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Vol. LV., No. 32

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

RESULT OF ELECTIONS IN ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

(W. M. C., in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

I venture to differ from the opinions of some of the friends and foes of Ireland who have expressed themselves regarding the meaning of the present Parliamentary contest. I hold strongly that England, Scotland and Wales have pronounced favorably on Ireland's hopes and have given the government an unqualified and unmistakable mandate for Home Rule. We know that there is no such thing as a referendum yet adopted in the United Kingdom. But the expression of popular opinion is distinctly made by giving a large majority to the party that professes certain principles and defeating the party that is opposed to them.

THE ISSUE OF THE CAMPAIGN.

The Liberal leaders all, more or less plainly, professed themselves friends of Irish self-government and condemned the present alien, autocratic bureaucracy of the Castle. Even if they had wished to shirk the question and minimize it, the Unionists strenuously forced it to the front, and made it their battle cry, and made the election turn on Home Rule or no Home Rule for Ireland. I believe they regret their tactics now, but, whether these were wise or foolish, the result is that the whole kingdom was forced to express its opinion and its will, and the government cannot fail to take notice of them.

The Liberal majority is so overwhelming as to render the party independent of the three other parties. This will prevent any allegations being made about trading or trafficking for the Liberals can, for a time at least, carry on the government without having to consider any group that holds the balance of power. Because they are thus free, the party in power will not turn round and abandon all their professions and principles and act as if they were Tory Unionists. Being Liberals they will proceed to carry out a Liberal policy and strive to undo the abuses of the opposite party that they have been denouncing for nearly twenty years.

SCOTLAND FOR "HOME RULE" ALL 'ROUND.

It is a noticeable matter that the Premier and most of the members of the Liberal ministry are Scotchmen or else representatives in the Lords or Commons of Scotland. I think this is a fact fraught with hopefulnes for Ireland. The Scottish people have always enjoyed a modicum of Home Rule, and much of their prosperity and contentment depends on the circumstances that they have not been exploited for the benefit of a predominant partner. But still Scotland thinks she is entitled to a fuller measure of Home Rule than she now possesses, and she has already pronounced for "Home Rule all around."

BRITISH LEGISLATORS ALWAYS SATISFIED IRELAND'S CLAIMS.

LAST.

We find that Wales is also asking for self-government, and the metropolis is anxious to have a large autonomy for London. These influences are favorable to Ireland's claims and are in line with them, but the case of Ireland is far stronger and more urgent than those other demands. Through the efforts and speeches of Ireland's representatives, Catholic and Jewish emancipation, the reform of the franchise and local self-government were secured. But the English legislators always satisfied Ireland's claims last, and postponed local government reform in Ireland for nine years. It is possible that Home Rule may be offered to England and Scotland before being conceded to Ireland if her representatives are not insistent and alert. Such a result would be calamitous, but similar things have happened before and may again.

THE REDISTRIBUTION SCHEME.

The question of redistribution may be taken up by the Liberals. Irish members would probably not consent to it in principle, but should stand firm on the Treaty of Union engagement to give Ireland one hundred re-

presentatives in the House of Commons. For a large part of the nineteenth century Ireland was under-represented. And if Home Rule be granted, it is sure that in the next quarter century the population of Ireland will be greatly increased. The most satisfactory method of redistribution is for the 640 seats to be divided among the five divisions of the United Kingdom, each getting a fixed number and dividing its quota equitably in its own part of the kingdom. Thus Ireland would get 100 members, and distribute them equally as possible, as regards population, between 100 constituencies. Scotland, Wales and London would get fixed quotas likewise, and England would get the remainder. The proportion of population to members would of course vary in each division, but within that division of the kingdom it would be equitable.

IMPORTANT MEASURES TO BE CONSIDERED.

The programme of the government will be announced at the opening of Parliament. South Africa, English education and the liquor traffic will have prominence. Disestablishment in Wales may be promised. And some improvement in the methods of Irish government will be offered. The land act must be made effective and compulsory sales in congested districts enforced. The laborers and evicted tenants must have their rights recognized. There is also a good prospect that Irish education will be treated in a comprehensive manner without sectarian bigotry. And the matter of excessive taxation may also receive consideration.

ALIEN RULE THE CHIEF AND CRYING EVIL OF IRELAND.

But the chief and crying evil of Ireland is alien rule. When the English invaded Ireland they established a colony, or pale, and this system continued until the time of Elizabeth—Ireland remaining partly autonomous, but with a hostile alien colony, like a canker, in its midst. In Queen Elizabeth's reign the whole country was subjugated and might have been assimilated if religious strife had not intervened. In Cromwell's time the Stuarts brought their first calamity on Ireland, and the same policy of extermination of the Irish as was adopted in America towards the natives was adopted. In William III's time the second Stuart calamity befell; systematic robbery, murder and repression, were carried to extremes. Poverty, illiteracy, famine and pestilence were created by British law. When the "Union" was enacted, Ireland was promised the protection of the English constitution, but to this day Ireland has not been legally or constitutionally governed. The old method of the pale colony flourishes as much as 500 years ago.

UNCONSTITUTIONAL AND COLONIAL RULE IN IRELAND.

It is against this that the Home Rule movement is launched. English Unionists wish to continue unconstitutional and colonial rule in Ireland and India and to exploit both for England's benefit. The pretense that Home Rule means separation is a glaring falsehood. It has always been a weak point with Irish Nationalists that they seemed to favor dualism. Dualism has always led to separation. It has done so in the cases of Holland and Belgium and Sweden and Norway, and threatens disruption of Austria-Hungary. But a different thing is real Home Rule. It prevents separation, as in the cases of the United States, of Germany and of Canada and Australia. Ireland asks for constitutional self-government, such as England and Scotland possess.

THE CORRUPT ASCENDANCY CASTE THE CHIEF OBSTACLE TO HOME RULE.

The probabilities are that Campbell-Bannerman will not introduce a Home Rule bill similar to that of 1886. But he may take such steps within three months as will render eventual Home Rule inevitable. The chief obstacle to Home Rule now is

the corrupt ascendancy caste. If their control of the Castle can be shaken they will cease to be anti-Irish and will be as good Home Rulers as the rest of their fellow-countrymen. The cohesive force of public plunder holds them steadfast now. But let Mr. Bryce, who is an Irishman by birth, begin by ordering that the forty-two boards of the Castle conduct their business under the public eye and admit the reporters of the press. Publicity, as President Roosevelt says, is the cure for corruption and fraud.

It would be only another step to consolidate all the boards, dropping some of their inefficient members, adding enough National members to constitute a Liberal majority, and allowing this consolidated board to manage all Irish business. If this were tried for a year or two the powers of the said Board could be increased, and its successful working would do away with the last objection to Home Rule in reality.

Father O'Keefe, Hero of Yellow Fever Campaigns, is Dead.

Rev. Matthew O'Keefe, pastor of the Catholic Church of the Immaculate Conception at Towson, the oldest priest of the archdiocese of Baltimore, is dead of pneumonia.

Father O'Keefe, the chaplain of General Mahon's famous brigade of the Confederate army, the warm personal friend of Jefferson Davis and General Robert E. Lee, yellow fever hero and member of the Legion of Honor of France, was born in Waterford, Ireland, in 1828, and in 1902 celebrated the golden jubilee of his ordination. For thirty-five years he was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, where he built the finest church edifice south of Baltimore.

During the yellow fever epidemic of 1855 Father O'Keefe did the work that made him famous throughout the South. He worked among the people like a hero, and buried more than half his congregation. In 1869 a French frigate arrived at Hampton Roads with yellow fever on board. Father O'Keefe was sent for and immediately responded, remaining on board for some days, and coming to shore only to bury the dead. In recognition of these services he received a magnificent watch from Napoleon.

At Towson, Father O'Keefe had erected what is considered the handsomest Catholic Church in Maryland.

During the war, Father O'Keefe was an ardent confederate, and he maintained his devotion to the cause to the end.

When Jefferson Davis was a prisoner at Fortress Monroe, he was visited daily by Father O'Keefe, who consoled the leader during the bitter hours that he was imprisoned. Father O'Keefe urged President Davis to set the slaves free and allow them to take arms in defence of the South. The latter is said to have declared, after the war, that if Father O'Keefe's advice had been heeded the result would have been different.

One Sunday during the war, while instructing the children, Father O'Keefe received the following telegram from General Butler: "General Butler sends his compliments to Father O'Keefe and desires to know if he prays for the federal authorities at the vesper service."

Father O'Keefe wrote the following on the back of General Butler's note: "Father O'Keefe does not return his compliments to General Butler. I do not pray for the federal authorities at the vesper service, nor do I intend to do so; furthermore, I never heard of such a thing." It was expected that on receipt of the reply from Father O'Keefe General Butler would immediately order his arrest. However, he did not.

Years afterwards, General Butler and Father O'Keefe met and the interchange of notes between them was referred to.

"I would have arrested you," said the General, "but on account of the charitable works you were performing."

"I was anxious that you should arrest me," replied the priest. "I wanted to get to the front, but the vow of obedience to my Bishop prevented me. If I had been arrested I might have had an opportunity to go there."

Father O'Keefe was one of the hardest workers in the diocese.

THE DESECRATION OF THE TEMPLES IN FRANCE.

Women snatched sword-canes from men and desperately did battle with Municipal Guards and policemen in the Church of St. Clothilde, Paris, in an uproar unexampled since the Commune, while in the Chamber of Deputies Premier Rouvier said the government is determined to do its "duty" at any cost, in making inventories of church property for the purposes of taxation.

The fearful fight in St. Clothilde's was duplicated in most of the provincial capitals. It was there the battle raged most fiercely, and before the struggle was over more than 120 women and men were wounded, while 350 members of the congregation were arrested and marched to prison.

POLICE CLUB DEFENCELESS WOMEN.

Death seemed the certain outcome of the fight, and still may be, for many of the wounded are in dangerous conditions. Women were felled by blows from weapons in the hands of the Municipal Guards. Dozens of them seized the rifles of the guardsmen and, using them as clubs, drove the soldiers back. Barricades were built by men who fought beside the women, one in the centre of the church being more than thirty feet high.

The men took refuge behind the barriers and showered missiles at the invaders, but the women continued to fight outside the defences. Side by side with the most courageous of the women stood young priests brandishing crosses, croziers, candlesticks and even lecterns. It was a battle of women and priests against soldiers and police.

MOUNTED POLICE RIDE DOWN THE PEOPLE.

Almost all St. Clothilde's parishioners were in the church when the government was to put into physical effect the Church and State Separation bill, making the property of religious bodies subject to taxation the same as private realty. Nobles, Senators and Deputies were in the body. A police officer went to the church and asked the priests to let the commissioner make the inventory. The Municipal Guards hurried their horses against the people. Two priests and fifty laymen were arrested. It was about that time that Premier Rouvier, in the Chamber, said the government was determined to do its duty at any cost.

M. Lepine, Prefect of Police, arrived at the Rue de Grenelle and his subordinates drew their swords. Lepine took command and sent for fire engines and threatened to turn the hose on the crowd. All the women sang psalms loudly.

GUARDS CHOP DOWN THE DOORS.

Then the Municipal Guards, on the Prefect's order, dismounted, and, with the police, charged the crowd. At first they were beaten back. Women broke umbrellas, parasols, walking sticks, sword-canes across the faces of the soldiers and policemen, who, with lowered heads, attempted to butt their way through the crowd. The soldiers smashed the rail barring the entrance. Axes swung by the firemen splintered the heavy wooden doors and with a cheer the police and guardsmen dashed in. When the invaders reached the barricades men as well as women fainted as the assaulting party swarmed over, under and around the hastily constructed defences and drove back towards the altar priests and laity. At last the building was cleared.

A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION.

In the attack that drove the people from the church more than one hundred of the parishioners were injured. When the 150 prisoners were on their way to cells, Lepine placed a triple row of guards around the choir, and inside that three-ply cordon the commissioner began his work, which kept him busy until nightfall. Every chair was broken and every window shattered. The floor was strewn with women's garments of almost every kind, as well as with men's hats, coats, undresses, the Catholics who had escaped arrest, formed outside the church and sang canticles while the commissioner worked. Everywhere in France the putting

into operation the clause of the Church and State Separation bill which provides for the making of inventories of the property of the churches has aroused a storm of protest.

CATHOLICS WOUNDED AND ARRESTED BY THE HUNDREDS.

At the inventory of St. Pierre du Gros-Cailhou, over fifty persons were seriously injured and many others were slightly hurt. Fifty arrests were made.

The Rue St. Dominique, in which the Church of St. Pierre du Gros-Cailhou is situated, had the appearance of a street in a besieged city, in consequence of the measures which the authorities had adopted.

All the shops in the neighborhood of the edifice were closed, cordons of armed municipal guards on foot were stationed at intervals along the street and a squadron of mounted municipal guards with drawn swords patrolled the thoroughfare.

When the Prefect of Police, Louis Lepine, arrived, the bells were tolled and the people inside the church, numbering about 3000, began singing psalms, while outside the rowdy element shouted revolutionary songs.

FIREMEN FLOOD THE CHURCH OF ST. PIERRE DU GROS.

M. Lepine ordered firemen to force an entrance, using their hatchets. They mounted ladders in order to break in the windows of the Chapel of the Virgin, an annex of the Church. Later a fire engine arrived on the scene, and the firemen scrambled up to the roof with a hose, the water was turned on, and the interior of the building was soon flooded. In the meantime the doors had been battered down.

ANTI-CATHOLIC PARTY ATTACK CHURCH.

The policemen and firemen succeeded in entering the church, and the congregation, one by one, were arrested. In the meantime the unruly crowds outside had broken through the cordons of municipal guards and attempted to reach the church and fight with its defenders. The proclerical rioters shouted "Assassins!" as arrested demonstrators emerged from the church and were taken away under escort.

WHERE THE BLAME LIES.

The blame for the conflict attaches to the Ministry of the Interior because of his order that the inventories of the churches should be made before the regulations under the Separation law are definitely drawn up. This leaves the Catholics uncertain regarding the eventual fate of Church property. The authorities are determined that the law shall take its course. Twenty-two hundred inventories have already been made throughout France. Paris contains sixty-nine Catholic churches.

Count de la Rochefoucauld, who was arrested for defending a Church, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the Correctional Tribunal, without the benefit of the First Offenders' act.

WILL TAKE SIX MONTHS.

The churches and religious establishments in which an inventory is to be taken, according to the recent decree of the French Government, number 38,300, and it will take at least six months before they have all been visited by the agents of the Government. Besides 500 employees of the Treasury department, all tax collectors throughout France have also been enlisted in the work in each district.

SOLDIERS TO DESECRATE THE TABERNACLES.

At Honfleur, the agent forced open the church doors, but after entering the church left because of the menacing attitude of the people who had gathered there. At Bourbourg also the agent found the church closed and was confronted by the Com-

mi of the "Fabrique," who advised him to retreat. In not a single city or village on the coast of Flanders were the government agents allowed to accomplish their mission, and they had to report their failure to the Prefect of the Province, who, it is said, will send to their assistance an armed force.

A SAMPLE OF THE GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

The Bishop of Arras, having learned that the Mayor of Boulogne-sur-Mer had delegated as the agent of the Government a former priest, who had married and become a prominent Freemason, sent a letter of protest to the Prefect of the Province, declaring that all the churches in the city would remain closed until a more suitable agent could be sent to carry out the orders of the Government.

At Soissons the Bishop himself met the Government agent at the church doors. The Government agent had to withdraw.

Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, was informed in advance that the Government agents would call on the next day to take the inventory of the diocesan possessions. The Bishop received him in his drawing-room, surrounded by his vicars, and absolutely refused to let the agent of the Government proceed on his mission.

PEOPLE WATCHING THE CHURCHES.

The residents of many villages, especially in Bretagne and Normandie, are taking turns to watch the churches, and the approaches of the towns. As soon as the government agent arrives the church bells are rung and the whole population flocks to the church. In many places serious conflicts have taken place.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC PARTY ATTACKING CATHOLICS.

A number of the prisoners were tried and were sentenced to terms of imprisonment. Several members of the clergy will be proceeded against. Telegrams from the provinces show that the anti-Catholics at Agen and Pau are provoking riots. A t. Olivet, three miles south of Orleans, the commissioner had horse and foot gendarmes, a company of infantry and a battery of artillery, and broke the doors of the church.

Tipperary Centenarian Dead.

