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True AND Witness

Vol. LVIII., No. 26

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908

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QUEBEC CITY



Note and Comment

According to the Catholic census of New Orleans, which Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, has been compiling for several months, and which has been made public, says the Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph, the Crescent City has 181,549 Catholic communicants out of a total population of about 350,000. This report will form part of a larger one which the Archbishop of St. Louis will make on all dioceses in the country.

Ireland's oldest painter recently died in the person of Richard Hooke, of Manchester, whose death at a great age evidently escaped attention in Ireland. More than sixty years ago he was painting portraits in his native city of Belfast, and for many years he exhibited his pictures at the Royal Hibernian Academy. Finally he went to Manchester, where his reputation was enhanced by his numerous portraits of notable citizens of that city. Quite a number of works from his brush are in private houses in the North of Ireland. Though an exile, Hooke never forgot the country of his birth but took a keen interest in her doings.

The sixth Aonach, or Irish Industrial Exhibition and Sale of Irish Manufactures and Produce, held under the auspices of the Gaelic League of London, was formally opened on Nov. 17, at the Royal Horticultural Society's Hall, Westminster. Sir Horace Plunkett, in presiding at the opening ceremony, spoke in most hopeful terms of the prospects for Ireland's future, especially in view of the revolution in land tenure now going on throughout the country.

Mgr. Duparc, Bishop of Quimper, has been fined three hundred francs for an alleged infraction of the French government's law on teaching by religious congregations which had been dissolved. He provided a house after they had been secularized, and they set up school in it as ordinary French citizens.

Dr. H. Zeller, director of the Statistical Bureau in Stuttgart, has just published his religious census of the world. He computes the number of human beings in the world at 1,544,510,000. Of these, 584,940,000 are Christians, 175,290,000 Mohammedans, 10,860,000 Jews, 300,000,000 Confucians, 214,000,000 Brahmans and 121,000,000 Buddhists, with other bodies of lesser numbers.

According to news received from Sant'Agello di Sorrento, where F. Marion Crawford has a magnificent villa overlooking the bluest spot in the blue Mediterranean—the Bay of Naples—the great American novelist is obliged, if not to stop altogether, at least to lessen his work on the new story he is writing to be dramatized in America. Since his return from the Tyrol he has not been well, while a rising temperature, going every day somewhat above the normal, denotes the presence of fever. The doctors, including some specialists from Naples, have not been able exactly to establish the nature of the fever, but it is supposed to be rheumatism.

A number of names have been added to the official roll of honor of the Church during the week. On Sunday His Holiness Pope Pius X., amidst a concourse of Cardinals, archbishops and priests, conferred the title of Venerable on thirty-six sons and daughters of the Church, who, by the sanctity of their lives, have been adjudged worthy of this distinction. The most noteworthy name on the list is that of Jeanne d'Arc, the heroine of Orleans. The others are those of missionaries and

converts in China and Oochin China who were put to death for their belief in Christ. They were Fathers Etienne Eudes, Jean Geunot, Peter Nell, Francesco Nores, Theophile Venard, Chepolla and twenty-nine companions.

It is announced from Rome that His Holiness Pope Pius X. has entirely recovered from his recent indisposition, caused by his contracting cold during the great Jubilee celebration at Rome. Last Wednesday he resumed his audiences.

The preparatory work for the beatification of the Venerable John Duns Scotus, the great Franciscan champion of Our Lady's unique privilege, has, says the Franciscan Annals, just been concluded. It fills two large printed volumes. It now remains to be examined.

once more drew thousands of music lovers to the hall which has witnessed so many of her triumphs.

The Pope's appointment of Lord Denbigh as representative in England of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, is an evidence of the high favor in which this important peer is held in Rome. The late Earl Denbigh was converted to the Church, and the present earl married into the Catholic family of Clifford of Chudleigh, which has given several nuns—sisters of Lady Denbigh—to the Church.

Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., president of Boston College, is already an honorary member of the Passamaquoddy tribe of Indians, Maine, and if he can but spare time for a little trip to South Dakota, he will be received into the Sioux tribe as

BETHLEHEM.

Two thousand years of time and ten thousand miles of land and sea separates us from the Bethlehem of the days of Christ.

The little town still stands. It is wrapped around with the love of Christian millions, crowding along its narrow streets, filling every sacred spot and clinging around every storied scene is the grateful memory of a ransomed world.

Hidden away among its palms, harvest-fields stretching their golden lengths before it, and gentle hills rising behind, Bethlehem awaited one night to listen to the choir of angels singing the birth of the Savior of men.

Fancy can scarcely paint that scene. Heaven and earth came close

Amazed at what they had seen and heard, the shepherds stood silent and in awe. But soon a voice broke in upon their wonder and bade them fear nothing, for "Behold we bring you tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people, for this day there is born to you a Savior, who is Christ, the Lord, in the City of David. And this shall be a sign to you. You shall find the Infant wrapped in swathing clothes and lying in a manger." Then they said one to another, Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this wondrous thing that has come to pass. And going with haste they found Mary and Joseph and the Infant lying in a manger.

That night, and Bethlehem became the most sacred city in all the world. Henceforth it is the shrine to which the pilgrim from every land will bend his way. The cradle of Christianity in all times and in every land the faithful Christian looks back to it with all that love with which the tired wanderer regards the fire-side hearth around which in care- less childhood he loved to play.

In the course of the weary centuries that have gone by since the coming of Christ what mighty scenes were enacted around the cradle of His birth.

Emboldened amid its palms and within the shadow of Jerusalem the little town must share the joys and sorrows of the once proud capital of Judea. Through its narrow streets, over its varied places, across its fruitful fields went the war chariots of Rome and the tramp of her conquering legions. Her stately trees were cut away to make the battering rams that beat down the proud gates of Jerusalem. Her ruined houses supplied fuel for the tent fires of the soldiers of Titus. When all was over and the mighty hand of Rome had done its work the remnant of her people looked out upon the mighty ruin that should endure until He completed the course of all the nations.

Centuries later and another drama was enacted amid these hallowed scenes. The same streets, the same fields, the same sacred places were crimsoned with the drops of Christian and Mohammedan blood. Turbanned chiefs and mailed crusaders met in combat, and for three hundred years the battle for the possession of the world was waged around the birthplace of the world's Redeemer. To-day the little town of Bethlehem stands as of yore. It may, indeed, be poor, and yet it is in no wise the least among the premiers of Judea, for out of it has come the One who will rule the people of Israel.

Out from the manger at Bethlehem went forth a power such as the world never saw before. Noiseless, indeed as the light of the morning, but resistless as though backed by the force of armed men. It went forth conquering and to conquer. It spoke to the poor and the lowly and told him that he was the brother of the king. It entered the prison and the dungeon, and spoke words of comfort to the miserable and oppressed. It struck the shackles from the limbs of the galley slave, and closed the mouths of the tigers and lions in every arena in the broad empire of Rome. It lifted humanity up from the low places into which it had fallen and said to man that he was the chef d'oeuvre of the earthly handiwork of God and that he was created a little lower than the angels. Such in its wide sweep is the Christian religion, and such is the mighty influence that saw its inception at Bethlehem nearly two thousand years ago.

Jerusalem.

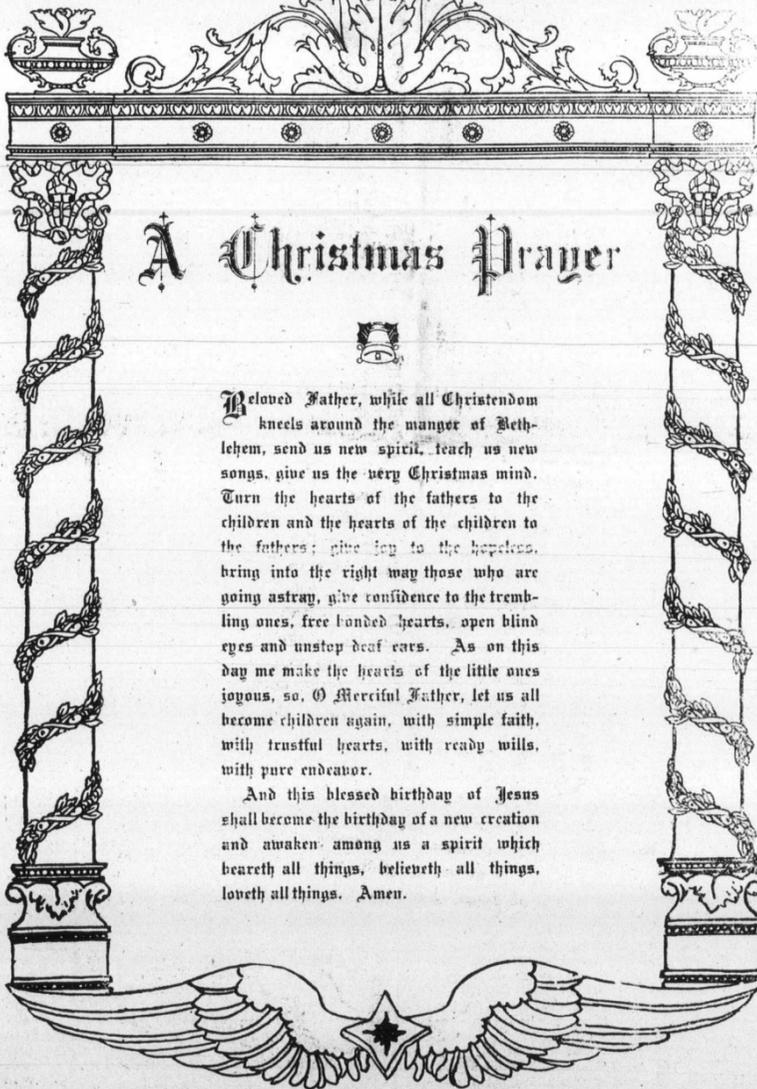
(Written for True Witness.)
Deep the snow lay on the ground,
As the shepherds gathered round
Jesus' stall,
Sweetly angels sang above,
Songs of "Joy and songs of love,
"Peace to all."

The sweet Virgin Mother mild,
Kneelt beside her Infant Child,
Full of grace,
And her heart with love ablaze
Held her long enraptured gaze
On His face.

Spouse of Mary, too, knelt by
And the love light in his eye
Spoke his heart,
Pouring forth their souls in prayer,
Pious shepherds lingered there,
Loath to part.

O dear Savior grant that we
Yet may have the joy to see
In heav'n above,
That sweet Babe, who in the stall,
Filled the hearts of mankind all
With His love.

J. FRANCIS FLYNN



A Christmas Prayer

Beloved Father, while all Christendom kneels around the manger of Bethlehem, send us new spirit, teach us new songs, give us the very Christmas mind. Turn the hearts of the fathers to the children and the hearts of the children to the fathers; give joy to the hopeless, bring into the right way those who are going astray, give confidence to the trembling ones, free larded hearts, open blind eyes and unstep deaf ears. As on this day we make the hearts of the little ones joyous, so, O Merciful Father, let us all become children again, with simple faith, with trustful hearts, with ready wills, with pure endeavor.

And this blessed birthday of Jesus shall become the birthday of a new creation and awaken among us a spirit which beareth all things, believeth all things, loneth all things. Amen.

The Catholic Press was the one great vital subject overlooked at the Chicago Missionary Congress, says the Central Catholic. The accumulation of too many cares upon too few organizers can be the only explanation of this grave oversight.

