

26, 1905.

NOTICE

Co. LIMITED

Coats.

accumulate. Among new garments in they occupy. This coats—the most far this season.

Coats

\$6.85

AND MISSES' effect, pleated Collar, cuffs and d to Half \$6.85

\$2.98

S in this group. Over Cloth, in a others elegantly cut and of to \$9.00.

\$2.98

Reduced Prices

the year's sup- mens, Bed linen, d for their snowy

CASES

How Cases, hem- use, Regular ice, each, 11 1-2

SPECIAL

Bleached Sheet- ide, worth er yard, 16 1-2

LENGTHS

And, now, with Ireland's cry of dis- tress ringing in the ears of the civil- ized world, I will set down the con- ditions that surround those who are uttering the cry—conditions that have helped to make famine a possi- bility, conditions that embrace a de- gree of existence lower even than that of mere poverty.

It is a record that is a revelation of the true meaning of famine in a land where hunger gnaws at human vitals the year round.

My recent journey was one of a week through "darkest" Ireland—the poorest, unhappiest country in the whole world. As my trip through- out was far from the beaten paths, mostly in carts, I saw and heard those things which the tourists miss. The names of most of the places I visited are carefully kept out of the guide-books by the railroads, which depend for their right of way upon a parliament in London whose members simply will not visit Ireland and see for themselves the conditions there.

No investigator could be anything but horrified by the awful scenes I have witnessed—scenes of utmost po- verty and suffering, of oppression and desolation. Neither the people of Finland nor of Poland, under the Russian Government, are as sorely distressed as the Irish people in the places I have been—only a night's journey from the seat of government of these poor people's "enlightened" but blindfolded "conquerors."

Ireland is the only country on earth that shows a steady decrease of population all during the last half century. Ireland has two mil- lion less inhabitants to-day than it had fifty years ago. (Ireland has four million less inhabitants now than she had fifty years ago.—Ed.) Ire- land has half a million less inhabi- tants than it had ten years ago. Ire- land, as big as Maine or Indiana, had a population at one time equal to that of New York State; to-day this beautiful island has only as many people as Missouri. At the present rate of diminution of families in Ireland the island will be depopu- lated. The people who thus made these facts abandoned the isle of their birth, emigrated to other coun- tries. And the vast majority of these people and their offspring are in the United States of America. The result is that the biggest Irish city in the world is New York. That city has an Irish population exceeding that of the two biggest cities in Ire- land—Dublin and Belfast—taken to- gether, namely, 725,000. And the total number of Irish people in the United States—5,000,000—exceeds by 1,000,000 the total number of Irish people in all Ireland. And the reason for this I can only suggest, by telling exactly what happened while I was looking and listening in the land from which came the Irish in America.

The Irishmen themselves are not to blame for this condition. This is proven by the known fact that once they reach America they display re-

# The True Witness



Vol. LIV. MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1905. PRICE FIVE CENTS

## IN "DARKEST" IRELAND.

(By Gilson Willets, Special Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly.)

The gaunt spectre of famine now stalks abroad in County Mayo and County Galway, and other counties in the West of Ireland, where I recently made a tour of investigation of conditions among the poor people of the tenant class. The potato crop this year proved a failure; the potatoes rotted in the ground and were not even worth digging up. Add starvation to the pitiable conditions of the wretched cotters—conditions described in this article—and the total of distress is appalling to contemplate. Even conservative Irish leaders like John Dillon, Michael Davitt, and John O'Donnell have made public statements declar- ing that the famine in Ireland is real, and that "without adequate and speedy relief there is nothing for my people but death."

In short, the past season was the worst the people of the counties men- tioned have known since the great plague year, 1879. The result is that unless the government provides immediate relief the mortality this winter will approximate that of the plague year.

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## IRISH HIERARCHY AND TRINITY COLLEGE.

Protest Against the Educational Bribes of the Protestant Institution.

By the Standing Committee of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ire- land, the following resolutions have been unanimously adopted:

RESOLVED: That in view of the insidious attempts now being made by the authorities of Trinity College and some of its Protestant support- ers to induce by pecuniary bribes the youth of our Catholic schools to en- ter that institution so often "con- demned by their priests, we feel it our urgent duty to warn our flocks against the danger of accepting these educational bribes.

The present attempt in no way differs from the attempts made by Trinity College for the past 300 years to wean away the Catholic youth of Ireland from their allegi- ance to their faith and their coun- try. It is, in spirit, an offering of pecuniary bribes, in no way differing from those so often offered to Catho- lic boys to induce them to frequent proselytising schools in the West of Ireland and elsewhere.

Trinity College, unsectarian in theory, is Protestant in its govern- ment, its teaching, and its atmos- phere. Numbers of its most dis- tinguished men have recently boast- ed that the College is Protestant, and hope it will always remain so. It is no place for loyal Catholics. They cannot frequent its halls with- out the gravest danger of detriment to their faith, which is their highest blessing and greatest treasure.

As their pastors, we call upon them in the most earnest manner to spurn this new bribe, as their fathers spurned similar bribes in the past. No true Irish Catholic will accept the proffered scholarships, and those who may be weak enough to do so may rest assured that their fellow- countrymen will never forget their recreancy in this crisis of our struggle for educational equality.

In vain have the Bishops appealed year after year to the government to do justice to the Catholics of Ireland in the matter of University education. In vain have Ministers responsible at various times for Irish administra- tion acknowledged the reasonableness of the Catholic claim. In vain have our members of Parliament, re- presenting alike the views of the laity and of the clergy, made an un- answerable case in the House of Commons for a University suited to the wants of the Irish people. At the dictation of an intolerant mi- nority, the Government has abdicated its functions, and nothing is to be done unless it pleases intolerance to say when, and where, and how.

In such circumstances it is our duty to tell our people, whose vital interests are at stake, that they are fully justified in taking up the ques- tion in a way that will teach intolerance a lesson it badly needs.

Trinity College and the Queen's Colleges are no places for the intel- lectually gifted youth of a race that, through all the centuries since we received the faith, has prized religion as its most precious inheritance. It is intolerable that these institutions should hold their endowments, as if to serve the Irish people, when the small sections of the population which they do serve, mercilessly bar out the bulk of the people from Uni- versity education in any form accept- able to the nation at large. A monopoly so oppressive is already doomed, once public opinion is en- lightened by a full discussion of the subject, and the eye of the na- tion fixed on the blighting influence of this degrading form of class priv- ilege.

The device of trying to allure dis- tinguished intermediate students of Catholic schools into Trinity College by Scholarship bribes is quite in keeping with the history of that in- stitution from the start. But it will only help to build up the determina- tion of our people to have at long last, in a way that suits them, for higher education, their proper share of the income which Trinity College

draws from eighteen Irish counties without showing any high example in its dealings with its estates.

If there is an objection against a fresh grant to provide a University for Irish Catholics as restitution for the plunder of the past, or out of moneys drawn from Ireland in ruin- ous over-taxation, then the Irish Bishops, the Irish representatives, and the Irish people, are bound to take all legitimate means to secure that the endowments of Trinity Col- lege and the moneys annually voted to the Queen's Colleges are made available for University education in a way the nation will endorse. There is only one Irish nation; but if there were two or more, as has recently been suggested by a distinguished authority, the revenues of those in- stitutions can scarcely be said to go to the right one.

As the Government has shown that reason has no weight with them in the matter of educational justice—if the old ascendancy chooses to object, it only remains for the Irish people to say that this ascendancy must altogether cease.

The whole country should rally round our Parliamentary representa- tives, and give them the whole strength of the nation's support in their endeavor to secure ordinary civic rights for Irish Catholics in educational and other matters.

We request the clergy to read this statement in the churches on Sun- day, the 5th of February.

II.

RESOLVED: That it would be sin- gularly inadvisable from an educa- tional point of view to diminish the organizing staff for music, domestic economy, experimental science, and manual instruction, in connection with the system of Primary educa- tion in this country, at a time when everyone interested in Primary edu- cation is disposed to help in de- veloping those useful branches of it, and many managers have incurred no inconsiderable expenditure in provid- ing the necessary equipment for the work.

III.

RESOLVED: That until duly qual- ified persons have been secured in sufficient numbers for organizing and developing the practical side of Pri- mary education, and until money is forthcoming, as it ought to be with- out delay to provide adequate sala- ries for the teachers, it is premature to arrange for even a suitable grade of higher elementary education in the National Schools, above the Sixth Standard.

Michael Cardinal Logue, Chairman.

Richard Alphonsus, Bishop of Water- ford and Lismore.

Henry, Bishop of Down and Connor, Secretaries to the Meeting.

## WON'T BANISH WOMEN SINGERS.

The Rev. Dr. Brann of St. Agnes' Explains the Pope's Letter on Church Music.

From the New York Sun, Jan 22.

A mixed choir will sing Palae- strina's Papae Marcelli Mass next Sunday at the thirty-second anniver- sary of the patron saint of St. Ag- nes's Church in East Forty-third street. Speaking of this, the rector, Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, said to a Sun reporter yesterday:

"The Pope never intended to ex- clude women from the organ loft, especially as we have it in this coun- try. If he did, all the little girls who are twelve years old and up- ward would be incapable of singing in the church services. According to canon law, a girl of twelve years is a woman and eligible for marriage and all the responsibilities attached thereto. The consequence of this interpretation of the Pope's letter on music would be the destruction of all the church choirs in the poorer churches, and especially in the coun- try districts, for such choirs are almost entirely made up of the young girls ranging from twelve to twenty.

"It is as important to know what may be sung as to know what should not be sung at high mass or vespers, according to the letter of Pius X. Much more latitude is given to the music which may be sung at low masses or at non-liturgical services when hymns in English are often sung.

"Sacred music is not an essential part, but only a complementary part of the solemn liturgy," says the Papal letter; and if we in this coun- try have been at times using improp- er church music, the fault lies at the door of our foreign brethren who have been importing to us the masses of Mercadante, Rossini and Verdi and the florid compositions of Capocci from Italy; the masses of Lambillotte, Selle, La Hache, Silas, Guilman, Dubois and Gounod from France; Mozart, Haydn, Beethoven, Von Weber and Schubert from Ger- many; Liszt from Hungary, Ponia- towski from Poland and scores of others, great and small, tolerated and sanctioned by priests, bishops and Popes across the Atlantic.

"Evidently Pius X. struck at the abuses near home first, for reform, like charity, begins at home. The letter has been misinterpreted by many who imagine that it condemns modern music. It does not. It con- demns the abuse of music. It con- demns only what every man of reli- gious sentiment must condemn. All that offends the decorum and the sanctity of the sacred functions and is thus unworthy of the house of prayer and of the majesty of God."

Asked if he was going to disband his mixed choir, Dr. Brann answered: "Certainly not." He said fur- ther that everybody went off "half cocked" immediately on receipt of the Pope's letter and the central idea which dominated everyone was "get rid of the women."

"Now, many of the churches which did get rid of the women," said Dr. Brann, "are sorry for it."

Dr. Brann is one of the members of the committee appointed by Arch- bishop Farley to investigate the church music here.

A RECREATION-MAD GENERATION.

We live in a generation that has gone recreation mad. Outdoor sports and indoor sports fill up our leisure moments, in some cases all our moments. Athletics, golf, tennis, games of all manness, and lacking manners, rise, flourish and decay. The race horse, the bicycle and the automobile pursue each other across the stage of action. We play at being intellectual, we play at being religious, we play at being "tough," and all three are merged and included in being men and women "of the world." The instru- ment of an occasional hilarity has an unfortunate tendency to develop into the minister to a quenchless thirst.—Mrs. Martha Baker Dunt, in Atlantic.

(Continued on Page 8.)



HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A delightful letter very recently to hand all the way from an Australian bush ranch, tells among other things how Christmas was spent.

FASHIONS.

There are redingotes and redingotes but don't imagine the long, close fitting coat is a real redingote, for it isn't, despite the belief of many fashionable women.

Buckles and similar ornaments are more favored than seemed likely to be the case at the beginning of the season, but they are only really prized when of a very handsome sort.

Some feminine genius has seen the possibilities of present day sleeves. She has produced an innovation which will appeal to every woman with ideas.

Simplicity and good taste mark most of the styles for children this season. Both are shown in charming effect in a little dress of rose colored cashmere.

Nothing so proclaims the gentlewoman as daintiness and freshness in the details of her toilet, and prominent among these must come her footwear.

Hundreds who think there is no other shoe than the flat-heeled wonder why their feet ache, and they

are tired after walking, never dreaming that slowly but surely they are breaking down the arch of the foot by wearing unsuitable shoes.

Among the daintiest finishes for the neck this season is a small standing lace collar, to be put on the outside of the standing dress collar.

A pretty way to freshen up a dress waist that has become soiled is to have a white or cream cloth embroidered yoke set in, and add cuffs of the same.

While the silk petticoat is included in nearly every wardrobe, there are those who prefer one more substantial for ordinary wear, and nothing is quite so well suited to this purpose as the heavy English mohairs.

Drapery veils are made of pompadour gauze, bordered by triple bands of narrow black velvet ribbon.

TIMELY HINTS.

If a few drops of vinegar be added to the water in which eggs are poached, they will set more quickly and perfectly.