Patrick Corrigan, of Lisdoon, in the parish of Gortnahoe, died last week at the advanced age of 110 years. He was two or three years old in the Croppy year, A.D. 1798, and remembered further back than the building of the present chapel of Gortnahoe, over a hundred years ago. He heard Mass in the old chapel of Grane, now the National school house, for over thirty years, in the new chapel for seventy, and crossed the Ballinascary ford for more than a century. He saw twenty-six leap years. His father, who was known as "Paid Movar," was born in Lisdoon. His mother, Aileen Lahert, was born in Lismanrock, where her family is still represented. His wife was Mary Kerwick, of Tullaroan, a member of one of the oldest and most respected families in Grace's old parish. The woman was in great practice in this county eighty years ago, and was no less wielded by Pat. Corrigan, who was a splendid athlete. In his time the rule was to hurl from ditch to ditch, and sometimes across two fields. He hurled a county match in the Loughins and another in Tullaroan, where he saved the honor of Tipperary by flogging a man across a ditch, a comrade of his winning the goal at the time.

Eighty, or sixty, or fifty years ago it was the rule with Irishmen to wear a blue cloth bodycoat. Pat. Corrigan disdained blue. He wore the wool in its native purity, fresh from the back of his own sheep, spun by mother, sister, or wife, and woven into gray frieze by a local weaver. He wore the old Irish brogues, long stockings, showing to perfection the leg of an athlete, a knee-breeches, and a gray frieze vest and coat. This procured for him the well-known and popular sobriquet of "The Gray" a name by which he was well known and by which he will be remembered for generations. He was buried last Sunday in the family burial ground in Uringford, amid a throng of sincere and sorrowing friends.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

DON'T BURY LOVE.

Few of us mean to hide our love from the children or husband. It is only because we are so busy—so busy. We must do everything in the very quickest way, and at the same time keep planning and thinking of how all those other things are to be done—and so love is crowded out. I sometimes wonder, dear mothers, if we are not nearly all making a mistake, if it would not be better to let the children's clothes be not quite so fine, the dinner plainer—yes, if need be, even the sitting-room table go some day undusted, but so make time for the loving word and smile, the gentle, thoughtful deed, the lingering touch and caress, the something that will show the love in our hearts. Never a day passes but each one of us is nearer some one who is starving—not for food or wealth or fame, but for love. Even the little children in our homes are hungering for the loving word and smile. If we can but take time to give these they will be remembered long after our elaborate dinners, our stylish dresses, our spotless houses, are forgotten.

Let us think the matter over carefully and look at it squarely. Do we, because of overmuch sweeping and dusting in our houses, because of magnifying the importance of having each thing always in its proper place, and above all, of keeping the house nice for strangers to see—do we in any way lessen the joy for any of the dear ones in the home? Do we bake and dust and work to "keep house" for strangers and let our own go homeless? For where love is not uppermost there can be no home, only a house.—Mothers' Magazine.

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THE USE OF BURLAP.

Burlap darned with an occasional thread of contrasting color makes some of the prettiest of the impressive furnishings for dens or sitting rooms. Whole sets of it can be made—couch cover and screens, pillows and table covers—at little cost, and yet enough variety to prevent any danger of monotony.

For a couch cover choose one of the darker shades. Rich dark green makes very attractive ones, and a curious old dark blue, a shade that comes in nothing but burlap and in an occasional silk imported from China, is the prettiest of all for a blue room. Of course there are dull Indian reds, and the strange yellows that seem to have been borrowed from rare old hangings in some palaces in the orient.

Pillows can be made either stitched on the wrong side and turned inside out or fringed, like an Indian's war coat, deeply, the threads kept from further ravelling by an overcasting around with heavy cotton. That cotton must match the foundation exactly, by the way. If you use fringes make your cover of just two square pieces and sew them together by a thread, so as to make a perfect square, with strips of color.

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THE OLD WICKER CHAIR.

To renovate a shabby wicker chair first cleanse the wicker thoroughly using a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and water. When dry the chair will be greatly improved by a coating of two of green stain. For the seat make a cushion of green linen or a pretty greenish cretonne. Another cushion for the back may be liked, and it is easily made. Make it of the same material as the seat cushion and of bag shape, longer than wide. It may be fastened to the chair by means of tapes sewed at the top and bottom. If a loose cushion is preferred a pretty yellow linen would look nice, and contrast well with the green. Make the case slip fashion, so that it may easily be washed. An unbleached calico bag will be good enough for the vegetable down with which the cushions are filled.

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CLEANING BRASS UTENSILS.

A brass teakettle and other brass articles can be easily cleaned, with the exception of Benares ware, in the following way: First clean well with a little soda made of ammonia and soap without water and then quickly rinse it off. This will give a semi-polish to the article and will also leave it perfectly free from any grease. Then any good proprietary brass polish will add a shining surface to the ware.

BEAUTIFYING TABLECLOTHS.

It is no longer the style to use round cloths, even on round tables. It has been settled that they did not launder well; pulled out of shape, and so have been abandoned.

The woman that is clever with her needle can embroider lunch cloths herself that will be hard for any but a very full purse to duplicate. One that is extremely handsome has linen medallions made into the square with an equal number of insets of cluny. This makes the cloth lacy, and to increase the delicate transparency the linen squares are embroidered in open cysts of English embroidery.

Another cloth that is almost too lovely to use is made of a center of linen with English hand embroidery with a circle of cluny around it and one of flit, which is a lace background with figures darned in. Around this again, is a circle of embroidered linen, and the whole cloth is framed of these alternating rows of lace and embroidered linen. The edges are scalloped of lace, making the cloth square, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Letters on fine tablecloths should be three inches long, and just now these are put on top of the border above the plate line, where they are plainly visible. The letter of the surname should be a trifle larger, to make it the more conspicuous. For plain linen cloths these letters are severe in their simplicity, without decoration and in straight lines, whereas for elaborate cloths there are monograms, surrounded with a wreath of laurel and small bits of ribbon worked through the design.

Two monograms are now placed in opposite corners in place of one, as formerly. This is simply a detail, however, as there are constant changes in the placing of the marking devices.

On napkins the letters are from an inch and three-quarters to two and a half inches long. They should always be in a corner where they will show, no matter how the napkin is folded. Of course these must correspond with the style of the letter on the cloths, but smaller in proportion. Napkins are usually to be had in several sizes, the largest measuring thirty-two inches for dinner napkins and those for breakfast about fifteen. Many women of taste use the perfectly plain, handsome damask, with the elaborate cloths for dinner.

TIMELY HINTS.

A spoonful of strong vinegar added to the kettle of hot fat will prevent doughnuts from soaking fat, it is said.

Aluminum ware may be cleaned by boiling five minutes in a quart of water to which a teaspoonful of washing soda has been added.

If metal teapots are not used for some time, they are apt to become musty and to give the tea a peculiar flavor when used again. This may be prevented by dropping a lump of sugar into the pot before putting it away.

To make the cutting up of beeswax quite easy, have a jug of boiling water in which to dip your knife frequently to keep it hot.

Flour raisins before adding them to cake or puddings in order to prevent them settling to the bottom. They are also much improved by cooking. Let them soak and slowly simmer until the skins are tender.

To remove grease from a papered wall, dip a piece of flannel in spirits of wine, gently rub the soiled part over once or twice and the grease will disappear.

Lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar some twenty-four hours before used will give a clearer flame and a steadier light than those not so treated.

The ravellings cut from new table cloths before hemming are just what you want to mend these places or holes in the older ones.

RECIPES.

Cranberry Foam—Add a pinch of salt and a cupful of pulverized sugar to the whites of four eggs, whipped very stiff and firm. Beat constantly while adding two-thirds of a cupful of cranberry jelly, a teaspoonful at a time. When they are well mixed together and quite light serve in sherbet glasses with a bit of whipped cream on top of each.

A Simple Mayonnaise—The old, laborious drop-by-drop process of making mayonnaise dressing has been superseded by the method described

below. It will be a boon to lovers of salad. In a bowl mix one-half teaspoonful of salt, a dash of paprika, and the raw yolks of two fresh eggs; then beat in two tablespoonful each of vinegar and lemon juice, add about one and one-half cupful of olive oil, one teaspoonful or more at a time, beating it with an egg beater. By adding all the acid before the oil and using a good egg beater the danger of curdling is eliminated, and the oil can be added in generous quantities from the start.

Prune Sponge—Heat the juice of two lemons and half a cup of sugar, add the yolks of three eggs, and cook over hot water until thick; then stir in half a package of gelatin that has been dissolved in a little warm water, and fold in the beaten whites of three eggs. Pour in a fancy border mold, and set on ice to harden. When cold turn out and fill the centre with jellied prunes. Serve with sweetened whipped cream flavored with powdered cinnamon.

A tomato rabbit will be liked by tomato lovers. Stew tomatoes ten minutes and add to each cupful of tomato one teaspoonful of finely chopped onions and let it cook five minutes. To this add one cupful of cheese cut in dice to each cupful of tomatoes and cook until it melts. Then spread over slices of hot buttered toast and serve at once. This can be cooked in a chafing dish.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

WHAT NOAH DID.

The story is told of a Congressman that he once declared in an address to the house, "As Daniel Webster says in his dictionary."

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague who sat at the next desk.

"Noah nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

At the last anniversary of the Cheshire school Brewster told of a minister who apologized for the shortness of his sermon by explaining that his dog had chewed up the first and last pages of his manuscript, whereupon a little boy in the congregation was heard to exclaim, "Say, I wish somebody'd give our minister a purp."—Lippincott's Magazine.

They had all been to church, and the young minister was coming home to dine with them. While at dinner they were discussing the new stained glass window a member had given.

"It is a most beautiful piece of workmanship," said one, "and must have cost a great deal of money."

"Do you really have any idea how much?"

"I really do not," replied the minister, "but far into the hundreds, I should imagine."

"No, it didn't, neither," said little Harold. "I know how much it was. It cost \$14.10."

"Why, Harold, how do you know anything about it?"

"Because, mamma, it said at the bottom of the window: 'Job 14-10.'"

A well known Protestant evangelist is fond of telling how, at the close of one of his most stirring addresses, he approached a big stolid-looking German in the congregation who had

paid the closest attention to the discourse. Thinking that he had perhaps made some impressions on the man, the evangelist said to him: "Are you a Christian?" "Nein—Sherman," was the reply. "Oh, German? Well, would you like to become a Christian and work for the Master?" The man shook his head and said: "Nein, I have youst got a shob to drive an ice wagon."

HIS INNINGS.

He—I called to see you last evening and the servant told me you were not in.

She—Yes, I was so sorry to have missed you.

He—I thought you must be. I heard you laughing upstairs in such grief stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

YOUTHFUL PHILOSOPHY.

A teacher wished to bring home the lesson of the fable that befel idle people. He asked the class who were the people who got all they could and did nothing in return.

There was silence, but at last a little girl, mindful of her home, said: "Please, sir, it's babies!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A FAMILY MIX UP.

This always seemed to me a very funny story:

I married a widow who had a grownup daughter. My father visited us often, fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. Thus he became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter became my mother, because she was my father's wife. Soon after this my wife gave birth to a son, which, of course, was my father's son-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife also became the mother of a son. He was, of course, my brother and also my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. Accordingly my wife was my grand-mother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at once, and, as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I became my own grandfather.—Magazine of Fun.

HOW TO MAKE BABY SLEEP.

The baby that cries half the night does not cry for nothing. It cries because it is not well, and the chances are the trouble is due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels, which would be speedily removed if a dose of Baby's Own Tablets were given the little one. These Tablets make children sleep soundly and naturally, because they remove the cause of crossness and wakefulness. They are a blessing to the little one, and bring relief to the tired, worried mother. Mrs. A. C. Abbott, Hudson's Heights, Que., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets a splendid medicine for stomach and bowel troubles, from which my little one was troubled. Thanks to the relief the Tablets have given my baby now sleeps quietly and naturally, and is in the best of health."

And the Tablets are absolutely safe—they always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. They will cure the ailments of a new-born baby or a well-grown child. Sold by druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

AS A PROTESTANT SEES THE POPE.

The regular contributor to The Outlook who writes under the name of "The Spectator" and whose department is one of the most readable in that periodical, has recently been in Rome, and thus summarizes his impressions of Pope Pius X.:

"At his entrance into St. Peter's from the Vatican the trumpeters in the balcony over the main entrance had begun the Papal march. But no accompaniment of pomp or ritual is needed to add dignity to Pius X's presence. His face is pale, but strong, sad, full of feeling, and wonderfully impressive; it is an intensely human countenance. It is a far remove from the aristocratic, refined, intellectual, fox-like face of the Pope's great predecessor, Leo XIII. To the Spectator the present Pontiff's face gives little indication that his life has been spent apart from that of the people. Indeed, it is fitting that once again the occupant of the Papal throne should be of peasant birth, thus justifying anew the Church's claim that no social barrier denies to the humblest curate the possibility of one day becoming Supreme Pontiff. Let it not be forgotten, Roman Catholics remind us, that Hadrian IV. (the only English Pope) began life as a beggar-boy; yet the great Kaiser Barbarossa was one day to hold the

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF FRUIT.

"Fruit-a-tives" (Fruit Liver Tablets) are concentrated fruit juices. And it is these fruit juices that cure Constipation, Biliousness, Headaches, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart and all Troubles of the Stomach and Kidneys. A leading Ottawa physician discovered a process by which he could combine the juices of Apples, Oranges, Figs and Prunes and by adding another atom of bitter principle from the Orange peel, completely change the medicinal action of the fruit juices, giving the combination a far more powerful and more beneficial effect on the system. "Fruit-a-tives" are tablets made of this combination of fruit juices—and they have made most wonderful cures of Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles and of Blood and Skin Diseases. See a box.—Ask your druggist.

THE RIVER OF YOUTH.

From all the golden hills of Dream, Dew-cool and rainbow kissed, It twines and curls, a silver stream, Through valleys hung with mist.

Down past Enchanted Woods to where Romance walks ever young, Where Kings ride forth to take the air, On steeds with velvet hung—

Where Secret Stairways tempt the bold, Where Pirate Caves abound, And many a chest of Spanish gold May solemnly be found!

Through magic years it twines and creeps Past towers of peacock blue, Where still some captured Princess sleeps And dreams come always true.

Then gleam by gleam the light goes out, Then darkened grief by grief, It sighs into our Sea of Doubt And Manhood's Unbelief!

—Arthur Stringer.

A PRAYER.

O God, who holdeth all within Thy hand, Living and dead,—Father who knowest best, Lean to our loved ones in the silent land, And give them rest!

We ask for them the sunshine of Thy love, The peace and comfort of Thy sheltering breast; Lift them from darkness to the light above,— Eternal rest!

— Sylvia Hunting, in Ave Maria.

THE LITTLE PATH.

There is the small sweet path of little things, Along its edge we common flowers rise, And little words of kindly blessedness Are whispered here where no sharp thrusts surprise.

The tiny tread of little feet is heard, And the first flutter of the new-fledged bird.

Joys infinitesimal are clustered here, The microscopic lives of insects bright; Here neighbor bees and yellow butterflies Flit far below the angry storm that blight

Yon peaks magnificent, where eagle tears The dripping prey that writes its vain despair.

There is no crown of bay leaves waiting here, But fairy larkspur wreaths, instead of gold

The coropsis shines forth prettily; Here by the baby brooks are sweetly bold (Through meshes of the cool green watercross)

Small silver tales of daily happiness— Clinton Dangerfield, in the Companion.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Two watched the weary sun swiftly low And plunged beneath the sea in golden light;

The one beheld the wondrous after-glow, The other but the dusk of growing night.

Beside the sick-bed of a pining friend They heard the quiet sigh of final breath;

One saw the birth of life without a word, His comrades but the icy hand of death.

—Edmund W. Putnam, in Munsey's

The Poet's Corner.

THE VANQUISHED.

Shall those Who have not known temptation Wear the crown Denied to those Who battled even if they fell, Who knew And chose The good, and strove To conquest for its sake?

When they are vanquished Shall we heap Reproaches on them— Shall we say, "See, they were sinful Let them die— They have offended God." O Pharisees!

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—Edmund W. Putnam, in Munsey's

OUR B...

Dear Girls and Boys: I am glad Royal has sent letter. The complaint is dear. Not much snow, although in Montreal are having taste of winter now. I'm too exacting asking for less. I know it is much more to be out playing during time than sitting down. I quite sympathize with you whenever you are able to.