Dr. Thomas F. McParlan is the fourth New Yorker to receive Papal honors within the last month. Because of his charitable work the title of Knight of St. Gregory comes to him at the personal request of Archbishop Aversa, Apostolic Delegate to Cuba and Porto Rico, and has the hearty approval of Archbishop Farley.

Father Vaughan's concert at Albert Hall, London, resulted in the collection of £1080 for poor children. For this he is greatly indebted to the generosity of Mme. Patti, who emerged from her retirement and

a warrior with a right to sit at its councils. Even these adoptions into families of the only indigenous Americans can hardly make Father Gasson a better American than he is; but he has been a devoted friend to the Indians of Maine, and it is pleasant to see the grateful appreciation of the Indians of other sections of the country.

Mother Matilda Tone, of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who died recently at the New York convent of pneumonia, was of a family closely connected with the distinguished Irish patriot, Theobald Wolfe Tone. Mother Tone entered religion at the age of eighteen, and after profession at the motherhouse in France and while still in her twenties, she was appointed to the responsible office of Mistress General of the famous Manhattanville Academies, which she filled in this and other academies with great success for twenty-two years.

together when mortal ear listened to angels' song, and mortal eyes beheld a heavenly light. It was midnight and the great moon silvered the little city and the plain. No breeze stirred, and the sacred stillness of that eastern night possessed the land. Out upon the neighboring hill the simple shepherds kept the night-watches over their combat, and for three hundred years the battle for the possession of the flocks. In low tones, no doubt, they spoke of that which was uppermost in the mind of all the people. They spoke of Quirinius and the enrollment. They spoke of the departed glory of Judea and of the approaching time when the promised Deliverer should be born in their own little city.

And as they talked, lo! a wondrous thing came to pass. A bright light lit up the hills around. It was a soft, ethereal light, not like that of sun or moon or stars. And suddenly the strains of heavenly music flooded the hills, the city and the plain. They listened and in the music was the voice of angels and they heard for the first time the Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

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A CHRISTMAS PRAYER

O Christ, who first saw the light of day, As, naked in Your poverty, You lay Upon the manger bed of Bethlehem, Look down on me this Christmas-tide, I pray. Though I have gifts that other vainly seek— Gifts of the mind and flesh—I would bespeak Of You one greater boon. I value not These earthly treasures, for my heart is bleak. 'E'en as You lay upon Your natal cot— Unclad, unsheltered, destitute Your lot— Thus, cold and hungry, on my spirit's couch A beggar child lies, though men see it not. 'E'en as, forsaken in Gethsemane Your heart sobbed out its first wild agony Of shattered trust, in awful loneliness, Thus does my own, O Christ, cry out in me. Ah, You who know, You that have felt the pain Soul isolation brings, You who have lain In tortured silence through the sleepless night And faced the morning with a smile again, Send me one gift this festive day of Thine— A kindred spirit, so attuned divine That we may feast upon the food of love And quench our thirst in wine sent from above. —Louis J. Stellman, in Canadian Messenger.

THE THREE MASSES

By Rev. T. J. Shahan, D.D. Of the ancient privileges of Christmas only two have survived in the Church law, one of eating meat when it falls on Friday, and the other, peculiar to priests, of celebrating

three masses in honor of the three-fold generation of Christ, viz., from all eternity to the bosom of the Father, in time in the womb of the Blessed Virgin, and in the souls of the just.

The practice of celebrating three masses had its origin at Rome, and it was so old at the beginning of the sixth century that the Liber Pontificalis, compiled at the time, referred to it as Pope Telesphorus, of the second century. The very old Mass books, called the Gelasian and Gregorian Sacramentaries, contain each three masses for the day. Anciently they were said at the time and in the order in which they are prescribed in the missal, i. e., midnight, before the aurora, and after sunrise. We know that in the sixth century, and probably earlier, the Pope was wont to say these three masses at St. Mary Major's, St. Anastasia (whose feast occurred that day), and at St. Peter's. Curiously enough, the preface of the Nativity, several collects and many parts of the masses remain identically what they were fourteen hundred years ago, so jealous is the Church of her liturgy and so capable of preserving it from substantial alterations.

The midnight vigil of Christmas is the last relic of a very common custom in the first Christian ages, of celebrating nocturnal vigils for the feasts of the saints. The attendant disorders discredited them, so that only the venerable Vigil of the Nativity escaped. In the early Middle Ages all the people were expected to attend midnight mass and to communicate, under pain of three years' excommunication, as a means of compelling the performance of what we now call Easter duty. Perhaps this is the meaning of the tradition that the Emperor Justin (the first or the second) ordered Christmas to be everywhere celebrated, not doubt by confession and communion, for it was a common feast long before the time of either Justin.

THE KING'S BIRTH

Arise, Arise! Let cymbals ring. All hail the birthday of our King. Arise! Arise! All earth now cries. As sun-kissed heralds pierce the way, And tell of Christ's earthborn this day.

Arise! Arise! The angels sing, See how 'tis borne on pinioned wing. Up to the skies, Arise! Arise! Of earthly mold and born of sin, The knee in homage bends to Him. Arise! Arise! Like the three of old, Led by the star that marks the fold, Where He now lies, Arise! Arise! Go seek the Shepherd, King o'er more, Go and the Lamb of God adore.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

The custom of giving presents on Christmas, now so universally observed, is traceable to the New Testament account of how kings and wise men made rich offerings to the Infant Jesus. For the Christmas tree the world is indebted to the ancient Germans, who, during the continuance of their great feast of the winter solstice hung large yew trees with red gifts, decorations and lights. From them, too, came Santa Claus, Kris Kringle, Knicht Rupert and the many other fabulous personages charged with the duty of bringing gifts to good children, as does also the beautiful fable that such offerings are brought directly by the sweet hands of the loving "Christ Child"—the Infant Jesus Himself.

THE CHILDREN'S FESTIVAL

The Christ-child's birthday comes again— And children's voices say:— Good will and Peace have come to men— God bless our Christmas Day. The world-worm may turn from its simple allurements, and press rude fingers upon its sacred memories, and resist its divine sentiment and go cold and hard about the little cares of life throughout its Royal hours. But for the Father's little ones it holds the best romance of life. Their smiles fringe its dawn with beauty. Their abounding laughter fills its morning with jubilee. Their prayers go up as its sun goes down. It is buried in the children's hearts. Their waking on the morrow is its radiant resurrection. Beneath the cumbering cares and choking dross of life the pearls lie scattered all about and the children grasp the chords of love and hand-over-hand swing down into our hearts and fill their hands with gems and make their divine playground. The treasures of our hearts are revealed and piled about the children's feet. It is a poor heart that is not fashioned to be a Child's Throne.

TURKEY SURPRISE

Flour and butter, each two tablespoonfuls, salt and pepper, each a quarter of a teaspoonful; stock, one cupful; cold turkey, a cupful and a half. Make one cupful of ordinary thick sauce, mixing the butter with the flour. Add the stock made from the bones and skin of roast turkey. Mix the turkey with the sauce. Make a rich crust, cut it in squares, put on it one tablespoonful of the mixture and fold the crust over. Glaze

with the yolk of egg beaten. Bake for over twenty minutes in a hot oven.

CHRISTMAS TORPEDES

Cut up into dice three ounces of cold chicken, two ounces of cooked ham, and two hard-boiled eggs. Mix them with a gill of rich white sauce, stir in also some truffle peelings, salt and pepper to taste, and a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Whip a gill of cream till very stiff, and stir lightly into the other ingredients. Fill small timbale-cases with the mixture, and decorate the top of each with chopped truffle, the yolk of egg passed through a sieve, or with coralline pepper. If the little silver saucepans to hold cases are handy the appearance of the dish is much improved. Truffle peelings can be bought already chopped.

ALEXANDRIA DROPS WITH PECAN MEATS

Brown sugar, two pounds; vinegar, one tablespoonful; butter, a quarter of a pound; cold water, one cupful; chopped pecan meats, one cupful. Cook together the sugar, vinegar, butter and water until a little of the candy hardens in cold water (about twenty minutes). Add the nuts, then pour the mixture on to a buttered slab to remain until cool enough to handle. Then oil the hands and pull the candy out till elastic—over and over again till quite creamy. Cut with scissors into pieces half an inch thick. The nuts may be omitted if desired.

FRUIT PASTE—ONE OF THE BEST OF SWEETMEATS

Good dates, one pound; cherries, half a pound; nut meats, two cupfuls; seeded raisins and figs, one pound each; some confectioner's sugar. Put all these ingredients except the sugar through a chopper twice. Turn out on a board, knead well with confectioner's sugar until you can roll it out half an inch thick. Cut into pieces and dip into granulated sugar.

I SAW THREE SHIPS

I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; I saw three ships come sailing in, On Christmas Day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three? On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day? Pray whither sailed those ships all three? On Christmas Day in the morning?

Oh, they sailed into Bethlehem, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; Oh, they sailed into Bethlehens, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the bells on earth shall ring, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the angels in Heaven shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day; And all the souls on earth shall sing, On Christmas Day in the morning.

HOME-MADE HOLIDAY BEVERAGES

During the holidays it is a pleasing departure to substitute for the usual cup of afternoon tea some other home-made beverage which partakes more of a festive nature. The table, too, should have a touch of holly or other Christmas green and boast the daintiest of crystal, linen and other accessories the hostess has at her command. The appended recipes for home-made drinks will be found most delectable for the purpose.

Yule Punch—To one pint of strawberry or currant syrup add the juice of five oranges, five lemons and one can grated pineapple. Sweeten to taste, adding cold water to make the mixture the proper consistency and strength. Turn into a punch bowl, add a lump of ice and garnish with Maraschino cherries. Serve in punch glasses with a sprig of holly tied to the handle of each.

For a special occasion this punch can be served in an ice bowl. To make such a receptacle cut a square of clear ice and smooth the surface with a hot iron; then in one side make a cavity with a hot iron, large enough to hold the punch. Cover a round tray with a thick mat of absorbent cotton, place the ice bowl on this and surround with a wreath of holly or other Christmas greens.

Fruit Cocktails.—To half a pint of cherry syrup add the juice of an orange and of half a lemon. Pare and shred finely one large ripe pineapple. Dust with powdered sugar and chill on ice. Serve in cocktail glasses, putting into the glass, first, a tablespoonful of pineapple, then one of the fruit syrup and finishing off with a tablespoonful of crushed ice. Either fruit forks or long-handled spoons may be used.

Banana Cocktails.—Cut thoroughly ripe bananas into tiny dice; then add lemon juice as there are bananas. Sweeten to taste and chill. At serving time, add iced water to make of proper strength. Serve in cocktail glasses.

cold water. Cook until of the consistency of cream, then take from the fire and cool. Serve in sherbet cups, putting into each cup a few drops of lemon juice and a little shaved ice.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS

Oh! lovely voices of the sky Which hymned the Savior's birth, Are ye not singing still on high, Ye that sang, "Peace on earth?" To us yet speak the strains Wherewith, in time gone by, Ye blessed the Syrian swains, Oh! voices of the sky! Oh! clear and shining light, whose beams That hour Heaven's glory shed, Around the palms, and o'er the streams, And on the shepherd's lead. Be near, through life and death, As in that holiest night Of hope, and joy, and faith— Oh, clear and shining light! —Felicia Hemans.