Black lace can be cleaned and freshened by washing it in cold coffee, dry away from the fire, and, when nearly dry, iron with a cool iron, on the wrong side, on two thicknesses of flannel.

After using a silver fork for fish—especially anything strong smelling, like herring—the odor clings to the silver even after washing.

When cleaning knives mix a tiny bit of carbonate of soda with the bathbrick on the knife board, and they will polish more easily.

The white ivory keys of a piano should never be cleaned with water, which discolors them. Instead they should be rubbed over with a soft flannel or piece of silk dipped in oxygenized water, which can be obtained at all chemists, and when the notes are stained or greasy use methylated spirits, gin, or diluted whisky.

Do not fail to oil the wringer every time you wash. If oiled often there is less wearing on the machinery, and less strength is expended by the operator. To clean the rollers rub them first with a cloth saturated with kerosene oil and follow with soap and water.

If when cleaning silver you moisten the powder with methylated spirits, instead of water, it will clean easier, and not tarnish so quickly.

People who enjoy a bit of green in the house when field and flower gardens are wrapped in the desolation of winter will find a sweet potato, planted in moist, loose earth or a jar of water, with the seed end projecting upward, will make a beautiful growth of vine in a very short time.

Give the plants a bath of tobacco water once a month. Take a 5-cent package of tobacco, put in a pail and pour about half a gallon of boiling water over it.

Plants treated this way will seldom have an insect on them. Neither will those that are growing vigorously, as the parasites seldom attack a healthy vigorous plant.

"There never was a more favorable time to wear anything one happens to have on hand," a fashion writer has truly remarked apropos of this season. Old fashioned ribbons and laces can be converted into lovely sashes and waistbands or collars, boleros and stocks.

RECIPES.

Cream Cookies—Two cupsful of su-

gar, one cupful of butter, one cupful sour cream, two eggs, one teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful lemon, mix soft as you can roll.

Orange Custard—Take the juice of six large sweet oranges; strain and sweeten to taste, stirring over the fire until the sugar is dissolved, skim carefully; remove from the fire and when nearly cold add the well-beaten yolks of six eggs and a pint of cold boiled milk.

White Mountain Cake—Take two cups sugar, one-half cup butter, three cups flour, one cup milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

Chocolate Cookies—Take a cup of light brown sugar, one-half cup melted butter, one whole egg and the yolk of another, one-half cup sweet milk, two tablespoonfuls melted chocolate, one cup raisins finely chopped, and one and a half cup flour, with two teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted through it.

Fruit Layer Cake—Sift together two cups of sugar, one-third cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of sifted flour, two teaspoonfuls baking powder.

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The woman of poise does not think worriedly of a hundred things while she is trying to do one thing well. She does not scatter her force nor waste her precious mental substance in wondering and worrying about other people's business.

She knows that impatience, in all its various manifestations of rigid muscles, restless feet, drumming fingers, straining neck or frowning brow can not by any trick of magic check the flight of time nor hasten the completion of her tasks and her aims.

She has command of the reins and she drives these aims to their goal. She does not let them run away with her, jerking her this way and that, over rough places and strange roads to ultimate wreck.

She commands. She is centered—safe—sure of her goal because she knows that concentrated power wins. A phlegmatic temperament, you say? Not at all. She may have an ardent fire of purpose, she may be urged on by a dozen compelling ambitions, but she knows how to control and direct her wishes.—Angela Morgan.

Like other musicians, Theodore Thomas could not tolerate any sort of interruptions during his performances, and on one occasion in New York he administered a rebuke to some of the society folk which was never forgotten.

Of course it is true in nearly every case, that the digestive organs of a sick person are in an exceptionally sensitive condition; and it is often only through careful experiment and patient nursing that we are enabled to select foods which will do the work required; but there are a few rules which can be laid down as universally binding.

First, it is of prime importance that the object of our efforts should remain in absolute ignorance of what is being prepared until it is set before him.

Great care should also be taken to have whatever we present to the patient just what it pretends to be. For instance, if he has to have an "iced" drink, it must be chilled sufficiently to remain so for some little time.

It is not necessary to recount here the innumerable dishes which can be brought forward to relieve the monotony of the sick-room, since any good cook-book will give aid if our inventive faculties are at fault.

THE WOMAN OF POISE.

fore him. Hardly anything is more likely to rob him of the ability to enjoy a meal than the knowledge beforehand of what it is to consist; while, on the other hand, the surprise of an unexpected dish temptingly arrayed frequently proves of great service in quickening a sluggish appetite.

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THE WOMAN OF POISE.

There is no sight on earth more genuinely satisfying than a woman possessed of perfect poise. Whether her face be plain or comely, her garb rich or simple, she is a thing of beauty, and merely to look upon her is a joy.

From her quiet centre of control she radiates power and healing for the nerve weary. They who come in daily contact with her call her blessed.

She does not scatter her force nor waste her precious mental substance in wondering and worrying about other people's business.

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THE WOMAN OF POISE.

EPILEPTIC FITS GUARANTEED CURE Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance, Nervous Spasms or Convulsions permanently cured by the new discovery, VICTORINE.

Catholic Womanhood.

Oh, what an uplifting influence does not the Catholic wife exert upon him whose partner and helpmate she is, and whose home she is!

Listen to the poet giving expression to King Arthur's mind upon this subject:

"I know Of no more subtle master under Heaven Than is the maiden passion for a maid, Not only to keep down the base in man, But teach high thoughts and amiable words, And courtliness and the desire of fame, And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

And to come to a later date, what, indeed, was Beatrice but an influence to purify and sanctify the soul of Dante? The mere smile of the maiden as she passed sufficed to flood the poet's soul with joy and peace, to blot out his pride, and dispose his soul to virtue; and when she appeared to him in the topmost point of purgatory, it was not to receive mere flattery and empty praise, but, on the contrary, blame for not having vowed to her a love that was pure and sweet enough for one whose ideal was Mary, who will have no one

"Following false images of good that make No promise perfect."

Listen again to the Catholic type of woman as presented to us in St. Bathilda, Queen of the Franks, "Being of Saxon race," says the chronicler, "she was of a gracious and subtle form, and of a beautiful and cheerful countenance. To the king, her husband, she showed herself as an obedient wife, to the priests as a mother, to young men and boys as the best of nurses, to all as an amiable and gracious friend. To the poor she was always distributing alms, and to Christ, the Heavenly King, always commending herself with tears."

"Happy the men," exclaims the ancient chronicler, "to whom God has given wives and mothers such as are to be seen throughout Christendom."

Did time permit I might here enumerate a very litany of sainted names under the title of wife or mother, cited from any Christian nation under the sun, each one of them conspicuous for a delicacy, a dignity and a purity borrowed from the ever-blessed Virgin Mother. With reason, then, did pagans who were witnesses of the words and works of this new creation, called into being by Mary's example, exclaim, "Quales feminas habent Christiani."

If to Mary, under God, we owe the Christian home, it was she, as St. Ambrose reminds us, who in it raised the standard of virginity, an ensign never before unfurled, as the rallying point for those wishing to signalize themselves in His service; who, born of a Virgin, was Himself a Virgin, and who, as St. Augustine tells us, is followed by a bodyguard of virgins singing a song which others may hear but can not utter.

And what a brave and glorious troop it is, including such names as Agnes, Cecilia, Ursula, Hilda, Mildred, Bridget of Kildare, Ethelreda, and Winefrida, and ten thousand times ten thousand others, called from the uttermost parts of the earth to the Virgin Standard, and armed each one of them in defense of it with the strength of ten, because her heart is pure.

Observe, then, that the prototype set up before the Catholic woman is not the Spartan mother, or the Roman matron, or the Vestal virgin, but the ever-blessed Woman who is the Virgin Mother. Nor is her image, her example, her life and character, confined merely to the domestic and social life of Christendom, but broods no less over its philosophy, its literature, its poetry and its painting, as though the arts would unite in saying of her:

"All higher knowledge in her presence falls"

Mirandy—"Pew, that chap from the city has been sittin' on the fence all the morning saying nuthin' except that he was gettin' some local color."

Pop—"Well, I guess he's got it. That fence has just been painted."

Degraded; wisdom, in discourse with her, Looses, discountenanced, and like folly shows."

Nay; I do not hesitate to say that the Church is in no small measure indebted to woman for many of the more brilliant names adorning the list of sainted heroes which she holds up before her children for their admiration and imitation.

For example, such saints as Francis of Sales, Louis of France, or Francis the Seraphic, or Benedict and Augustine, or Gregory and Jerome, not to mention a score and more of others equally familiar to you, and let me ask you: Where did these giants among men learn those special lessons in the art of Divine Love which have made them so deservedly attractive and so popular with the faithful, irrespective of nationality?

You will tell me they were taught the finer touches of delicate sympathy with the suffering and the sorrowful children of humanity by the spiritually-gifted women with whom it was their privilege to have been brought into contact.

Truth to tell, there are phases in the all-embracing character of Christ rarely found in men who have not felt the influence of woman. It is her mission, as Mary's representative on earth, to soften, sweeten and chasten man, and so in her hands he becomes more truly Christlike in his character and Christlike in his words and work.—Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J.

WHERE THE BEAUTIFUL RIVERS FLOW.

By Rev. C. P. Ryan.

Oh, I'll sing to-night of a fairy land, in the lap of the ocean set, And of all the lands I have travelled o'er, 'tis the loveliest I have met; Where the willows weep, and the roses sleep, and the balmy breezes blow, In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing?—'tis an exile breathes the strain, And that dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again: And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe; For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lonely old churchyard where our fathers' bones are laid— Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand that our tyrant foes have made; And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch, till the glistening tears will show For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of his lonely grave— Of his early doom in his youthful bloom, and his spirit more than brave: But ah! how blest and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low, In that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, Lord Edward the true and blest— They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in shade and rest; In heavenly mould their names are enrolled—they died in manhood's glow, For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her sires were kingly men, Who led the chase, and the manly race, thro' forest, field and glen; Whose only word was the shining sword—whose pen was the patriot's blow For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

Mirandy—"Pew, that chap from the city has been sittin' on the fence all the morning saying nuthin' except that he was gettin' some local color."

Pop—"Well, I guess he's got it. That fence has just been painted."

OUR BOYS

Dear Boys and Girls: How do you like all the city there is not much must have had some hard to the spring, with the snow long till the summer, when mountain and enjoy a whole little readers are not very

Dear Aunt Becky: I am writing you again the holidays are past. I going to school because I h going, and my father is going me to Toronto to see a soon. We had a Christmas Santa Claus was good to u a bugle and a train, a Jac Box and an alligator, a sto and a pair of moccasins. I brothers and sisters got things, too. I cannot tell you all. We had plenty of fu the holidays. My brother a wood every evening after se bring it in the house all o and my father says he is go pay us for doing it. That's this time. I'm wishing you New Year, I remain,

Your loving nephew, EMMETT

Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky: I am writing you again to get the True Witness to-day there is just one letter in it the boys and girls are not forget the corner, because reading it so well. We had sent vacation at Christmas. Claus brought me a nice doll nice little pan to bathe her handkerchief, a tuque, and a robbers and lots of sweets, a spelling match at school and sister could not get m That is a happy New Year. From your little friend,

BEATRICE

Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I saw my letter in print going to write another. I school every day, and I am eighth grade. Our teacher's Miss Barry, and I like h There was a snowstorm Mon made the roads very bad, but are getting cleared out again eldest sister attends the con St. Louis. She has been the two years now. She is going tomorrow, I think. There are twelve on the register in our term. It is a country and some of the children have distance to walk. We have fsm every night after scho year. Our parish priest was l Sunday and is here yet. I three missions to attend and not here very often. Now de Aunt Becky, as news is sca will close, saying good-bye, fr

WASHINGTON, KENT CO., N

Dear Aunt Becky: I just got the True Witness, very sorry to see only one let in when there are so many c little girls and boys that write you each week. I mean have written you every week, one thing and another has pre me. I am very fond of readi you have such nice little stor us. Then we have nice readi the Catholic News, and we ge Irish Rosary once a month. are some very nice stories in I know my catechism pretty w I have it every day so as no forget it. We have a slide ou of our house where we take a recreation by sliding down it sleds. The weather has been cold I have not been out muc get any news. I hope all your will write you this week. Tr this will find you enjoying health. Lovingly,

GRANBY, QUE.

A BRAVE BOY.

From Derby, Conn., comes following thrilling incident. C ing a red flag, and picking hi as best he could amid stidin and flame, Bernard Brady, years old, ran over the ties o burning railroad bridge, and, giving the passenger train from Haven, prevented what might been a terrible disaster. A spark from a locomotive h covered portion of a wooden



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# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

How do you like all this snow? For the boys and girls who live in the city there is not much hardship, but the little ones in the country must have had some hard experiences. We are all now looking forward to the spring, with the awakening of bird and flower, and then not so long till the summer, when those of us who can will away to lake and mountain and enjoy a short respite from school and other duties. Our little readers are not very fond of letter writing, are they?