Your loving AUNT

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so pleased to see in print, so I thought I would again. I am ten years in the third reader. I have sisters, one has just got into school is a Model School, got quite a lot of snow, all going away again. The pretty near here now. I go every day. We take two True Witness and the Star saw lots of letters the week last. It is not very cold I must close.

Yours truly, Kingsley Falls, Que.

TO A CHILD ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Wilt thou think of me and When I'm gone, my Valentine Thou art young and I am With our dreams so manifold How canst thou, sweet nine,

Be an old man's valentine When for thee the heavens lie In the glow of morning's light And the glory of the skies Is less radiant than thine When the springtime flowers

In the perfumed vales bloom Cannot with thy soul come In the precious sweetness of And the sleeping streams Soon to wake in all the h Have not music sweet as I In their laugh, my Valentine

Ah sweet child, so young, With the sunbeams on thy And the glory of young Sparkling o'er thy dewy w Oh, remember, I implore, That young hours shall soon That thy beauteous cheek May soon wither in the That the dreams that woo Shall prove false as passing

Guard, then, well thy you From sin's taint, its shame Raise thy heart to God at Centre of all purest love, And responsive to thy pr He will guard thee every With a loving Father's car

Then thy heart, forever y Will give praise with tende And thy days with peace o Shall be blest, my Valentine —Rev. Patrick Cronin.

PRINCESS PRETTE.

In the window sat Doris the rain, and her face w eered and unhappy. "It's in this old house!" she said "Dear me," said mother up her work, "we'd better our things and go to a friend of mine. Run o ready."

Doris unpuckered her fo little and hurried on he hat and her long coat, a little umbrella; then she mother started.

"This isn't a nice street, discontentedly, as they st a narrow street, "and, o are we going in this ugly

"Yes," said mother, and up some shabby steps and a shabby door, and their flights of stairs. A w scrubbing half-way up.

"Can't you mind where ping?" she asked, crosi hit her fall in the darke

"I'm sorry," said Doris voice did not sound as t very much.

When they reached the house mother said, "Here and knocked on a door o of the stairs.

"Come in," called a R voice, and mother opene into a room not nearly Doris' play-room, or near either, for it had only o in the middle of the room

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:
I am glad Royal has sent another letter. The complaint is general, dear. Not much snow, although we in Montreal are having just a little taste of winter now. I must not be too exacting asking for letters, for I know it is much more enjoyable to be out playing during your spare time than sitting down writing, and I quite sympathize with you. Write whenever you are able and believe me

Your loving
AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I was so pleased to see my letter in print, so I thought I would write you again. I am ten years old and in the third reader. I have four sisters, one has just got married. Our school is a Model School. We have got quite a lot of snow, but it is all going away again. The roads are pretty near bare now. I go to school every day. We take two papers, the True Witness and the Star. Well, I saw lots of letters the week before last. It is not very cold here. Well, I must close.

Yours truly,
ROYAL C.
Kingsley Falls, Que.

TO A CHILD ON ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Wilt thou think of me and mine,
When I'm gone, my Valentine?
Thou art young and I am old,
With our dreams so manifold,
How canst thou, sweet child of mine,
Be an old man's valentine?
When for thee the heavens beam bright
In the glow of morning's light,
And the glory of the skies
Is less radiant than thine eyes:
When the springtime flowers that blow
In the perfumed vales below,
Cannot with thy soul compare
In the precious sweetness there;
And the sleeping streams and rills,
Soon to wake in all the hills,
Have not music sweeter as thine
In their laugh, my Valentine!

Ah sweet child, so young, so fair,
With the sunbeams on thy hair;
And the glory of young day
Sparkling o'er thy dewy way;
Oh, remember, I implore,
That young hours shall soon be o'er;
That thy beauteous cheek of bloom
May soon wither in the tomb;
That the dream that woo thee now
Shall prove false as passing vow.

Guard, then, well thy youthful years
From sin's taint, its shame, its tears;
Raise thy heart to God above,
Centre of all purest love,
And responsive to thy prayer,
He will guard thee everywhere
With a loving Father's care.

Then thy heart, forever young,
Will give praise with tender tongue,
And thy days with peace divide
Shall be blest, my Valentine!
—Rev. Patrick Cronin.

PRINCESS PRETEND.

In the window sat Doris watching
The rain, and her face was all puckered
and unhappy. "It's tired staying
in this old house!" she said.
"Dear me," said mother, folding
up her work, "we'd better get on
our things and go to see a new
friend of mine. Run off and get
ready."
Doris unpuckered her forehead
a little and hurried on her rainy-day
hat and her long coat, and took her
little umbrella; then she and her
mother started.

"This isn't a nice street," she said,
discontentedly, as they turned down
a narrow street, "and, oh, mother,
are we going in this ugly house?"
"Yes," said mother, and they went
up some shabby steps and in through
a shabby door, and there up two dark
flights of stairs. A woman was
scrubbing half-way up.

"Can't you mind where you're step-
ping?" she asked, crossly, as Doris
hit her pall in the darkness.
"I'm sorry," said Doris, but her
voice did not sound as if she cared
very much.

When they reached the top of the
house mother said, "Here we are,"
and knocked on a door at the head
of the stairs.

"Come in," called a little girl's
voice, and mother opened the door
into a room not nearly as big as
Doris' play-room, or nearly as light
either, for it had only one window
in the middle of the room was with

a big bed, and in it, propped up
among pillows, lay a little girl with
a pale face and shining eyes.
"How do you do, Princess?" said
mother, making a courtesy, and the
little girl's eyes shone brighter.
"I'm very well, all but a part of
me that's under the bedclothes, and
it doesn't matter," said the little
girl in the bed, gayly. She held out
a thin little hand and shook hands
with mother and Doris.

"How kind you were to come to my
palace to see me!" she said. "Was
the witch on the stairs?"
"Yes, indeed," said mother, while
Doris opened her eyes wide, "she was
there with her fairy pall, making
things clean in the darkness."
"I knew she would be," said the
little girl. "She's a kind witch, you
know," she said, turning to Doris,
"but her words are sometimes dis-
guised so you might think she was
cross."

"I did," said Doris, opening wide
her eyes.
"Oh, no, indeed!" said the little
girl. "Why, she looks after me while
my mother, the queen, is away, at
the Castle of Books every day. It
was she who shut the casement so
the gray lights cannot get in to
harm me, no matter how hard they
try. Hear them dash against the
window and then see them fall down!
Nothing really hurts them, so I love
to watch."

"You mean the rain?" asked Doris.
The little girl in the big bed nod-
ded, with mischief in her eyes.

"Things have different names here
in the palace," she whispered; "just
for fun, you know, because I have
to stay here all the time. Wouldn't
you like to see the greenhouses?
Take the first turn to your left."

The first turn to the left was be-
tween two old chairs; the green-
houses were below the window on a
small table—one flower pot with grass
growing in it, and one with a
little geranium, with a red blossom.
Doris stood for a long time, looking
at them and winking hard every lit-
tle while.

"The court physician says it may be
only one year before the queen
mother can take me out into the world
again," she heard the little girl say
to mother. "Oh, it's nearly three
years since that day I slipped on the
stairs. But that's all gone."
"Doris, if you've really seen the
greenhouses we must go home now,"
said mother, at last.

"Sometimes when the palace seems
very quiet and just a speck lonesome
I shall shut my eyes and play you
are here visiting me!" said the little
girl in the bed, as she held out her
hand again. "I shall see you just
as plain!"

"Oh, mother," said Doris, "could-
n't I bring Angelina here, so she
needn't pretend all the time? Could-
n't I? I could make believe sun-
shine here in the palace. Couldn't
we come, mother. Angelina and I?"
"Why, yes, I think you could,"
said mother. — Elizabeth Lincoln
Gould, in Youth's Companion.

sure I should have been glad to be
your next one then."
"Suppose again, Will, that who-
ever dropped that piece of wood
upon the cellar stairs had stopped to
pick it up, remembering that some-
one else would be coming that way
soon. Wouldn't it have been worth
while? Just think how poor Bridget
has suffered from her fall, and how
the household has been inconvenienc-
ed."
"Yes, auntie, and if I had wiped up
the water spilled this noon, sister
would not have been obliged to
change her dress when she was in
such a hurry to get back to school;
but a fellow will have to keep praty
wide awake to remember every
time." And with a thoughtful ex-
pression on his boyish face, Will pass-
ed out of the house and toward the
front gate, leisurely munching a lan-
nena as he went, but apparently en-
gaged in deep thought. Reaching the
sidewalk he threw down the banana
skin and proceeded on his way; but
presently he turned and looked hard
at the yellow object lying upon the
pavement, and then, quickly retrac-
ing his steps, he picked it up and
flung it far into the road, where no
one would be likely to slip upon it.
Turning towards the house, he saw
his aunt watching him from the win-
dow, and with a merry laugh he
lifted his hat and bowed, while she
in turn nodded approvingly.—Ex.

A LESSON IN GOOD MANNERS.

A well known lawyer is telling a
good story about himself and his ef-
forts to correct the manners of his
office boy. One morning, not long
ago, relates the Brooklyn Citizen,
the young autocrat of the office blew
into the office, and, tossing his cap
at a hook, exclaimed: "Say, Mr.
Blank, there's a ball game down at
the park to-day, and I am going
down."
Now the attorney was not a hard-
hearted man, and was willing the boy
should go, but thought he would
teach him a lesson in good manners.
"Jimmie," he said, kindly, "that
isn't the way to ask a favor. Now
you come over here and sit down,
and I'll show you how to do it."
The boy took the office chair and his
employer picked up his cap and step-
ped outside. He then opened the
door softly and, holding the cap in
his hand, said, quietly to the small
boy in the big chair: "Please, sir,
there is a ball game at the park
to-day. If you can spare me, I would
like to get away for the afternoon."
In a flash the boy responded, "Why,
certainly, Jimmie, and here is fifty
cents to pay your way in."
There are no more lessons in man-
ners in that office.

A FELLOW'S MOTHER.

"A fellow's mother," said Fred, the
wise,
With his rosy cheeks and his merry
eyes,
"Knows what to do if a fellow gets
hurt
By a thump or a bruise or a fall in
the dirt.
"A fellow's mother has bags and
strings,
Rags and buttons and lots of things.
No matter how busy she is she'll stop
To see how well you can spin your
top.
"She does not care—not much, I
mean—
If a fellow's face is not always clean,
And if your trousers are torn at the
knee
She can put in a patch that you'd
never see.
"A fellow's mother is never mad,
But you're sorry, if you are bad;
And I tell you this, if you're only
true,
She'll always forgive you, what'er
you do.
"I'm sure of this," said Fred, the
wise,
With a manly look in his laughing
eyes:
"I'll mind my mother, quick, every
day—
A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

FOR THE SAKE OF THE NEXT ONE.

"Why, auntie, I thought you were
all through!"
"So I am with my work," returned
Aunt Carrie, as with a smile
she went on threading her needle.
"I am only trying to smooth the way
for the next one."
"Who, for instance?" questioned
Will curiously.
"Well, suppose that just as Pope
is starting for his business to-morrow
morning he discovers that he is about
to lose a button from his coat and
he can spare only about two minutes
in which to have it sewed on. Don't
you think that it would be quite a
relief for mamma to find her needle
already threaded?"
"Of course, for I shouldn't think
one could find that little bit of an
eye at all if he were in a hurry. I
had a dreadful time the other day
when I wanted to mend my ball. I'm

Don't overdress, or underdress.
Don't jeer at anybody's religious
beliefs.
Learn to hide your aches and pains
under a pleasant smile. No one
cares whether you have the earache,
headache or rheumatism.
Learn to attend to your own busi-
ness—a very important point.
Don't try to be anything else but
a gentleman or gentlewoman, and
that means one who has considera-
tion for the whole world, and whose
life is governed by the Golden Rule:
"Do unto others as you would be
done by."

INTERESTING FACTS.

Celery originated in Germany.
The chestnut came from Italy.
The onion originated in Egypt.
Tobacco is a native of Virginia.
The nettle is a native of Europe.
The citron is a native of Greece.
The pine is a native of America.
The poppy originated in the East.
Rye came originally from Siberia.
Oats originated in Northern Africa.
Parsley was first sown in Sardinia.
The pear and apple are from Eu-
rope.
Spinach was first cultivated in Ar-
abia.—Philadelphia Record.

HOW BEES EMBALM.

Bees, says Horbis, can embalm as
successfully as could the ancient
Egyptians. It often happens in
damp weather that a slug or small
insect will enter a beehive. This is,
of course, to the unprotected slug a
case of sudden death. The bees fall
upon him and sting him to death at
once, but what to do with the car-
cass becomes a vital question. If
left where it is it will breed a regu-
lar pestilence. Now comes in the cle-
verness of insects. They set to work
and cover it with wax, and there

THREE Trying Times in
A WOMAN'S LIFE
WHEN
MILBURN'S HEART
AND NERVE PILLS
are almost an absolute necessity towards her
future health.
The first when she is just budding from girl-
hood into the full bloom of womanhood.
The second period that constitutes a special
strain on the system is during pregnancy.
The third and the one most liable to leave
heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."
In all three periods Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide
over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall,
Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with
heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent
due to "change of life." I have been taking your
Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean
to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say
they are the best remedy I have ever used for
building up the system. You are at liberty to
use this statement for the benefit of other
sufferers."
Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25,
all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto Ont.

MUSIC IN BIRDS' WINGS.

Birds are such masters of the voice
that it seems as though they needed
no other means of expression, yet
many of them make other sounds
by means of their wings. As a call
to their mates, turkeys scrape their
wings along the ground and in
spring nighthawks make a strange
booming sound in the air with their
wings.
When the breeding season begins the
male snipe commences calling for a
mate. These calls are always made
with the wing and consist of a pip-
ing and clicking note often repeated
and accompanied at intervals by a
humming or bleating noise not un-
like that of a goat. Whenever this
sound is heard the bird is diving
from a great height and going at a
tremendous speed, which gives a
trembling motion to the wings, pro-
ducing drumming noise.

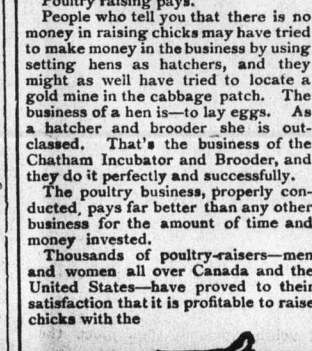
EXPERT DYERS.

The Tyrians, it is claimed, were
the most expert dyers of ancient
times. The fabrics dyed with the
famous tyrian purple did not as-
sume their proper color until after
two days' exposure to the light and
air. During this time they passed
through a graduation of shades of
yellow, green, blue, violet and red,
which the dyers understood how to
arrest and fix at any moment.

EARN CASH

In Your Leisure Time
If you could start at once in a busi-
ness which would add a good round
sum to your present earnings—WITH-
OUT INVESTING A DOLLAR—wouldn't
you do it?
Well, we are willing to start you in
a profitable business and we don't ask
you to put up any kind of a dollar.
Our proposition is this: We will
ship you the Chatham Incubator and
Brooder, freight prepaid, and

You Pay No Cash Until
After 1906 Harvest.
Poultry raising pays.
People who tell you that there is no
money in raising chicks may have tried
to make money in the business by using
setting hens as hatchers, and they
might as well have tried to locate a
gold mine in the cabbage patch. The
business of a hen is—to lay eggs. As
a hatcher and brooder she is out-
classed. That's the business of the
Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and
they do it perfectly and successfully.
The poultry business, properly con-
ducted, pays far better than any other
business for the amount of time and
money invested.
Thousands of poultry-raisers—men
and women all over Canada and the
United States—have proved to their
satisfaction that it is profitable to raise
chicks with the



No. 1—80 Eggs
No. 2—120 Eggs
No. 3—240 Eggs
CHATHAM INCUBATOR
AND BROODER.
"Yours is the first incubator I have
used, and I wish to state I had 22
chicks out of 22 eggs. This was my
first lot; truly a 100 per cent. hatch.
I am well pleased with my incubator
and brooder. THOMAS McLAUGHLIN,
Chilliwack, B.C."
"My first hatch came off. I got
17 fine chicks from 160 eggs. Who
can beat that for the first trial, and
so early in the spring. I am well
pleased with incubator, and if I
could not get another money could
not buy it from me. Every farmer
should have a No. 3 Chatham Incu-
bator.—F. W. HANNEY, Dunnville,
Ont."
"The incubator you furnished me
works exceedingly well. It is easily
operated, and only needs about 15
minutes attention every day. H.
McGUFFIN, MOORE JAW, Assn."