Funny Sayings

PRactical TOMMY. Owing to his extreme youth and timidity, Tommy Jones—escaped going to church the whole year around except on Christmas Day. After one of his annual visits his uncle asked him at the dinner table if he had been a good boy and said a prayer in church. "Oh, yes indeed," answered Tommy. "I said a prayer like all the rest did just before the sermon began. Want to hear it?" "Yes, indeed. What did you say?" replied the surprised uncle. "Now I lay me down to sleep," said Tommy.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

The solemnity of the meeting was somewhat disturbed when the eloquent young theologian pictured in glowing words the selfishness of men who spend their evenings at the club, leaving their wives in loneliness at home at this happy season. "Think, my hearers," said he, "of a poor, neglected wife, all alone in the great, dreary house, rocking the cradle of her sleeping babe with one foot and wiping away her tears with the other!"

TOO FAR BACK FOR HIM

Tommy had been punished. "Mamma," he sobbed, "did your mamma whip you when you were little?" "Yes, when I was naughty." "And did her mamma whip her when she was little?" "Yes, Tommy." "And was she whipped when she was little?" "Yes." "Well, who started the darned thing, anyway?"

ONE GIFT SHE MISSED

Six-year-old Harry wanted to buy his sister a little Christmas present. His heart throbbed with joy at the thought, though he had in his pocket only ten cents. Nevertheless, he went around the shops and came back with a satisfied look. His mother asked him what he had bought. "I got her a cream puff," he said. "Well, you know, Harry," said his mother, "that won't last until Christmas." "That's what I thought after I bought it, mother," replied Harry, calmly, "and so I ate it."

DIDN'T HAVE TIME

A veterinary surgeon one day prepared a powder for a sick horse and gave it to his young assistant to administer. The assistant asked how it was to be done, and the doctor gave him a large glass tube and told him to put the tube in the

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horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat. A short time afterwards there was a great commotion, and the doctor rushed out to find his assistant in trouble. "Where is that medicine?" he shouted. "What is the matter?" The assistant coughed several times severely and then spluttered: "The horse blew first!" A CHOICE OF TWO EVILS. One evening the youngest of the large family was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the father, a scientist by profession, went to the rescue. "I think I can quiet little Flora," he said. "There's no use in humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to lead our Glee Club at college may make a difference, too." Accordingly the professor took the child, and striding up and down the room, sang in his best manner. After the second stanza of his song a ring was heard, and the door was opened to admit a girl of fourteen. "I'm one of the family that's just moved into the flat next to yours," she said. "There's a sick person with us, and he says, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"

Some Reasons Why the K. of C. Organization Should be Recognized.

Ave Maria, the excellent Catholic magazine published at Notre Dame, Indiana, by the Fathers of the Holy Cross, recently published an article which may serve as the best answer to those who are endeavoring to injure the Knights of Columbus by the publication of false rumors to the effect that the Order has been denounced by some member of the hierarchy in the United States. Mr. Joseph A. Mercier, of Montreal, National Trustee of the Knights recently visited the headquarters of the Association at New Haven and enquired into these assertions which were found to be absolutely groundless. Mr. Mercier also recently attended the celebration of the Centennial of the establishment of the Catholic diocese of Massachusetts at Boston, and there took part with thousands of fellow members of the Order in the enthusiastic celebration in which the Knights took a prominent part, and were congratulated by His Grace Archbishop O'Connell for their zeal in all works of the Church. The Ave Maria's article reads as follows: In view of the fact that renewed efforts are now being made to draw Catholic young men into the Young Men's Christian Association, active opposition to, or unfriendly attitude toward, the Knights of Columbus strikes us as being especially regrettable. There are so many societies which it is forbidden to join and so few Catholic associations to take their place, while the advantages of being a member of some large social organization are so numerous, and in a worldly sense so important, it would seem wiser to encourage a body of Catholics like the Knights of Columbus than to discountenance them. The fear is

MY... (By Florence Gillic Co.) Twenty years a dreary months in was called there ness which detain week and entire time and attention knowing a soul went forth from shop and public and down the be mentally and physically capable of further longed—so even I thought that I was only very surely pining loneliness (now that I was only idle) when, most of a source of much to help the uneventful hours of a day, as I was delude, I noticed of me raise his eyes the Blessed Sacrament it was because it that eloquent little on the boulevards attention was drawn walked behind him more I had ample him closely before ugly apartment. There was an un distinction about hi and I wondered wh told, whether it w and listless, or but rather heartles so many French me. As he turned to meet he stood for foot of the steps a the street, so my c tified—and my love for I had built up a story about him as heels and his face v for the hero of my strong, even severe so sad and sweet. After our first laughingly called it I saw him almost that in the one sh spent with me each annoy him with r until at what he too ed and tried to hel self-imposed probl Early in June the fient military page occasion of which I do remember well was to learn that th pass our pension a see them easily a fully half an hour. As sion was due I saw his stand in an aw just outside of my good view point, b way one) and I wa the opportunity of closely without me would see me. He years of age, I decid appearance, but that I became fully c When after a wear ing the first band r as excited as a chil ment after regiment my friend in my eag the great moment, w himself drew near, I I know not why. I transformed; it beam ment and happiness ral went by he invol ed, military fashio. "It is or was a sol instantly but what ishment when, before

MY HERO.

(By Florence Gilmore, in the Catholic Columbian.)

Twenty years ago I spent six long dreary months in Paris. My husband was called there on important business which detained him week after week and entirely monopolized his time and attention, while I, not knowing a soul in all the great city, went forth from church to church, from gallery to gallery, through the shops and public buildings and up and down the beautiful drives until, mentally and physically, I was incapable of further sightseeing and longed—oh so earnestly, to get home. I thought that I was slowly but very surely pining away from sheer loneliness (now it appears to me that I was only very cross and very idle) when, most unexpectedly, I found a source of interest which did much to help me through the long, uneventful weeks.

One day as I was passing the Madeleine, I noticed a man just ahead of me raise his hat in reverence to the Blessed Sacrament, and perhaps it was because it is unusual to see that eloquent little act of devotion on the boulevards of Paris that my attention was drawn to him. My way coincided with his, and as I walked behind him for a mile or more I had ample leisure to observe him closely before he entered a large, ugly apartment near our pension. There was an unmistakable air of distinction about his tall, erect figure and I wondered what story his face told, whether it was proud and cold and listless, or sharp and shrewd but rather heartless as are those of so many French men.

As he turned to go into his apartment he stood for a moment at the foot of the steps and glanced down the street, so my curiosity was satisfied—and my love of romance, too, for I had built up a wonderful little story about him as I followed at his heels and his face was quite suitable for the hero of my foolish dream, so strong, even severe was it, and yet so sad and sweet.

After our first "meeting," as I laughingly called it to my husband, I saw him almost daily, and I fear that in the one short hour Martin spent with me each day I frequently annoyed him with my conjectures as to who and what the stranger was until at last he too became interested and tried to help me solve my self-imposed problem.

Early in June there was a magnificent military pageant in Paris, the occasion of which I cannot recall, I do remember well how delighted I was to learn that the troops would pass our pension and that I could see them easily and satisfactorily from my room. As I took my place fully half an hour before the procession was due I saw my "hero" take his stand in an angle of the house just outside of my window (a very good view point, but an out of the way one) and I was glad to have the opportunity of observing him closely without fearing that he would see me. He was about fifty years of age, I decided and noble in appearance, but that he was very sad I became fully convinced.

When after a weary hour of waiting the first band reached us I was as excited as a child, and as regiment after regiment passed I forgot my friend in my eager pleasure. At the great moment, when the general himself drew near, I glanced at him, I know not why. His face was transformed; it beamed with excitement and happiness and as the general went by he involuntarily saluted me with a friendly frown.

"He is or was a soldier," I thought instantly, but what was my astonishment when, before his arm had

fallen to his side he seemed suddenly to recollect himself and overcome with what I took to be embarrassment, he slipped through the crowd and out of sight.

My interest in him was doubled though Martin laughed uproariously when I explained to him that for some cause he had been much embarrassed when he realized that he had saluted the general and had hurried away. "He was tired standing, you foolish little woman," he cried teasingly. "Do not let your lively imagination run away with you."

The next time I saw my friend was in the Gallery of Battles at Versailles. I had been standing fascinated before the magnificent Battle of Rivoli and when at last I reluctantly turned away I saw him sitting near by studying it earnestly and carefully. I passed on to other masterpieces but an hour later when I retraced my steps to go home, he was there still.

"He not only was a soldier but he would like to be one now," I was thinking, feeling that I had advanced a step in my knowledge of him, when I observed an elderly man who was standing near the door point out my friend to his companion and overheard him say in an undertone something about "mere hypocrisy." I was appalled and rather crushed too. Was the character sketch I had drawn in my mind so entirely false? I could not believe it.

Two months dragged slowly by and I did not see him again except occasionally to catch a glimpse of his tall figure as he passed my window. On the eve of our departure for home I went to say good bye to the kind cure of the quaint old church we had attended, feeling sorry to leave him, the only person who had ever spoken to me in a friendly way during all the time we spent in the gay metropolis. He was engaged, his crabbed, housekeeper said, so I sat down in the parlor to wait for him and had grown tired and impatient before I heard his voice outside.

"He had been entertaining some one in the tiny garden," I said to myself and peering through the swiss curtains saw him walk to the gate with a man, talk to him there for a few minutes longer and then put his hand affectionately on his shoulder by way of good-bye. It was my soldier friend!

After some minutes desultory talk with the old priest I exclaimed impulsively, "Father, I have often seen the man who just left you, and have been so much interested in him. I am sure he has a story. Won't you tell it to me?"

He hesitated for an instant before he answered. "Well, since you are an American, I shall not Frenchman would believe it, but I am sure you will. . . . It is six, or at least seven years since I first saw him," he began after what I had found an interminable pause. "He came here to tell me that the wife and children of a workman who had died shortly before were very needy, and to give me money to relieve their wants. 'He was a volunteer in '70,' he explained, 'and I don't want a soldier's family to suffer as long as I have means to help them.' He gave me also offerings for two Masses asking me to say one on August 15th, the anniversary of the battle of Wissembourg for the soldiers and officers who were killed there, and the other the following day if possible, for General Donay who lost his life in that same dreadful fray. 'I was beside him when he fell,' he said and continued thoughtfully, 'a fine man a good soldier, and what a glorious death he had!'"

"As you may well imagine, I was

much interested and was delighted when he sat for half an hour and talked as I have seldom had the good fortune to hear any one else. He was thoroughly informed on all matters of moment and I was charmed by his clear intelligent views of men and affairs and his kindly, lenient judgment even of those whose course he could not sanction or even respect.

"When he rose to go I invited him to come again adding 'But you have not told me your name, my friend.' "What was your name, my friend?" I asked. "I am Colonel —"

"I shrank back involuntarily at the sound of a name all France held in execration, and my companion hung his head silently for an instant then looking at me squarely said an abrupt good bye. Well, after one keen glance (an old priest like me has learned to know human nature on his soldier) I could not think ill of the owner of that strong, humble, noble face."

"Oh, that is how I have felt, Father! I overheard him called a hypocrite but I could not think it possible that he is one," I exclaimed, rejoiced that there was still a chance that my hero would prove to be a hero indeed. The priest smiled approvingly and went on: "Come back into the parlor," I said to him impulsively and rather imperiously, I am afraid. "I was a soldier myself many years ago," I told him when we were once more in this little room, "and there are some things hard to forgive, but I am convinced that there is a mistake somewhere. Won't you tell me your story?"