Your loving friend,  
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am writing you again now that the holidays are past. I am not going to school because I have sore eyes, and my father is going to take me to Toronto to see a specialist soon. We had a Christmas tree and Santa Claus was good to us. I got a bigle and a train, a Jack in the Box and an alligator, a story book, and a pair of moccasins. My two brothers and sisters got lots of things, too. I cannot tell you them all. We had plenty of fun during the holidays. My brother and I cut wood every evening after school and bring it in the house all ourselves, and my father says he is going to pay us for doing it. That is all for this time. Wishing you a happy New Year. I remain,  
Your loving nephew,  
EMMET D.  
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am writing you again to-day. We got the True Witness to-day and there is just one letter in it. I hope the boys and girls are not going to forget the corner, because I like reading it so well. We had a pleasant vacation at Christmas. Santa Claus brought me a nice doll and a nice little pan to bathe her in, a handkerchief, a tuque, and a pair of rubbers and lots of sweets. We had a spelling match at school to-day and sister could not get me down. That is all for this time. Wishing you a happy New Year.  
From your little friend,  
BEATRICE D.  
Sudbury, Ont.

Dear old Aunt Becky:

As I saw my letter in print I am going to write another. I go to school every day, and I am in the eighth grade. Our teacher's name is Miss Barry, and I like her fine. There was a snowstorm Monday and made the roads very bad, but they are getting cleared out again. My eldest sister attends the convent in St. Louis. She has been there over two years now. She is going back tomorrow, I think. There are only twelve on the register in our school this term. It is a country place, and some of the children have a long distance to walk. We have catechism every night after school this year. Our parish priest was here for Sunday and is here yet. He has three missions to attend and he is not here very often. Now dear old Aunt Becky, as news is scarce I will close, saying good-bye, from  
WASHINGTON R.  
Kouchibouguac, Kent Co., N.B.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I just got the True Witness. I was very sorry to see only one letter in it when there are so many of us little girls and boys that could write you each week. I meant to have written you every week, but one thing and another has prevented me. I am very fond of reading and you have such nice little stories for us. Then we have nice reading in the Catholic News, and we get the Irish Rosary once a month. There are some very nice stories in it too. I know my catechism pretty well but I have it every day so as not to forget it. We have a slide out back of our house where we take a little recreation by sliding down it on our sleds. The weather has been so cold I have not been out much to get any news. I hope all your nieces will write you this week. Trusting this will find you enjoying good health. Lovingly,  
ROSE.  
Granby, Que.

A BRAVE BOY.

From Derby, Conn., comes the following thrilling incident. Clutching a red flag, and picking his way as best he could amid stifling smoke and flame, Bernard Brady, twelve years old, ran over the ties of a burning railroad bridge, and, flagging the passenger train from New Haven, prevented what might have been a terrible disaster. A spark from a locomotive ignited the covered portion of a wooden tree-

tle-work across the Naugatuck river between this city and Ansonia. The flames spread rapidly, and when Thomas Conway, the aged gate-tender, discovered them, the whole covered portion was on fire. The train was nearly due. Not being lithe enough to cross the ties himself, he passed the red flag to young Brady, the only person he saw near, and told him to reach the Derby side if he possibly could. The trestle is one thousand feet long, but the covered portion, which was on fire, extends only two hundred feet and is in the middle. Beyond the trestle is a curve, and Conway knew that the train must be flagged before it reached the trestle or it would plunge into the burning bridge.

Conway saw young Brady disappear in the covered portion, swallowed up in the flames and smoke. It seemed ages in the fiery cavern, but the plucky youth kept on and had reached a point a hundred yards beyond the trestle when he sank down exhausted. When he heard the train coming he waved the flag. The engine-driver saw the signal, and stopped the train two hundred and fifty feet from the burning ties.

THE SHADOW ON THE STEPS.  
"When I was a child," began Mother. They all looked up in a moment. Everyone knows that the stories that begin that way are the best of all—unless it be those that begin with "Once upon a time."  
"When I was a child," said Mother again, smiling at the eager faces about her, "I was almost as timid and as much afraid of the dark as Benny, here."

They all smiled a little consciously at this, for some of them had been teasing Benny a little about being so timid, and Benny was the youngest of all the seven—and only seven years old. Benny blushed and wriggled and twisted his head sideways, so nobody but Mother could see him. Mother's hand stole down and slipped about his.

"My father, your dear grandfather," Mother went on, "was always trying to make me brave and courageous, always trying to show me how foolish it is to be timid. 'The coward dies a hundred deaths, my daughter,' he often quoted to me; 'the brave man dies but once.' I know, too, how silly I was to be frightened, especially when, as was often the case, there was nothing to fear. But still—well, perhaps some of you know how I felt about it. I except all of you have been frightened at least once."  
The children all looked a little conscious, now, even Robbie, who is almost fourteen. "You see, once, when Robbie was as little as Benny—but that's another story, and Robbie isn't afraid now. Only, he doesn't always remember not to tease Benny for being afraid."

"Go on, Mother; please go on," they all urged her, anxious to get right into the story. Mother smiled and went on.  
"Well, one night, when I was about eleven, Jenny Maxwell, who lived next door to us, was having a birthday party. Your Aunt Alice, my sister, was ill with a sore throat, so she couldn't go to the party, of course. And Uncle Rob had another engagement. So I got your grandfather to watch me across the open door-yard between the two houses. It was all nonsense, and I knew it, because we never had tramps nor anything of that kind in Greenville, while it was really only a few steps to Jenny's front door. But I couldn't persuade myself not to be frightened, so your grandfather helped me out as I tell you. And he told me that if I could call out to him when I was ready to come home he would stand in the front door and watch me run back."

The older children smiled, but Benny's fingers tightened around Mother's. He knew so well how she had felt.  
"When I was ready to come back I remembered, but I thought I would hurry and go out the front door with a lot of the children, and so have company to our own gate. Then

I would talk and call to them all the way to the door. I was ashamed, you see, to let them know that I was afraid to go that little step alone. But I stayed behind a moment telling Mrs. Maxwell how your Aunt Alice was that evening, and when I got to the front door all the other children were some distance down the street. I didn't like to call to your grandfather for fear Mrs. Maxwell would find out that I was afraid. So I stood there a few moments, hoping she would come to the door for something and stand there while I raced home. She did come for a moment, but she only asked if I'd lost anything, then said good night and closed the door after me. And there I stood on the front step, out in the big night world, alone."

Again Benny's fingers tightened about Mother's.  
"Oh-h-h! Mamsie," he whispered, very low.  
"I wanted to call to your grandfather, but I knew that Mrs. Maxwell would come hurrying to the door if I did so, and I hated to let her know that I was afraid more than ever. So I just stood there and trembled until I saw a light in our own sitting-room—just across the black patch of shadow thrown by the Maxwell house—go out. I knew then that your grandfather and grandfather were going upstairs for the night, and I made a wild dash and got across the door-yard somehow. And when I got to the front steps—"

"What was it? What was it?" they all cried out as Mother hesitated. "Oh, Mamsie, do go on!"  
"Something big and black—and dreadful looking lay on the top step, reaching partly down the second," continued Mother, "and my heart almost stopped beating. I didn't know what it was. I was scared of it. I knew I was oh, so frightened. And I felt that I dared not scream or make a sound, somehow. I didn't know what the awful thing was, or how it would act if I aroused it, you see."

Benny climbed right up on Mother's knee at this point. It seemed so much more sociable than even the footstool at her feet.  
"Presently a light shone out above me and I knew that your grandfather and grandmother had gone up to bed—or at least to their bedroom. I felt more than ever lonely and frightened, but still I dare not cry out or do anything that might startle or annoy that awful thing on the top step. Presently the moon went behind a cloud and it looked bigger and blacker than ever, though not quite so distinct. Then, while it was still very gloomy, I went down the walk a little ways—creeping backward with my eyes still fixed on the monster, and crept around to the back door."

"It was very still and dark on the side pavement, and more than once I felt very frightened. But I kept on hoping I should find the back door open—although I knew at heart I shouldn't—until I got there and found it locked. The house cat flew out of the nook behind the garbage pail with a rush as I turned the handle, and that scared me worse than ever. I never thought of calling out from the back door. I only crept, crying and trembling, back to the front. And there just as big and black and horrid as ever lay that awful Thing on the top step."

"I don't know how long I stood there, trembling, sobbing miserably under my breath, praying to God to help me in some way, looking from the big black Thing to the big black sky above me, studded with tiny star-points, and with a fitful, uncertain moon lighting up everything strangely, now and then, only to sulk behind a heavy cloud the next moment and make everything seem gloomy. Perspiration stood out on my cheeks and forehead, and yet I kept shivering. I don't know what would have happened to me, after awhile if—"

"If what, Mamsie? If what?" cried all the children, so impatient to hear that they swarmed all about her. "Tell us, tell us, quick."

"If your grandfather hadn't thought it was very late for Mrs. Maxwell to let little girls stay at a party, and looked over to the Maxwell house to find it all dark. Then she told your grandfather that perhaps he had better come to the front door to look for me. And he did."  
"What did he do, Mamsie?" cried the children in chorus. Mother smiled merrily as she squeezed Benny's hand.

"He didn't do anything," she told them. "There was no need for him to do anything, as he had no time to. Just as soon as he set the lamp down on the hall table and opened the front door, I made a leap up the steps and flung myself upon him, crying as though my heart

would break. And in half a minute your grandmother was down in the hall beside us, urging me to tell her the trouble, scolding me gently and comforting me all in one. And I don't think that ever in my life was I fonder of my parents or more thankful to see them. I couldn't bear to think of going to bed alone, that evening, so your grandmother and I slept in the same bed."  
"And the big black Thing, Mamsie? What was it? Do tell me quick!"

Mother smiled oddly a moment, looking down at little Benny with a peculiarly tender expression. Then she pressed his face close against her, and placing one hand beneath his chin, turned it up until his eyes looked right into hers.

"Oh, the big black Thing," she said, still smiling. "Well—it taught me a lesson. When, the next morning, your dear grandfather reminded me how foolish and cowardly it is to be frightened, and how much suffering we might often save ourselves—and often save other people into the bargain—by meeting our fears bravely, I was quite ready to listen. For, you see, if I'd gone up to the big black Thing bravely it would never have scared me. And if I hadn't been too frightened to cry out or call your grandfather I need only have been frightened for just a moment anyway, whereas I must have cried and trembled for nearly half an hour. And as to the big black Thing itself—"

"Oh, Mamsie dear!" they simply could not refrain from interrupting, even the oldest of them joining in. "What was it? Please, please tell us now!"  
"What was it?" and Mother's smile was queer, more whimsical than ever. "Why it was the shadow of the big lilac bush that grew by the front door!"—Ethel M. Colson.

## LITTLE LAUGHS.

Commander Brownson tells of a German, a recruit in the naval service, who during a certain watch was in accordance with the regulations, calling the hours.  
"Seven bells and all iss vell!" called the German correctly enough. Those who heard the next call were much astonished by this amusing variation:  
"Eight bells, and all iss not vell. I haf droppit my hat overboard."

One day a thin man and a fat man started down the same street, each with the purpose to sell oranges. The thin man was energetic and impressed all as a hustler; the fat man was indolent, as fleshy people are apt to be. The thin man would yell:  
"Oranges, oranges, n-i-c-c. Ju-i-c-y oranges, two for five, three for ten, thirty cents a dozen; n-i-c-c oranges!"  
When the thin man would cease for breath, the fat man would say:  
"Here, too!"

## WELCOMED THE KICKS.

There was an old southern negro who had been working for a cotton planter time out of mind. One morning he came to his employer and said:  
"I see gwine quit, boss."  
"What's the matter, Mose?"  
"Well, sah, yer manager, Mistah Winter, ain't kicked me in de las' free mums."  
"I ordered him not to kick you any more. I don't want anything like that around my place. I don't want any one to hurt your feelings, Mose."  
"Ef I don't git any more kicks I's gwine to quit. Ebery time Mistah Winter used ter kick and cuff me when he wuz mad he always git 'shamed of hisse'f and gimme a quat'ah. I's done los' enuff money a'ready wid his heah foolishness 'bout hurtin' ma feelin's."—Saturday Evening Post.

## MOTHER'S EXCUSES TO TEACHERS.

Miss Brown: You must stop teach my Lizzie fysical torture she needs yet readin' an' figors mit sums more as that, if I want her to do jumpin' I kin make her jump.—Mrs. Canavovsky.  
Dear Teacher: Pleas excus Fritz for stayin' home he had der meesells to oblige his father.—J. B.  
Dear Miss Teacher: Pleas excus Rachel for being away those two days her grandmother died to oblige her mother.—Mrs. Renski.

Miss —: Frank could not come these three weeks because he had the amonia and information of the vowels.—Mrs. Smith.  
Miss —: Please let Willie home at 2 o'clock. I take him out for a little pleasure to see his grandfather's grave.—Mrs. E.

## An Irish Reporter's Expedient

A notable old journalist, Chris Healy, has just been buried in Dublin. He reported the history of Ireland for more than half a century, and was in the middle of everything that was anything in the political life of the country, during the career of many Irish movements. The fact of his holding a surname in common with a leading politician (Tim Healy) proved very useful to him once.

He was told off to report a great Land League meeting down the country, at which Parnell himself was to speak. Chris Healy unfortunately missed the train that would have borne him to his destination in time, but being a man of resource, he did not return to his editor to beg for mercy. He went to the nearest telegraph office and dispatched this wire to Charles Stewart Parnell at the place of meeting: "Intended going down; unfortunately missed train; going by next train. Please postpone proceedings. Healy."