IF YOU WISH TO BE LOVED.

Don't rudely contradict people, even
if you're sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the af-
fairs of even your most intimate
friend.
Don't underrate anything because
you don't possess it.
Don't believe that everybody else in
the world is happier than you.
Don't conclude that you have never
had any opportunities in life.
Don't believe all the evil you
hear.
Don't repeat gossip, even if it does
interest a crowd.
Don't go unkindly on the plea that
everybody knows you.
Don't be rude to your inferiors in
social position.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder
is honestly constructed. There is no
humbug about it. Every inch of material
is thoroughly tested, the machine is
built on right principles, the insulation
is perfect, thermometer reliable, and
the workmanship the best.
The Chatham Incubator and Brooder
is simple as well as scientific in con-
struction—a woman or girl can operate
the machine in their leisure moments.
You pay us no cash until after 1906
harvest.
Send us your name and address on
a post card to-day.
We can supply you quickly from our
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Ed. J. McIntosh, Halifax, Chatham. Address
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Provinces at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT.
Let us quote you prices
on a good Fanning Mill
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Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

Established 1864.
C. O'BRIEN,
House, Sign and Decorative Painter
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PAPER-HANGER.

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LAWRENCE RILEY,
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1866.
Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to.
15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles.

you may see it lying embalmed just
as the nations of old embalmed their
dead. When it is a snail that is the
intruder, he is of course impenetrable
to their sting, so they calmly cement
his shell with wax to the bottom
of the hive. Imprisonment for life,
with no hope of pardon!

THE ANGLE LAMP

The new principle of coal oil lighting em-
ployed in The Angle Lamp is fast displac-
ing gas and electricity. Partly due to the
quality of light best in the world. Soft,
mellow, restful to the eyes.
Light Without Any Shadow.
You light and extinguish like gas, you can
fill without extinguishing. The only lamp
of its kind—the light for country homes.
Equals the best light of the city man at a
fraction of the cost. You can't know all
about it until you use it.
Sold on 30 Days Trial.
Send for catalog and full information.
THE BACE SPECIALTY CO.,
185 1/2 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

Napoleon never pointed to his an-
cestry as the source of his unparal-
leled ambition and achievements, but
said, "I am my own ancestry." A
patrician once said to Cicero, "You
are a plebeian." "I am," said Cicero,
"The nobility of my family begins
with me; that of yours ends with
you." Better be the foundation of a
new pyramid than the apex of an old
one. Better make your family proud
of you than be foolishly proud of
your family, with nothing in you to
enable them to return the compli-
ment.

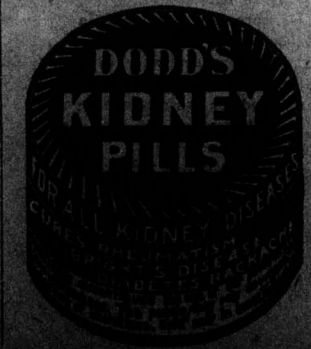
A FRIEND OF NEWMAN'S.

The recently deceased Dean of Lam-
erick, Father Flanagan, was at the
Seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, when
the revolution of 1848 broke out,
and he had to make his way out of
the city in lay disguise. For some
years he was a member of the Bir-
mingham Oratory, under Dr. New-
man, with whom he always remained
on terms of the closest friendship;
and he assisted Dr. Newman by pre-
paring some of the theological mat-
ter for the "Apologia pro vita sua."
The Dean was 85 years old.

CONSTITUTIONAL CURE FOR CANCER.

Painless. Can be used in your own
own home without any one knowing
it. Send 6c (stamps) for particu-
lars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville,
Ont.

It is only the great souls who know
all the grandeur there is in charity.



When they reached the top of the
house mother said, "Here we are,"
and knocked on a door at the head
of the stairs.
"Come in," called a little girl's
voice, and mother opened the door
into a room not nearly as big as
Doris' play-room, or nearly as light
either, for it had only one window
in the middle of the room was with

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

The True Witness And Catholic Chronicle... The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co. 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE. Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00 City and Foreign, \$1.50

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address.

NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew.



THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

THE CHURCH GROSSLY INSULTED IN FRANCE.

The work of taking the inventory of all Church property is proceeding rapidly in France despite the vigorous protests of the ecclesiastical authorities.

REFORM.

We note with pleasure that Chicago has put the best foot forward this time in coming out with instructions to all police officers to see that no boy or girl under 18 years of age is allowed in a dance hall unattended by parents.

shedding of tears will the parents realize that they were to blame for the sorrow brought upon them by the waywardness of their child.

BIBLICAL CRITICISM.

A very appropriate question at this time is: Who shows truer respect for the Bible, the Catholic Church or the non-Catholic critic?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The manner in which Mr. Robert Dell, a convert, constantly writes against the Catholic clergy is, to say the least, deplorable.

All night dances, and Saturday night dances especially, are to be put under the ban by Pope Pius X. in a letter now being prepared to be addressed to archbishops and bishops of this country.

Nearly three hundred members of the New British Parliament are entirely new to parliamentary life.

Jacksonville, Fla., Citizens Present Nun with Horse and Phaeton.

A touching incident took place the other day in Jacksonville, Fla., says Standard and Times, when Mayor Nolan, of that place, in the name of the citizens, presented a fine horse and phaeton to Sister M. Ann, of the Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of St. Mary's Home.

Yours very truly, GEORGE M. NOLAN, Mayor.

A tender heart feels keenly, but carefully refrains from making known its sorrow, and, bending but a moment, rises again, smiling and courageous.—Golden Sands.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANGLICAN'S LONELY FURROW.

To the Editor of True Witness: Sir,—Speaking to the delegates attending the Anglican Church Synod last week, Bishop Carmichael, referring to the proposed church union so much spoken of during the past few months, is reported as saying: 'The Church of England will stand where she has ever stood, independent of Rome upon the one hand and independent of the Nonconformist bodies on the other hand.'

If, by the 'Church of England,' Bishop Carmichael would have us understand that institution or sect which came into existence in the middle of the 16th century at the call and for the personal advantage of King Henry VIII., then I have not a word to dissent to offer when he declares it to exist independently of Rome in matters of Church government and the novelty of its teachings; moreover, it is not only independent of Rome, but set up in direct opposition to the teaching of the Catholic Apostolic Church, the chief pastor of which is Bishop of Rome. I might, however, remind the Right Rev. gentleman that when this sect, clothed in fine garments, came from the palace of Henry it did not take long to find shelter. Independent though it was of Rome, it did not hesitate to take possession at the point of the sword of Rome's church buildings throughout the length and breadth of England to house its newly-made doctrines and to preach therein the commandments of men, and what it could not use itself it turned into cash for emergencies.

But if by the 'Church of England' the Bishop means the Church planted on English soil by Augustine, the Roman missionary, I deny his assertion, and do not hesitate to declare it a contradiction of the plainest facts of history.

For upwards of nine hundred years previous to the so-called Reformation, England held the faith of the one Catholic Church and England's Church was as dependent upon the See of Rome for its life, as is the little twig on the branch of the great oak, the monarch of the forest, dependent upon the trunk for its vitality.

The grand tree of Catholicity, the roots of which are so deeply embedded in Rome, the centre of Christendom, spreads its mighty branches over the countries of the universe and nestles within its balmy recesses the children of these countries, guarding them with jealous care from the burning rays of error and sin.

It is surprising how men are prone to contradict the plainest terms of history in an effort to foist their own opinion upon a too often credulous audience.

In requesting the Church of England to co-operate with them in an endeavor to bring about some kind of a union of the contending sects of Protestantism, the Nonconformists require the Anglicans to give up nothing of their Christian belief for the simple reason that they have nothing to give up which is not already in possession of the other sects of Protestantism.

than it does to their Presbyterian brethren to whom it is a hollow term. Our Anglican friends have no cause to feel lonely while ploughing their furrow in Canada, or anywhere else for that matter, if company can soothe their grief, for they have a great many other Protestant sects in the same drill with themselves, who will, I am sure, sympathize with them in their sad plight.

A NOTABLE CONVERSION.

One of the most notable conversions to the Catholic Church in the present generation (though little has been heard of it in this country), and one destined to have a far-reaching influence of philosophical and theological thought in northern Europe, has been that of Dr. K. Krough Tønning, the celebrated pastor, writer and pulpit orator of Christiania.

As Lutheran rector of Old Ticker parish, in the capital of Norway, he won brilliant reputation, and not only in his own country, but in Sweden, Denmark and Germany, being known not only as an eloquent preacher, but as a man of profound and varied learning.

Writers in the religious press and the learned reviews of northern Europe have endeavored to disguise the general dismay at the desertion of the Lutheran ranks by the most learned theologian of that church, by finding that in all his later dogmatic writings he has shown a marked tendency towards Catholicism, and that in his final step he was only logically following out the principles which he had long before adopted as his own.

Dr. Krough Tønning was long ago marked out for advancement to a bishopric in the Norwegian Lutheran Church, and his loss to that body has been a very serious one. His theological works, published while he was a Protestant, are written in the German language, but he has brought out in Latin, since his conversion, a singularly beautiful treatise, as luminous as it is profound, on grace and free will. The actual title of this work, which should be in the hands of every student of theology, is 'De Gratia Christi et Libero Arbitrio,' and it is published by Dywöd & Brugger, of Christiania.

John Redmond Re-Elected Chairman of Irish Party.

At a meeting of the Irish members of Parliament of Saturday, John E. Redmond was re-elected chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party. The members who acted as whips for the party during the last session were also re-elected. A resolution was unanimously adopted reiterating the demand of the Nationalists for self-government and declaring that the party could not support any English party in a Government which did not favor the extension of Home Rule to Ireland.

THE PASTOR.

Back of his coming to you there lies a history, which, if known to you, would make you treat him with great consideration. There was a time when he was not a preacher, when he was living an almost secular life, doing as little as you are now for the salvation of men.

Take care how you treat a man that comes to you on such a mission. He is a messenger of God, and God is looking. Welcome him, and thank God for the message he sends, however imperfectly it may be expressed.

ELECTIONS IN IRELAND.

By the latest mail advices, the following have been declared elected. (N) stands for Nationalist; (U) for Unionist; (C) for Conservative, and (*) for re-elected.

Armagh (South)—W. McKillop (N). Galway (Connemara)—W. O'Malley (N). Galway (South)—W. J. Duffy, (N). Kilkenny Co. (North)—J. Devlin (N). Mayo (East)—John Dillon (N). Meath (North)—P. White (N). Monaghan (North)—Patrick O'Hara (N).

Queen's County (Leix)—P. A. Meehan (N). Tyrone (Mid.)—George Murnaghan (N). Westmeath (North)—L. Gimmell (N). Westmeath (South)—D. Sullivan (N). Antrim (East)—Col. J. McCalmont (U). Belfast—G. W. Wolff (C). Cork—W. O'Brien (N); *A. Roche (N). Dublin, College Green—*J. P. Nanetti (N).

Dublin, St. Patrick's—*W. Field (N). Galway—*C. R. Devlin (N). Kilkenny—*P. O'Brien (N). Limerick City—*M. Joyce (N). Londonderry—*Marquis of Hamilton (C). Waterford—*J. E. Redmond (N). Armagh (Mid.)—*J. B. Lonsdale (C). Clare (East)—*W. Redmond (N). Donegal (East)—*C. M'Veagh (N). Dublin (North)—*J. J. Clancy (N). Kerry (North)—*M. J. Flavin (N). Limerick (East)—*W. Landon (N). Louth (North)—*T. M. Healy (N). Roscommon (South)—*J. P. Hayden (N). Tipperary (South)—*J. Cullinan (N). Wexford (North)—*Sir T. Esmonde (N).

Wicklow (East)—*D. J. Cogan (N). Armagh (North)—*Rt. Hon. Col. Ed. J. Sanderson (U). Cavart (West)—*Vincent P. Kennedy (N). Cork (East)—*Capt. A. J. C. Donohoe (N). Cork (Mid.)—*D. D. Sheehan (N). Cork (Southeast)—*Eugene Crean (N). Donegal (North)—*Philip O'Doherty (N). Fermanagh (South)—*Jeremiah Jordan (N). Cork (South)—*E. Barry (N). Cork (West)—*James Gihooly (N). Donegal (West)—*Law (N). Kilkenny (South)—*O'Mara (N). Mayo (South)—*O'Donnell (N). Queen's County (Ossory)—*W. Delany (N). Tipperary (Mid.)—*Kendall E. O'Brien (N). Kerry (West)—*T. O'Donnell (N). Kildare (North)—*John O'Connor (N). King's County (Tullamore)—*E. Haviland Burke (N). Leitrim (South)—*Thomas Smith (N). Limerick (West)—*P. J. O'Shaughnessy (N). Longford (North)—*J. P. Farrell (N). Louth (South)—*Joseph Nolan (N). Meath (South)—*D. Sheehy (N). Monaghan (South)—*J. McKean (N). Sligo (North)—*P. A. McHugh (N). Tipperary (East)—*Thos. J. Condon (N).

Waterford (East)—*P. J. Power (N). Wicklow (West)—*James O'Connor (N). Galway—*C. R. Devlin (N). Cork (Northeast)—*W. Abraham (N). Mayo (West)—*Dr. Robert Ambrose (N). Cork (North)—*J. E. Flynn (N). Fown (West)—*Harry Liddell (U). West Meath (South)—*D. Sullivan (N). Newry—*J. J. Mooney (N). Dublin (St. Stephen's Green)—*L. Waldron (N). Dublin (Harbor)—*T. C. Harrington (N). Dublin University—*Sir E. Carson (C); *J. H. M. Campbell (C). Belfast (North)—*Sir D. Dixon (C). Roscommon (North)—*J. J. O'Kelly (N). Wexford (South)—*P. F. French (N). Clare (West)—*J. Halpin (N). Leitrim (North)—*P. A. McHugh (N). Down (East)—*Capt. J. Craig (U). Fermanagh (North)—*G. Fetherston-hough (U). Belfast (North)—*Sir Daniel Dixon (C). Belfast (South)—*T. H. Sloan (U). Belfast (West)—*J. Devlin (N). Antrim (Mid.)—*Hon. R. T. O'Neill (U). Mid Antrim (Ballymena)—*Hon. R. T. O'Neill (C).

LECTURE ON DANIEL O'CONNOR.

On Thursday, March 8, at 8 o'clock, at the new St. Anne's Rev. Thomas Hartley, of Killybegs, will deliver a lecture on 'O'Connell.' The subject matter is less than the motive for which the lecturer has come among us. Funds for the completion of the memorial church at the birthplace of the Liberator should be secured. His Honor Judge Ryan will preside.

ST. GABRIEL'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Last Thursday evening saw the hall of St. Gabriel's Church filled with the many friends of the young men, who were called together for a euchre party, the object of which was to furnish their Long before the appointed hour from all parts of the city. In and as the signal was fully one hundred tables were up, and the play lasted for hours. Twelve very nice prizes were awarded. The names of donors and the articles presented are as follows: Set of carvers, Al

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF LOURDES. On Monday last the Church celebrated the pious anniversary of the Blessed Lourdes, the touching story of which is well known in the Catholic world.

LENTEN PREACHER FOR ST. DAME.

Father Plessis, of the Oblates, who will preach the Lenten sermons in Notre-Dame Church, arrived on Tuesday. Father Plessis is a man 50 years of age, and of a fine appearance. This is his first visit to Montreal. He is marked by depth of thought and by a fine imagination.

FATHER MCKENNA TO LECTURE.

Rev. M. J. McKenna, of the Family Square, will give a lecture on 'The Sacred Heart' at the Court Square theatre, St. Mary's, Sunday evening, March 11, in honor of St. Patrick. He will take for his subject 'Daniel O'Connell,' and the proceeds will go to the church treasury. Father McKenna gave a lecture a year ago at the same theatre which for him a splendid reputation.

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS.

The most interesting exhibition we have had in a long time is that at present being held at the Art Gallery. It is composed of the work of the masters of the Impressionist school and is most interesting. Twenty-nine canvases of twelve different artists make up the exhibit and are the property of Messrs. Dausud-Hill, of New York. The paintings there is a collection of Tiffany lamps and vases.

SUCCESSFUL EUCHRE NIGHT AT ST. HENRY.