"He looked at me sadly, and spoke with an evident effort and in a queer, constrained voice. 'There is little to tell, Father, beyond what the whole world knows. Soon after the siege of Metz I was accused of having had treasonable communications with a soldier the evidence against me was strong, but I was acquitted on what was little more than a technicality. No one believed me guiltless, not even the judges who could not in justice condemn me. All France was enraged by the decision. I was mobbed here in Paris and saved by police protection again in Bordeaux some months after the close of the war. You know, Father, he interjected, 'patriotism is never as strong as when a nation has suffered defeat and crushing disaster—that is all.' The past ten years I have lived isolated from my kind, shunned, hated, an object of curiosity and suspicion."

"Were you guilty?" I asked sharply. "Before God I swear that I am innocent," he answered solemnly. "Why don't you vindicate yourself?" I cried, not doubting his word for an instant. "Why live under such a load of shame?"

"What good would it do, who would believe me?" he replied with a touch of bitterness. "I realized that he spoke the truth, for I knew, perhaps better than he could, how strong was the feeling against him, a feeling I had shared until that hour. He could not make the whole nation see him as I did. . . . After a long silence that I knew not how to break, he spoke again, very earnestly. 'Father, you are the first who has ever asked me if I was falsely accused. I see that you believe me, and I thank you,' he said in a calm voice, then suddenly burying his face in his hands he sobbed aloud."

"I was too much moved to speak but what did I have said or done to comfort such grief? But perhaps I am tiring Madame," the old priest interrupted himself.

"No, no, Father," I answered impatiently, "I am intensely interested. . . . Well, my child—where was I? and recollecting himself after a moment's pause he continued: 'In a few minutes he regained his composure and said humbly as a child, 'Forgive me, Father, your kindness quite disarmed me. Believe me I am resigned and in the very hardness and bitterness of my lot have found cause to be proud of my countrymen. It shows me how true we all love this fair France of ours when treason merits such obloquy. Whenever I receive a taunt I realize that it is like a salute, a mark of respect to our flag. . . . France will not allow me to serve her in the way I should love to,' he went on, evidently, strong man as he was, relieved to unburden his sore heart, hidden from all for so many years, 'but I have done what I could—in little things of course, I often in my days would scorn in these sad atheistical days. . . . When he rose to go I repeated my invitation. 'Come often, my friend,' I said meaningly, and he clasped my hand and looked at me with such pathetic gratitude that in spite of myself tears filled my eyes and ran down my wrinkled old cheeks. . . . Well, that is the end of my story. He has lived alone, avoided and despised, but I think my friendship is a real solace to him. He is happy now because he has learned to stoic himself for 'Religion and France,' as he says, that he allows himself only the bare necessities of life. Surely no one ever served his country as truly and disinterestedly."

"Not long ago we were again in Paris and looking over one of the morning journals, the following notice made my heart ache: 'Colonel —, who died on Monday, was buried from the Church of the Immaculate Conception before dawn yesterday to avoid the hostile demonstration which the traitor's hearse would almost certainly have called forth had it passed through the streets when they were full of loyal citizens.' There he lies no one knows or cares."

Letter of Thanks.

(To the Editor of the True Witness.)

Dear Sir: Now that the navigation season of 1908 is ended and the sailors have left the port of Montreal, will you kindly allow me, on behalf of the management of the Catholic Sailors' Club, to thank those Catholic societies and choirs who have organized the concerts for us, as well as those ladies and gentlemen who have given their services so ungrudgingly to provide healthy and refined entertainments to the seamen while in our midst. Apart from our thanks, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have assisted a real charity, for by their assistance at our bright weekly gatherings, they help us to keep the seamen away from the many temptations that a gay city has for Jack ashore and they are assisting them to save their scanty earnings, for they are mostly firemen and stokers, and there are many struggling families at home who depend upon them. These cheerful concerts are keenly appreciated and looked forward to by all the men, and most especially by the Catholics who feel that they are welcomed to the city by their coreligionists on a basis of fellowship in the household of the Faith.

For it must be remembered that while the Catholic Seamen's Club excludes no seaman whatever his nationality or creed, from its material and moral benefits, but rather welcomes him, as all confess, still the Club was primarily instituted for the relief of our own Catholic seamen, who consequently have the first call on our charity. Thus we are very jealous of the religious side of our institution.

Many of our patrons who honor us with a visit to our concerts and our club rooms, and see only the social aspect, are apt to forget the steady work that goes on day by day for the physical, moral and spiritual uplifting of the men. Many a distressed or stranded sailor is helped; if ill in the hospitals, he is visited by sympathetic fellow Catholics—a work which has lately been entrusted to the members of the Loyola Ladies' Club. If he should die while in port, there is an honored place for him in sanctified ground in the Club's cemetery at Cote des Neiges.

Moreover, he has a chaplain, the Rev. J. J. Kavanagh, S.J., who every Saturday night is at his service and again next morning at Holy Mass and in the evening for devotions and illustrated lectures. Thus great power for good is being unostentatiously exerted for the poor sailor who otherwise might never get near a church or put himself under any uplifting circumstances while in port.

It has been remarked that the river front of Montreal is wonderfully free from the vice and crime of other great ports. No doubt this is due to the influence of the Catholic Sailors' Club and the Montreal Sailors' Institute, which are both at one in advancing the common work of Christianity—the relief of the brotherhood.

There is much talk in the air at present among Catholics of the "lay apostolate." We would remind your readers that the Catholic Sailors' Club was originated by the lay members and is supported by its lay promoters in the truest spirit of the above noble ideal. We cannot therefore too highly recommend this good work of Catholic zeal to the continued assistance of every Montreal Catholic, for there is work for each in his own sphere and measure of usefulness.

Our present duty has been especially to thank those who have helped us during the past concert season, but we do not extend our grateful recognition to all who have subscribed to our funds or who have attended our concerts, or have assisted by giving such useful articles as packages of reading matter, carpets, for the stokers and firemen, bachelors' comfort bags containing sewing materials, etc., rosary beads, games, stationery, comforts for the sick, and all the other things for which a Catholic Sailors' Club, conducted by voluntary contributions, is most grateful for.

Our needs are many in preparation for the coming spring. Each can help in this practical example of the Lay Apostolate in action. If your readers will only write or phone to us, we shall be delighted to make use of their zeal in our good cause. Relieve me, dear Sir, Yours sincerely, W. H. ATHERTON, Ph.D., Managing Director Catholic Sailors' Club.

Afflicted for years with a Diseased Liver.

Mr. L. R. Devitt, Berlin, Ont., better known, perhaps, as "Smallpox Ben," has used

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

He has also used them for his patients when nursing them, and it is a well known fact that small-pox sufferers must keep the bowels well regulated.

Read what he says: "I have been afflicted for years with a diseased liver, and have tried all kinds of medicine, but of no avail until about four years ago I tried your Laxa-Liver Pills, and got instant relief. Since then I have nursed different patients afflicted with small-pox, and in each case I have used your valuable pills. . . . My wishes are that all persons suffering with stomach or liver troubles will try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I will advertise them whenever and wherever I have an opportunity and I hope that if at any time I cannot get the pills, I will be fortunate enough to get the formula."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial or 6 vials for \$1.00, at all dealers or will be mailed direct by The S. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Frank E. Donovan

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Doan's Kidney Pills cure the aching back by curing the aching kidneys beneath—for it is really the kidneys aching and not the back. They act directly on the kidneys and make them strong and healthy, thereby causing pure blood to circulate throughout the whole system. Mrs. Frank Egan, Washburn, N.B., writes: "I was a great sufferer with backache for over a year, and could get nothing to relieve me until I took two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills and now I do not feel any pain whatever, and can eat and sleep well; something I could not do before. Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

A CHRISTMAS RHYME.

Ring out, ring out, ye joy-bells all, Like a trumpet roudelay, Telling of the Birth of Christ, As they did in our fathers' day. And the children, too, quaint crochets sing, Which they learned from their grand- sire's gray, An echo of olden songs, the Waits, Have sung in our fathers' day. With Christmas mirth we light the ball, And with hearts as bright as May, We keep the ancient Christmas feast As we did in our fathers' day. For the holly we twine, with ever- green bough, And the mistletoe so gay, While the Yule-log, glows on every hearth, As it did in our fathers' day. So the joy-bells ring out to hail the King, Both near and far away, Telling again of the glad Yule-tide, As they did in our fathers' day. J. A. S. Ottawa, Dec. 15, 1908.

It is a Liver Pill—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating or drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parlee's Vegetable Pills. Their operation though gentle is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

To-night at midnight hour One will be born Who lived and loved and died—and still lives on. Thorn-crowned with human passions of the years, Wounded by sin and healed by human tears. And the great Love that neither pales nor dims And the clear music of the heavenly hymns Will bless all hearts to-night, and pain will cease And bells will ring of hope and joy and peace, Stars stoop to earth, and angels from above Lift up our hearts and brim them full of love For other hearts. While gifts like these remain Oh, Christmas bells, Christ is not born in vain! —Teresa Beatrice O'Hare.

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The True Witness

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IN vain will you build churches, give missions, found schools—all your works, all your efforts will be destroyed if you are not able to wield the defensive and offensive weapon of a loyal and sincere Catholic press.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908.

CHRISTMAS.

No thought is so old and yet so fresh as the sweet thought of Christmas and its midnight cave. The pagantry of the world has passed along the highway of time but never with the thrill of Bethlehem's Babe.

A GREAT POPE.

The closing year has had no historical celebration so surrounded by personal merit and a universal exhibition of loyalty and unity as the golden jubilee of our Holy Father's priesthood.

It shows unselfishness, and at the same time adorns the power he sways with attractive grace. When others might repel the approachable ruler draws; when others discourage he exalts.

anything could express approval and admiration for the greatness of Pius the Tenth it is the gathering of the Catholic world in Rome this fall at the festivities of the golden jubilee of his holy priesthood.

ATTENDANCE AT MASS.

Few things indicate more the prevalence of religious indifference than the carelessness of attending holy Mass. Any excuse will satisfy the conscience of numbers who would not be so discourteous to an earthly friend, let alone be disrespectful to any law of the land.

Corresponder.ce.

THAT SERMON IN THE STAR.

The following letter was received last week too late for publication: Mr. Editor: I have been following the Saturday sermons of the Montreal Daily Star of late, and have, at different times, intended to publish my opinions concerning them.

The first great mistake Mr. Gilroy makes is due to the fact that he takes himself too seriously for the sake of five dollars. His writing may be what Cardinal Newman would call an attempt at the fine, but his I's and my's leave the reader with as cold a heart as if he had spent a session of three hours in an ice-house with an electric fan to keep him warm, and that, notwithstanding good intentions to the contrary.

But our preacher is a thinker, too. He says, "the Gospel of Christ is neither a creed nor a theory, nor a theology—it is a power."

Another instance where the preacher shows himself a thinker, is when he exclaims, with all the solemnity of a lawyer pleading for the acquittal of a first cousin, "Men are not saved by the death of Christ, but by the power of God."

A richly bound and illuminated album, containing the immense list of names of those who joined the "Jubilee League of Prayer for the Pope and for the afflicted Church in France," for the year 1908 is being sent by the editor of The Irish Messenger of the Sacred Heart to the Pope as a Jubilee gift.

A Cure for Fever and Ague.—Disturbances of the stomach and liver always precede attacks of fever and ague, showing derangement of the digestive organs and deterioration in the quality of the blood.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, Miss Johanna Malone, Miss Annie Watters, Miss Annie Fox, Miss Helen Gillespie and Miss Elizabeth Webb, all of the City and District of Montreal, will present a bill asking to be incorporated as a charitable and philanthropic corporation under the name of "St. Anthony's Guild."