Parnell, delighted, informed the committee that "Tim Healy was coming by a later train and the meeting must be postponed until his arrival." The committee, overjoyed, were only too glad to accede. When the train was due, Parnell himself and all the other leading speakers, with the committee and bands, both brass and flute, marched up the railway station with flags flying and flutes tooting and drums beating to meet and greet the great Parliamentary champion.

When the train pulled up at the station the deputation ran frenziedly up and down the carriages. Parnell, seeing Chris Healy step out, recognized that he was a Dublin reporter whom he had frequently observed at Land League meetings, walked forward to him and said: "I beg your pardon, but did Healy travel by this train? We have held back our meeting awaiting him."

"Yes, Mr. Parnell," the modest reporter replied, "my name is Healy. It was very kind of you, indeed, to await me. For it would have been as much as my situation was worth if I had failed to get your speech." Parnell was a deadly serious man but he unexpectedly forgot to be grave this time for once in his life.

Tess—"So Mr. Grossum really proposed to you!"  
Jess—"Yes, while we were strolling in the cemetery we came to their family grave, and he asked me how I'd like to be buried there some day, with his name on the stone above me."

## DRUGGING CHILDREN.

The mother who gives her little one "soothing" stuff when it cries surely does not realize that she is simply drugging it into temporary insensibility with a poisonous opiate. But that is just what she is doing. All the so-called "soothing" medicines contain poisonous opiates; they are all harmful—some of them dangerous, and should never be given to children. Baby's Own Tablets are sold under a positive guarantee that they contain no opiate or harmful drug. The Tablets speedily cure all stomach troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, and simple fevers; they break up colds, prevent croup, ease the pain of teething, and give healthy, natural sleep. When little ones are cross, peevish and ailing, give them Baby's Own Tablets, and you will find there's a smile in every dose. You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE WORD "HANDICAP."

In former days a "handicap" was conducted thus: A, wishing for something which belonged to B, say a horse, would offer his watch for it. If B agreed, C was chosen to fix the sum that should be given by one or the other to make the exchange fair. The three then put down a stake, and A and B, each holding a piece of money, put their hands into a cap or hat, or into their pockets, while C, enlarging on the respective merits of the horse and watch, made his award in as rapid and complete a manner as possible, ending it with the words, "Draw, gentlemen!" A and B instantly drew out and opened their hands. If money appeared in both the exchange was made; if in one only, or in neither, the award was off, and in every case C took the stakes.  
The modern use of handicap has arisen from the employment of experts to make fair conditions for a race in which the competitors are of unequal age or power.



## Newfoundland Correspondence.

The Pope received in private audience lately Archbishop Howley and his nephew, Rev. Alex. Howley. His Holiness enquired most cordially about the conditions of Newfoundland and the progress of Catholicism, and hearing of the progress of the Church in old Terra Nova, was greatly pleased. He sent his blessing to the Catholics of the Island.

An accident which happened a resident of a nearby settlement shows the heroic fortitude of Newfoundlanders in times of danger. James Neville, of Topsail, went to the woods to cut firewood, and while in the act of cutting a large tree which he had felled, the axe slipped and was driven with great force through the knee cap of the right leg, splintering the bone and severing some of the leading veins. Bleeding profusely the man was obliged to travel two miles before he obtained assistance, crippling painfully along, and halting every few minutes as the exertion told on him. On reaching Topsail Road, he collapsed from pain and loss of blood. There, after some time waiting, Robert Mercer found him lying on the road and took him home, where he was attended to.

Rev. John O'Reilly, D.D., the popular parish priest of Salmonier, is at present sojourning in Europe, and on his return will probably resign his parish to accept a professorship at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N.Y. Rev. Wm. Jackman is at present acting parish priest.

Three shipwrecked crews arrived a few days ago by the Allan Line SS. Carthaginian. The accounts of suffering given by the captain and the crews are thrilling in the extreme.

The amusement clubs at the various Catholic society halls are well patronized each evening, and pleasant hours are spent in various games.

## A Debasing Avocation.

We are informed that complaint has been made that our remarks are sometimes not edifying, which may go to prove that some people think they are pious and they are only bilious. The charge of lack of edification is based on a few words about the saloon-keeper. We might have referred to his benefactions and recounted the doings of departed worthy and model drink-dispensers. We ought to have dwelt on the well-known joviality of the bar-keeper, and have touched upon the happy family reunion every night after the bottles are corked and the contents of the cash-box noted. But we simply referred to it as a dirty business. It is to our mind a pitiable and debasing avocation—the most repugnant to any one who desires to add to the betterment of the world. A man who fails in everything demanding brains and character can achieve success as a rum-seller. Other fields of human activity call for ambition and self-development; in this nothing that can be coveted by any self-respecting citizen is necessary. The man who cannot gain a livelihood without resorting to a business that "trades in and fattens on intemperance," over which hangs a cloud of social and religious disgrace, which is responsible for nine-tenths of the misery among the working classes, must be dead to every impulse of true civilization.

Speaking some years ago in behalf of his orphan asylums, the late Bishop Hendricken, of Providence, declared that "in the far greater number of cases, these helpless children were dependent upon alms because saloons murdered their parents." We might write on, but for the present let us inform the saloon-keeper that he is not by any means a potent personage in the community. He is regarded as a menace to its peace and happiness and religion, and it would do him a world of good to know how he is viewed by wives and daughters and fathers. If he ever had any influence that day is gone. Our leaders wish to see no Catholic name on the list of rum-sellers, and the right-thinking citizen would rather see his son in a coffin than in the business. We write in the interest of the saloon-keeper, because, in the words of a great prelate, we cannot feel in our heart such hatred for any man as to wish him to spend his days behind a bar.—Catholic Record, London, Ont.



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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1905.

JOHN MORLEY'S OBSERVATIONS

When Mr. John Morley, who will probably be the next Colonial Secretary in a Liberal Government in Britain, was here in the fall, he modestly promised not to write a book upon his Canadian observations.

"There is in the Dominion," he said, "a community of which we may well be proud, and as to whose future we are bound to entertain, as if myself entertain, the most sanguine hopes."

THE OVERTURN IN ONTARIO.

In last week's elections in Ontario the Ross Government suffered defeat by an overwhelming majority—forty-two, and some close ridings where recounts will be held.

In the course of this campaign there was no question raised affecting Catholics, and the Liberal leaders appeared, to ignore Irish Catholic interests in their nominations.

tion. In Toronto and the west Irish Catholics were passed over. Mr. Latchford was beaten by a young Catholic lawyer of Renfrew, Mr. McGarry, and in other ridings where Catholic Liberals fell they were replaced by Catholic Conservatives.

Mr. Whitney has not yet formed his Cabinet, and the latest rumor is that he may make room in it for Mr. James L. Hughes, as Minister of Education.

CANADIAN BISHOPS IN ROME.

An interesting letter has been sent by Bishop Casey, of St. John, N.B., to his diocesan paper, the Freeman. Writing from the Canadian College, Rome, on January 7, he says:

"I do not think I ever realized what Fatherhood meant until I had the happiness to enter the presence of Pius X. One is overwhelmed by his sweetness and paternal kindness. I had the happiness of being very near him and saluting him many times, and one special audience all to myself."

Some of the Canadian visitors intend a forty days' journey to the Holy Land and will revisit Rome on their return.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE.

From all we are able to understand the Rouvier Government in France will not immediately drop the Combes policy of the separation of Church and State.

RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

Russia has not yet succeeded in turning the tide of Japanese military achievement in Manchuria. Severe engagements of a general description fought last week were undertaken with the determination if possible to initiate a Russian advance.

pean nations see that Japan may possibly defy them all that they sigh for peace and piously apostrophize war as the most fatal and ferocious of human follies.

La Croix, a French journal, says Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, received from Rome a request to convey to President Loubet the condolences of the Pope on the death of his mother.

The New World, of Chicago, reassures the Catholic people of that city in a critical moment. It says, "the Canadian Liberals are not anti-Catholic and Conservatism does not stand for Catholicity."

Mr. James Jeffrey Roche signs a farewell editorial to the readers of the Boston Pilot. Mr. Roche has been appointed American consul in an Italian city.

Gladstone, in 1891, introduced a Bill to enable the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the English Chancellorship to be held by Catholics, but the late Lord Coleridge was of opinion that on a true construction of the statutes now in operation Catholics are eligible for appointment to both these offices.

Rouvier Cabinet Favors Separation of Church and State.

The Rouvier Ministry held its first formal council at the Elysee Palace on January 27th, under the presidency of President Loubet. Premier Rouvier submitted his declaration of policy, which was approved.

ST. ANN'S SANCTUARY BOYS.

On the evening of the 25th ult., the Sanctuary Boys of St. Ann's Church were tendered their eighth annual banquet. Under the able direction of Rev. Brother Oliver, St. Ann's boys have distinguished themselves by a markedly reverent, intelligent and faithful service of the Sanctuary.

Two graces need to be learned, by every Christian—patience and submission under defeat and modesty in victory.

I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a Cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.—Washington Irving.

D'YOUVILLE READING CIRCLE.

Ottawa, Jan. 28.

In spite of the very inclement weather last Tuesday evening, the meeting of the D'Youville Reading Circle was attended by the usual large numbers.

The regular study of Oxford was continued, special mention being made of the founders of some of the colleges. In the mediaeval ages rich prelates and princes were the chief founders of Oxford.

It was shown what effect the different changes had on Oxford, and how during all the phases through which it passed, it continued to grow in beauty.

Death of Walter Cavanagh, of Richmond Parish, Ont.

"The times change, and we change with the times," runs the adage, and the ebb of Time during the last twenty years has left its wreckage in the homes of many old families of Carleton County, as well as having effected tangible changes in many of

the varying phases of matters human. The messenger of God's truth and justice has come and required, without appeal or compromise, the payment of that solemn and final debt; has applied the sickle; has gathered him to his fathers.

Walter Cavanagh was the eldest son of Peter Cavanagh, a veteran of the war of 1812, and the eldest of three brothers, all of whom are now departed, his brother William having preceded him just ten days.

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SPIRITS.

Possibility of Their Appearing to Man Described by a Jesuit Father.

The following article, by Rev. Francis B. Cassilly, S.J., appeared in a symposium on the possibility of spirits appearing to man, which was published in the Record-Herald of Chicago, last Sunday:

"There is nothing impossible about spirits appearing to man. There are numerous cases in Scripture where angels appeared to men and conversed with them. Among others we have the beautiful instance of the angel conducting young Tobias on a long journey, and of the angels receiving entertainment in the tent of Abraham, and saving Lot from Sodom."

Right relations with God is the first duty of every man.

One can sometimes love that which we do not understand, but it is impossible clearly to understand what we do not love.—Grindon's Life and Nature.

beneficent reach of his good counsel. Walter Cavanagh was the eldest son of Peter Cavanagh, a veteran of the war of 1812, and the eldest of three brothers, all of whom are now departed, his brother William having preceded him just ten days.

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ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

At the early Mass, the pastor, Rev. E. Donnelly, spoke on the duty of parents towards their children.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

The officers and guardians of the St. Gabriel's Total Abstinence and Temperance Society held a meeting on Friday afternoon at which the constitution for the Society was drawn up and submitted to the members for their approval.

ST. AGNES PARISH.

The church held last week in the church fund was attended by nearly five hundred, and proved a great success, both financially and socially.

FEAST OF CANDLEMAS.

Next Sunday the solemnity of Purification of the Blessed Virgin will be celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city. Before the Mass candles will be blessed and a procession will take place during which the canticle "Nunc Dimitt" and "Lumen ad Revelationem" will be sung.

THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

The Polytechnic School, situated on St. Denis street, was solemnly opened on Saturday morning by Rev. Mgr. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal. In the evening the inauguration exercises took place, which were attended by about two thousand dignitaries of the city.

YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. SOCIATION.

The Young Irishmen will hold a grand concert and social on Friday evening, February 3rd, at the Grand Hotel. A comedy entitled "Civilization" will be given, and also a choice programme of instrumental music.

Liquor Habit PERMANENTLY CURED. GOOD NEWS. To all men and women who have become enslaved by the soul destroying vice of Intemperance and to those who are on the way of becoming slaves to drink here is indeed Good News. ARCTOS will quickly and permanently destroy all taste for liquor. It is a sure and lasting cure as hundreds can testify. It can be administered without pain, quickly restores shattered nerves, tones the appetite and digestive organs and rehabilitates the entire system. ARCTOS is guaranteed to cure, money refunded in case of failure. Price of ARCTOS, Two Dollars per treatment. Sent by mail securely sealed to any address. Register all letters containing money.



NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

At High Mass, Rev. James K... will hold a special service next Sunday evening.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

Rev. Father Strubbe, C.S.S.R., gave a retreat last week to the present and former pupils of the convent at Richmond.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

At the early Mass, the pastor, Rev. J. E. Donnelly, spoke on the duties of parents towards their children.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

The officers and guardians of the Juvenile Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society held a meeting on Sunday afternoon at which the constitution for the Society was drawn up.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

The financial report of the year's work was a very satisfactory one, and shows that the people of St. Michael's appreciate the work of their devoted pastor and his able assistant, Rev. Father Callahan.