The euchre given at St. Henry's, of the St. Columban Church, was a success. Much praise is due to the committee in charge, who are as follows: President, C. McCallum; secretary, treasurer, John Gillies; committee, M. A. Monaghan, Jos. Stewart, Greavey, M. O'Brien, Thos. J. J. Tierney, W. A. McCallum, Tommie, Mesdames Jones, Thos. Ryan, H. C. Miss Donnelly; talent committee, Miss M. Gillie, A. Sullivan.

LECTURE AND RECEPTION AT MONUMENT NATIONAL.

In response to an invitation from Mrs. F. L. Beique, president of the ladies patronesses of the Ass. St. Jean Baptiste, Earl and Mrs. Grey on Tuesday attended the subject of domestic science given by Melle. de Beaujeu, the Monument National. The lecture was preceded by a reception. Among the guests present were Excellencies was His Grace Bishop Bruchesi.

After the lecture, which was highly instructive, the Government and Archbishop Bruchesi delivered a short address. Among those present were: Raoul Dandurand, Mrs. R. Beique, Dr. Lachapelle, Dean of the McGill Law Faculty, Kleckowski (French consul), Mr. de Struve (Russian consul), Mr. Clarence I. de Soia (consul), Miss Marie Louise (of Royal Victoria College), Misses Barry, de Montigny, and Cholette.

LECTURE ON DANIEL O'CONNOR.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ANNIVERSARY OF THE APPARITION OF LOURDES.

On Monday last the Church celebrated the pious anniversary of the apparition of the Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, the touching story of which is well known in the Catholic world.

LENTEN PREACHER FOR NOTRE DAME.

Father Plessis, of the Order of Dominicans, who will preach the course of Lenten sermons in Notre Dame Church, arrived on Tuesday from Paris. Father Plessis is a tall, spare man, 50 years of age, and of striking appearance. This is his second visit to Montreal. His speaking is marked by depth of thought and power of speculation.

FATHER MCKENNA TO LECTURE.

Rev. M. J. McKenna, of the Holy Family Church, will give a lecture in Court Square theatre, Springfield, Mass., Sunday evening, March 11, in honor of St. Patrick. He will take for his subject "Daniel O'Connell" and the proceeds will be for the church treasury. Father McKenna gave a lecture a year ago in Court Square theatre which gained for him a splendid reputation as a speaker.

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SUCCESSFUL EUCHRE HELD AT ST. HENRY.

The euchre given at St. Henry in aid of the St. Columban Church was quite a success. Much praise is due to the committee in charge, who were as follows: President, Mr. H. C. McCallum; secretary-treasurer, Mr. John Gillies; committee, Messrs. J. A. Monaghan, Jos. Stewart, P. McGreevy, M. O'Brien, Thos. Stewart, J. J. Tierney, W. A. McCallum; reception committee, Messrs. John Gillies, Thos. Ryan, H. C. McCallum, Miss Donnelly; talent committee, Miss M. Gillie, A. Sullivan.

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LECTURE ON DANIEL O'CONNELL

On Thursday, March 8, at 8.15 o'clock, at the new Stanley Hall, Rev. Thomas Harty, of Killarney, will deliver a lecture on "Daniel O'Connell." The subject matter is less than the motive for which the lecturer has come among us, (to obtain funds for the completion of the memorial church at the birthplace of the Liberator) should ensure a crowded house. His Honor Judge Curran will preside.

ST. GABRIEL'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.

Last Thursday evening saw the large hall of St. Gabriel's Church filled to repletion with the many friends of the young men, who were called together for a euchre party, the object of which was to furnish their hall. Long before the appointed hour friends from all parts of the city poured in, and as the signal was given fully one hundred tables were taken up, and the play lasted for two hours. Twelve very nice prizes were contested for. The names of the donors and the articles presented are as follows: Set of carvers, Aid. T.

O'Connell; lady's companion, Dr. Virold; pair of gloves, Dr. Deagonais; bottle of perfume, W. Hamel; pair of shoes, T. Hickey; pipe, T. O'Sullivan; match safe, a friend; box of cigarettes, a friend; safety razor, a friend; box of cigars, Rev. P. McDonald; tea set, Whalen Bros; set of carvers, L. A. Rivet, M.P.

In every corner, encouraging the good work by a kind word or genial smile, might be seen Rev. Father O'Meara, who has certainly done much good work for the society since its formation, and has proven himself as true and untiring in his efforts to help the young men as in everything else that he has undertaken.

On the whole, the evening was a memorable one, and let us hope, only the beginning of a solid foundation to an institution calculated to do so much good.

CARD OF THANKS.

The committee in charge of the euchre given by the English-speaking parishioners of St. Henry in aid of St. Columban Church beg to acknowledge with thanks the following prizes received: Pair of Slater shoes, Rev. Canon Decarie; bronze statue, ex-Mayor Guay; meerschaum pipe, Mrs. O. David; ladies' silk umbrella, Mrs. O. David; cut flower vase, Mrs. B. McNally; silver cake basket, Mrs. H. C. McCallum; silk cushion, Mrs. John Gillies; Japanese vase, Mrs. Thos. Ryan; carving set, Mr. P. Hart; gent's companion, Miss N. O'Shaughnessy; Mexican vase, Mrs. J. J. Tierney; order for gent's hat, Messrs. Brennan Bros; donation, Mr. H. A. Wilder; smoking set, Mr. J. A. Monaghan; Japanese pitcher, Mrs. J. A. Monaghan; artificial palm, Miss G. Monaghan; glass dish, Mrs. J. Stewart; rocking chair, Mr. A. Abinovitch; tobacco jar, Mr. A. Michaels; prayer book, Mrs. Bazin; rose bowl, Mrs. Archambault; ladies' kid slippers, Mrs. Brunett; ladies' English slippers, Mrs. Arsen@ Lemay; fairy lamp, Mr. J. A. Gascon; perfume bottles in case, Dr. A. Bernard; vaporiser, Mr. A. Giroux; Mexican vase, Miss Donnelly; box of cigars, Mr. Brophy; box Cafe cigars, A. Friend; shaving set in case, A. Friend; cake, Mrs. Boyer; fancy table, Mr. A. Viau; ladies satchel, a friend; toilet box, a friend; bottle of wine, Mr. R. Elliott; tin of coffee, Mr. T. Elliott; ong brooch, Mr. A. Lamarche.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for the week ending Sunday, 11th Feb., 1906. The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 167; French, 44; English, & other nationalities, 14. Total, 234.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The following contributions are most gratefully acknowledged: Mgr. Legris, Boubonnais, IM., twenty-five dollars; Mr. T. C. Collins and Mr. D. Tansey, city, six dollars each; Messrs. M. J. Walsh, G. Max Sinn and Hugh Gallagher, five dollars each; Mrs. Andrew McCarthy, Cripple Creek, Colorado, and Mrs. Decker, Bronx, New York, three dollars each; Mr. J. S. Buckley, Syracuse, N.Y., Mrs. Wolfrath, New York, and Messrs. F. Gogarty, Jos. O'Brien and Miss Kate Gallery, city, two dollars each; Mrs. Ella Stoughton, Rockville, Conn.; Mrs. P. Kelly, Mrs. J. Kelly, Mr. E. Kelly, Miss Lapiante and And. O'Leary, of Bray's Crossing, Ont., and Mrs. Cavanagh and Miss Cahill, city, one dollar each. Several parcels of clothing have been sent to the Home from unknown benefactors. The Ogilvy Milling Co. sent a sack of flour. Mr. McLaren a case of baking powder; Messrs. Mathewsons Sons, twenty-five pounds of coffee; Mr. Gahan, three large pans of cake for the euchre party—recently held and splendidly attended. Father Holland returns his sincere thanks to the ladies who sold the tickets and helped in every possible way, to Mrs. McArthur, who wanted to stand all the expenses connected with the entertainment, but who was forestalled in some of the details by other kind friends; to Mr. Hart, president of St. Ann's Young Men's Society, who together with his committee worked hard to make the euchre a success. The originators of the scheme, Mr. D. Bennett and the Messrs. Shanahan, are to be congratulated on the so-called company present, and as Father Holland told the players, all are invited to the St. Ann's Young Men's euchre, which will be held next Tuesday evening, also in St. Ann's Hall, when valuable prizes will be offered to the successful. There are now thirty people in the Home, all healthy and happy in their modest surroundings. A second hand kitchen range was recently repaired and put into place by Mr. G. R. Prowse, the coal bill, consequently, is not as high as it was last year, and money will be saved for other requirements. The Home extends heartfelt sympathy to its kind friend Mr. Gogarty in the great loss he has sustained in the loss of his beloved son by drowning on Sunday last.

Catholic School Board Discuss Mr. Langlois' Bill.

At Tuesday night's meeting of the members of the Catholic School Board, an interesting discussion took place on the bill now before the Legislature to make the appointment of the lay school commissioners elective by the people.

Commissioner Vallieres was absent from the meeting, and Commissioner Gallery had left when the subject was introduced, towards the end of the evening, by Mr. Sample, who thought it might be well to ascertain the opinions of the Board on the bill.

All the members present were opposed to the bill, with the exception of Mr. P. G. Martineau, who declared that he intended to abide by the principles of democracy which he had always advocated.

Father O'Meara said that the board as actually constituted had done and was doing good work, and personally he saw no reason for a change.

Mr. Piche qualified the bill as a hybrid measure, which would at once tend to deprive certain people of their rights and open the door to others who were not competent to deal with matters of education. The rights of the laity were sufficiently safeguarded under the present system, since they had a majority on the board.

Canon Dauth remarked that the proposed change was unnecessary, since the commissioners, with the exception of the clerical members, of course, were virtually elected by the people under the present system. It was through the people's vote that the members of the Legislature and the aldermen were placed in office, and they, in turn, appointed the lay members of the board.

Mr. A. Lacroix, the secretary, having stated that the existing system was now followed in several large cities in the United States, the Rev. Abbe Troie, the chairman, considered it an argument against the elective system that Americans, who were the most democratic people, should have removed education from the immediate control of the masses.

Mr. Martineau remarked that, if it was an interference on the part of the government to have the Provincial Secretary a member of the Council of Public Instruction, then the same argument must logically apply to the appointment of school commissioners by the same government. Anyhow, this was a question of principles, and he thought the people should not be refused the right to take a more direct part in matters of education.

Canon Dauth said that the functions of the Council of Public Instruction and those of the school commissioners were quite different.

Commissioner Sample thought that with the elective system inferior men would be placed in office. He was strongly against the bill proposed by Mr. Langlois.

After some further discussion the question was dropped, without a vote being taken.

Contracts were awarded for the construction of an annex to the Sarsfield school. The examination of lady school teachers, not having yet their diploma, was fixed for Feb. 24, and the contest in gymnastics for the different schools was fixed for June 23.

At the request of Mr. Martineau, who wished to ascertain what would be the approximate cost of furnishing school books free of charge, the secretary produced a statement showing that, for the year 1904-05 the principals of the seven Roman Catholic schools had sold their pupils \$3,669.98 worth of books.

BENEDICTINES RETURN TO IRELAND AFTER THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

Without any flourish of trumpets, the Benedictines have returned to Ireland, after three hundred and fifty years, says the Dublin Weekly Freeman. A small community from the famous College of Downside, near Bath, have entered on possession of Ballinapierce House, near Ennisecurry, and, with the sanction of the Lord Bishop of Ferns, have opened it as a high-class preparatory school. In a short time the Fathers intend extending the present buildings, as already many applications from prospective pupils have been received. Before the "Reformation" the Benedictines had ten houses in Ireland, including one in County Wexford, at Glasarrig, and it is interesting to find them again opening a priory in that country. The last Abbot of Glasarrig was Charles MacMurrough, whose name sufficiently indicates his nationality.

OBITUARY.

DEATH OF CARDINAL PERRAUD.

Cardinal Adolphe Perraud, Archbishop of Autun, France, died there on Sunday night from pneumonia. An inventory of the Cathedral at that place was about to be made on Saturday afternoon, but hearing that the condition of Cardinal Perraud was much worse, the sub-prefect ordered a suspension of the work out of respect for the distinguished prelate.

REV. ABBE TREPANIER.

The Rev. Abbe Francois Trepazier, honorary canon of St. James Cathedral, and chaplain of the Deaf and Dumb Institute for females on St. Denis street, died on Sunday morning at the latter establishment, after a few days' illness, at the age of 71 years.

Abbe Trepazier was a native of Ste. Genevieve. After a full course of studies in the Montreal College, he studied for the priesthood. In 1866 he was appointed private secretary to the late Archbishop Bourget, and was ordained a priest two years later. In 1870 he became a director of the Varannes College, and the following year was appointed chaplain of the Deaf and Dumb Institute, a position which he held until his death. He had been an honorary canon of the Cathedral since 1891. His untiring zeal for the education and comfort of the poor deaf mutes had endeared him to that unfortunate class of the community. In 1879 he went to Europe to study the best methods then known for the training of deaf mutes. Ever since he has followed with great care all improvements calculated to benefit those to whose welfare he had devoted his whole life.

The funeral took place yesterday. The service was held at 9.30 a.m. in the chapel of the institute.

MRS. W. E. GRACE.

The funeral of Mrs. W. E. Grace was held from St. Peter's Church, Plattsburgh, N.Y., on Monday, the 5th inst. The solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Dias, with Fathers Berneche and Pelletier, deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The pall bearers were Messrs. W. T. Burleigh, E. McKeever, P. F. Girard, Frank Valley, P. J. Flair and P. J. Tierney. A large congregation assisted, testifying to the esteem in which deceased was held. Those who were present from out of town were Mr. Archie Paylor, Mrs. Deane, Messrs. Frank Galaise, Wm. Grace and George Grace, Montreal; Mrs. Chas. Grace, Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Moynahan, Procter; Miss T. Grace, Montreal; Miss Helaire, Galaise, Saratoga. Interment took place in the old Catholic Cemetery.

DEATH OF A SEIGNEUR.

Mr. L. A. Globensky, seigneur of St. Eustache, who has been suffering from a lingering illness, died at his manor on Saturday evening last, at the age of 76 years.

He was the son of Lieut.-Colonel Maximilian Globensky, who fought by the side of de Salaberry at Chateauguay, and was born in 1830 at St. Eustache, where his grandfather, who came from Poland, had settled. After going through the St. Therese and Montreal Colleges, he commenced the study of the notarial profession, but after his marriage with his cousin, Virginie Marguerite Lambert, Dumont, seigneresse of Milles Isles, in 1854, he devoted himself entirely to the advancement of the best agricultural methods, and to the study of political questions. Mr. Globensky was for several years Mayor of St. Eustache and president of the Agricultural Society of his county. In 1875 he was elected to represent the county of Two Mountains in the House of Commons, but resigned a few months after. In 1888 he refused a seat in the Senate, which was offered him. Mr. Globensky was given the first prize and a gold medal for having the best kept farm in his region. Besides other works which he wrote, is a historical sketch of the rebellion of 1837. In 1888 he was created a knight of the Royal Order of Melusine by Pope Pius IX. He leaves four sons and one daughter. The funeral took place yesterday morning at St. Eustache.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE FOR THE LATE MR. ANDREW CULLINAN.

The anniversary service for the late ex-detective Andrew Cullinan took place at St. Ann's Church on Saturday morning at eight o'clock. The celebration of the Requiem Mass was Rev. Andrew Cullinan, curate of St. Mary's parish, and son of the deceased. The choir, under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, organist, and W. Murphy, leader, rendered the service impressively.

GREAT AMERICAN POET.

Circumstances Under Which He Wrote Some of His Pieces.

I once wrote to the poet Longfellow, writes H. Rutterworth, asking him to give me some account of the circumstances under which he wrote "The Bridge"—"I stood on the bridge at midnight"—a poem which an eminent English critic has called "the most sympathetic in this language." I received in return a cordial note from the poet, in which he said: "If you will come over and pass an evening with me, it will give me pleasure to tell you the history of the poem, and also of any of my poems that may interest you."

A few evenings later found me at the poet's door at his Cambridge home. He was then verging on seventy years, in the fullness of his experience and the ripeness of his fame. I paused at the door before ringing the bell. I rang, and was shown into a long halllike room, dimly lighted, in which was a broad table, antique furniture, and a tall colonial clock. The poet was there alone. He arose to meet me, and formed a striking and statuesque figure, with his kindly smile and long, white hair and beard.

"And so you would like to know something about the first inspiration of some of my poems—what led me to write them?" he said, when we were seated. "Well, you are very kind."

