR

Table with 2 columns: Day and Event. Includes January 1st (Circumcision of Our Lord), 2nd (St. Macarius), 3rd (St. Genevieve), 4th (St. Titus), 5th (Octave of the Holy Innocents), 6th (St. Theophorus), 7th (St. Lucia), 8th (St. Hilary), 9th (St. Severinus), 10th (St. Julian and Basilissa), 11th (St. Hyginus), 12th (St. Arcadius), 13th (St. Veronika), 14th (St. Hilary), 15th (St. Paul, First Hermit), 16th (St. Macchabaeus), 17th (St. Anthony), 18th (St. Prisca), 19th (Feast of the Holy Name), 20th (St. Fabian and Sebastian), 21st (St. Agnes), 22nd (St. Vincent Anastasian), 23rd (Espousals of the B. V. Mary), 24th (St. Timothy), 25th (Conversion of St. Paul), 26th (St. Polycarp), 27th (St. John Baptist), 28th (St. Margaret of Hungary), 29th (St. Francis of Sales), 30th (Conversion of St. Paul), 31st (St. Peter Nolasco).

NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will apply to the Legislature at its next session, to obtain a charter of incorporation to them and all such persons becoming shareholders in the company, under the name of "Hochelaga Insurance Company."

The object of the proposed company is to transact all kinds of insurance and reinsurance against fire and its consequences, plate-glass, steam boiler, live stock and to insure property rights and interests of all kinds, and to perform all matters and things connected with such objects and suitable to the accomplishment thereof.

Montreal, January 9th, 1908. Henry Wilfrid Gauthier, J. M. Robitaille, H. Landry, M. E. Bourcier, Pierre-Auguste Hubert.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for the incorporation of the "Third Order of Saint Francis, Saint Patrick's Fraternity," as a religious and philanthropical corporation, with power to hold real estate, and for such other powers as may be necessary or incidental thereto.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for Applicants. Montreal, 15 January, 1908.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. Application will be made at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, for the incorporation of the "Third Order of Saint Francis, Immaculate Conception Sisterhood," as a religious and philanthropical corporation, with power to hold real estate, and for such other powers as may be necessary or incidental thereto.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for Applicants. Montreal, 15 January, 1908.

NOTICE is hereby given that the estate of the late William Kerr will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next Session, to obtain an Act to ratify a deed of sale by the testamentary executors and fiduciary legatees of the late Honorable Sir George Etienne Cartier, et al, to M. M. Brownne Peuley, executed before J. L. Coutlée, notary, the 5th May, 1874.

For the interested parties, L. LYMAN, Attorney. Montreal, 17th December, 1907.

NOTICE

The Fabrique of the Parish of Holy Angels, Lachine, has decided to enlarge the Catholic Church of this parish, and being duly authorized to this effect, give notice that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next session, to obtain the passing of a law authorizing a special levy with assessments on part of the immovable property of Catholic landowners to enable them to undertake the expenses proceeding therefrom, to create a Syndic office, having all the powers, rights and obligations required and necessary for the purpose of enlargement, assessment and everything required in such cases.

JOS. A. DESCARRIES, Cressé & Descaries, Attorneys. Montreal, Jan. 7, 1908.

New English Parish.

On Sunday next in the basement of St. Joseph's School, Desery street, near Notre Dame, there will be two masses at 8 a.m. and 10 o'clock, formally marking the opening of the new parish under the charge of Rev. M. L. Shea.

MGR. BEGIN RECEIVED BY THE POPE. The Pope yesterday received in private audience the Most Rev. Louis Nazaire Begin, Archbishop of Quebec.

DIED. NORRIS.—On the 11th January, instant, at Athbay, County Meath, Ireland, John Norris, father of Sister Theresa of Jesus, of the Sacred Heart, and of Mrs. S. Beaudin.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Central Canada Ice Races Ottawa and Return \$4.50 From Montreal. Good going Feb. 3rd, 5th and 7th. Return limit, Feb. 10th, 1908.

OTTAWA TRAINS. LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. x18.45 a.m. x10.10 a.m. x8.55 a.m. x14.00 p.m. x9.40 p.m. x10.10 p.m. xParlor and Cafe Cars. Meals a la carte.

LEAVE PLACE VIGIER. 18.20 a.m. 15.45 p.m. *Daily. \$Sunday only. *Daily, except Sunday.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next: Post Office

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Central Canada Ice Races Ottawa and Return \$4.50. Good going Feb. 3rd, 5th and 7th. Return limit, Feb. 10th, 1908.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA. 3 TRAINS WEEK DAYS. 2 TRAINS SUNDAYS. Leave Montreal—8.30 a.m. 13.40 p.m. 7.30 p.m. Arrive Ottawa—11.30 a.m. 16.40 p.m. 10.30 p.m. Elegant Buffet Parlor Cars on all trains.

MONTREAL-TORONTO. 4 EXPRESS TRAINS EACH WAY DAILY. Leave Montreal—9.00 a.m. 9.45 a.m. 7.30 p.m. 10.30 p.m. Arrive Toronto—4.30 p.m. 9.45 p.m. 6.15 a.m. 7.30 a.m. Elegant Cafe-Parlor Car service on 9.00 a.m. train.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

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

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

TRAIN SERVICE

7.25 A.M. for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec & intermediate stations.

12 NOON for Levis, Quebec, River du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney, through sleeping and dining cars.