ST. AGNES PARISH.

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GENERAL ITEMS OF INTEREST AROUND THE CITY.

FEAST OF CANDLEMAS.

Next Sunday the solemnity of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin will be celebrated in all the Catholic churches of the city.

THE POLYTECHNIC SCHOOL.

The Polytechnic School, situated on St. Denis street, was solemnly opened on Saturday morning by Right Rev. Mgr. Racicot, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal.

THE YOUNG IRISHMEN'S L. & B. ASSOCIATION.

The Young Irishmen will hold a grand concert and social on next Monday evening, February 3rd, in the Grand Hall.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

On Monday morning at 8 o'clock a solemn requiem anniversary service was celebrated at St. Joseph's Church for the late Mr. Belanger, father of the pastor, Rev. Father Belanger, who celebrated the Holy Sacrifice, assisted by deacon and sub-deacon.

CHARITABLE WORK ESTABLISHED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. E. Gillies, assistant lady superintendent of St. Anthony's Villa, has returned from Quebec, where she and Miss Malone, lady superintendent of the Villa, have been establishing a branch work in the Ancient Capital.

ST. ANN'S CHOIR DRIVE.

On Saturday afternoon, St. Ann's boys choir with the Belmont choir enjoyed a sleigh drive around the mountain. The boys had a jolly time. A special call was made at Bandmaster Smith's residence at Westmount, and on the appearance of the veteran musician, the boys cheered lustily and sang "He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At the regular meeting of St. Ann's Conference of St. Vincent de Paul Society, the following resolution was unanimously carried:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove by death Miss Alice Ryan, daughter of our esteemed 2nd vice-president, Mr. M. J. Ryan;

Resolved, That we, the members of this Conference, do hereby express our sincere sympathy and condolence to Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and family in their great affliction.

Be it further resolved, that this resolution be spread on the minutes of the meeting, and a copy be sent to the bereaved family and be published in the True Witness.

LOYOLA CLUB.

The above-named club, a short account of whose visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor was given in last week's issue, is accomplishing a great deal in a quiet way, both from a literary and charitable point of view. According to its constitution, its object is mental improvement and united effort towards the fostering of a higher literary taste.

CATHOLIC TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

The Catholic Teachers' Association held its semi-annual meeting on Friday last at the Jacques Cartier Normal School. Mr. J. M. Perreault, Principal of the Montcalm School, and president of the Association, presided.

Mr. J. N. Perrault introduced the Hon. Boucher de La Bruere, Provincial Superintendent of Public Instruction, who thanked the association for the opportunity afforded him to express his warm admiration for and interest in the teachers' association of Montreal.

Meetings of this kind, he said, stimulated the zeal of the teacher; the discussions which take place keep the teachers in touch with the progress in educational matters at home and abroad.

Mr. N. Latremouille then asked the chairman what redress could be had for those teachers who, for several years, had contributed to the pension fund, but who last September were replaced by religious teachers from France.

A GOOD MORNING.

Of late considerable attention has been given to the "White Plague," and the medical authorities are doing their best to try and stop its onward march. The mortality list from the disease in the city is very large, owing, no doubt, to the lack of proper care and treatment of those afflicted, especially among the poorer classes.

Sir William Hingston, vice-president of the League for the Prevention of Tuberculosis, said the most effective method of checking the spread of the disease was in the education of public opinion as to the nature of the disease, its ravages and the duty that every person afflicted with it owes to others.

Sir William greatly favored the building of a sanatorium either in the city or at some favorable point in the vicinity. This is a move in the right direction. Dr. H. Hervieux, lung specialist, and Dr. Leberge, Medical health officer, are also of the opinion that a sanatorium would be of great benefit to the city for the treatment of the dreaded disease.

We are God's own creatures, and God is our own God. All else will fail us, but He never will. All is love with Him, love in light and love in darkness, love always and everywhere.—Father Faber.

The John Murphy Co., LIMITED

ANNOUNCEMENT.

On the 1st February Mr. Murphy retired from the active management of the business, which he founded some 36 years ago, and in which he still retains an interest. He has been privileged to see his small beginnings develop into one of the best known high-class dry goods stores in the Dominion.

In the matter of Millinery alone within the last month or six weeks we have had two buyers in Europe looking for the latest and best Parisienne and London novelties. An expert in dress goods and silks has just returned from Europe, bringing with him for this city and Toronto the very best productions that the looms of those countries have been able to make.

At the present time we have a man on the continent of Europe gathering together laces and veilings of the higher order from the best known factories of Switzerland, France, England and Ireland. These we hope to have the pleasure of showing to the ladies of Montreal in a few weeks.

Our present premises are limited, and in order to get ready for the show of these goods in the early Spring, we must at once clear out all the Crockery, Tinware, Hardware, Gents' Furnishings and Mens' Clothing now in it. Commencing to-day, we shall sell everything in the basement at a reduction of at least 25 per cent., and this will include all manner of staples, in hardware, crockery, graniteware, etc.

In the matter of Blue Enamelled Ware, of which there is a very large quantity, we shall reduce the price by 50 p.c.

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, 2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe. Tel. Up 2740

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE. THIS SALE WILL CONTINUE UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

FURNITURE DEPARTMENT

New home furnishers and housekeepers should take advantage of this great opportunity to secure everything they require. We store your purchases FREE OF CHARGE till wanted. The following are a few of our specialties:

- 1 Lounging Sofa, wire back, \$38, less 20 per cent.
No. 7,603, Arm Chair, \$36, less 33-1-3 per cent.
1 3-piece Library Set, G.O., \$32, less 33-1-3 per cent.
80-39, 2-piece Parlor Set, solid mahogany, \$60, less 20 per cent.
86-53, 3-piece Parlor Set, mahogany, \$88, less 20 per cent.
6,081, 1 Music Cabinet, hand painted and brass trimmings, L. XV, style, \$75, less 33-1-3 per cent.
3,784, 1 Child's Bureau, size 31 in. x 17 in.; fine mahogany, British plate mirror; price \$36, less 50 per cent.
7,694, 1 Bedroom Suite, golden oak, bed, bureau and washstand; British plate mirror; less 33-1-3 per cent., \$47.50.
150-1, 1 Bureau, Cheffonier and Dresser, old Colonial design, in mahogany, 3 pieces, less 33-1-3 per cent., \$109.50. Extra fine value.

LADIES' SHOES

For the balance of the sale we will offer all our Ladies' Evening Slippers at a discount of 20 per cent., less 5 per cent. for cash.

- Ladies' Gold Bead Pat. Vamp, Louis XV heels, \$6, for \$2.50, less 5 per cent., \$2.38 net.
Ladies' Beaded Vamp and Vici Kid, Louis XV heels, \$4.50 and \$4, for \$2.38 net.
Ladies' Black Velvet Slippers, silver buckles, regular \$3.50, for \$1.75, less 5 per cent., \$1.67 net.
Ladies' Pat. Vamp, Louis XV heels, ox. turned soles, \$5.25, less 50 per cent., \$2.63, less 5 per cent., \$2.50 net.
Ladies' Pat. Vamp, turned soles, tan heels, regular \$4.50, for \$3, less 5 per cent., \$2.85 net.
All our Ladies' Turned Sole Oxfords at \$3 and \$3.50, for \$2, less 5 per cent., \$1.90 net.
All our Ladies' \$3 boots in Vici kid box calf and patent leather, less 20 per cent, and 5 per cent extra for cash, \$2.25 net.
Ladies' Turned Sole Boots, in French and common sense heels, regular \$3.25 and \$3.50, for \$1, less 5 per cent., 95c net; irregular sizes only.

MEN'S SHOE DEPARTMENT

EXTRAORDINARY VALUES.

- A few pair only in irregular sizes, Men's Enamel Calf button boots, regular \$5.50, less 50 per cent.
A few pairs only in irregular sizes Men's Ideal Patent Calf laced boots, regular \$7.50, less 50 per cent.
A few pairs only Men's Patent Calfskin laced and button boots, irregular sizes, price \$5.00, less 50 per cent.
A few pairs only Men's Kid Oxfords, Goodyear welt, irregular sizes, only, regular \$4.50, for \$1.50.
A lot of Men's wool-lined, self-acting Rubbers, best quality, medium wide toes only, regular \$1.25, less 50 per cent.
A few pairs in irregular sizes Men's Patent Kid Oxfords, regular \$6.50, less 50 per cent.
A lot of Men's Patent Blucher Oxfords and Enamel Oxfords, regular \$4.00, less 50 per cent.
A lot of little Gents' laced boots, in Calfskin and Kid, sizes ranging from 9 to 13, regular \$2.25 and \$2.35, for \$1.25.
5 per cent extra for cash.

LADIES' TAFFETA WAISTS

A table of Taffeta Waists, white, black, navy and light blue, at half price.

FURS

SPECIAL PRICES THIS WEEK.

- Persian Lamb Caps, \$12.00, for \$8.55 cash.
Persian Lamb Caps, \$10.00, for \$7.60 cash.
Persian Lamb Caps, \$9.00 for \$6.84 cash.
Russian Lamb Caps, \$4.00, for \$3.04 cash.
German Otter Caps, \$4.50, for \$3.42 cash.
Boys' Raccoon Caps, \$5.00, for \$3.80 cash.
Boys' Grey Lamb Caps, \$4.00, for \$3.04 cash.

SILK DEPARTMENT

BLACK SILKS

- Black Peau de Soie in the best qualities, \$2.00, \$2.25 and \$2.50, less 20 per cent.
Black Satin Merv., \$1.75 and \$2.00, less 20 per cent.
Black Broche Satin, less 20 per cent.
Black Silks in Pekin stripes, \$1.50 and \$1.75 per yard, less 20 per cent.
Black Satin with dots, less 20 per cent.

COLORED SILKS

Chiffon Taffeta Silks in stripes with lace effects, white, blue, pink, fawn and electric blue, \$1.25 per yard, less 50 per cent.

PLAID SILKS

- Red and Black, reseda and white, pink and white, blue and white, regular value \$1.25 per yard. Now 45c per yard.
Chiffon Taffeta Silks, in stripes, pink, navy, red, and mauve, 35c per yard.
Crepe de Chines in stripes, blue, white and cream, \$1.25 per yard, less 20 per cent.

STATIONERY DEPARTMENT

PAPER FLOWERS FOR TABLE DECORATIONS.

- Carnations, red, white, pink, 6 for 5c.
June roses, 2 for 5c.
Chrysanthemums, red, white and yellow, 2 for 5c.
Tulips, red and yellow, 2 for 5c.
American Beauty Roses, 2 for 5c.
Easter Lilies, each, 5c.
These are made from the best tissue Paper, dyed to exact shade of natural flower.

A MIXED TABLE

- consisting of
Flannelette Waists,
Muslin Waists,
Cheviot Waists,
Wool Sweaters,
Fascinators,
Muslin Underwear,
Flannelette Underwear,
Ostrich Feather Boas,
Children's Cloth Tams,
Children's Leather Tams,
ALL AT HALF PRICE.

MILLINERY

Extraordinary Values in Fall and Winter Hats

- The balance will be sold as follows:
Hats from \$3.50 to \$4.75 now \$1.50.
Hats from \$5.50 to \$8.00, now \$2.50.
Hats from \$8.25 to \$11.00, now \$3.50.
Hats from \$11.50 to \$13.75, now \$4.50.
Hats from \$14.00 to \$19.00, now \$5.50.
Hats from \$19.50 to \$27.00, now \$7.50.
Hats from \$27.50 to \$35.00, now \$10.00.
Less 5 per cent. for cash.

COTTONS

SPECIAL—200 pieces English Cambric and Cottons, in 12 yard piece, less 20 per cent.
3000 yards English Cotton, special value 20 per cent.
Canadian White Cottons, 10 per cent
Sheeting and Pillow Cottons, 10 per cent., 20 per cent.

PYJAMAS—Our Own Make.

\$2.50 for \$1.90 Cash. Made of fine Scotch Zephyr, Mats or English Madras, large pearl buttons, fine Frogs and Girdles, neat patterns.

MEN'S CASHMERE HOSE

Special Sale this Week.

We have bought a range of Men's Heavy Cashmere Hose (from Cartwright & Warner's, England), at a very low figure, and we are offering same at low price of 20c pair. As the market is showing a steady increase, and wool will be at least 15 per cent. higher in April, we would advise our clients to see these goods.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT

SPECIAL

Ladies' Natural Ribbed Wool Combination Suits, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6. Prices, \$2.65, \$2.75, \$2.85, \$3 each. Less 15 per cent.
All Ladies' Ribbed Silk Undervests at 15 per cent. discount.
Our 40c line of Ladies' Plain Black Cashmere Hose, all sizes, less 15 per cent. discount.
Entire Stock of Overhose. Prices 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 a pair, less 15 per cent. discount.

DOWN QUILTS

Balance of Down Quilts in Silk, Sateen and Satin, 20 per cent.
Special lot \$4.50 for \$3.60.
Special lot Panels and Borders, worth \$6.00, for \$4.
Special lot \$5.50, less 20 per cent.
Children's Crib and Cot Quilts in Silk and Sateen, 20 per cent.