"I will tell you first how I came to write the 'Psalm of Life.' I was a young man then. I well recall the time. It was a bright day and the trees were blooming, and I felt an impulse to write out my aim and purpose in the world. I did not intend it for publication. Some months afterwards I was asked for a poem by a popular magazine. I recalled my 'Psalm of Life.' I copied it, and sent it to the periodical. It saw the light, took wings, and flew over the world. There you may see it written on a Japanese screen!"

He pointed to a high, richly ornamented screen which stood before a great fireplace. He added an anecdote which I have always regarded as a true picture of his soul. "When I was in England I was honored by receiving an invitation from the Queen. As I was leaving the palace yard my carriage was hindered by the crowd of vehicles. There came to the door of the coach a noble-looking English workman."

"Are you Professor Longfellow?" he said. "I bowed. 'May I ask, sir, if you wrote the 'Psalm of Life'?' 'I answered that I did. 'Would you be willing, sir, to take a working man by the hand?' 'I extended my hand to him, he clasped it, and never in my life have I received a compliment which gave me so much satisfaction.'"

"I wrote 'Excelsior,' " he continued, "after receiving a letter full of lofty sentiments from Charles Sumner at Washington. In one of the sentences occurred the word 'Excelsior.' As I dropped the letter that word again caught my eye. I turned over the letter, and wrote my poem. I wrote the 'Wreck of the Hesperus' because after reading an account of the loss of a part of the Gloucester fishing fleet in an autumn storm, I met the words 'Norman's woe.' I retired for the night after reading the report of the disaster, but the scene haunted me. I arose to write, and the poem came to me in whole stanzas."

"The clock in the corner of the room," he went on, "is not the one to which I refer in my 'Old Clock on the Stairs.' That clock stood in the country house of my father-in-law, at Pittsfield, among the Berkshire hills. The great clock in the room was beating the air in the shadows as he spoke. I could seem to hear it say— 'Toujours—jamais! ' 'Jamais—toujours!' " "It was these words by a French author that had suggested to him the solemn refrain: 'Forever—never! Never—forever!' " "Excelsior" had been set to popular music by the Hutchinsons, when the poet met one evening the minstrel family after a concert in Boston Music Hall. "I have," he said, "another poem which I will send you." He did so. It was the first copy of the "Old Clock on the Stairs."

One of the family set the words to music. "My poem entitled 'The Bridge,'" he said, in effect, "was written in sorrow, which made me feel for the loneliness of others. I was a widower at the time, and I used sometimes to go over the bridge to Boston evenings to meet friends, and to

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES.

Table with columns for destination and rate. Vancouver B.C. \$48.90, Victoria B.C. \$46.40, Seattle WASH. \$45.90, Tacoma B.C. \$49.00, Portland ORE. \$45.90, Nelson B.C. \$45.90, Rossland B.C. \$45.90, Spokane WASH. \$45.90, Missoula Anaconda B.C. \$45.90, Helena Butte MONT. \$45.90, Salt Lake UTAH. \$49.00, San Francisco and Los Angeles via Chicago only \$49.00.

2nd Class February 15th to April 7th, 1906. Proportional low rates to many other points. Tourist Sleeping Cars Chicago, the North West and Pacific Coast. City Ticket Office: 129 St James St

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Bishop Bernard's Consecration

AT ST. HYACINTHE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906. FARE FROM MONTREAL \$1.20 GOING DATES—All trains February 14 and 15. RETURN LIMIT—February 16, 1906. SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. Thursday, February 15. Returning leave St. Hyacinthe after the close of the ceremony.

Reduced Fares.

Table with columns for destination and rate. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEA-TLE, VICTORIA, VAN-COUVER and PORTLAND \$48.30, ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROBBO, SPOKANE \$46.40, ANACONDA, BUTTE, Helena, SALT LAKE \$45.90, COLORED SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO \$45.50, SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$49.00. Low Rates to many other points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 a.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West thereof as far as the Pacific Coast—nominal charge is made for berths which may be reserved in advance. FOR COMFORT TRAVEL by the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

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 8th 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. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend. Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH PRIEST.

Rev. Dr. Watson, more widely known by his pen name, Ian MacLarnan, at a Catholic bazaar in Liverpool, said: "No minister of religion had been more true and faithful to a poor and suffering people or done more to sustain a high standard of morality, than the Irish priest, and no body of men in England made greater sacrifices for their principles during the last three centuries, or, in proportion to their numbers, made a larger contribution to sacred and other learning than the Catholics."

MAKING WAR ON THE CHURCH IN FRANCE.

The scenes which occurred the other day in a Catholic Church in Paris, when government assessors began the work of making an inventory of Church property, will in no way affect the French politicians who are responsible for the so-called law of separation of Church and State.

It is not a matter of surprise that such an exhibition as this stirred Catholic Frenchmen to resistance. They would have been a very poor lot if they had not adopted some method of showing their resentment at the desecration of all they hold sacred.

At the Church of St. Clothilde the Director of Municipal Affairs, who had come to inform the priests that an inventory was to be made, was flung down the steps by an indignant crowd.

The defenders of the church were driven into the streets. A number of injured persons were treated at neighboring drug stores.

After the authorities got possession of the church presented a curious aspect. All the approaches were held by police and Republican Guards.

In the centre of the nave, where stood the catafalque of the late Premier Waldeck Rousseau, was a ten foot pile of broken chairs. Similar piles were in the aisles.

Such are the first results of a law that was conceived in hatred of the Catholic Church. Its title is a misnomer that is apparent to all.

The Court of Appeals has confirmed the important decision of Mr. Justice Meredith that the Estates Commissioners have power under the Land Purchase Act to purchase wholly untenanted land as estates, even where they do not intend to use, for the resettlement and improvement of untenanted estates already in their possession.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

FIRST CATHOLIC MAYOR. The first Catholic mayor since the reformation was recently re-elected for the ancient town of Worcester, England.

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which appeared in that paper a few days before the church riots described above, gives us this description of the manner in which the government's agents are acting:

Putting the separation law into practice, the government agents are assuming unwisely that in making an inventory of church valuables they must open the Church's tabernacles and handle consecrated vessels with unconsecrated hands.

Small and irritating measures are being adopted against the Church. The War Ministry has ordered that soldiers dying on service, even if registered as Catholics, shall be buried without the rites of the Church unless their kin, who may be a thousand miles away, ask for a religious ceremony.

These pin pricks amply demonstrate the spirit animating the Church's enemies in France. At a time when that country has great need of union between all its citizens a legislative measure has been enacted which generates discord and strife in every city, town, village and hamlet throughout France.

Business Affairs in Ireland.

The governor of the Bank of Ireland, Sir George F. Brooke, at the annual meeting of the bank, just held, gave many interesting points regarding business affairs in Ireland.

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The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, so serious, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles.

Don't be lugged into taking something "just as good" ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 50 cents.

PARALYSIS YIELDS TO DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS AFTER SEVERAL DOCTORS HAD PRONOUNCED THE CASE HOPELESS.

Convincing Proof that Cure Was Permanent—In Five Years the Patient Has Had No Relapse—Facts in a Remarkable Case Substantiated by Sworn Statements.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine, but the prescription of a physician placed on sale with full directions for use under a trade mark that is a guarantee of their genuineness to every purchaser.

"I had the grip for four winters, and as a result my nerves broke down. I lost the entire use of the lower half of my body. My stomach, liver, kidneys, heart and head were never affected, but the paralyzed condition of the lower part of the body affected my bladder and bowels.

"During two years of my affliction I had six different doctors, but none of them gave me any relief. A specialist from Philadelphia treated me for three months, but he was of no benefit to me. These doctors gave me up and said it was only a question of a few weeks with me as nothing more could be done.

Signed F. A. MEANS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 17th day of April, 1901.

ALBERT S. GIBBONEY, Notary Public. One day recently Mr. Means was visited at his handsome home over-

THE EVERLASTING MIRACLE OF GOD.

The indestructibility of the Catholic Church is truly marvellous, and well calculated to excite the admiration of every reflecting mind, when we consider the number and variety and formidable power of the enemies with whom she has had to contend from her very birth to the present time.

For three centuries the Christians were obliged to worship God in the secrecy of their chambers or in the Roman catacombs, which are still preserved to attest the undying fidelity of the martyrs and the enormity of their sufferings.

looking the valley of Honey Creek, near Reedsville, where he made the following statement: "Before I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had been treated for a long time by my home doctor who pronounced my trouble creeping paralysis. I always believed that to be my trouble and I do yet believe so. I had also spent five weeks in the University Hospital in Philadelphia, without the treatment benefiting me and had returned home to die. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in 1897, but did not give a statement of my case for publication until I was sure that I was cured. After returning from the hospital I did not take any other medicine for my trouble and I owe it to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and to them alone that I am able to be about to-day.

Signed FRANK A. MEANS. Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22nd day of January, 1906.

JACOB KOHLER, Justice of the Peace. Justice Kohler, of Reedsville, before whom the above affidavit was made, voluntarily gave and signed the following statement:

"I have personally known Mr. Frank A. Means for the past forty-five years and know that any statement he makes is entirely reliable. I personally visited him when he was confined to bed and utterly helpless. I now see him daily and know him to be in as good health as most men of his age."

Signed DANIEL W. REYNOLDS. Here is evidence that must convince the most sceptical. But because many of the cures accomplished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so marvelous as to challenge belief, the following offer is made:

\$5000 REWARD.—The Dr. Williams Medicine Company will pay the sum of Five Thousand Dollars for proof of fraud on its part in the publication of the foregoing testimonial. No sufferer from paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance or any of the lesser nervous disorders can afford to longer neglect to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the great blood builder and nerve tonic.

And yet pagan Rome, before whose standards the mightiest nations prostrated, was unable to crush the infant Church or arrest her progress. In a short time we find this colossal empire going to pieces and the head of the Catholic Church dispensing laws to Christendom in the very city from which the imperial Caesars had promulgated their edicts against Christianity.

You are already familiar with the great religious revolt of the sixteenth century, which spread like a tornado over Northern Europe and threatened, if that were possible, to engulf the bark of Peter. More than half of Germany followed the new Gospel of Martin Luther. Let us now calmly survey the field after the din and smoke of battle have passed away. Let us examine the condition of the old Church after having passed through those deadly conflicts. We see her numerically stronger to-day than at any previous period in her history.

Let us now calmly survey the field after the din and smoke of battle have passed away. Let us examine the condition of the old Church after having passed through those deadly conflicts. We see her numerically stronger to-day than at any previous period in her history. The losses she sustained in the Old World are more than compensated by her acquisitions in the new. She has already recovered a goodly portion of the ground wrested from

her in the sixteenth century. She numbers now about 225,000 adherents. She exists to-day not an effete institution, but in all the integrity and fulness of life, with her organism unimpaired, more united, more compact and more vigorous than ever she was before.

You may ask for a miracle as the Jews asked our Saviour for a sign. You ask the Church to prove her divine mission by a miracle. Is not her very survival the greatest of miracles? If you saw some fair creature with all the weakness of humanity upon her cast into prison and starved and trampled upon and backed and tortured, her blood sprinkled on her dungeon walls, and if you saw her emerging from her prison in all the bloom and freshness of youth and surviving years and centuries beyond the ordinary span of human life, continuing to be the joyful mother of children, would you not call that a miracle?

But may not the light of the Church grow pale and be extinguished by the intellectual blaza of the twentieth century? Has she not much to fear from literature, the arts and sciences? She has always been the patroness of literature and the fostering mother of the arts and sciences. She founded and endowed nearly all the great universities of Europe.

Is it liberty that will destroy the Church? The Church breathes freely only where true liberty is found. She is always cramped in her operations, wherever despotism casts its dark shadows. Nowhere does she enjoy more independence than here; nowhere is she more vigorous and prosperous.

Among the continual changes in human institutions she is the one institution that never changes. Amid the universal ruin of earthly monuments, she is the one monument that stands proudly pre-eminent. Not a stone in this building falls to the ground. Amid the general destruction of kingdoms, her kingdom is never destroyed. Ever ancient and ever new, time writes no wrinkle on her divine brow.

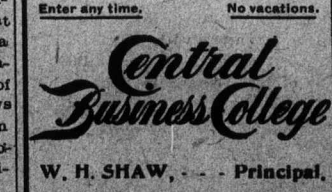
The Church has seen the birth of every government in Europe, and it is not at all improbable that she will see the death of them all and chant their requiem. She was more than 1400 years old when Columbus discovered our continent, and the foundation of our republic is but as yesterday to her.

It Lays a Stilling Hand on Pain.—For pains in the joints and limbs and for rheumatic pains, neuralgia and lumbago, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is without a peer. Well rubbed in, the skin absorbs it and it quickly and permanently relieves the affected part. Its value lies in its magic property of removing pain from the body, and for that good quality it is prized.

GAVE TWENTY THOUSAND. Charles Sweeney, of Spokane, Wash., recently presented Bishop O'Dea of the Nosqually Diocese with the splendid sum of \$20,000 to be used in the construction of the cathedral now under way at Seattle.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION.

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.



W. H. SHAW, Principal. ROOFERS, Etc.

FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS OR ANY SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO. 337 Craig St. W.

SOCIETY DIRECTORS.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.R.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"Good-bye, dear, good-bye," he said again, as his eyes filled with tears, and he turned down the hill to the shore and did not look back until far out on the river. Ruth was standing there in the sunshine still, her blue dress making her clearly visible at that distance.

The day shamed his melancholy by its magnificent joy. The wind was not strong enough to roughen the water into ugliness, but white-caps lay along the deep green of the river, and, like the foam at the mouth of a wild beast, gave a fearful suspicion of the cruelty that lurked below. Against Round Island's rocky and flat shore the waves beat with monotonous murmuring, and distant Grindstone showed dimly through the mist. Across Eel Bay—Bay of Mourning it should be named—the afternoon sun sent a blinding radiance. The islands about were still in sombre green, for very few maples found a foothold in the rocky soil. Here and there their warm colors of death relieved the dark background. He paid very little attention to the sights about him. The swish of the water from the bow, the brightness of the sky, the sombre shores, the green waters, the whistle of the wind, and the loveliness of the scene passed before his senses and became interwoven with his melancholy. There was a bitterness even in the cheerful day.

When he arrived at Solitary Island the hermit was away. He took possession of the hut, and, finding some remnants of the squire's tobacco, and a pipe, made himself at home and began to inspect one of the notable volumes on fishing. Scott returned shortly and gave him a most cool reception.

"How do?" he said shortly, bringing his brows together and sending a sharp look into his face. "How's the little 'un?"

"As before," Florian answered wearily. He had made up his mind that no behavior of Scott's would drive him away until he had accomplished his purpose. If coolness were the only requirement for a lengthy stay with the solitary he was prepared to furnish a large supply. And Scott saw it in his easy manner, and seemed willing to submit to the intrusion.

"She bade me thank you for the ferns," said Florian, "and if it would not be asking too much, would you call and see her as often as you visit the town, and would your visits be often made?"

"She is kind," was all Scott replied, and set about getting supper. Florian made no offer to help him, but walked out on the boulder with his book and pipe, and gave his attention to the long shadows that crept through and over the islands and the last feeble whistle of the dying wind. Far away east glistened a single star.

"Supper's ready," called Scott in a few minutes, and Florian sat down to a table of Spartan simplicity—boiled corn-meal and fish. It was speedily eaten, for neither seemed to be hungry or disposed to talk. The hermit sat silent, and Florian was determined to interfere as little as possible with his humors. He ate less than a child.

"I have met him at an unlucky time," thought the youth; "he is ill and out of spirits." But he said nothing whatever, re-lighted his pipe, and took his seat on the boulder over the river. For a few minutes there was the clatter of tin dishes as the solitary cleaned them and put them away, then he came out and sat beside Florian.

"I am going away," said Florian simply. "I wanted to talk with you first, and so come over."

The stars were coming out more rapidly, as if a mist were being swept off the sky, and the shadows lay very deep around. The water in the channels, like a wizard's mirror, changed from dark to bright and back again, as if veiled forms swept up and down beneath the surface.

"And so you are going away?" said Scott, presently.

"I should have gone long ago. Clayburgh is no place for one who looks to the future. I am smothered and cramped for a better element."

"Your dreams are too big for your brain. Six feet of earth holds a man comfortably when he's not full of nonsense."

"But it takes an eternity to hold the soul."

"Not as I understand it, boy. It's not the soul eyes cramped with such quarters as we have here. It's proud

notions of one's body: what it should eat and wear, how it should look to others, and the niceness of being better than its kind. People don't go looking for eternity to New York. Them who find it suited to their constitutions thoroughly hunted in narrow caves and monks' cells for it long afore New York was known to a soul."