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useful ones are best, and the best are... Boots & Shoes Slippers Moccasins Gaiters and Leggings.

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NOTICE.

The Institutes and the Curator named to the substitution created by an act of donation of the late Maurice Gougeon to his children do hereby give notice that they will present to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, a Bill to ratify and render final between the Institutes and the substitutes a certain division of the said substitution, and to authorize each and every of the Institutes to sell by lot and by mutual consent, his or her interest in a certain property known as number one hundred and seventy-five (No. 175) of the civil plan of the parish of Montreal, already substituted by the deed above mentioned, without the necessary formalities required for the sale of substituted property and also for other purposes.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, Miss Johanna Malone, Miss Annie Watters, Miss Annie Fox, Miss Helen Gillespie and Miss Elizabeth Webb, all of the City and District of Montreal, will present a bill asking to be incorporated as a charitable and philanthropic corporation under the name of "St. Anthony's Guild."

Mr. William

Mr. William... the Br... closed this... holidays, intro... Disabilities Bill... a surprise to... eloquent plea... advanced by Mr... a moderate, co... support of his... every possible... to the effect... in existence by... of 1829 have... of Sir James... as a dead let... on several occ... attempts hav... the said provi... pointed to the... Minister himse... the Eucharistic... that though M... he had recogniz... sole as some... The London... lows the debat... of Mr. Redmon... had to go over... Mr. W. Redmo... ask leave to in... additions, pract... sure which has... ment for many... The object of... is plain and th... place of the Cath... of quality with... religious denom... There is not, I... faintest idea of... of asking for... of the shape of fa... vantage. It is... equality, which... ask for, and wh... certain, in the... minded man ins... House, a scripp... England to lea... do not enjoy eq... nominations. I... belief is that t... of 1829 remov... which Catholics... plain. As a n... very act of so... in 1829 itself... the most offensi... racter towards... The various s... sought by the... deal will be fou... bill when it is... reading. It is... sary for me to... jectable statu... ions complain... over, one or tw... Relief Act of 1... sections of the... ter towards Ca... to 38 provide... sion of the relig... Catholic Church... bidden, under h... exercise any ri... their orders an... Catholic places... vate houses. F... frankly stated th... sections of the... make provision... pression, and fir... United Kingdom... other orders... "Whereas Jesuit... other religious... and societies, of... bound by monas... are resident with... dom, and it i... provision for th... and final prohib... therein." They... which remain in... requiring membe... ders to notify th... of the county th... members of such... providing for a... sons being kept... gisters to be se... of State in the... and the C... necessary, at... fully into the pr... of 1829, and th... which were, and... sive to Catholic... found that the P... leave to introduc... object the remov... noxious enactme... tholic religion... that can be give... request for the... sive laws is that... and never put in... some extent be... in any way lesse... Catholics, feel in... this matter. RECENT ATTORNEYS FOR PETITIONERS. In 1902 an o... country endeavou... tions of the Act... against certain J... don. Summonses... against three me... but Mr. Kennedy... trials, in dismis... observed that all... practically obse... of the late Ph... in his "Fifi... nal Law," who s... vious, ever st... passed, have been... as a dead letter,"... then made to the... mandamus to com... tion was refused... sisting of the Lor... Justices Darling... Justice Darling... of that whateve... the reasons for... tutes, which were... not acts, they

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NOTICE is hereby given that Theophile David, painter, of the City and District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to obtain an act to ratify a deed of exchange made between himself and Joseph Bourgeois and others, of the said City of Montreal, before Mre. Leandre Belanger, N.P., on the twenty-seventh of August, 1908, under No. 19025 of the minutes of said Mr. Belanger. Montreal, 12th November, 1908. BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for Petitioner.

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Mr. William Redmond intro-
duces Catholic Disabilities Act.

Mr. William Redmond, at the session of the British parliament which closed this week for the Christmas holidays, introduced the Catholic Disabilities Bill. This bill came as a surprise to many who heard the eloquent plea for its adoption advanced by Mr. Redmond, who made a moderate, convincing argument in support of his measure, meeting every possible objection, even that to the effect that the disabilities left in existence by the Emancipation Bill of 1829 have, to use the expression of Sir James Stephen, been treated as a dead letter. He showed that on several occasions in late years attempts have been made to make the said provisions effective, and pointed to the attitude of the Prime Minister himself on the occasion of the Eucharistic Congress to show that though Mr. Asquith had favored the abolition of these provisions he had recognized they were not obsolete as some contended.

The London Tablet reports as follows the debate on the introduction of Mr. Redmond's bill, which has had to go over to the next session: Mr. W. Redmond, in introducing the bill, said: "The Bill which I now ask leave to introduce is, with some additions, practically the same measure which has been before Parliament for many years.

The object which I have in view is plain and clear. It is simply to place the Catholic people on terms of equality with people of other religious denominations. (Cheers.) There is not, I need hardly say, the faintest idea upon the part of the Catholics or their representatives of asking for anything whatever in the shape of favor, privilege or advantage. It is equality, and simply equality, which the Catholic people ask for, and which they are, I am certain, in the opinion of every fair-minded man inside and outside of the House, entitled to have. It might come as a surprise to many people in England to learn that the Catholics do not enjoy equality with other denominations to-day. The popular belief is that the Emancipation Act of 1829 removed all the laws of which Catholics had reason to complain. As a matter of fact, the very act of so-called Emancipation in 1829 itself contains provisions of the most offensive and insulting character towards the Catholic people. The various statutes which it is sought by the present bill to repeal will be found set forth in the bill when it is printed before second reading. It is not, therefore, necessary for me to refer to all the objectionable statutes of which Catholics complain. I may mention, however, one or two. In the Catholic Relief Act of 1829 there are several sections of the most offensive character towards Catholics, and these it is proposed to repeal. Sections 26 to 28 provide frankly for suppression of the religious orders of the Catholic Church. Priests are forbidden, under heavy penalties, to exercise any rites or ceremonies of their religion, to wear the habits of their orders anywhere save in the Catholic places of worship or private houses. Furthermore, it is frankly stated that the object of the sections of the Act of 1829 is to make provision for the gradual suppression, and final prohibition in the United Kingdom of Jesuits and other orders. Section 28 states: "Whereas Jesuits and members of other religious orders, communities, and societies, of the Church of Rome, bound by monastic and other vows, are resident within the United Kingdom, and it is expedient to make provision for the gradual suppression and final prohibition of the same therein." Then follow provisions, which remain in force till this day, requiring members of religious orders to notify the clerk of the Peace of the county the place where the members of such orders reside, and providing for a register of such persons being kept, notices of such registers to be sent to the Secretary of State in the case of Great Britain, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the case of Ireland. It is unnecessary, at this stage, to go fully into the provisions of the Act of 1829, and the other enactments which were, and are, highly offensive to Catholics; but it will be found that the Bill which I now ask leave to introduce simply has for its object the removal of all such obnoxious enactments against the Catholic religion. The only answer that can be given to the reasonable request for the repeal of these offensive laws is that they are obsolete, and never put in force. This may to some extent be true, but it does not in any way lessen the offence which Catholics feel is done to them in this matter.

RECENT ATTEMPTS AT ENFORCEMENT.

In 1902 an organization in this country endeavored to put the sections of the Act of 1829 into force against certain Jesuit priests in London. Summonses were applied for against three members of the order, but Mr. Kennedy, the police magistrate, in dismissing the application, observed that all these sections were practically obsolete, and quoted the words of the late Sir James Stephen, in his "History of the Criminal Law," who said that "these provisions, ever since they have been passed, have been treated absolutely as a dead letter." Application was then made to the King's Bench for a mandamus to compel Mr. Kennedy to issue the summonses. The application was refused by the Court, consisting of the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Darling and Channell. Mr. Justice Darling, in his judgment, said that whatever might have been the reasons for passing these statutes, which resented opinions and not acts, they were, to his mind,

Under the ten minutes rule only one member can speak in opposition to a Bill. Mr. C. M'Arthur and Mr. Sloan rose together, and the Speaker called upon the former.

Mr. Sloan rose to a point of order, saying that he had been elected more as a Protestant than as a party man, and he understood that he was to be given the right of reply. He had had placed in his hands however, a letter from Lord Balcarras, who was a junior Unionist Whip, and he wished to ask whether the official Opposition had communicated with Mr. Speaker, and made this a party question.

The Speaker: That is not a point of order. The hon. member will have his opportunity on the second reading.

MR. M'ARTHUR'S OPPOSITION.

Mr. M'Arthur said he should be the last man to support any enactment that was merely irritating or insulting to his Christian fellow-countrymen. He wished to point out that the language of the statutes that had been cited was not the language of the present day. One object of the bill was to legalize monastic institutions. The probability was that those who framed the act knew more of the true character of those institutions than we did. If members of the Order of Jesuits and similar organizations had altogether changed their character, why should they have been driven out of France. It was because they had been working in secret against the State, and were a danger to the Republic. Notwithstanding the prohibition in the act of 1829, the number of those institutions in this country had increased from 16 in that year to 1125 at the present time. If they were to be legalized in this country they should at least be inspected. In regard to Catholic processions, in the public streets, he held that their legalization would be most undesirable, and he would rather, that further restrictions in this matter were placed not only on Catholics but on other bodies. After all, this was a Protestant country and the particular doctrine represented in the Catholic processions was most offensive to Protestants. It would be most unseemly to flaunt such emblems in the face of Protestants. The Catholic community, while willing to accept toleration for themselves, had never been willing to grant toleration to others. The lot of the Protestant in Ireland was infinitely worse than that of the Catholic in England. The present bill did not deal with any immediate grievance, and he opposed the motion.

The House divided, when there voted: For leave to introduce the bill 233; against, 48. Majority for, 185.

Mr. W. Redmond then brought in the bill and it was read a first time.

REV. W. E. McDONAGH CELEBRATES FIRST MASS.

Rev. W. E. McDonagh, who was ordained to the Holy Priesthood on Saturday last, by His Lordship Bishop Racicot, celebrated his first Mass on Sunday at the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, St. Mary's Parish.

Rev. Father Frank J. Singleton, of St. Patrick's acted deacon, and Rev. Father Martin Reid, of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, as sub-deacon, while the Rev. Father Bastien, of the Grand Seminary, acted as assistant priest.

In the sanctuary were representatives of the priesthood from all the city parishes, and colleges, while the choir rendered Gounod's mass, Professor John J. McCaffery presiding at the organ, and Mr. F. C. Emblem leading the choir. At the offertory Mr. Walter F. Costigan sang the "Ave Maria" with good effect.

Donagh blessed all those who were present at the Mass, and in the afternoon he blessed the little children of the parish. In the evening after singing the Benediction he blessed the parishioners who had not received his blessing in the morning, and throughout the day blessed as many as three thousand people.

On Tuesday Father McDonagh blessed and spoke to the students of Loyola College, and on Wednesday celebrated Mass at St. Laurent College, where he finished his classical studies, three years ago.

Rev. Father McDonagh was born in Perth, Ontario, but coming to Montreal at an early age with his family, started his early studies at Loyola College. He finished his studies at St. Laurent College, where he made a brilliant course, being the gold medalist of his class on more than one occasion.

Father McDonagh, who is the youngest priest of the diocese, is the son of Mr. James McDonagh, of the Bank of Ottawa staff in this city, and is a brother of Mr. P. J. McDonagh, Commercial Editor of the Star, and grand nephew of the late Vicar General McDonagh, the first parish priest of Perth, Ont.