SILVER DEPARTMENT

STERLING SILVER.

Such as Berry Spoons, Jelly Spoons, Sugar Tongs, Cake Saws, Cold Meat Forks, Cream Ladles, Gravy Ladles, Photograph Frames, Sauce Boats, Bon-Bon Dishes, Tea Sets, etc., etc., less 20 per cent.
Sterling Forks and Spoons, 10 per cent.
Entire Stock of Silver Plated Ware from celebrated manufacturers, latest shapes and designs.
Baking Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Soup Tureens, Bread Trays, Sauce Boats, Biscuit Jars, Tea Sets, Coffee Sets, Candelabras, etc., etc., 25 per cent.

Balance of over-stock manufactures still to be offered at Half Price, consisting of Tea Sets, Pudding Dishes, Tureens, Cakes, etc., etc.

RIBBONS, ETC.

Colored Taffeta Ribbons, 28c yd.
White, cream, black, ciel, Mexique, rose, pink, cardinal, emerald, navy, mauve, mais, buttercup, coquelicot, brown, turquoise, lilac.
Colored Duchess Satin Ribbons, 5 inches, 28c; 3 1/2 inches, 20c; White, cream, ciel, new blue, turquoise, sapphire, rose, pink, wood rose, senora, coquelicot, cardinal, grey, fawn, brown, mais, buttercup, mauve, navy, ophelia, emerald, nile, mandarin.
Colored Mauve Sash Ribbons, 33-1-3 per cent. White, cream, turquoise, cardinal.
Colored Satin Ribbons, 6 inches wide 25c yard.
Colored Serge Washing Ribbons, 50 per cent.
Colored double faced Satin Ribbons, 15 per cent.
Colored Satin Mouselaine Ribbon, 15 per cent.
Colored Duchess Satin Ribbons, 15 per cent.
Colored Taffeta Ribbons, 15 per cent.
Colored Moire Ribbons, 15 per cent.

MEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT

\$3.00 SPECIAL FOR \$2.25.

This week we are offering our entire stock of \$3.00 Derbies at the above price. As our reputation as hat dealers is well known, and we carry only the latest shapes and the best quality, this sale ought to bring in our store every one in need of a spring hat. The above subject to 5 per cent. cash.

5 Per Cent. for Cash in Addition to All Other Discounts or Reductions. HENRY MORGAN & CO., . . . Montreal



THE TOMB OF THE HATCHET.

"Also you'll be use' live here on this islan' in de ole days, M'sieu?"

"I was stationed up yonder at the Fort ten years ago, just before the post was withdrawn."

Benedict threw his worn suit-case on the shore, and sat down with a gasp. This high, keen, flashing Northern air stung a man's lungs like ice-needles, after the wet, warm swamp-mists of Samar.

"Don't know a soul on the place," he retorted shortly. "Did you say that I could have a room and bread and bacon up at your cabin, Le-zard?"

"But, M'sieu le General—" "M'sieu le Major," corrected Benedict, tartly. "Take my suit-case to the house, will you? I'm going up the hills awhile."

He buckled the fur stock around his lean, sun-bronzed throat and strode briskly away. The group gaped after him, brown carven images of bewilderment.

"Jus' anozer fool," giggled Jaw-nny Perroche.

"It'll be one plague of de fools is fall on thees islan', sure," grunted Petaire Beupre. "Maybe they'll t'ink the summer se is come already by here."

Benedict labored on up the winding Fort road. He could all but hear the amused and pitying surmises that followed him.

Laughter choked him; yet keen, wistful recollections stirred in his heart. Every turn, every vista of this little white, elfin roadway swung like a mirror of memory before his eyes.

Then the baby came, and before its tiny hands had learned to tighten their slackening links the little life had slipped away.

Marian had been patient; all too patient. Benedict, his heart wrung for her grief, had offered to let her go home to her own people for a year.

"I'll come back in the fall, of course," she had declared, when they said good-bye. But she did not come back.

There were matter enough to keep her behind, he assured himself, dispassionately. Her father was lonely and feeble. Her property interests did better when she was on hand to oversee them.

scious women, who had made his boyhood service such a joy. And this, his trust, was but a tryst of ghosts.

"Marian would give me up for a lorn loon if she could hear that," he told himself, with a grim laugh at his own foolery.

"This will be fair sacrilegious, Wallace," she had declared, with the tang of Scotch that made her grave speech irresistible.

She laid the hatchet in its narrow bed, then sat back on the boulder, her bronze head tossed high, her red cloak pulled tight about her shoulders.

Together they mounded the dry snow high above it. Then she drew a little bundle from the depths of her cloak and took out a stiff wreath of smilax and red geranium.

"Good-bye, quarrels," she whispered, softer than a sigh.

Benedict set his teeth on a groan. It would all have been so different if they had only been married then!

Only the years had come between. There could have been no more desperate barrier. For all their vows and protests, the stately girl whom he had made his wife five years ago was not the blossom-child of that far morning hour.

They were happy, to be sure, determinedly happy. Life knows no harder task than the happiness dutiful!

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A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed with Surprise Soap. Its pure hard Soap—that's why. Don't forget the name—Surprise

own modest pedestal. Decidedly, it was not fair for him to ask her to put aside all her tastes and preferences for the uncertain delights of his comradeship.

Yet the man's heart was bruised within him. Throughout these months of separation there had grown up between them a restraint that irked and fretted him; a bar which neither his trust nor his devotion could surmount.

She would be in New York to meet him, so she had written. In three more days they would be together once again.

He breathed quick when he reached the great gray boulder. It was all so like that other, fairer morning!

"Good-bye, quarrels!" she murmured, under her breath.

He slid his fingers over the side of the boulder till he found the rough initials which he had chiselled there.

Suddenly he leaned down, staring. His dark face pale curiously; his heart beat fast in long, choking lunges.

A woman was coming slowly up the last slope. Her black cloak fell in mournful folds from chin to feet, but her wind-blown hair shone gold against the shrouding veil.

For a moment neither spoke. They stood as in a trance of wonder. But in a breath there came to both a knowing of the truth.

about his neck. He sobbed out as his arms closed round her. "Wallace, man"—he felt, rather than heard, her whispering reproach—"you ought to be on your way East to meet me this minute. Why did you wait to come up here?"

"So we're here, both of us, on this fool's errand?" She looked up at him, her eyes alight through the storm of her tears.

Benedict tried to laugh with her. But his joy was far too royal to wear the mask of mirth. "I've won out, too, Marian. For I came to look for the girl—the girl you used to be."

"Shall we leave it buried?" she asked, him after awhile. Benedict answered with a look.

"At least we might pay it decent reverence," she added, fumbling beneath her cloak. She pulled out a tiny spray of geranium and heliotrope, begged from a village window.

"Do you remember the wreath we made before, when I got the geraniums from Madame Courtenay's window-pots, and you teased the gardener for the wire? Oh, Wallace, Wallace, do you remember everything?"

"They'll go by Mackinaw for take de railroad," said Beupre. "Helas, our plague of fool is make leave before the Christmas day is arrive!"

Old Octave blinked after the retreating figures. There was an impish twinkle on his weather-beaten old face.

Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of children, boys and girls, under six years of age.

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to have the Education Act so amended as to erect the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal, into a school municipality, with all the rights and privileges of Catholic School Boards in the Province of Quebec.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P. JOHN DILLON. THOMAS FLOOD.

Business Cards.

THE Smith Bros.' Granite Co. Now is the proper time to purchase a monument if you intend erecting it the coming season. We are Headquarters for anything in this line. 290 Bleury Street, Just below Sherbrooke. Quarries at Harre, Vt., and Aberdeen Scotland.

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

CONROY BROS. 228 Centre Street. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters. ELECTRIC and MECHANICAL BELLS, etc. Tel. Main 3552. Night and Day Service.

G. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter. PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

CHURCH BELLS. McShane's. Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to.

MBEELY BILL COMPANY. TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS. COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

DO NOT BUY TRASHY GOODS AT ANY PRICE. Cowan's Cocoa and Chocolate. Are the Best. Notice the Names them.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH, MONTREAL. By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly.

HOMES WANTED. Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of children, boys and girls, under six years of age.

NOTICE. IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to have the Education Act so amended as to erect the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal, into a school municipality, with all the rights and privileges of Catholic School Boards in the Province of Quebec.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 3 Buley Street, Montreal, Canada, by The True Witness, P. A. & Co., Patrick B. Quinlan, Treasurer, proprietor.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 24th, 1866. Incorporated 1868, revised 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, F. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Mahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique Street; M. J. Ryan, Treasurer, 18 St. Augustin Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa Streets, at 8.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—(Organized 13th November, 1878.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month, at 8 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. M. Callaghan; Chancellor, P. J. Darcy; President, W. F. Wall; Recording Secretary, P. G. McDonagh, 139 Visitation Street; Financial Secretary, J. S. C. O'Connell, 825 St. Urbain Street; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Medical Adviser, Dr. H. J. Harrison, E. J. O'Connor and G. H. Merrill.

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(By Miss May Quinlan, in Tablet.) (Continued.) POLLY.

There were certain side streets which you younger society were not permitted to penetrate at the upper end of one such street a particular tenement had escaped the ban. And the denizens of this tenement, unhappy baby named Polly, was eighteen months old, and unbaptized. During those months the desirability of baptism had been urgently upon. But Polly's mother went and pleaded; one of the offered to carry the child to church and stand sponsor.

"No," said the woman, "couldn't risk it. Besides," added, "Polly had too many lay. The objection sounded cryptic, it seemed likely that some less intellectual lay behind it, something that might not with strigriety be confided to the Sister. Accordingly a social worker was popular in the district, and asked if she might be godmother?"

"No," was the crude reply, "might not." "Of course, I know about brains," said the worker under, "but I'll wrap her up and call myself."

The mother shook her head. "Do tell me why not?" the woman wavered. "Well, Miss," said she at the "fac's" in this. Me 'usb ses ter me, 'Liza, sez 'o, you trust Polly into the 'an no woman,' sez 'e, fer yer ne tell wen a woman ain't dr' whereupon my friend, who w tusque in appearance, and habit was South Kensington came conscious of the impropriety of the confidence being made. Sisters, for the husband's vermittal of no exceptions.

Then my friend pointed out whereas she herself had never seen the worse for drink, and smption was in favor of her ty—an argument which the was somewhat loth to admit, by dint of inordinate diploma was finally arranged—subject husband's consent, and the worker standing sponsor—that should be baptized forthwith, the Sisters were to telegraph the arrangements were com. Thus it happened a few mo later that a telegram was de in South Kensington, and my accordingly hurried off to the End. It was barely 10.30 she sneared the tenement. But ready some excitement was People stood in doorways, and appeared from upper windows crowd had collected in the ro and formed itself into a ring. In this ring two drunken fought like wild beasts.

One of the two, more irrespect than the other, was engaged in ing off the blows of her oppon wedging in between them an asting bundle. And this b this weapon of defence, what it?

A child's cry was the answer was little Polly, in her me arms. MEG.

But sights and scenes vary, there is an element of pleasing rity even in mean streets. A the quaint little mortals I kne Meg, aged seven. Of her it be said that she had quite a for praying. Never did she s hearse drive by but she felt pelled to pray for the eternal touch of dead man. But as the touch of earth in all human vor, it so happened that Meg only prayed assiduously, but sh eaved the ambition of breaki own record; her object being how many "Paters" and "Ave could get through, before the whiskered round the corner. Me accordingly rebuked for prof Such gabbled prayers, she was never rose to heaven. She say them slowly. And it is s presumed that she laid the cour heart, for it transpired soon wards that she held the som unique position of spiritual a to her own immediate circle. day she was approached by a small child who confided to M...



# LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

## THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

(By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.)

### POLLY.

There were certain side streets into which the younger social workers were not permitted to penetrate. But at the upper end of one such street stood a particular tenement which had escaped the ban. And among the denizens of this tenement was an unhappy baby named Polly. She was eighteen months old, and as yet unbaptized. During those eighteen months the desirability of Polly's baptism had been urgently dwelt upon. But Polly's mother was inflexible. Then the Nursing Sisters went and pleaded; one of them even offered to carry the child to the church and stand sponsor.

"No," said the woman, "she couldn't risk it. Besides," as she added, "Polly had too many brains." The objection sounded cryptic, but it seemed likely that some reason less intellectual lay behind it—something that might not with strict propriety be confided to the Sisterhood. Accordingly a social worker who was popular in the district, went and asked if she might be Polly's godmother?

"No," was the crude reply, "she might not."  
"Of course, I know about Polly's brains," said the worker undaunted, "but I'll wrap her up and carry her myself."  
The mother shook her head.  
"Do tell me why not?" Then the woman wavered.  
"Well, Miss," said she at last, "the fact is this. Me 'usband, 'e sez ter me. 'Liza, sez 'e, 'never you trust Polly inter the 'ands of no woman,' sez 'e, fer yer never can tell w'en a woman ain't drunk."

Whereupon my friend, who was stately in appearance, and whose habit was South Kensington, became conscious of the impropriety of the confidence being made to the Sisters, for the husband's verdict admitted of no exceptions.