Florian laughed at the reply. It was more than he had heard from Scott in many weeks, and the hermit was a little moved. "I won't dispute your assertions, Scott. But what would you have me do? I am young, able, ambitious. The world must go on as it has from the beginning. Why should not I take place and part in it, using my talents for the good of the many? I have no inclination for any other kind of life, and there I feel that I shall do the most good."

"Why not?" echoed the hermit with a touch of sarcasm, perhaps. "Saints did the same often, I've heard; but they made their talents and high power a means to an end. With you it will be the end. With the big majority these good things of the world are the end. The man that looks after his own soul keeps away from 'em till God calls him to 'em."

He rose suddenly as if he had spoken too much and was just aware of it. There was no moon, and Florian could not see his face nor discover what mood accompanied these words, but he would have given something to catch the light of his eyes at that moment.

"You can have the hut to yourself while you stay," said Scott, starting off down to the shore.

"Thank you," Florian said quietly, and was tempted to ask him to remain, but adhered firmly to his original policy, and kept his mouth shut grimly until the sound of oars down the channel had ceased. It was chilly and dark on the island. There was no wind, only the gentle splash of the waves; and the odd, mysterious sounds which break the vast silence of nature quivered on the air. He could see nothing but outlines and the shining surface of the water.

Like an inverted bowl the sky arched over him. He knew that for miles there was no living man, and he was in utter darkness and solitude; and it seemed to him that he was left nothing to look upon but his own soul. He was too sad to endure thought at that moment, and began to bustle about, lighted a candle in the hut and put on a fire, closed the doors and fixed the curtain to the window.

"I must get a look of civilization about," he said. "Pure solitude is too much for me."

He began to think then, if he was to get much advice from the hermit, or information he must proceed with a system, yet make it appear accidental. He was to find out what the hermit thought of himself, of Ruth, and of Sara, and get a strong opinion on his proposed change of residence. Not that he would give up the idea of a removal for any advice, but for the sake of knowing more about the man. And then he formulated an axiom, "If you wish to know a man, have him talk of his neighbors." With this he was so satisfied that he went to bed.

The October nights were cold and left a touch of frost in bare places. When the sun opened his eyes the next morning at an early hour, Florian looked through the window on the scene without, there was a silvery whiteness on certain objects, beautiful but depressing. An army of individual mists was rising from the river, and every object was bathed in so fresh and deep a color that it seemed to have just been laid on by the great Master's hand. He dressed and bade a hasty good-morning to the hermit, who was getting the breakfast, and ran out on the boulder to say his prayers in the midst of that sublime scenery. He prayed aloud, and never in his life did prayer seem so sweet, so real, so refreshing.

Bowing his head for a moment it seemed as if he had permanently caught the true idea of a divine affliction, and understood how the doctor felt became a paradise when such feelings actuated a man.

"Grab," said the hermit, briefly, from the doorway, and he went in composedly, after that ethereal flight heavenward. The meal passed in silence. When it was over, "I'm going for pike this mornin'," said Scott, briefly.

Florian took this for a gingery

invitation, and coolly removed himself, his pipe and his book to the boulder without answering. The hermit bustled himself in preparing his boat.

"Would you like to come?" said the solitary.

"I have much to think of," he replied. "I am annoyed with knotty questions, and I would like to think them out."

"Better get town cobwebs from your brain first. The fishing is good, an' if you are going away 'twon't be many more chances you'll have after the world's pike take your time."

"To-morrow will do, Scott; much obliged."

"No, I'm in-doors to-morrow."

"Next day, then."

"Not at all if not now," said Scott, and if his voice was not sharp his words were Florian was surprised at his urgency.

"Oh! if you are determined," he laughed, and came down, book and pipe, into the boat. They rowed through the channel out into the broader space that opened into Eel Bay—or rather the solitary did, for Florian lay in the stern idly smoking.

Said Florian, "why in the name of heaven, Scott, don't you write poetry? I couldn't stay in these solitudes an hour without finding words to paint some of its beauty."

"It is like grief, boy: no words can ever express it."

And then a shade came over Florian's face, for his mind went back suddenly to Linda and his own peculiar position.

"At this hour," he said, "Linda is taking a look at the new sun that will shine for her only a little longer."

"Poor little girl!" muttered the hermit, giving a harder pull at the oars and looking keenly at nothing.

"But what of that, Scott? She goes to heaven safely. I know, and her agony will be trifling to her recompense. I would not care but for that other dying at the same time, not in her body but in her soul."

"It is one of the world's chances," said Scott. "She will marry the minister and come to believe what he will preach day and night for her sake. There is no fixin' such accidents."

"You seem to know all about the matter, Scott."

"It is town talk, lad. Ye brought it up yourself, as if ye wanted my opinion, an' I gave it."

Florian smiled to conceal a slight sense of mortification. The hermit had discovered his artful courses, and thus simply laid them bare.

"Well, I did want your opinion," he said; "I wanted to know what you would do in such a case as that of my sister's. If she wishes to marry Mr. Buck I see no way of preventing her except by stratagem. It is not so much love of the minister as a romantic silliness that prompts her to marry."

"If you want stratagem," said Scott, "see Pore Rougevin. That's my whole and only opinion on a family matter. Jes' hand up the minnies, will ye, and I'll drop the line yonder."

There was nothing more to be said for the hermit's manner was decided, and Florian resigned himself to idly gazing and dreaming. In such moments his mind was clouded with melancholy, for his first thoughts were of these three women with

whom the intimacy of years had woven his fate, and the dark mists which seemed to be gathering about the hour of his departure from the scenes and friends of early days. The strong colors of the early morning that glowed around him only added to his melancholy. He merely raised his head and smiled when Scott landed his first pike, a handsome ten pounder, and felt none of that joyful excitement which such an incident raises in the heart of the true sportsman. It was as if life had come to a standstill with him because of his tangle in his affairs, and he was borne away through a fairy region of indifference.

Before noon the hermit had landed a few dozen of the shining pike and Florian had dreamed the hours away. Not unprofitably, perhaps, for he had arrived at the sensible resolve that he would make no attempt to win Scott's confidence, but let the man display himself as it pleased him.

And was he to spend the hours as he had spent the forenoon, in useless imaginings and doleful picturings of his future troubles? He took the rod after dinner and began to whip the water with an energy unnecessary as far as the fish were concerned, but he wished to show himself that he was in earnest. He had come to fish, hunt and study the hermit. The true way to do all this was to fish, hunt, and study at the proper times, and Scott implied by secret smiling that he conjectured his course of thought. As a consequence, when night found them again on the plateau in conversation the hermit was quite humorous and fluent and inclined to talk of anything. When Florian made hold to tell him something of his present sorrows he was sympathetic.

"I am afraid there is little real warmth in my nature, Scott. I contemplate Linda's death, and Sara's apostasy, and separation from Ruth with a moderate degree of sorrow, but a stoicism that one does not often meet with in the young. I foresee how I shall work all the harder afterwards, and I have that feeling which says: 'Sorrows even greater shall not disturb thy soul.'"

"A young man's feelings," said Scott, "are not to be depended on. Wait till all these things happen, and then you'll find how to take them. It's much like a man in consumption. He will die in four years, the doctor says. He's resigned, and surprises himself by not thinking of death often at all. When death gets hold on him, though, he finds his former feelings weren't much. Now, I think your Linda will die and Sara marry the minister, an' ye'll go to New York without Ruth. An' it isn't so much these things that ought to bother a man as his steppin' out inter life an' taking a choice of labor. He ought to see that he got the right place. He ought to be sure that he wouldn't do better in all ways whar he is than thar. People are hasty about things of this kind. Money is the object an' high position. If they get these, life is complete. If not, they're lost. They don't think much about the soul. They drag it any where, quite sure they can get along. Some people there are who will be damned for studying medicine, an' they might hev known it before. An' political ambition will damn others, jes' as I think it will damn you."

Florian laughed loud at this remark, which was delivered with innocent solemnity.

"I would like to know your reasons for such a thought," said he.

"Mostly because your weaknesses will be pretty well educated and your strong points led run wild in politics, but entirely because you are cut out for another situation."

"You interest me," said Florian. "Pray what are the weaknesses and the strengths, and the other situation?"

"A young man about to make a jump for sich big prizes ought to be ashamed to ask sich questions from any man. Ye game here to study yer self. Do it; I'm off. A pleasant night to you. I'll not see you to-morrow."

Florian sat silent until the sound of oars had been lost in the distance. It was such a night as the preceding one had been—the earth all darkness, the sky pierced with starlight, and a cool/south breeze beginning to wake strange murmurs from the shore and the trees. A few clouds lay like shadows on the horizon, and above and below was that beautiful stillness, so beautiful yet so painful, like that which lay about the prophet waiting on Horeb's rock to hear the still, small voice of God. It seemed to Florian that some voice must be born of such an agony of silence; perhaps it was born, and his ear too coarse to catch a sweetness so "Fine that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence."

Those were sharp words the hermit had uttered, and they shed a new



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light on the youth's mind. What an idea was this, that some men could be damned for studying medicine? Yet it was true, he had admitted when he found the proper sense of the words. And might not he be placing himself in such a position? He was humbled to admit that, after all, he did not know himself nor had studied the every side of his ambitions. How far was he prepared to go in seeking position and a name? The kingdoms of the world and the glory of them were sometimes easily bought by falling down and adoring Satan. How would he withstand such a temptation? He hardly knew, but stole to bed crestfallen.

The sound of the morning rain woke him from a very sweet sleep, but when that mournful patter reached his ears the conversation of the preceding evening recurred to him, and a desolation crept upon his spirit. He threw himself back upon the pillow and reviewed that sharp saying, "Some men politics will damn you." Why? The hermit had refused to say, but left the enigma to be answered by himself.

"I am a Catholic of rather a severe type," Florian thought, "with a fair knowledge of the faith and honest principles. My inclinations all run towards political life. I am a good speaker, have a good physical presence and considerable talent, and not a little local influence, all which, with health and determination, promise me high position. Why should the life be dangerous to the soul of me, Florian Wallace? Is there another life for which I am better fitted?"

That other could be but the retired life in Clayburgh with its safe but respectable dullness, and Florian dismissed it with a savage snort as he dressed himself. To look day after day at such a scene as yesterday's, or a rain-storm after the fashion of the present; to study its lights and shadows, and scrape one's soul for a sentiment that would make these act on the mind again—bah! He felt instinctively it was no life for him. He got breakfast, lit his pipe afterwards, and sat in the open doorway singing at the mists that were closing in around him and the melancholy murmur of the rain. How long and how often such a dismal scene had been played upon the island! Perhaps a generation previous a group of savages had sat in their smoky wigwams on such a rainfall, making weird fancies out of the mists and preparing charms against their fatal powers! And all these were dead! Linda was dying! Old affections of his heart were dying! The very scene about him was showing symptoms of decay: In fifty years at most he too would be dead. What difference then between him distinguished and influential and the unknown hermit? Would wealth and station and influence be more than the simple pleasures of solitude? And it was a doubtful matter if the statesman blessed by his country would stand as high as the hermit in the esteem of God! Well, well, what queer thoughts were these in a young man, properly the product of gloomy days and solitude! He let them take their course. They would not hurt him, and there were certain periods of the year when circumstances or passing disease would bring on just such attacks.

The next day towards evening Scott made an unlooked-for appearance with a bright eye and a flushed cheek.

"I'm goin' to take possession of the bed," said he, "and you must shift to the floor. I'm ill."

"Oh!" said Florian, quite surprised that the hermit should make such an admission, but asking no questions. Scott had taken cold and was in a fever, and the youth rejoiced that fate should have thrown them together at a critical time. He was handy about a sick-bed, womanlike in his gentleness and skill and power over his tongue. He made himself master of the situation at once and proceeded to treat the patient according to his own ideas. Had he discovered the true way of dealing with the hermit? Scott made no objections to anything he said or did, but seemed rather pleased with him.

He was sick until the third day, when he became convalescent and began to turn to the old routine of cabin work—meal-preparing, mending and feeding. It was raining still and the mists lay heavier on the island world, and Florian had by intense and desultory thinking wrapped his mind in mists so profound that he felt a positive desire to fly to the town. Therefore on the fourth evening he announced his departure for the next day.

"And I hope," said Scott, "that you got some benefit from close study of yourself, and that you can pretty well answer the questions ye asked me whar ye first came."

There was some irony in the tone, but Florian felt that he was master of the situation for the present.

"I shall go to New York," he replied, "come what may. I shall not trouble myself with much thought hereafter, for I find it confusing, and as to studying myself, my blunders will do that, and my enemies and friends."

"If you wait to know yourself that way, my lad, very good: your political life will be short."

"We must run some risks, Scott. Anyway, I have got enough of solitude, as I have of Clayburgh, and I see nothing in my strength or weaknesses to tell against success in my chosen life. On the contrary, I find myself longing for it. I shall be alone, I suppose, and for a time grief-stricken, but life will be there and will; while you fish and sleep in this prison and groan over your rheumatism. Before going it would tickle my vanity to know your estimate of my character, and a hint, just a hint, of that situation you spoke of the other day."

Florian had no expectation of receiving an answer to his impertinent request, and turned to the window through which he could see a break in the cloudy sky and the gleaming of a few stars. It was a dreary scene, and his heart was full of its dreariness.

"I'm not anxious to disturb your good feelings," said Scott. "You are bound for to go, and your blunders will teach you better than my words. I can fancy how you won't know yourself ten years from now, and I propose that when you go home to-morrow you sit down and write an account of yer present feelin's and opinions, and leave it with me. I'll see that you git it to read ten years from date. You'll be surprised."

"Done," said Florian eagerly, delighted beyond measure at this evidence of the hermit's interest in him.

"I'll make it minute in essentials, my friend."

(To be Continued.)

NEW PREFECTURE APOSTOLIC.

The S. Congregation of the Propaganda has erected a new Prefecture Apostolic in Borneo, entrusting same to the Franciscan Capuchin Order. Fitzherbo Borneo was dependent on the Vicariate Apostolic of Batavia.

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The Liberian Basilica, Rome, Contains Christ's Crib.

Shorn of its unique papal pomp, the Christmas of Rome is shifted from the Vatican Basilica to the Liberian says the Rome correspondent of the Irish Catholic.

The vast church, which is the Pope's second cathedral, is indeed that of Bethlehem in Rome, as Ormelius has shown. It is called Liberian after Pope Liberius; St. Mary Major because of its pre-eminence among the world's and all time's uncounted churches dedicated under Our Lady's invocation; it was the Church of the Divine Motherhood, decorated with mosaics in honor of her proclamation as Mother of God at Ephesus while St. Patrick was telling the Irish tribes of her glory.

So, naturally, it has become one of the most celebrated shrines in the world.

It is most renowned because of the miracle of the snow, which is annually commemorated on the day of the founding of the Basilica by a Pontifical High Mass in the Borghese Chapel, when at the offertory showers of snowy rose leaves are scattered from the dome on the marble floor beneath, until this is covered with a fragrant summer snowfall, pure and spotless as the miraculous snow by means of which Our Lady vouchsafed to designate the site of her Church on that burning August day of A.D. 352, and thus the Basilica came by its beautiful title of "Our Lady of the Snow."

In after times this Church was added to and improved, and it was entirely rebuilt in the fifth century by Pope Sixtus III. In commemoration of the Council of Ephesus. Century after century various pontiffs have enriched the grand basilica with stupendous works of art; for all that was fairest in art was brought to Our Lady's feet, but it was left to the age of the "Renaissance" to place the costliest gems of decoration in its crown in the shape of the two splendid chapels the "Borghese" and the "Sixtine," which rise in stately beauty on either side of the apse.

Inside, the church has the form of a true basilica, in its most pure and severe form of architectural beauty, and the sensation of perfect harmony is the one which strikes the eye most on entering it; a marvellous thing as one realizes its proportions as the largest Church of our Lady in the world.

It certainly has not such glowing, triumphant beauty, such floods of light and such splendor of sparkling marbles as the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, and St. Paul outside the walls, but it possesses a solemnly rich magnificence of its own, and the faith and glories of the past seem to linger in those solemn precincts, where the grand mosaics of the walls testify to the great antiquity of the shrine.

HERE IS PRESERVED THE GREAT RELIC OF BETHLEHEM.

the crib or manger of our infant Saviour; this is why the good Romans flock in crowds to pay their devotions at the hallowed shrine which speaks to them so eloquently of the Divine Infant, for nearer to Bethlehem they can not be than kneeling beside the wood of the manger which gave its rough shelter to the tender body of the Son of God in the pitiless cold of that first Christmas midnight.