CELEBRATION OF THE SILVER JUBILEE OF REV. CANON O'MEARA.

On Monday morning at 9.30 grand Mass was celebrated in honor of the silver jubilee of Rev. W. O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's. The jubilee Mass officiated, assisted by Rev. Fathers O'Brien and Reid, both boys deacons. After the gospel, Rev. Father of the parish as deacon and sub-deacon Donnelly, P.P. of St. Anthony's and also a son of an old and respected resident of St. Gabriel, preached a powerful and eloquent sermon, in which he first touched briefly upon the sacred office of the priest, after which he paid due honor to the history of the parish in a general way. After Mass all repaired to the parochial residence and thence to the convent, where a banquet was served, thus affording each section of the parish its own special share of the honors. The various schools were represented in large numbers, accompanied by members of their staffs of teachers. The choir, all members of the Young Men's Society of the district, under the direction of Mr. J. J. Shea, the son of another of the old families, rendered with splendid effect a very fine musical Mass.

On the whole, the celebration was a splendid manifestation of the respect in which Rev. Canon O'Meara is held by the members of his flock and if we might be permitted to add a word to the felicitations received by the rev. gentleman, we would say may God give him yet many long years to enjoy the laurels so lovingly worked for and won.

On Sunday last the married ladies of St. Gabriel's, on the occasion of Rev. Canon O'Meara's silver jubilee, presented him with a handsome set of vestments and an alb. The presentation was made at the Holy Cross convent and Mrs. James Ca-

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REV. W. E. McDONAGH.

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Experiments were tried with the various kinds of apparatus. His Excellency displayed a wide knowledge of the instruments in use. Some of the experiments were of a most amusing nature, as many of the visitors were taken by surprise at some of the effects produced by the treatment of various cases.

After a visit to the various sections tea was served, and the distinguished visitors later visited the private department of the hospital, which has been remodelled since their last visit to the institution.

Among the physicians of the institution who accompanied the visitors were Dr. J. J. Guerin, Dr. R. de L. Harwood, Dr. Frs. DeMartigny, Dr. Dauth, Dr. W. J. Derome, Dr. Donald Hingston, Rev. Abbe Larue, the chaplain of the Hotel Dieu, also took part in the reception of the viceregal guests.

Among those invited to meet Their Excellencies on this occasion were Sir Thomas and Lady Shaughnessy, Sir Alexander and Lady Lacoste, Miss Lacoste, His Worship Mayor Payette, Mr. and Mrs. A. Baumgarten, Miss Baumgarten, Mr. R. B. Angus, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Monk, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Guerin, Mr. A. Dansereau, Mr. and Mrs. D. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Wilson, Miss St. Pierre, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Foster, the Misses Guerin, Mr. and Mrs. P. Thomas Abern, Mr. and Mrs. Hayter Reed, Dr. and Mrs. F. W. Gilday, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Lemay, Miss B. Grant, Miss G. Hagar, Mr. and Miss Creelman, Mr. H. S. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. R. Forget, Miss Forget, Dr. A. Mackenzie Forbes, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Ames, Madame J. O. Villeneuve, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Villeneuve, Mrs. H. A. Desloges, Mrs. Armand Grenier, Mrs. and Miss Wall, Mr. and Mrs. F. des Bastien, Mr. and Mrs. P. Cousineau, Hon. L. O. and Mrs. David, Mr. and Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Lavergne, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Mosher, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Curran, the Misses Curran, Mrs. C. Monk, Miss Sexton, Rev. T. W. O'Reilly, Rev. J. Lalonde, Mrs. W. J. Derome, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. H. Bergeron, Captain Binney.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. At the first sight of derangement use Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and use of this medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Appointed Bishop of London.

Rev. Father Hand, one of Toronto's most distinguished priests, has received word from Rome of his appointment as Bishop of London in succession to Archbishop McEvay. The consecration will take place the first week in January.

A Christmas Nightingale.

On the afternoon of the 22nd of December, 18—, a cold wind was blowing, tossing the naked branches of the trees that had been stripped of their foliage. Snow lay everywhere; it covered the hedges and walls, and bent down the branches of the pine trees with its weight. Icicles depended from the eaves of tall houses which bordered the wide, irregular street leading up from the lower town to the Hotel de Ville, which stood bleak and cheerless at the top of the hill, encircled by ramparts of what had once been a city. Even now it considered itself as such, though the "Councillors of State" and the Mayor hardly found their labors arduous, and the gendarmes, more or less conscious of their uniforms, lounged in the courtyard under the windows of the building which served as a jail, chaffing the girls who came shivering to the grotesquely carved fountain, or gazing aimlessly down into what remained of the moat, only one corner of which now contained water under a thick covering of ice—the larger part being cultivated in summer as a kitchen garden. Now, however, there were to be seen only the bare stalks of the gooseberry and currant bushes, gaunt branches of espaliered pear trees, and stalks of dead cabbages that thrust their ugly brown shapes above the ground.

Just below the turning of the road the crucifix of a life-sized figure in bronze dominated the wide valley, across which, under the bare branches of spreading trees, could be seen a few scattered chalets, their broad, overhanging roofs weighted down with rough boulders, as a safeguard against the devastating winds that sometimes swept over the country; not far away was a cheerless looking building, long and low, which had evidently been the barn of some ancient monastery, but having been restored and added to, was now used as an almshouse.

Up the long hill leading from the little railway station a man and a boy were slowly making their way. The man was old, he had a long white beard, and his forehead was seamed and furrowed. He wore a tattered cloak that he drew about him with his thin fingers, and he shivered and coughed. The child toiled along wearily by his side; the pair had come a good distance; they were very poor, and the old man carried a guitar which he held against his breast, as if he feared that it would fall and be injured. He was a musician, and had once been a famous singer, but that was long ago, when he was young and handsome, and he had once vied with each other in offering him great sums of money, knowing that when Vintelli was billed to sing the house would be crowded, and the season sure to be a successful one. Ah, yes, that was years ago; his fortune had been in his throat, and he had never thought to lose it; but, suddenly, one winter morning he awoke with a cold, and gradually pneumonia developed. There were weeks when he lay hovering between life and death, and when at last he found himself comparatively well, it was to realize that the beautiful voice was gone. He wished he had died—what was the use of life now! When he had dreamed, before this illness came, of the future, it was of successive seasons of triumph, of crowded houses and prolonged recalls, and applause that was almost deafening. It had never occurred to him that before age he should find himself disabled, and be passed by and forgotten as he had seen so many others before now, that the money gained so easily and as lavishly spent, should be almost entirely gone, and he left without any visible means of support. He hung about the theatres, hoping something would turn up, thinking perhaps that the voice would return, but it never did, and so at last he engaged two small rooms and advertised for pupils, and he gave lessons for several years. But he hated it. He married one day, and his wife died not long after, leaving a child, a little girl to whom he was devoted, and he watched her grow up, caring for her as tenderly as a woman, till at last she married and died, leaving a baby, a dark-eyed, curly-headed boy. Then, the child's mother being a good-for-nothing fellow who soon disappeared, Vitelli found himself an old man, once more with a child to care for, and again he began saving and working as best he could, to support the boy in whom hereafter centered all his hopes, all the joy of his saddened and disappointed life. The child was now ten years old, olive-skinned, with dark, expressive eyes and long lashes that lashed his cheeks, and his hair that were the color of an oriental ruby. Already he sang, accompanying his grandfather when he played the guitar, throwing back his head and letting the notes thrill out joyfully like the song of a bird; his musical ear was precocious, and already the old man had begun to plan for him, and to dream that one day he should renew the success of his own brilliant youth. And yet he sighed in dreaming, for he himself was old, and he would not be there to listen to the cultivated voice of the young man.

They had been in Germany in the summer, had wandered from place to place for months, he playing the guitar while the child sang, and at the different watering places, among the crowds of travellers who gathered to amuse themselves in the long summer days; the warm, moonlight nights, there were always those old to listen to the old man and the child, and they gathered a shower

of small coin, which kept them from day to day, but left almost nothing over when the season was at an end. Now they had turned their faces to the south and were travelling slowly towards Italy. It was there that the child must go, there he would receive proper instruction cultivate the voice that every day grew sweeter; but the way was long and the old man's strength began to fail. He would not allow that he was ill; he must go on, he must get the child to Italy. There he felt he would be safe with his old friend, a music master whom he had known for years, who would be interested in the boy and teach him. Yes, and look after him when he himself was dead. Dead—oh, the idea, was horrible—dead! No, it must not be. He must live, he must work for the boy, he must see him grown up and able to take care of himself. He must not die! He would not. If only they could reach that city by the sea, under the shadow of the purple mountains where the olive trees grew, where the oranges and lemons hung on the branches along with perfumed waxen blossoms, where heliotrope covered walls and the hillsides were pink with blossoming roses, and where, high up on a rocky ledge, dominating the deep blue sea, was that little pink church, with the bells that rang out for matins and vespers, where long ago he had made his first communion, where he would go and confess once more as soon as they arrived.

But it was cold this afternoon, it was getting late, the shadows were already falling; he felt very tired; he wanted to reach the top of the hill, to get near the warmth and the light of the town. At the foot of the crucifix he stumbled; he was so tired, but he would not complain; he would not alarm the child, only they would both kneel there for a moment and say a prayer to le bon Dieu.

"Take the beads, Giovanni, we will thank le bon Dieu for taking care of us so far; we will ask him to help us," and the two knelt together, their faces upturned towards the pitying eyes of the Christ.

Rising wearily, the old man pressed close to the crucifix, kissing the feet with fervor, and bidding the child to put his lips where his own had been; then slowly, and often stopping to rest, they reached the town as it was getting dark, and away down in the valley they saw in scattered farm-houses the twinkling lights come slowly out, as housewives lighted the lamps before closing the shutters for the night.

"Giovanni, I can't go any further, I am so tired. I am faint and weak." The old man's voice was almost inaudible.

"Grandfather, grandfather, what is it?" the child cried in terror. They were close to a deserted stable; the door was half open, and the old man groped his way inside, and fell fainting on the straw that covered the floor.

Giovanni ran to the door and looked up and down the street. Emerging from the shadows a little way below, he saw two figures coming slowly up the hill, and as they passed under the electric light he recognized the dress and great white coronets of the Sisters of Charity, who were coming up from some errand of mercy. Giovanni ran towards them, crying out:

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

The symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption.

Cure it at once by the use of



Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allandale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto."

"She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home-made remedy which I got from a neighbor. It did not do her any good, but I found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's' and says he will use that bottle of it always kept in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so be sure and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

so dark, and so cold." The child ran back, the Sisters following as fast as they could make their way along, and coming to the stable, followed Giovanni inside, but it was so dark they stumbled along with difficulty.

"Sister Veronica, the candles." "Here they are, Reverend Mother," and the Sister who answered to the name of Veronica drew a long candle from her basket, and then found matches, with which she quickly produced a light, and holding it before her, led the way to the pile of straw on which lay old Vitelli, quite unconscious and breathing slowly and heavily.

Reverend Mother knelt beside him and felt his pulse. "He is almost gone," she said; then she drew a small flask from her pocket, and tried to pour a few drops of brandy down the old man's throat, but it was useless; the liquid trickled down the corners of his mouth, he could not swallow, and the two women, accustomed as they were to kneeling beside the dying, realized that the old man was past all earthly help. They began to repeat the prayers for the dying. The child meanwhile crept close to the inanimate form, crying and sobbing softly; he took one of the withered hands and rubbed it, trying to bring back some warmth to the stiffening fingers. But it was all useless; a shiver passed over the body, a spasm contracted the face and then it was over. Poor old Vitelli, who had made such a brave fight for life, was dead.