EXCEPT SATURDAY. 3.50 P.M. for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

Saturdays Only. 12 NOON for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Rivier du Loup, St. Flavie and intermediate stations.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. 141 St. James street. Tel. Main 615. GEO. STRUBBINS, City Pass & Tkt. Agent. H. A. PRICE, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

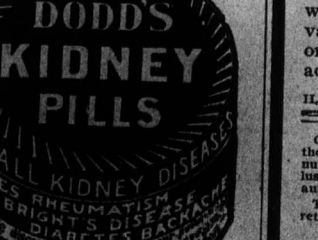
NOTICE

Notice is given by Philias Vannier, gentleman, Narcisse Laurier, gentleman, both of Montreal, that they will, with other proprietors, apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to amend the act of this Province, 3 Edward VII., chapter 62, section 32, subsection 15, paragraphs C and D, in order that the City of Montreal be forced to pay alone that part of the cost of expropriation, representing the amount of damages and the value of buildings erected on or beyond the homologated line of Saint Antoine street, of said city, for the third and fourth section, in as much as the proprietors who have constructed in this manner, have done so because the said city gave them an erroneous line to erect their said buildings.

Montreal, 22nd January, 1908. BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for Petitioners.

NOTICE is hereby given that Messrs. Louis A. Lapointe, broker; Remi Gohier, real estate agent; Moses Heilig, manufacturer, all of the city and district of Montreal; Joseph Chevalier, trader, of Longue Pointe, and Charles Arthur Hogue, insurance inspector, of the said city and district of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the province of Quebec, at its next session, for an act incorporating them and all others who may become shareholders, in a company under the name of "The Modern Fire Insurance Company," having its chief place of business in the city of Montreal, with power to make insurance contracts and re-insurance against fire, together with all the powers necessary and useful for carrying out the operations of said Company.

M. G. LA ROCHELLE, Advocate for said applicants. Montreal, Jan. 15, 1908.



THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

155 to 153 Notre Dame St. 184 to 184 St. James St. Montreal. THURSDAY, JANUARY 30, 1908.

THE LADIES' WHITEWEAR SALE

Four weeks of unabated success has attended this vastly popular sale, and as great crowds attended yesterday as on the opening days. Interest is kept up by adding new lines, better than their predecessors, if that were possible and greater values will be offered for the closing days of this wonderful sale.

LADIES' WHITE CAMBRIC NIGHTDRESSES, made in Mother Hubbard style, yoke neatly trimmed with four clusters fine tucks, lace insertions set in between, V neck edged with wide lace. January sale...51c

Ladies' good quality WHITE CAMBRIC NIGHT DRESSES, made with square yoke trimmed lace insertion, finished wide lawn frill with lace edging, also neck and cuffs. January Sale...80c

LADIES' NICE WHITE UNDERSKIRTS, good quality lawn, extra wide, neatly trimmed, two wide lace insertion and three clusters fine tucks set in between, edged with wide lace, good value. January Sale...82c

WHITE CAMBRIC SHORT CHEMISES, square yoke with one row lace insertion, finished with frill of wide lace, neck finished with frill of lace, beading and ribbon on neck and arms. January sale...45c

NAINSOOK CORSET COVERS, full front, round yoke of lace insertion, neck and arm hole edged with lace, beading and ribbon. January Sale...30c

Ladies' good strong cotton drawers, with deep umbrella flounce, trimmed tucks, edged with wide lace. January Sale...24c

29 pairs White Wool Blankets, fine and very soft make, good for large double bed and nice fancy border. Sale price...\$2.95

100 pairs boys' Pinto Shell Moccasins, strong and water proof, will not get hard, in sizes 1 to 6. Regular value \$1.50 for...90c

Boys' and Men's Clothing

Boys' Norfolk Suits in Fancy Tweed of Medium grey, a smart nobby suit for a boy...\$3.00

Boys' Reefers-Coats of navy blue Nap, storm collar, Special value...\$2.12

Boys' Fancy Tweed Overcoats in good shades of mixed grey, good black venetian lining and perfect fitting. Regular \$7.00 for...\$3.50

Boys' Blanket Coats of Black Mackinaw, piped red cord, made the proper length, red lined hood...\$3.75

Men's Tweed Suits in Scotch Fancy Mixed effects, well made and well finished, in greys, drab, brown, brown and red. Regular \$12.00. Sale price...\$5.98

Men's Navy Blue and Black English Serge Suits, fine quality twill, lined with best farmer satin, good concave shoulders and finished in the most up to date models. Regular \$15.00. Sale Price...\$10.00

Men's Working Pants, good patterns and well shaped. Special value \$1.15, \$1.45...10c

Boys' and Men's Caps, odd lines and broken sizes, warm and comfortable...10c

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from...190...for which I enclose \$..... Name of Subscriber..... P. O. Address..... If you are a new subscriber, write "new" here.....

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