Touchingly beautiful is the association, that in the largest church in the world dedicated to our Blessed Mother, the relics of the Crib of her Divine Child should be preserved; and our hearts turn with loving devotion to the spot where Mother and Son are alike honored in that beautiful human tie that binds the Babe of Bethlehem so near to our poor nature.

The church is situated in one of the highest parts of Rome, in a fine "plazza," or square, with a beautiful column before it, crowned by an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin, which seems to be watching over the city and the Basilica so specially dedicated to her honor.

The facade of the Church, with its two fine towers, which from their commanding height are seen all over Rome, is particularly massive and imposing, a befitting approach to the splendors of this gorgeous Basilica.

Following the usual lines of architecture on which Basilicas are erected, it has a portico with columns and open gallery or "loggia" (from which the Pope used to give the papal benediction on certain feasts of the year), adorned by mosaic pic-

tures of the fourteenth century, most of which have reference to the history of the building of the Basilica.

The legend or history of its foundation may be interesting to repeat here, for it is a singularly beautiful one, and will interest many of our readers who may perhaps have wondered why the titles of "Santa Maria ad Nives" (Our Lady of the Snow), or the "Liberian Basilica," have been bestowed on the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, but the names are more than sufficiently explained by the legend, which runs thus:

In the month of August, in the year 352, a miraculous fall of snow covered the ground on the Esquiline Hill in one particular spot, and that same night, the 5th of August, the Blessed Virgin appeared in a vision to a holy Roman patrician, one John the Patrician, ordering him to erect a church in her honor on this spot, where the miraculous snowfall was found. He revealed this vision to the reigning sovereign pontiff, Pope Liberius, who thereupon decided immediately to lay the foundation we see to-day.

The Basilica's most striking feature is its vast nave, stretching away into far distant vistas of space, and divided into aisles by long rows of magnificent columns, said to be of Greek marble from Mount Hymettus. The "confession" in the centre of the church, to which one descends by a flight of marble steps, is surmounted by a papal altar and a grand canopy or "baldachin" of bronze, a marvellous work of art, borne up by four porphyry columns enriched with raised gilt work, and lovely marble figures of angels at the four corners.

Under the splendid papal altar in the "confession," rich with marbles and precious stones, is the shrine where the relic of the crib is usually preserved, but the day before Christmas eve the relic is removed and carried by the chapter of the Basilica to the sacristy, where, on an altar specially prepared for it, and enclosed on a magnificent silver and crystal casket, it is publicly exposed for the veneration of the faithful until early on Christmas morning, when it is brought back and placed on the papal altar for the whole day, only to be taken down when it is carried in solemn procession around the church after Vespers.

HAS BEEN ALL RIGHT EVER SINCE

T. H. Belyea, P.M., Proves that Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure Permanently.

Some Years Since He Used Them Now and He Has Had Good Health Ever Since—Story of Well-known New Brunswick Man.

Lower Windsor, Carleton Co., N.B., Feb. 12.—(Special).—"Yes, I have good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills." The speaker was Mr. T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, and one of the most highly respected men in this part of the country. Asked to give his experience with the great Canadian Kidney Remedy Mr. Belyea continued:

"I had been troubled with my kidneys for a number of years. I tried several kinds of plasters and other kinds of medicines, but did not seem to get any lasting benefit. Hearing Dodd's Kidney Pills so highly recommended I decided to try them and they made a complete cure of me. That is two years ago now and as I said before I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure once and for all. There is no stage or form of Kidney Disease that they do not cure completely and permanently.

POPE'S GIFT TO ST. LOUIS UNIVERSITY.

Nearly 200 volumes of the Vatican Library, in Rome, have been received at the St. Louis University as a special mark of favor from Pope Pius X.

In the collection is an edition of the famous ecclesiastical annals of Cardinal Baronius, who died in the sixteenth century. This edition is the only one of its kind in existence, and was a special presentation copy from the Society of St. Paul of Paris to Pope Leo XIII.

VESTMENTS Challers Ciboriums Statues, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE, 193 Church St. Toronto, Can.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

February 13, 1906.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.80 to \$4.70; strong bakers, \$4.20 to \$4.30, winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$4 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$1.95.

Roller Oats—\$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal).

Pearl Houslay—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

Commeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary; \$1.50 for granulated.

Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18.50; shorts, \$19.50 to \$20.

Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50.

Oats—No. 2, 41c per bushel; No. 3, 40c; No. 2, 39c.

Beans—Choice primes, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80.

Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, 90c to \$4.05 per bushel.

Potatoes—In bags of 80 lbs., 65c to 70c.

Honey—White clover in combs, 13c to 14c per one pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 7c.

Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$22; American cut clear fat back, \$19 to \$20; compound lard, 6c to 7c; Canadian pure lard, 11c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12c to 13c; hams, 12c to 13c, according to size; bacon, 14c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25 country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.40, select and mixed lots.

Eggs—New laid 23c to 24c; select, 20c to 21c; No. 2 candled, 15c to 17c per doz.

Butter—Choice creamery, 22c undegraded 21c; dairy, 19c to 20c.

Cheese—Ontario, 13c to 13 1/2c; Quebec, 12c.

Asbes—First pots, \$5.25; seconds, \$4.70; thirds, \$3.75; first pearls, \$7.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

There is a rather better feeling on the butter market to-day, though trade is not by any means brisk, the activity being confined mostly to local business. Holders are asking 22c for fancy creamery in wholesale lots, but fractionally higher prices have been asked and paid for small lots to retailers.

Cheese is quiet and unchanged at 13c to 13 1/2c. The enquiry is small, and there is little or no export inquiry. Messrs. Hodgson Brothers say of the cheese situation in Liverpool that the demand has been disappointing, and entirely of a retail character and values have receded, the market closing quiet at the reduction. Medium grades are in demand, and are rivals have been a little more plentiful.

GRAIN MARKETS.

There are no changes to report in the flour situation, and trade is quiet under a slow demand. Ontario grades of winter wheat patents hold about steady, but there is an easy feeling to the market for spring wheat grades.

Roller oats is unchanged. Quotations are given at \$1.90 to \$1.95 per bag.

The market here for oats has held steady on a good consumptive demand. No. 2 white is quoted at 41c per bushel ex store; 40c per bushel for No. 3 and 39c per bushel for No. 4.

There is a fair enquiry for baled hay for local consumers, and the market is steady. Receipts are about up to the average, and a quiet export trade is going forward.

A LANGUAGE OF POETRY.

(From the Milwaukee Wisconsin.) There were civilization and culture in Ireland at a time when the remainder of Northwestern Europe was turbulent and unlettered. The most beautiful old book in the world is said by bibliophiles to be the Book of Kells, now preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, which was written and illustrated by Irish monks in the seventh century. It is a large volume, containing the Gospel. It is written on vellum, with brilliantly decorated initial letters. This book, the best authorities agree, represents "the highest point of skill reached by the Irish artist-scribes, or, as regards its own particular style of ornamentation, by any artist scribes whatever." One of the most recent writers on the subject of bibliography says: "A survey of medieval books properly begins with the early Irish

manuscripts, which stand at the head of a long and glorious line stretching from the seventh century of our era to the fifteenth. Although it is not known where the art was born to which these wonderful productions of Celtic pen-craft owe their origin, it is Ireland, nevertheless, which has provided us with the earliest and finest examples of this work, the marvels of skill and beauty which, summed up, as it were, in the Books of Kells, the Book of Durrow, and others, set the Irish manuscript beyond imitation or rivalry.

It was by Irish missionaries that the art of book-writing was taught in Britain, and the earliest manuscripts show abundant evidence of Celtic influence. Is it wonderful that the Celt, conscious of the fact that his ancestors were the tutors of the English, should chafe at the Anglicization of his beautiful island, and, fired with a pious zeal, should desire to restore to his fellow-countrymen some of the distinctive treasures of their ancient heritage of culture?

Among the glories of historic Ireland is the Irish language—a language embodying a wealth of poetry and folklore and imaginative and inspiring tradition. This language was preserved in many of the districts of Ireland until a comparatively recent date, as the domestic language of the people. There is danger of its extinction, and a movement is on foot for its preservation. An apostle of this movement, Dr. Douglas Hyde, delivered an eloquent and interesting lecture in Milwaukee recently before an intelligent and sympathetic audience composed in large part of Irish-Americans.

The movement for the preservation of the Gaelic language, he explains, is not freakish, as some unfamiliar with the conditions under which it has arisen have supposed. It is ethical and cultural. The children of Irish people who have lost the language of their fathers tend to lose their ideals. The cheap and vulgar music hall songs of modern London, are a pernicious substitute for the beautiful poetry and legend embalmed in the Gaelic language. When the movement for the revival of Gaelic began, the Dublin Castle government allowed certain fees from Irish taxes to go for the support of Gaelic teachers. In the Irish national schools more than a quarter of a million sons and daughters of Ireland have been receiving instruction in the language of their ancestors. Lately government support for instruction in Gaelic has been withdrawn.

This is why Dr. Douglas Hyde is lecturing in America. He is hopeful of securing from Irishmen and the descendants of Irishmen in the United States assistance that will offset the withdrawal of the government allowance and enable instruction in Gaelic to go on. Dr. Hyde explains the Gaelic revival as born of love of Ireland rather than hatred of England. He says: "We aim at a self-reliant, self-controlled, self-sufficient Ireland. We want to write our own books and our own songs, and to preserve our own dances. We want to go for nothing outside the four seas that can possibly be secured at home."

These are aspirations which all Americans can understand and applaud. They are aspirations in accord with the American principles of protection and local self-government. The Irish in America, including Americans of Irish descent, are likely to be touched with enthusiasm for the cause which Dr. Hyde represents and to accord it financial as well as moral support.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

NEW SUPERIOR GENERAL.

The Rev. Brother Calasanzio Whitty has been elected Superior General of the Christian Brothers, in succession to the Rev. Bro. M. T. Moylan, who resigned his office owing to ill health.

J. J. M. Landy 416 QUEEN ST., W.

WHY NOT? Go to the new Religious Goods Home 416 Queen Street West, Toronto, for Prayer Books, Prayer Beads, Statues, Ornaments, Candles, Oil, Plaques, Incense, Charms, Candelsticks, Candelabra, Censers, etc., etc.

JUST OUT New illustrated booklet "Hurry no Censorship" mailed to any address free. Send for one. Remember the Address—416 Queen St. West.

J. J. M. LANDY, Diamond Setter, Jeweller, Watchmaker and Optician, 416 QUEEN ST., W. TORONTO, Ont. Mail and Phone Orders Promptly Fulfilled.

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906. Store closes at 5:30 daily and 1 on Saturday during February. TENTH ANNUAL PURE FOOD FAIR NOW IN PROGRESS. Scores of interesting points about "Pure Foods" and the many appetizing ways of preparing each may be picked up by visitor. Pure foods is a term with a broad meaning. It stands for Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Jellies, Soups, Fluid Beef, Jams, etc. In this Fair are assembled the pure foods of two continents. Various booths in charge of experts who will gladly afford all information about the exhibits under their charge. Exhibitors will distribute Free Samples. LADIES' ULSTERS AND COATS Priced for Quick Disposal. 40 P.C. TO 60 P.C. LESS THAN REGULAR PRICES 35 (only) LADIES' ULSTERS, made up of fine quality All-Wool Tweeds, in medium grays and fawns, finished with deep storm collar. Regular prices \$12.00 to \$15.00. To clear \$3.95 800 (only) LADIES' WINTER COATS, made up of All Wool Box Cloth, Chevots, Vicunas and Tweeds, in many styles too numerous to mention, only one or two of each style. Regular prices from \$15.00 to \$21.00. To clear \$4.95 LADIES' FINE FOOTWEAR These are busy days in the Foot Store. The collection of Boots suitable for winter wear, yet immensely stylish, is very comprehensive. Some price hints: LADIES' BLACK DONGOLA, ALSO BLACK VICI KID BUTTON BOOTS, with hand-turn and medium soles, in all widths. The following sizes only: 2 1/2, 3, 3 1/2, 4, 5, 6, 6 1/2 and 7. Regular \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50. To clear at \$1.50 LADIES' BLACK DONGOLA KID LACE BOOTS, with medium weight soles and military heels. Sizes 2 1/2 to 7. Regular \$3.00. Special price \$2.25 HORSE BLANKETS If you have not yet provided your horse with a covering for winter, here's your opportunity 75 good full size Street Horse Blankets, lined throughout, leather straps in front. Regular price \$1.75. Special \$1.25 Other prices and better qualities, \$1.50, \$1.85, \$2.40, \$2.90 WARM WOOLLEN HOSIERY An Announcement concerning Woolen Hosiery for Ladies that is well worth consideration. This concerns some very special values at unusual prices: LADIES' BLACK RIBBED WOOLLEN OVER-STOCKINGS, well shaped, elastic and durable. Special prices: 1 pair 22c, 3 pairs for \$1.00 RIBBED OVER-STOCKINGS, black wool knit, seamless, fine elastic stretch. Price, per pair, 31c; 3 pairs for \$1.00 THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED 1765 and 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

RELIGIOUS SIGNIFICANCE OF THE MONTHS.

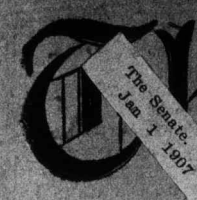
The months of the year have been dedicated by Catholic piety in the following manner: January, the month of the Holy Childhood. February, the month of the Passion. March, the month of devotion to St. Joseph. April, the month of the Resurrection. May, the month of Mary. June, the month of the Sacred Heart. July, the month of the Precious Blood. August, the month of the Heart of Mary. September, the month of the Pilgrim Orders and of the Holy Cross. October, the month of the Angels and of the Rosary. November, the month of devotion for the Soul in Purgatory. December, the month of the Nativity of Our Lord.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TEETOTAL.

The late Joseph Livesey, a famous speaker and worker among the pioneers of the temperance movement, is responsible for the word "teetotalism." Joseph Livesey, albeit a fluent speaker when wound up to his subject, generally began in a stammering and hesitating fashion, and indeed suffered in some measure from a natural impediment of speech. From this cause certain peculiarities of his diction led the irreverent jesters of that day to make no little fun of his allusions to the blessings

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Vol. LV, No. 3

REQUESTS FOR

Catholic Doctrine is Regarded by

Perhaps the most notable ever pronounced in a court upon the oft-contested charitable nature of masses was delivered in the 5th Inst. by the Lord sitting in the Court of judgment is a complete of religion in all such portion of the judgment interest is as follows:

A particular act might religious and pious by sing one religion, but of another; but the common law, by deeming one made to God, showed that it was pious, of the character of the religion according to which act was an act of piety was pious according to of all theistic religion and worship were due man, and that the minister particular religion were by whom the worship of its corporate unity were referred to Him. The acts were admitted by all gions to tend to discharge the debt due to the general body of the faithful bring down upon them spiritual benefits. But must be performed by that Church, and he had although Mass might be private, its liturgy showed contemplated the presence gregation, although not a part. The respondent clerk were those of the who, by the "Orate Fratres" invited to participate in ship, for whose receipt Blessed Eucharist pro made in the Ritual, and the conclusion dismiss words from which the service was derived, "Eat." Having ascertained tacter of these gifts, he sider the effect upon the Reformation Statute lish Statutes prescribed liturgies of divine service prayer books, and the I the second prayer book VI. The effect of the E tutes was stated by Lord make orisons, prayers, other divine services. tutes did not in terms of the performance of a should be accepted as a of the old. The view of the old Church, with a certain of its doctrines, quent changes in its lit vine service; that the service was the divine se Reformation times, alter mode as was incident to of doctrine, and Lord C involved this that the held that the celebration tered service was a perf condition which prescri orisons, prayers, Masses divine services for the grantor." And they kno of history that the of the Reformed Chur either in England or Ire the Reformation the land held by these tenures.

was still held under the atical foundations. Some land was at, and passing of the Irish C held by them in Ireland some of the earlier year dical career the choir chorists—of one of the thedral—he thought Chi were in the habit of con Court of Exchequer once Hilary Term, and perfor an act of service under spiritual tenures by sim in open court. Now, it happen that neither of under such a condition nor the condition itself. The only answer he cou that the Common Law formation continued. These tenures involved a ciple of piety, which, a formation, as well as