"Grandfather! grandfather! wake up! Speak to me, Don't you know me? Don't you know it is Giovanni, your little Giovanni? You cannot go away and leave me alone. Grandfather, dear grandfather—" "But, my child," Reverend Mother said gently, "he cannot speak. Your grandfather has gone—gone already away—gone to le bon Dieu."

"And left me alone! Oh, no, no, it cannot be, he would not leave me so. Dear grandfather, come back, come back!" and he bent down and kissed the old man's face.

"My child, your grandfather cannot come back, le bon Dieu has taken him," and Reverend Mother put her arms about the boy, trying to comfort him. "Tell me, how do you happen to be here—why are you alone in this place?" "We have come a long way," Giovanni answered; "grandfather and I, we have walked for many days, and we were going to Italy. We were so happy together; he had his guitar and I sang, and he wanted to take me to his friend, who would teach me; he said I had a voice, and the maestro would show me how to use it, and then some day he would be a great singer, as he had been," and the child pressed against the side of Reverend Mother, crying bitterly and unable to continue, while Sister Veronica knelt and straightened the limbs of the dead man, crossing his hands upon his breast.

Reverend Mother looked about and saw an overturned box in one corner. She sat down upon it, keeping the child beside her.

"Put the candle here," she said to Sister Veronica, indicating the stone sill of the narrow window, "and then go out and find the curé, and look for a gendarme," and Sister Veronica obeyed.

Through the open door could be seen the old church on the opposite side of the wide street. The steeple, rising high, was lost in the gathering darkness, but there was a light near by, and its rays fell on the tall narrow windows, and high up on the wall it lighted up a fresco that Giovanni looked at wonderingly—a huge blue disc on which was a great eye; rays of light were thrown from it that seemed to penetrate the fuzziest clouds about it, and on the circle enclosing the curious picture were painted in big capital letters the words:

"JE VOIS TOUT—ET PARTOUT." (I see everything, and everywhere.) Giovanni looked at the fresco fascinated; he could not withdraw his gaze from that eye, which seemed to see into everything; he felt afraid.

"Je vois tout, et partout." "Yes, everything and everywhere—there was nothing that could be hidden—nothing that that eye did not see. But surely it was the eye of le bon Dieu, le bon Dieu, and He saw what had happened. He must know how they had come to the stable, how his grandfather had fallen and died. Oh, why had He let his grandfather die—how could He let him go and leave his little Giovanni? Was He really, as the Sisters said, le "bon" Dieu? The child was frightened at the thought, the idea that he dared for one instant to think "Grandfather might have been left alive. It was cruel to take him away from Giovanni."

"Je vois tout, et partout. Je vois—tout—et—par—tout." The child's head was swimming; things seemed so far away; his head fell against the shoulder of Reverend Mother, and, weary and sad, his eyes closed, and he was soon in the merciful land of dreams.

"Here, Monsieur le curé," Sister Veronica turned towards the door of the stable, the curé walked beside her, a policeman followed, and several people from the village joined them as they drew near the place where the old man lay dead, and Reverend Mother and little Giovanni were watching the curé and the policeman as they entered the stable. The curé knelt beside the old man's body, the gendarme came forward and the policeman stood near the door, the curé opened the door and immediately laid out the body of the old man. "My health was restored completely," said one of the witnesses, "and I am now as well as ever."

kind voice would never speak to him, the hand that had led him so many miles through the fields and the village streets and over the hills stretching away towards Italy—all were still in death.

Reverend Mother pointed to the child. She told the curé and the doctor all she knew, the gendarme listened; the people stood about gazing stolidly. There was nothing to be done now; to-morrow the corner would come, and then the old man must be buried.

"Was there any money?" It hardly seemed possible. "There was the guitar." The curé saw it lying beside the old man where it had dropped from the hand that could no longer keep its hold upon it—the beloved guitar—that would sell for enough, the curé thought, to pay for the candles that he would order to be lighted beside the body, and he would himself say a mass for the old man's soul. He was a kind man, the curé, and the Sisters, they were kind also. When the man was buried, they must see what could be done with the child.

"I will take the boy home with me for the night," the curé said, and one of the men from the street came forward and offered to carry him across to the presbytere.

Reverend Mother looked at the child; tears were in her eyes, and she bent and kissed the curly hair. She had her own history, when no one hereabouts knew, it had all happened years ago, and her secret was hidden away in her own heart, but the child leaning against her shoulder, nestling so trustfully on the breast that was so full of tender mother love, woke in her anew the anguish of the past year, and as she raised her head, motioning to the man to lift the boy, her own eyes fell upon the fresco across the street, "Je vois tout et partout."

There were people lingering about the stable. The doctor arranged for two of the men to watch beside the curé, and Sister Veronica placed candles at the head and foot, lighting them as the curé directed.

Reverend Mother said, "We are very late; we must be going on Bon soir, Monsieur le curé."

"Good-night, Reverend Mother! good-night, Sister Veronica. May God's blessing rest upon you." And they went their way while the curé, followed by the man with the sleeping child in his arms, went on towards the presbytere.

The old housekeeper, who had been warned that something unusual had happened, held the door open as the curé approached, and followed him into the bare little room, which served as his living room and study in one. It was fairly neat, a little fire was burning and the lamp was lighted on the table. The curé motioned to the peasant to lay the child down on the lounge beside the fire, and taking a bottle of the wine of the country that stood on the table, poured some of it into a tumbler which he handed him, thanking him for bringing the boy across the street, and then dismissing him, the old woman showing him to the door.

"Come back, Elise," the curé said; "we must find a place for the child to sleep," and he hastily recounted what had happened, as she listened in open-mouthed astonishment.

The child stirred and opened his eyes, then he sat up and looked around the room, dazed by the light and unknown faces and the new surroundings.

"Where am I—where is my grandfather?" "You are here, quite safe; we are going to give you something to eat," the curé said gently.

"Poor little fellow, he must be hungry," Elise said. "Monsieur le curé will get him a bowl of hot milk and some bread," and she went to the kitchen, leaving the old man and the child alone.

"I don't understand," the boy said, looking around. "What has happened?—grandfather—" then rubbing his eyes; "oh, I had a dream; it must have been a dream. Grandfather was ill—he fell on the straw—I thought—he died."

"My boy," the curé's voice was staid over the boy and took his hand. "Try to be quiet. You must be very tired; you have walked a long distance, and you have been asleep."

"But my grandfather—where is my grandfather?" "My boy," the curé's voice was very gentle as he stroked the child's

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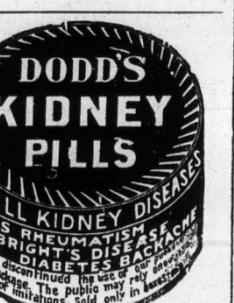
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hands, and there were tears in his eyes—"my child, you must try to have courage. Your grandfather has gone away—he has gone a long journey."

"A journey! Without me? My grandfather has gone and left me behind!" Then as everything came back to him, he started to his feet. "Oh, it was true! It was not a dream, it was true! There was the stable—and the Sisters—and my grandfather—he died—he died!"

"Yes, my child, le bon Dieu took him, the kind, merciful God, God the Father. He took him to himself, where he will never be ill, hungry nor cold; he will never be unhappy."

"And he has taken him away from his little Giovanni!" The child threw himself at the feet of the curé holding the old man's hand and sobbing bitterly.

"Yes, little Giovanni, God has taken your grandfather to himself. Try, my child, to be brave; remember that what le bon Dieu does is for the best."

"I volt tout, et partout," the child repeated slowly.

"Yes, my child," the curé answered not following the child's idea.

"And He saw my grandfather and took him, and left me behind. But what will grandfather do? He often said he could not get on without me—that he wanted to live for me."

"God knows what is for the best, little Giovanni. He will see to it that you are taken care of; that is," the curé added, "if you are a good boy, God will himself look after you."

The child shook his head sadly. "I do not understand," he said. "Elise came into the room bringing a bowl of milk and a great hunch of coarse bread. 'The child is hungry, he must eat,' the curé said, and himself drew a chair up to the table. The child came forward and stood while the curé pronounced the grace, then he made the sign of the cross, as his grandfather had taught him to do. Old Elise and the curé looked on with approval.

"Eat now, my child," Elise said, and the boy, who was very hungry, devoured the bread and milk with avidity.

"Flse, you must make up a bed for him by the fire, I shall see him from my own room when the door is open; he will be comfortable here and to-morrow we will see what is to be done."

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—
Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Falkenham, Norfolk, England.

Letter from Our New Bishop.
Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Piousness, Trustee. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Falkenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.
Yours faithfully in Christ,
Bishop of Northampton.

THURSDAY.
By Sar...
Two little at...
side, Close to the...
"Two?" said...
he came, Loaded with...
"Ho-ho!" with...
"I'll have no...
one, I know who...
my dear, There's only...
here." So he crept u...
place, And measured...
face. Just then a w...
And fluttered...
"Aha! what's...
prie. As he pushed h...
his eyes, And read the...
rough plan. "Dear Saint N...
"The other et...
wall I have hung...
Clara Hall, She's a poor l...
good, So I thought...
would Fill up her sto...
And help to m...
bright. If you've not e...
ings there, Please put all i...
care." Saint Nicholas...
his eye, And "God bless...
said with a Then softly he...
chimney high A note like a bi...
high. When down came...
mortals

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BOYS and GIRLS

TWO LITTLE STOCKINGS.

By Sarah Kebbles Hunt.

Two little stockings hung side by side,
Close to the fireside broad and wide,
"Two?" said Saint Nick, as down he came,
Loaded with toys and many a game
"Ho-ho!" with a laugh of fun,
"I'll have no cheating, my pretty one,
I know who dwells in this house,
There's only one little girl lives here."
So he crept up close to the chimney place,
And measured a sock with a sober face.
Just then a wee little note fell out
And fluttered low, like a bird about,
"Aha! what's this?" said he in surprise,
As he pushed his specks up close to his eyes,
And read the address in a child's rough plan.
"Dear Saint Nicholas," so it began,
"The other stocking you see on the wall
I have hung up for a child named Clara Hall.
She's a poor little girl, but very good,
So I thought perhaps you kindly would
Fill up her stocking, too, to-night,
And help to make her Christmas bright.
If you've not enough for both stockings there,
Please put all in Clara's, I shall not care."
Saint Nicholas brushed a tear from his eye,
And "God bless you, darling," he said with a sigh,
Then softly he blew, through the chimney high,
A note like a bird's as it soars on high.
When down came two of the funniest mortals

Santa Claus Assistant.