Then my friend pointed out that whereas she herself had never been seen the worse for drink, and presumption was in favor of her sobriety—an argument which the woman was somewhat loth to admit. But, by dint of inordinate diplomacy, it was finally arranged—subject to her husband's consent, and the said worker standing sponsor—that Polly should be baptized forthwith, and the Sisters were to telegraph when the arrangements were completed.

Thus it happened a few mornings later that a telegram was delivered in South Kensington, and my friend accordingly hurried off to the East End. It was barely 10.30 when she neared the tenement. But already some excitement was afoot.

People stood in doorways, and heads appeared from upper windows. A crowd had collected in the roadway and formed itself into a ring. And in this ring two drunken women fought like wild beasts.

One of the two, more irresponsible than the other, was engaged in warding off the blows of her opponent by wedging in between them an unresisting bundle. And this bundle—this weapon of defence, what was it?

A child's cry was the answer. It was little Polly, in her mother's arms.

### MEG.

But sights and scenes vary, and there is an element of pleasing variety even in mean streets. Among the quaint little mortals I knew was Meg, aged seven. Of her it might be said that she had quite a talent for praying. Never did she see a hearse drive by but she felt impelled to pray for the eternal weal of the dead man. But as there is a touch of earth in all human endeavor, it so happened that Meg not only prayed assiduously, but she conceived the ambition of breaking her own record; her object being to see how many "Paters" and "Aves" she could get through, before the hearse whisked round the corner. Meg was accordingly rebuked for profanity. Such gabbled prayers, she was told, never rose to heaven. She must say them slowly. And it is to be presumed that she laid the counsel to heart, for it transpired soon afterwards that she held the somewhat unique position of spiritual adviser to her own immediate circle. One day she was approached by another small child who confided to Meg her

particular worldly wants, whereupon Meg urged the efficacy of prayer. So the other child went her way to return two days later—crestfallen.

"I ain't got nothink," was the verdict.

"Did yer say the prayers?" asked Meg.

"Yuss," came the response.

"Did yer say them slow?"

"Yuss."

The two children sat and gazed at one another. Something had evidently gone wrong.

"And yer said 'em slow," repeated Meg. Her brows contracted in profound thought, and there was an awful pause. Then she shook her head gloomily, "Dunno wot Gawd's doin'," said she, and thus she dismissed the subject.

### PLAYING BY THE DEATHBED.

It was a squalid room, in a tumble down tenement, where a woman lay on the bare boards. The room was destitute of furniture, for starvation stood within the door.

The children looked wizened and pinched, but, in spite of their hunger, they played. The woman headed them not. In fact she had lain there since morning with her face to the wall. Perhaps she could not bear to look at them longer, for she had no food to give them. So the day passed. But now it was night, and the tenement room felt cold and lonely, and the starving children cried. Then, turning to their mother, they pulled at her skirt, and called in the gathering darkness. But no voice came back. Wondering at such a deep sleep, one ran for help; and when the neighbors came and looked on the woman's face, lo! she had crossed the dark river of death. And so for twelve hours past—ever since dawn—had the motherless children played by the side of the dead figure; for twelve mortal hours had she lain rigid on the tenement floor—a victim of starvation.

### A BAD FATHER.

But hard as starvation is, it would seem that the children of our city have other hardships to face. It was a little girl of seven who used to confide in me. Her mother was dead, and her father a bad character. There were five children under his care.

"Yer don't know my Dickie, do yer?" asked the child. I shook my head. "Dickie is only two, but 'e's as knowing as yer like! W'y! it were somethink ter see 'im doublin' up 'is fists an' hittin' mother as 'ard as 'e could—mother as 'e seed 'e father do. But me father can't hit me mother no more," said the child, suddenly, "'cos she's dead, Yuss, an' me father took the pledge, 'e did, over me mother's body, but 'e ain't kep' it. He's a wicked man, me father is."

The words seemed terrible, coming from the childish lips, and I hastened to turn the current of her thoughts.

She nodded, "I does pray fur 'im." Then with a touch of pathos, she said earnestly, "fur I don't want any o' my friends like ter go below." And the tiny child looked up with big wistful eyes, while she pointed a small hand heavenwards, "No," she reiterated thoughtfully, "I don't want 'em ter go below." "But," continued the child, "yer dunno' wot me father is. W'y! 'e used ter pull us aht o' bed o' nights, an' shove us inter the street, me and me little sisters. An' it's cold in the streets," she said, "with on'y yer night dress on, an' we used ter cry. An' inside the door we could 'ear me mother sobbin'. But whenever she tried to let us in, me father used to knock 'er dahn." She gave a deep sigh. "I think," said she sadly, "as 'e'll 'ave to go to hell, fur 'e's wickedder than nobody knows."

And from what was known of him it was to be feared that this verdict was not inaccurate. Sometimes, as I know, he would send his little boy to the clergy-house to ask for help. He used to tell him what to say, and then, seeing the wondering look in the child's eyes, he would mutter brutally, "Lie or no lie, yer'll say it!" And, as if fearing that the boy's promise would be of no avail, he stood over him with uplifted arm. "Before your God an' mine, swear it!"

The child used to cower down in terror; and so trembling in every limb he took the awful oath. And when it was over he would creep away from human sight and sob his heart out calling to his dead mother in the darkness.

### "CARROTS."

Among the familiar spirits of another neighborhood was Carrots. No one knew her other name, but nei-

ther did any one grudge her the title of Carrots. She usually sat on a flight of steps and grappled with a bulky baby. It was too heavy for her to carry, hence her enforced inaction on the steps. She had a little pale face and a pair of bright eyes with a quick gleam in them, such as one sees in those of a bird of prey; and encircling her head like a halo of glory were tangled masses of red hair. It was so rich and red that, when the sun fell on it, it seemed to light up into a gorgeous blaze. Carrots had a head that Rubens would have loved.

When I passed by she used to hitch the baby to one side, so that by craning her neck she might get a partial view of things. "Ello!" was the invariable greeting, while a smile overspread the intelligent little face.

"How's the baby?" I'd ask. "Fine," said Carrots. "What do you give him to eat?" "Anythink wot's going—don't matter to 'im."

Carrots always prided herself on the baby's abnormal digestion. But then, Carrots was not a nurse. In fact her avocation in life rose to higher flights than holding a baby on her knee. This occupation was really incidental and the baby hardly more than a blind. There were thrilling reminiscences in the inner recesses of her active little brain. But the sterner side of her career was guarded by a judicious silence. So she hugged the baby and at the same time disarmed suspicion.

(To be Continued.)

## LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.

### The Victims Left Weak, Nerveless and a Prey to Deadly Diseases.

La grippe, or influenza, which sweeps over Canada every winter, is probably the most treacherous disease known to medical science. The attack may last only a few days, but the deadly poison in the blood remains. You are left with hardly strength enough to walk. Your lungs, your chest, your heart and nerves are permanently weakened, and you fall a victim to deadly pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption, rheumatism, or racking kidney troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never fail to cure the disastrous after effects of la grippe because they purify the blood and sweep away its poisonous germs. Every dose makes new, warm rich blood which brings health and healing to every part of the body. This is proved in the case of Miss Dorsina Langlois, of St. Jerome, Que., who says "I had a severe attack of la grippe, the after effects of which left me racked with pains in every part of my body. My appetite completely failed me; I had severe headaches, was subject to colds with the least exposure, and grew so weak that I was unable to work at my trade as dressmaker. I tried several medicines without the slightest success until a drug clerk advised me to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I acted upon his excellent advice and the pills rapidly and completely cured me. My strength returned, the headaches and cough disappeared, and I am again enjoying my old-time health. I am satisfied that if sufferers from la grippe will use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they will speedily recover from those after effects which make the lives of so many people a burden."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the common ailments due to weak and watery blood, such as anaemia, headaches, sideaches, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism, sciatica, nervousness, general weakness and the special ailments that growing girls and women do not like to talk about even to their doctors. But only the genuine pills can do this, and you should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is printed on the wrapper around each box. If you cannot get the genuine pills from your druggist send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

### THE SAD ALTERNATIVE.

A Scotch minister who was in need of funds thus conveyed his intention to his congregation: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

Tired Mother, (to restless child)—Now, you sit still. I've druv you ten miles to enjoy this entertainment and you shall enjoy it if I have to pull every hair out of your head!

## GLIMPSSES OF THE SOUTHLAND.

"When icicles hang upon the wall And Tom bears logs into the hall, When all about the wind doth blow, And birds sit brooding in the snow And coughing drowns the Parson's saw And Marian's nose looks red and raw."

So sang Shakespeare of long ago—and it still rung true that morn when we left Milwaukee for the South. A parting blast came swirling and swooping down the ghostly Wells building, causing frantic clutches at hats and wraps, whilst amended were Pope's lines:

"Our hurried movements not from Art—but chance  
Though those move easiest who have learned to dance."

Like also those who get caught in a gale near a sky-scraper.

"It was the very witching hour when all the air a solemn stillness holds,"

and for a moment, on Grande Avenue—we

Stood on the bridge at midnight, When the clocks were striking the hour, And the moon rose over the city Behind the dark Church tower.

Nor can we forget

How many thousands of care encumbered men  
Each bearing his burden of sorrow  
Have crossed the bridge since then.

St. John's sentinel tower stood massively silent and majestic in protection over us, while the cathedral chimed breathed a midnight blessing upon a city sleeping—faint and far its tones were re-echoed in the silvery cadence of St. Francis, while the booming bells of the city hall and the Pabst building awaked our hearts to the things "that made Milwaukee famous."

When safely ensconced on the "Pioneer Limited" we delightfully realized the ample truth of Col. Boyle's siren song—

"Take the 'Pioneer Limited,' wherever you go—or as far as you can. Strangely like the sage advice: 'Let yeez be dacent, and if yeez can't be dacent, be as dacent as yeez can.' But 'tis a long lane that has no turn," and finally we left the snowy northland—"with its icicles upon the wall—and Marian's nose so red and raw." We sped swiftly past Wisconsin Lake—where the long light shakes past its "snowy summits famed in story"—and "we came to a land where 'tis always afternoon,"—where fragrant magnolias bloom,—where unfading roses redden the road sides—even on Christmas Eve—where luxuriant Azalia and snowy waxlike Jessamine breathe beautiful welcome to the New Year. A land where skies are ever bright as angel's wing—where our hearts, with the mocking birds, exulting sing. Via the "old reliable" Louisville & Nashville railroad—one of the very first and best developers of the South—where it is affectionately known as the "Ellen N"—we were once more "in the Land of Cotton"—"in Dixie Land"—we took our stand. Aboard very sumptuous sleepers which the "Ellen N" carries through Dixie—was an old gentleman with an abiding thirst.

When, after various potations, the porter warned him that "no liquors could be served south of the Ohio," he indignantly vociferated, "what if I get cramps?" The polished gentleman of color calmly continued: "If youse gwine to get cramps, you better git 'em mighty quick, coz wez crossing the ribber now."

Finally we reached the "Lordly Tennessee, sweeping onward to the Sea"—on past Chattanooga's grim and gory Lookout Mountain and its pathetic National cemetery, with "its thousands of thousands lying lowly—hushed in silence deep and holy."

"Brave soldiers that battled and died for us  
Who living, were true and tried for us  
And dead sleep side by side for us.  
The Warrior Band that hallowed our land  
With the blood they gave in a tide for us."

Surely we join in the poet's prayer:

No more let the War cry sever or the winking rivers be ree  
We banish all anger forever, when we bow o'er the graves of our dead.  
Thus but a day's ride in comfort from the rock ribbed hills of the



**Fruit-a-tives**  
or Fruit Liver Tablets  
**Instead of Fruit.**

Fruit is a splendid tonic for stomach and liver. The active principles give fruit its medicinal value. But they occur in such minute quantities, that when fruit is taken with other food, and goes through the process of digestion, their action is lost.



"Fruit-a-tives" are the active principles of apples, oranges, figs and prunes—extracted from fruit juices, combined by our own secret process, and compressed into tablets. They are the concentrated medicinal virtues of fruits and act much more effectively than any other known treatment in curing Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Biliousness and Kidney troubles. At all druggists. 50c. a box.

Manufactured by  
**FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.**

North, its boundless wealth of mineral, endless forests of pine and of oak, so typical of the energy and sturdy endurance of its sons and daughters—to the evergreen Savannahs of the South, its sweeping willows and its palms—where in poetic beauty now blend the tender memories of war's devastation, with the gigantesque reparation of States United.

Nor North nor South, nor East nor West  
To tear again the parent breast—

But still bends the southern palm beneath the north's protecting pine, whilst we pray

"God of our Fathers!—Known of old Lord of our far flung Battle line Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over Palm and Pine, Lord God of Hosts—Be with us yet! Lest we forget—lest we forget."

A grateful instance of the welding and commingling of interests 'tween North and South was the experience of the Yankee from way down in Maine—who exhibited hogs in a Mississippi Fair. When the prizes were announced the man from Maine expostulated with the Awarding Committee of Southerners:

"Gentlemen, I don't question your integrity—but I have exhibited these prizes in fourteen states and won hogs in all of them, besides my hogs are so fat they can scarcely walk—while your native hogs are as thin as a rail—so I just can't see on what basis you made the awards."

"Well, Mr. Maine Man—since you ask we will say that we awarded the prizes strictly according to worth—and, however it be up north—a hog ain't worth shucks to us if it can't outrun a nigger."

"Alabama—here we rest"—rightly so named. For 'tis indeed a land where one could rest forever. There is a touching legend of a tribe of peaceful gentle Indians, who were ruthlessly driven away from the homes of their loved, and the dear graves of their dead. After many, many days of hunger and danger, and nights of weary wandering—they, exhausted utterly, threw themselves upon the grassy banks of a mighty river—exclaiming: "Come what may," "Alabama, here we rest."

Nearby the shifting sands of Pascagoula on the Mexico Gulf makes mournful music, ghostly in its weird wailing while the silver moon gilds the southern sea. "'Tis the spirit of the Exiled, chanting their sad fate." What a pathetic page in our history is that which tells of the race that's fading away; who can read "Logan's Farewell" without the blush of shame, scalding the tears that rush unbidden to our eyes? We hear so much of "the rights and wrongs of the negro—shall we entirely forget the woes and the wrongs wrought unto the native Indian? The first and rightful lord of this land.

The utter extermination of whole nations of Indians as the Pequods, etc., shall long scar our history, while even now, the "Government Indian Agent" is almost a synonym for "heartless cheater" of the poor and ignorant. True, the "Black Robe" priest and nun and generous layman—such as the Drexel family,

have done worlds of good unto a doomed race—who well may chant. Beautiful is the Sun, oh strangers, When you came so far to see us.

The memories of Pere Jogues and Marquette—De Smet and so many other Jesuit missionaries, as well as Catherine Drexel, are jewels far too precious to be forgotten by the Catholic heart. When the Peon and the pauper Indian of Mexico and South America are pilloried—let us remember that in Catholic countries, the Indian still is. He has not been utterly stamped out of existence. Oh, my country!—Lest we forget. Lest we forget."

Alabama glows red with martyr blood. The first prayer offered there to the True God was by a Catholic, whilst Luther was yet an innocent Catholic school boy—long ere pilgrims dreamed of Plymouth Rock. With silent savages round about—gazing on barbaric wonder, the pioneer priest offered the holy Mass, and at its conclusion the lonely altar in the wilderness was reddened with the martyr's blood.

Tragic also the history of the first Bishop of Alabama. History tells us how and where he landed and whence he came—history tells of his yearning to spread the Catholic faith, and his brave heart disappearing in that "far resounding forest"—but history tells no tidings of his return! What fate was his—what weary wanderings—what heart aches, hunger and tragedy—where or when, or how he lay down to die—history tells not. "But precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of the just." His last moments and his last resting place are known only to the angels that treasure heaven's heroes.

A grave in the woods with the grass o'er grown  
With never a name and never a stone  
And only the sad night winds to moan  
O'er the Bishop who dared and died alone.

—Rev. J. Daly.

SOME IRISH CATHOLIC ATHLETES.

Yale, Princeton, Pennsylvania and Harvard, Dartmouth, Holy Cross, Columbia and Brown are among the colleges which have depended in large measure for their football glory upon young men of Irish Catholic training. The son of a Torrington miner, Hogan, who leads Yale, ranks with his rival, Hurley, the doctory leader of Harvard, as a leading player of the season. Harvard's big substitute full back, Hanley, of Roxbury, is another of the legion of football players who have accomplished things. In Capt. Larkin Holy Cross has one of the finest quarter backs in the country. Dartmouth looks for football material to such men as J. T. McDevitt, the old Brighton High School back, who was one of the most prominent members of the Dartmouth squad this fall. Cooney, of Princeton, who will lead the Orange and Black forces next year, is one of the best players. With Burke, his team mate, he has been a source of strength to the team throughout the year.—Boston Republic.



AN AMERICAN OBERAMMERGAU.

From early June until late in the fall the Mecca of the tourist, the scholar, and the lover of nature in general is the land of the Ojibway Indians. Their principal settlement is near the little town of Desbarats, Ontario. Here it is that every summer, the Indians present the play of "Hiawatha" to the thousands that gather here from all parts of America to witness the unique but interesting spectacle.

A chat with the Indians after the play showed me the keen interest manifested in the play. Minnehaha, with childlike pride, informed me that she had spent an entire year in designing the gorgeous costume she wore. It was an exquisite piece of workmanship, of buck-skin, heavily beaded in figures of intricate design, and fringed with hundreds of tails of priceless otter. Last summer, Cupid was busily at work, and in the fall the Hiawatha of the play laid siege to the heart of Minnehaha, and led her away as his bride.

IN "DARKEST" IRELAND.

In the cart—or car, as they call those uncomfortable vehicles in which you sit side-wise—I continued the journey, securing by this means what may be called literally a one-sided view of the country. We came at last to the old village of Westport, and here for the first time I met with tourists. On the outskirts of the village I came to a cabin a little better and larger than those out in the country, and this cabin, I was told, was a hotel. A woman stood in the doorway. Beside her was a group of children, bare of foot as usual. I dismounted from that car and sat down at a little table that stood just outside the door.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES \$48.90 Pacific Coast

MARCH 1st to MAY 15th, 1905. Second Class Colonist fares from MONTREAL to Seattle, Victoria, Vancouver, \$48.90. Portland, \$46.40. Remond, Nelson, Trail, \$45.90. Eugene, Spokane, \$45.90. Anacosta, Butte, Helena, \$45.50. Salt Lake, \$45.50. Colorado Springs, Denver, \$45.50. Pueblo, \$45.50.

CANADIAN PACIFIC QUEBEC DIRECT

DIRECT LINE running trains into QUEBEC CITY. Leave Place Viger Station 8:45 a.m., 2:00 p.m. daily except Sundays. OTTAWA SLEEPER. Leave Windsor Station daily at 10:10 p.m. Passengers must remain in car until 9 a.m.

NOTICE.

We, the undersigned, inscribed shareholders on the Entry Book of a Mutual Insurance Company about to be formed for the Counties of Berthier, Joliette, Montcalm, L'Assomption and Terrebonne, do hereby give notice to the interested parties, that a meeting of the shareholders of the said Company shall be held on the fourteenth day of February, 1905, in the Parish of St. Bartholomew, in the Sacriety of the said Parish, in order to adopt a name and designation for the said Company, choose a Provisionary Secretary, elect a Board of not more than nine, or less than five Directors; and fix a place in each of the said Counties, where the principal Office of the Company shall be established.

STAMMERERS

THE DR. ARNOTT INSTITUTE, Berlin, Ont. For the treatment of all forms of ST. ECH DEFECTS. We treat the cause not simply the habit, and therefore produce natural speech. Write for particulars.

land, and it's either the workhouse or America." Such are the conditions in "darkest Ireland" to-day. I have given here only the testimony of my own eyes and ears. These are the facts. Explanations I leave to those who write learned essays on "Ireland of the Future," but who will not take the physical trouble to go see the Irish people of now. Not in the seclusion of a comfortable study, but in the very huts of the poor Irish in Ireland itself, is where one can find out why there are more Irish in America to-day than in all Erin's isle itself, and why, at the present rate of decrease of population, the Emerald Isle will soon be depopulated.

THE BIG STORE WILL CLOSE AT 5.33 P.M. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE. THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

SALE OF 10,000 REMNANTS! This week will commence the Annual February Sale of Remnants. One of the immediate results of the most successful sale in The Big Store's history is an enormous accumulation of remnants. Remnants in all departments, short ends of LINENS, PRINTS, DRESS GOODS, SILKS, CORSETS, WHITEWEAR, JACKETS, SKIRTS, etc., etc.

MUSSED WHITEWEAR SALE There is still a splendid selection in the special sale of Ladies' White any Whitewear Sale. Quantities of each kind are not sufficiently large to allow details, but every branch of Ladies' Underwear is represented—Night Gowns, Chemises, Corset Covers, Drawers, Underskirts, etc. Every garment is quite perfect, and only requires to be laundered to resume their pristine freshness. Price reductions vary from 25 to 75 per cent.

BOYS' SUITS AND REEFERS BOYS' SAILOR SUITS, in All Wool Navy Cheviot Serge, full cut blouse, smartly cut and well finished; trimmed red, yellow, and self braid, pants lined throughout. Regular value \$1.25. Special Price ..... 75c BOYS' ALL WOOL ENGLISH NAP REEFER COATS, fast Indigo blue, Indigo storm collar, best fancy tweed linings, silk sewn, perfect fitting. Worth \$1.50. Sale Price ..... \$1.29 BOYS' RUSSIAN OVERCOATS, in Fancy Coatings, smartly cut, with leather belt, red flannel lined throughout, trimmed oxidized buttons and ornaments, velvet collars. Sizes 21 to 25. Worth \$6.50. Sale ..... \$4.45

SUPERB CARPET SQUARES LESS 25 Per Cent. Splendid quality, best workmanship, charming designs, make these Carpet Squares eminently desirable, without taking the special deduction of 25 per cent. off regular prices into consideration.

TAPESTRY SQUARES 6 ft. by 10 ft. 9 in. Regular \$10.80. Reduced Price ..... \$8.10 8 ft. 3 in. by 11 ft. 9 in. Regular \$13.25. Reduced Price ..... \$9.95 10 ft. 6 in. by 9 ft. 10 in. Regular \$17.00. Reduced Price ..... \$12.75 14 ft. 10 in. by 12 ft. 9 in. Regular \$25.00. Reduced Price ..... \$18.75

SCHOOL BOOKS READY. Many children will change classes this week, and this change of classes will involve a change of text books. The Big Store carries a full stock of all the approved School Books and necessities, and makes a practice of selling EVERYTHING AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. Great Furnishing Opportunities for all Purchasers of Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Mats, Drapes, Beds and Bedding, and Odd Pieces of Furniture. Low Prices. Large Discounts.

THOMAS LIGGET 2474 & 2476 St. Catherine St.

SEASONABLE GOODS REASONABLE PRICES.

MEN'S FELT CONGRESS, felt soles, were \$1.75, now ..... \$1.25 MEN'S FELT CONGRESS, with legging attachment, 14 inches high, with 3 buckles, an ideal winter boot; were \$2.50, now ..... 1.60 MEN'S GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS, felt soles; were 75c, now ..... 50c LADIES' GERMAN FELT SLIPPERS, felt soles; were 75c, now ..... 50c MISSES' FANCY MOQUETTE SLIPPERS, assorted colours; sizes 11 to 2; were 40c, now ..... 25c CHILD'S FANCY MOQUETTE SLIPPERS, assorted colours; sizes 6 to 10; were 30c, now ..... 20c

RONAYNE BROS. 2027 Notre Dame St. Chabotville Square.

THE TYPICAL IRISH GENTLEMAN. "There isn't anything like the intemperance in Ireland nowadays that there used to be," said the Hon. Vincent Kennedy, member of parliament from County Cavan, to a Washington Post reporter at the New Willard. "The typical Irish gentleman, as depicted in the fiction of Lever and Lover, who did not-



Seventieth Birthday Father of the of Common Ottawa, Feb. 1.—Visit House of Commons to on one of the desks in th of the Government side of a small vase holding a shamrock. That desk was Hon. gan's, and this was th anniversary of his birth of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, friend of the House" b being friend. Before the sumed its session after t for dinner the members room 26 and presented gan with a beautiful cabi verware. The presenta was made by Sir V rior, was also witnessd of Ottawa's well knowi friends of Mr. Costigan. frid, in making the p said he had known Mr. O some thirty years, had both as an opponent and He had always known hi as a fair opponent and a He hoped Mr. Costigan many years longer to enj tem of his many friends. Replied, Mr. Costigan he appreciated the gift v and while he did not und he would say he enjoyed t a warm shake of the han friend equally as much. public career, Mr. Costiga had supported both polit One time he was the supp admirer of Sir John A. but now he was an equi supporter and admirer of Laurier. His change of p due entirely to conviction ly on principle. He said that he had very few if a and was proud of his ma After again extending hi the gift, Sir Wilfrid Laur for three cheers for Mr. which were very heartily l loved by the singing Jolly Good Fellow." was then given three rous The members then return Commons to resume their As each general electio by one of the old parliaments from the scene until at la can be counted on the fing hand. Hon. John Costiga a unique experience. For years he has continuously ed the one constituency, th toria, N.S. During that never suffered defeat; never by-election or a protest. more he is an Irishman ro what is generally regarde French constituency.

A LESSON BY CONT To the very last day of in Washington the late Sen was known in the capital a tacus, patient and considi man, says the Washingto His gentle breeding was a all who came in contact y and a lesson to many who l less than the necessary tim quiring a habit of kindly a One afternoon in his last sent his card to a bureau ch was noted for self-import bad manners. The messen ducted Senator Hoar into th sumptuously appointed room chief sat at his desk facing t but he neither raised his he Senator entered, nor re his "Good morning!" The Senator halted half-w the door to the desk, and pession of surprise came face. He waited patiently four minutes, but the burea taking no notice of him, s busily away at some papers. the Senator passed around t opposite side of the big squ at which the chief was writt ed up a chair, sat down, drev a block of writing paper and gan to write. Then the bureau chief lo with an expression of well-s surprise. "Oh, h'w are you, Senator