It was not long after midnight.
The wee small hours of Christmas Day
were just beginning to arrive,
and down in the library, where the tree
was sheltering a profuse array
of toys, stood, an unexpected guest.
He was ill clad, unshaven, and his hair
looked as though it had never carried
a comb. In his right hand he
carried a dark-lantern, and slung
over his left arm was a sack,
a common jute bag, and he had entered
a window that looked out upon the street.
The family had all retired,
and for the most part were asleep.
That is why the unexpected guest
chose this time to arrive.
Stealthily he crossed the room,
and, drawing the portiere silently
across the broad doorway that opened
into the hall, he slid back the
front of his lantern, and lighting a
match in the flame, he turned on
the gas and lit it, so that he might
better see the exact character of his
surroundings.
"Hump!" he said, as he observed
don't know but what, after all, it's
a good thing that parents give their
children expensive things these days.
It's a great help to our profession.
You can't raise much on candy, balls
and two-penny dolls, but these silver
plated engines and purses with
ten-dollar bills in 'em come in handy.
Gold sleeve-buttons too," he added,
as his eyes took in a few further
details of the scene before him,
"an' a gold watch as well. This is
lucky."
And then, as he bent over the
group of toys and presents of a more
expensive nature intended for Bobbie,
his eyes glittering with joy at the
prospective value of his haul,
the heart of the unexpected guest
stopped beating for an instant. There
was a rustling behind him.
With a quick movement he slid the
cover of the dark lantern to, by mere
force of habit; but it was unavail-
ing; the room was still lighted

GILLETT'S GOODS ARE THE BEST!



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE
GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR.

When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM!** That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substituter realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

STOP HIM!

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PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

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Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

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Printing

316 Lagauchetiere Street W., Montreal.



That ever were seen on this side earth's portain.
"Hurry up," said Saint Nick, "and nicely prepare
All a little girl wants where money is rare."
Then, oh, what a scene there was in that room!
Away went the elves, but down from the gloom
Of the sooty old chimney came tumbling low
A child's whole wardrobe, from head to toe.
How Santa Claus laughed, as he fastened each one to the sock
with a pin!
Right to the toe he hung a blue dress.
"She'll think it came from the sky, I guess."
Said Saint Nicholas, smoothing the folds of blue,
And tying the hood to the stocking, too.
When all the warm clothes were fastened on,
And both little socks were filled and done,
Then Santa Claus tucked a toy here and there
And hurried away to the frosty air,
Saying: "God pity the poor, and bless the dear child
Who pines for them too, on this night so wild."
The wind caught the words, and bore them on high
Till they died away in the midnight sky.
While Saint Nicholas flew through the icy air,
Bringing "peace and good will" with him everywhere.

though dimly.
"Hullo!" said a soft voice from the portiere and at the same moment the curtains parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his nightgown. "Is that you, Santa Claus?" he added, peering curiously at the unexpected guest.
The man gave a short laugh.
"That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself, and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear:
"Well not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."
"His what?" said Bobbie.
"Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that I'd vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus's assistant. You see, my lad, there are so many more children now-a-days than there used to be that the boss has to get outside help Christmas Eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me an' a few others like me—heaven help us! and we do his distributing for him. I'd just lain these things out here when you surprised me."
"Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch too, just the very thing I wanted!"
The man drew back as the boy spoke, and with a queer light in his eyes sat down in one of the chairs suddenly.
"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus's assistant.
"Yes," said the man. "Very."
"I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR
ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

Name

Address

Amount

The Playmates of the Infant.

It is all about a brother and a sister who lived together in a castle. They were only children, and knew no harm, but not very much good either. Their father was a great Lord, and they saw little of him but their mother was always with them, and kept them as gulleless as angels, and almost as happy.
One day when the sun was very bright and hot, they played noisily in the garden, till they were quite tired, and then rested on a grass plot, over which a sycamore stretched out its shady arms. In the middle of the plot a flower-bed was cut, and in the middle of the flower bed stood a pedestal which supported a white marble statue of the Madonna, holding at her breast the Infant Saviour.
The children had from the first been so used to this statue, that they had never thought of putting any questions regarding it. But today, as they looked out from the shade of the sycamore, and saw the sun shining on the face of the infant, it came into Walter's curly head to inquire: "Who is the child that is always smiling down at us so sweetly from his mother's arms? And how kind she is: just like ma-

MY BABY DEAR.

warning that God would soon ask her for her boy, and though she prayed with many tears that he might be spared, she said with all the sincerity of her truly Christian heart, "They will be done."
And God's holy will was done. It was His holy will that Walter should receive his reward early. Before the last sleep stole upon him, he saw in his dream a beautiful child like the beloved Infant that looks towards the sycamore tree in the garden; and the child stood beside his little bed, smiling, and bringing him fruit, oh, so delicious to the taste and exquisitely cool and refreshing. And still smiling into the face of the dying boy, He kissed his lips, and smoothed his damp hair, and wreathed his forehead with flowers that smelled very sweetly, and looked very fair. But it was not the fruit or the flowers, but the deep love which shone out of the child's eyes that brought joy and strength to the little fainting heart of the dying Walter.
Then poor little Walter woke up from his beautiful dream, and his pale, thin face looked bright and happy. The bright smile never faded from the face till he closed his weary eyes again, only to open them at the loving welcome from the eyes of Jesus in heaven.
But Alice—it was many years before she followed him to heaven who had been the playmate of her childhood. Many a prayer she had to say, many a good deed to do, many a kind word to speak, many a holy thought to cherish in her virgin heart, many an act of love to offer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. In her

eighteenth summer, she became the affianced bride of Christ, but many a year of patience and prayer, of grace and merit did she live on earth before her Divine Spouse called her to Himself in His kingdom. His living image had reigned alone in her heart, even since the days of her early childhood when she and Walter sat on the grass under the sycamore tree, and looked up at the Infant's marble image, and cried: "Come down, and play with us."—Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

By Samuel Abbott.
Sleep, little one, in thy tiny bed:
A white star is hovering overhead:
A bird flies west through the dark-
ening day:
Sleep, little one, while I kneel and
pray—
Mother of Jesus, may thy tear
Never be mine for my baby dear.
A spirit waits at the door of
dream,
With lips asmile and with eyes
gleam,
To lead thee into the woods that lie
Beyond the gates of the evening sky.
Mother of Jesus, roads are wide;
Bring him back if he leave my
side.
Go. Fly with him where the bird
has flown
And see the field with the stars
o'erstraw;
And I will bide in my Land of Bliss
To bring thee home with a morning
kiss.
Mother of Jesus, thou dost know
Why it is that I love him so.

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Noel-land Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Noel-land Birthday Fund, including D. McDermott, E. Archer, James Duggan, etc.

ORGAN CONSECRATED.

Another organ was consecrated to the service of God on Thursday last, at the Mother House of the Sisters of the Congregation, Sherbrooke street.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who require the advice of experts in securing their patents.

An Hour With Canon Sheehan.

In his latest work Canon Sheehan gives us a delightful pot-pourri of all things literary, philosophical and emotional. The title, which at first seems a strange one, is a Greek word meaning "ornamental additions to a principal work"; the principal work in this case is the author's well-known selection of his own thoughts and jottings.

Let us glance cursorily at the book under three aspects, and glean a few of the author's reflections in his triple capacity of an observer of Nature, a literary critic, and a philosopher.

Unlike the majority of poets, he prefers autumn to spring, and in a quaint simile calls it the "gentle grey friar" that "comes to us so quietly, so solemnly, without noise or laughter except the sighing of gentle winds through the changing foliage of the trees."

Always some apt comparison brings Canon Sheehan's thoughts home to us with forcible reality, for instance when he speaks of the "tinted days being drawn in gradually, but swiftly, as you would close up the folds of a camera or the joints of a telescope."

Of Tennyson, Canon Sheehan says that, like Turner, he creates an atmosphere all his own, that as a consummate word painter and etcher he has had no equal, but that he never touches great sublimities.

Wordsworth is recommended as an opiate for tired nerves and wearied brain-workers. Meditative and restful, he soothes in virility, and as we regain strength his philosophy begins to pall.

Wordsworth is recommended as an opiate for tired nerves and wearied brain-workers. Meditative and restful, he soothes in virility, and as we regain strength his philosophy begins to pall.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for December 1908, listing days of the week and feast days such as St. Edward, St. Nicholas, etc.

and Aaron of the pilgrimages of humanity through the desert—the Calpe and Abila pointing to the vast ocean of eternity beyond the narrow inland sea of time.

As a philosopher, Canon Sheehan has many lessons to impart, and his very kittens, "Lu" and "Ju," can discourse words of wisdom!

Prophets of childhood, he has many touching things to say, and so vividly does he conjure up the vistas of his fairland that with them, he brings us back the thrills of youth and "the wild freshness of morning."

From the above gleanings may be guessed what a wealth of language and ideas is to be found in Parerga. It is a work of endless variety, and like a microscope, its pictures are ever changing.

As the bee passes lightly from flower to flower, never tarrying yet returning home honey-laden, so do we pass from thought to thought, and close the book feeling "the winter and thank God not—as it too often the case—the sadder for the wisdom we have gained—Cornelia Pelly, in Irish Monthly.

Christmas never grows old. In anticipation we look forward and prepare for its coming. Young and old, rich and poor, share its hallowed joys. The humility and poverty of the Infant Redeemer appear glorified by an inborn radiance.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS

Table of fares for Christmas and New Year excursions, listing routes to Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, etc.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Christmas AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS

Table of fares for Grand Trunk Railway System excursions, listing routes to Toronto, Montreal, etc.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

CHRISTMAS AND New Year Holidays

Table of fares for Intercolonial Railway excursions, listing routes to Montreal, etc.

Maritime Express

Table of fares for Maritime Express excursions, listing routes to St. John's, etc.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the bleak midwinter Frosty wind made moan, Earth stood hard as iron, Water like a stone;

Never Grows Old.

Christmas never grows old. In anticipation we look forward and prepare for its coming. Young and old, rich and poor, share its hallowed joys.

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him

Our God, Heaven cannot hold Him Nor earth sustain; Heaven and earth shall flee away When He comes to reign;

S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1781, 1810 to 1811, 1819 to 1821, St. James St., Montreal

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1908, STORE CLOSED AT 6 P.M.

Thousands will buy Gloves here.

On Thursday we expect to beat every record we've ever made for glove selling. Here are some of the values that will do it:— LADIES' GLOVES

"Countess," French Kid Gloves, made especially for us all popular shades; sizes 5 1-2 to 8. Special pair, \$1.25 "Le Brabant," French Kid Gloves, made especially for us; great value pair, \$1.45

Great Holiday Handkerchief Sale.

White Lawn Handkerchiefs, embroidered, hemstitched or scalloped border, bought at seconds, worth 15c. Thursday, 8 1-2c

33 1-3 p.c. off all Men's Winter Cloth Overcoats

Sale of Boys' Clothing.

Boys' Heavy Tweed Winter Overcoats, warmly lined, Chesterfield cut, worth \$5.00. For \$3.59

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1781, 1810 to 1811, 1819 to 1821, St. James St., Montreal

Department of Public Works and Labour.

Public notice is hereby given that the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Province of Quebec will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, for the consolidation and revision of the law creating it, which is contained in section two, chapter four, of the revised statutes of the Province of Quebec, entitled "Physicians and Surgeons," and moreover for the purpose of changing this law, notably in that which concerns the creation of a medical board of examiners for the obtaining of the provincial license of medicine, the creation of various commissions with authorization by the Board of Governors to delegate their powers to these commissions, the repression of the illegal practice of medicine, the internal direction of its administration, the prolongation of the term of office of the governors, the annual contribution of the members of the College, the admission to the study of medicine, the privilege of more extended powers to the registrar, and in general for all purposes concerning the good working of the College.

Mind This.

It makes no difference whether it is chronic, acute or inflammatory. Rheumatism of the muscles or joints.

St. Jacobs Oil

It cures and cures promptly. Price, 25c. and 50c.

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A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS AND COUGHS. They combine the germicidal value of Cresole with the soothing and antiseptic value of Iodoform.

Warts are disfigurements that disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure.