



DOES ROME RECEIVE NO CONVERTS.

This Idea Exploded in the Light of Recent Events.

One of the stock phrases of our Episcopal brethren of late years has been this: "Since the Catholic revival Rome receives no converts from us." Well, the bottom now seems to have fallen out of the "Catholic revival," and earnest men and women are hurrying out of the Anglican boat into the armoured cruiser of St. Peter.

Perhaps the most remarkable convert of the year was that of Rev. Lewis Thomas Watson, known in religion as Father Paul James Francis, founder and superior of the Episcopal Society of the Atonement, and editor of The Lamp. Like the late Dr. Frederick George Lee, Father Paul has been an earnest champion of the corporate reunion of the English Church with Rome, but, thank God, he has not like Lee waited for death to turn his thoughts to his own responsibility as regards submission.

So many of our papers have discussed the reception of Father Paul that I may be pardoned if I deal with his life as I have known it in the Episcopal Church. For the past fifteen years I have had the honor of numbering Father Paul among my dearest friends, and to him I owe much that can never be repaid in this world.

About fifteen years ago I was visiting at the home of an Anglican friend when she burst out with, "We are all to become god Romans. Bishop Worthington has brought a priest from Kingston, N.Y., who is as Roman as the Pope." Well, Father Watson was not quite all that but he so changed the complexion of Omaha Episcopalism in the short time of his residence there as to make it quite unrecognizable to old timers. Bishop Worthington built a large house near the Church of St. John and here Father Paul became head of a band of six clergymen who had charge of the mission in and around Omaha. They followed a life modelled on that of the Oratorians, and were instruments in the hands of God of turning many hearts in the right direction, all realize all they were doing.

I was just thinking the other day that two parishioners of Father Paul at that time are now Catholic nuns, one in the Order of the Sisters of Charity, Dubuque, one in the Dominican Order at Sinesinawa. A young man associated with him, Mr. Colt, nephew of an Episcopal Bishop is now a devout Catholic layman, and others whose names space prevents me mentioning.

ANGLICAN ORDER CONCERNED.

Father Watson remained in Omaha for some time, when the death of his mother gave him the final impulse to enter a religious order of his church, namely the Society of Holy Cross, at West Park. From this place he was sent out on missions in company with Father Van Allen, rector of the fashionable Church of the Advent, Boston, and now his severest critic. Everywhere he made a deep impression because of his wonderful eloquence and intense earnestness. But even here he was not satisfied. The Catholic idea of a religious order was ever with him, and he was especially attracted to the poverty of the rule of St. Francis. With this thought in mind the Order of the Atonement came into being in 1893.

Father Paul told me that when he was a little boy his father one day in speaking of the Paulists, said: "I wish we had such an order in our church." At that time the thought came to Father Paul that he would some day found a religious community whose work should be akin to that of the Paulists.

The society of the Atonement was founded in the year 1893. Upon the sixth Sunday after the Trinity the Rev. Luke Watson received the name of the society which from a child it had been his hope to found some day. So after offering up the communion with intention to know the will of God, and having in mind the example of St. Francis, he opened the Holy Scriptures three times in the name of the Holy Trinity. The central text was Romans, v. 23, "We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the Atonement." This name, so the founder believed, was given till these days for those who have received in having added still another religious community to the Church Catholic.

MODELLED ON STRICTER LINES

Having received the name of the society, the founder modelled it on the first rule of St. Francis in all its primitive harshness. A second order of women was formed, the superior of which, a most remarkable woman, is Mother Lurana Mary Francis.

ciety. Inevitably Father Watson with the brown habit and white cord of St. Francis, and changed his name from Watson to that of Paul.

The first echo of disapproval came when the Bishop of Delaware, frightened no doubt by the "going to Rome" of his son, disavowed in formal notes to the various Church papers any responsibility for the teaching of the Society of the Atonement, and, like Pilate, washed his hands of the whole affair.

But the full artillery of the enemies of Father Paul were turned on Graymoor on the appearance of the Lamp, the full history of the founding of which would make very interesting reading. Father Paul drew around him such men as Rev. Dr. Lloyd professor of literature in the Imperial University of Tokio, who lost his position of president of St. Paul's College for daring to acknowledge in the Lamp that he paid Peter's Pence! Other men who contribute to The Lamp and are in sympathy with Father Paul, are Rev. Spencer Jones, Canon Wirgmat, of South Africa, and other able men in the Anglican Church.

ANGLO-ROMAN UNION.

Two years ago, Father Paul, in company with several clergymen and laymen of the Episcopal Church, met together in New York, and founded the Anglo-Roman Union. We hope that the reception into the Church of Father Paul will not have the effect of disheartening the little company of earnest men comprising this society. Surely there is room for it in the broad haven of American Episcopalism.

On my visits to Graymoor I have been told very interesting bits concerning the father of Father Paul. It seems the Rev. Edward Watson himself came very near being received into the Church while a student at Old Chelsea, now the General Theological seminary, New York, the nursing mother of over 100 converts most of whom were and are priests.

Mr. Watson was a friend of Wadhams, Walworth, and McMasters, all three to become converts, and the first mentioned to become the first Bishop of the see over which the man who received Father Paul into the Church acts as Vicar General. Like all the rest of his friends at the seminary, Watson had caught the "Roman fever," so much so that one day in company with another student he started for Bishop McCluskey's door to make his submission. But, alas, like so many others under similar circumstances, he had misgivings and at the very door, turned back, while his friend went in. In speaking of this to his son, Mr. Watson said: "Lewis had I gone in that day you would never have been born."

It is a strange thing that Father Paul was looked upon with more complacency by Low Churchmen than High. The late Bishop McLaren said to Russell Wilbur and me one day: "He is a good man but one hundred years ahead of the Episcopal Church." If this prophecy be true we shall all have just cause to thank God.—Scannell O'Neill, in Columbian.

The Sign of the Cross.

It is known to perhaps very few Americans, that the sign of the cross has played a very important part in the history of our civil war. Yet it saved a whole detachment of Confederate troops and did much in deciding the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. It was on the eve of the great struggle for the control of the vicinity of the national capital. General Smith was too late to receive the pass-word. He knew that any attempt to approach his own army in darkness, would expose his division to a murderous fire, while if he tarried till morning he would certainly fall into the hands of the Federal army. To save his men, he asked if one of them would willingly face death for his comrades. Without a word a young soldier stepped before the ranks.

"Are you aware," the general asked, "of the danger to which you are exposing yourself?"

"General, I am."

"You know you will not get through alive. They will shoot you."

"General, I know it."

The general then wrote on a piece of paper: "Send me the countersign, General Smith."

New Presbytery of St. Thomas Aquinas.

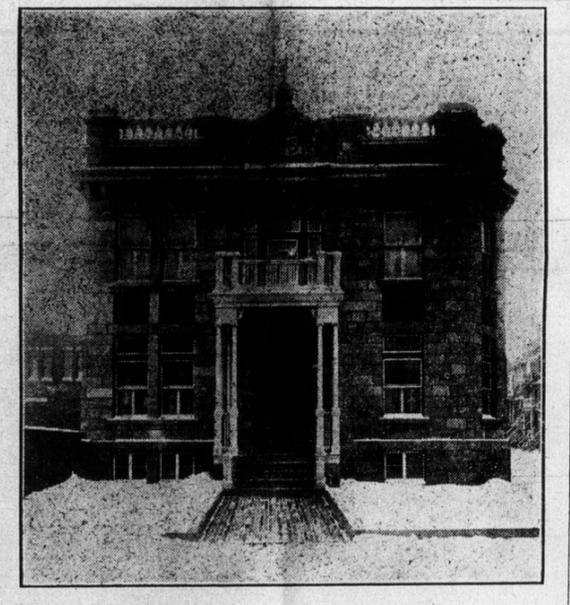
A Beautiful Home For the Pastor and Assistants of the New Irish Parish.

Quite striking indeed is the new presbytery of the parish of St. Thomas Aquinas; and a decided air of distinction is lent by it to the district in which it is situated, the heart of the municipality of St. Henry. Once within the entrance hall, one feels "at home." This may be due to the warm welcome of the whole-hearted kindly pastor, the Rev. T. F. Heffernan, more than to the general attractiveness; be that as it may sincere hospitality is assured to any caller at St. Thomas Aquinas presbytery.

It is hardly necessary to say that the furnishing is not yet complete, but the impression formed from present indications will leave nothing to be desired.

On the first floor, to right and left of entrance hall are the pastor's and his assistant's private offices, and parlor; just beyond and at end of hall are dining room, cloak room pantry and kitchen, the latter equipped with the most modern hygienic

and cheerful interior. Just a stone's throw from the presbytery is, what will be the Irish hall, but used for Church purposes. Right above will be school. The seating capacity, basement, or present Church, is five hundred and every day this is taxed to its utmost. The pastor has given serious thought to the smallest detail and nothing left undone to promote both spiritual and physical comfort of his parishioners. One very small instance of his study of detail might be mentioned regarding the attendance at the children's mass at 9.30 on Sundays. There are three doors. One of them, to the right, is used by the girls, that to the left by the boys, leaving the main entrance entirely free for the adult members of congregation. Seemingly an item of no account, yet those who attend crowded churches where children mingle with the grownups coming in and going out, can easily appreciate



NEW PRESBYTERY OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

appointments. The living room whose color scheme is red, is most inviting in every detail, both by reason of its tasteful furnishings and pleasing situation. The walls are covered in crimson tapestry, a deep border of fruit, luscious, was had said appetizing, just over a projecting shelf for brick-a-brac, forms a most effective background for the polished oak dining table, buffet and china cabinet. This opens on to a wide verandah, which is to be glass enclosed and serve as a conservatory.

On the second floor are four bedrooms, lavatory and billiard room, all opening on to a large square hall, to the front, just above the portico, is a delightful little retiring room, to be known as the magazine room. A davenport, shelves for reading matter, pretty rug will complete the furnishings of this inviting little den. The billiard room has a charm all its own. Its walls are hung with green tapestry. Innumerable easy chairs bespeak comfort, and it is easy to imagine that the room of all others will indeed be the "living" room.

The house is furnished in oak throughout, and if there is one thing more than all others which strikes one it is the abundance of light pouring in on all sides; even the casual passerby observes the innumerable windows, bespeaking a bright

the arrangements at St. Thomas Aquinas.

Besides the many duties of his parish proper, Father Heffernan has the comfort to number among his many good works, the bringing into the church some sixty-nine, non-Catholics. This is indeed a matter of much consolation to him, and brings home the truth of the power of the old church's teachings. For, it was while simply occupying himself with the work of his holy ministry, teaching from his pulpit the sublime truths as he knew them, and not by aggressive argument or by seeking out these separated ones that he became the instrument of their entrance into the fold. There seems to be but one thing missing from an otherwise very complete parish and that is a school. It is a deplorable fact that the only school at the disposal of about one hundred and eighty boys is one in which they receive no English instruction.

Altogether the pastor and parishioners of St. Thomas Aquinas have cause for much gratification. Harmony and good will are the watchwords, and with such an indefatigable pastor as Father Tom, as he is familiarly and affectionately called, St. Thomas is going to take its place among the most prosperous and most successful parishes on the island of Montreal.

JOURNALIST AND ORATOR.

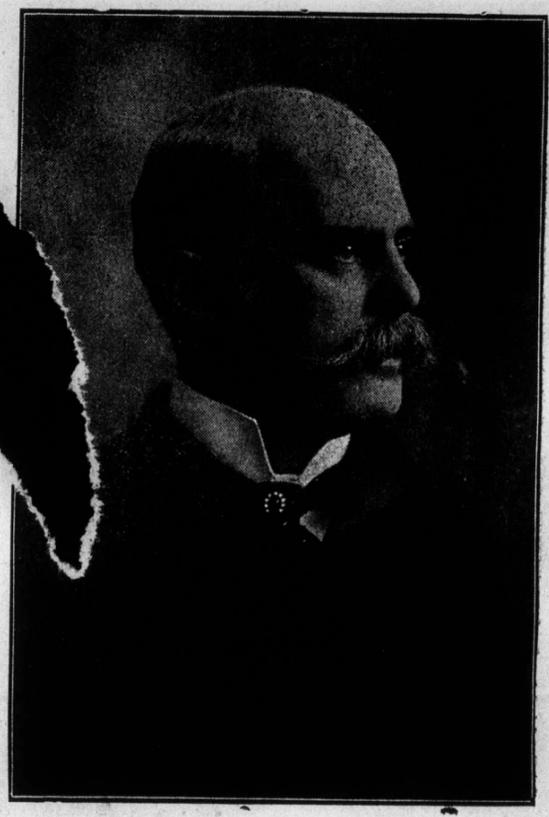
All-Round Newspaper Man, Who Infuses Personal Journalism into His Work.

(Toronto Globe.) T. P. O'Connor, being an Irishman from Athlone, is never out of the British fight. For thirty years he has been in the House of Com-

mors, but for more than forty years he has been in journalism. Everywhere and always he has kept up a running fire which only comes to a pitched battle when an election campaign is on. He was in the United States collecting funds for the Irish cause when the present fight was called, but he will again win in the Scotland Division of Liverpool, which he has represented steadily since 1865. T.P. O'Connor, M.P. for Scotland, was once an overworked joke.

All the world knows "T.P." because all the world reads or reads about "T.P.'s Weekly" and "M. A. P." his two chief journalistic ventures that have survived. They have because of the vitality he pours

THE MAYOR-ELECT.



DR. J. J. GUERIN, WHO WAS ELECTED TO THE MAYORALTY BY A PLURALITY OF OVER TEN THOUSAND.

into them. They represent personal journalism of the best sort. The rare art of "T.P." is there illustrated, the art not of the critic, but of the interpreter. He produces more newspaper copy—more and better than any man I know except W. T. Stead. His mind is always alert and aware for the story of every incident. You see him at lunch at the National Liberal Club with a pen and pencil, and the memoranda made between courses are elaborated and dictated, and appear either in his own journals or in one or another of the British or American journals for which he writes.

His was the last set speech at the Press Conference. The theme was "Literature and Journalism." Lord Morley was in the chair. In his speech T. P. O'Connor made a plea for the personal and human element in newspaper work. One illustration was from a sermon he heard from Spurgeon. I was not a follower of the late Mr. Spurgeon, he explained, but the preacher's illustration, a hackneyed one nowadays, about the "Water! water!" cry of the captain whose ship had swept into the fresh waters of the Amazon, enforced the idea that the journalist's material is all about him. Here are a few sentences from his speech which may be suggestive for preachers as well as for reporters:

"Is there a single incident in the City reporter's work which does not give him material for literature? Every inquest tells a tragedy. Every police court is a panorama of human life, especially in its darker and sadder side. Every court of law is engaged in some of those great conflicts of human emotion and human passion and human interest for which the literary man is looking. If the newspaper man is not a man of letters, and if what he preaches is not literature, it is his fault and not the fault of his opportunities."

In that speech he touched on his own early experience. Turning to the chairman he said: "Now, my Lord, I proclaim you to-day as the man who first inspired me with the idea of personal and human journalism as distinguished from the high-and-dry journalism of my boyhood," and he quoted Morley's description of Robespierre at the Feast of Reason.

helped him first into notice as a vigorous writer. He described him as a lineal descendant and heir at law of the impatient thief that died on the cross."

Everybody knows "T.P." because that all pervasive literary spirit deals with all the common experiences of life and is open, frank, unstrained. But the literary T. P. is one personality while T. P. O'Connor is quite another. The one has a certain settled melancholy and reticence, the other is shy and reticent and sometimes morbid. The one touches with the deft art of the light dramatist all the topics of the day and all the passing humors of life. If you are long with the other and get near to him you will find beneath all his light and breezy habit a certain settled melancholy through which when he is silent you may, if you understand, get chance glimpses into a deep and lovely gloom. "T.P." the journalist and T. P. O'Connor the Irish Nationalist are both interesting studies. But the essential man behind these forms is more interesting still. He is essentially a dramatist. His paragraphs may glow, his speeches may throb with enthusiasm, but behind it all is the real man. And that real man is neither as careless nor as hopeful as his sketches of life and his political speeches might suggest. At the basis of A. J. Balfour's life is a philosophic scepticism. At the basis of T. P. O'Connor's life is an elusive pessimism. The one can never be positive, aggressive, enduring. The other, even though he may hearten others, can never be quite sure of himself. There is in the Irishman enough of the Celt to "disturb the cloud," but not enough to give it "wings like an eagle."

Of course, as the world knows him, T. P. O'Connor is the irrepressible storyteller and Home Rule agitator. In that guise he is in Britain's fight to-day. And he fights bravely, generously, unselfishly, despite the long delay. But behind the fighter there is always the man.—J. A. MacDonald.

Priest's Invention

May Revolutionize Railroad Signal System.

Rev. Father Adrian D'Antonio, O. F.M., has come to America from Italy to negotiate with American railroads in the interest of his invention for preventing collisions on railroads. He is at present a guest at the Franciscan monastery in Brookland, D.C. Father Adrian has been engaged for nearly two years in perfecting a system that promises to be a marked advance on existing methods of signaling. His invention may mean the protection of trains against collisions, and, if adopted, will revolutionize the signal systems now in use.

THE TEST.

The Story of a Vocation, and the Girl's Decision.

"Martha, dear,"
 "Yes, John, what is it?"
 "I got a letter from Franklin's this morning."
 "Franklin's? Who are Franklin's?"
 "Why, they are the people I worked with during my summers when I was in the seminary. They offer me a position at twenty-five dollars a week."
 "Oh, isn't that splendid! You dear! And now we can really get married. When does it begin?"
 "Why, I can go down there tomorrow; they want me right away."
 "Can you? Why, you don't mean to say that you hesitate?"
 "Well, Martha, I am not sure whether I ought to take it. That is what I wanted to see you about it for."
 "And why not?"

John McMaisters looked lovingly at the beautiful girl for a moment before he began his reply. For a year they had been betrothed, waiting the while for his work to become successful enough to make married life possible. His chosen field of literature did not seem to have become very promising in the matter of making his fortune. By wearing cheap clothes and living at cheap lodgings he was just able to make ends meet out of the small payments his articles brought in.

"Martha," he began very slowly and gently, "you know how I spent my early years in the seminary, with the expectation of being one of the priests. You know what the circumstances were which made it impossible for me to go on, which showed me so plainly that God did not wish me in that holy vocation. We talked all that over at the beginning of our love. You felt as I have, that there could be no question about my vocation now to the state of matrimony. We would not have been happy if there had been a question, would we, dear?"

The girl drew a little closer to him as she whispered, "No, John; I don't think we would."

"Well, my darling, when I saw that so clearly at the time, when I had to leave the seminary, I went into the old chapel and knelt before our blessed Lord's presence. I thanked Him for making His will clear and plain, though so different from my expectations. And then I promised Him that, although He had shown me that I should not be a priest, I would give my life in the world to His service. To the greater glory of God, should still be my motto, whatever I would mean to be."

Martha gazed into her lover's face with something akin to worship in her heart. At first she had fought off her growing affection for a "spoiled" priest. Now she was ashamed that she could ever have doubted the deep piety which had grown a dinner because it found that it might not shine in the more perfect state.

The man went on, "I had done some writing for the church papers. It had been favorably received. In my mind, I had entertained the idea that I might add to my usefulness as priest that of author in a small way. As I bade good-by to my old comrades, one of them said to me, 'John, you can still serve God. If I could write as you can, I would not think I had a vocation to the priesthood.' Maybe I was a trifle too mystical about it, but I took that as a call of the divine voice. Poverty had no terrors for me then, for I thought I should go on and live alone."

The girl sighed. How well she knew the hardships of the life he had chosen; how much he had suffered in silence, how cheap food and unpleasant surroundings had turned his cheeks hollow and pale; how many discouragements he had met; how little hope there was of advancement for some years to come.

As he ended the last words, his hand slipped over hers and he lifted it gently to his lips. "How wonderfully good God has been to show me you," he exclaimed; then kissed the fair hand again before he slowly lowered it to the arm of the chair in which he sat beside her.

"But finding you has made some change," he resumed, after a moment's pause. "Had it not been for you, I would have refused this offer of Franklin's without a thought. But you have rights. As God has given you to me, He has placed upon me the obligation to make you as happy as I can. I did not feel that I had the right alone to say no to this chance. If I make this refusal, it must be because you wish me to."

As John has made his announcement about the fine business offer, Martha's heart had begun to beat with joy. As he had explained his reasons for not accepting it immediately, the gladness had passed away. Perhaps she admired him the more for his self-sacrifice; but she could not find in the increasing admiration much consolation for the disappearance of the vision of speedy marriage and home which the news had raised in her mind. When he turned the question to one of her own privileges in the matter of the choice, it hardly occurred to her not to exercise her right. There was no hesitation in her thought. God reasons instantly presented themselves to her for taking the more selfish viewpoint.

"Why, John," she said, "it seems to me that, since God has shown us that He wants us to have each other, it would hardly be less than

for us to accept any opening which may make it possible for us to fulfill His will in the matter."
 "So you think I ought to accept. Maybe you are right. Of course, it should marry some time, yet not His will that we should marry just now. Still, long engagements are bad on general principles. Probably you are right."
 "And you will accept it, then? Oh you are so good to poor little me?" She pressed a kiss on his forehead then, seizing his arms, lifted him to his feet and made him do a few waltz steps around the room.
 "And we can afford to rent that little cottage in Breezesturt," she cried gaily. "I looked at it Sunday afternoon, and it is still empty. My heart was sinking then, for I was sure it would be filled before we could get a chance to take it."
 "Yes," replied her lover, though it seemed a little too much effort for him to reach her point of cheerfulness. "I don't know but we could do better than that on twenty-five dollars a week."

"Now, there you go, getting extravagant the moment you have even a prospect of money!" She shook a mocking finger in his face, then burst forth again into merry peals of gentle laughter. It was not long before her mood had infected him completely. He entered into the little plans that had been neglected heretofore as being too much in the nature of castles in Spain. He enjoyed her schemes fully. All the suggestions she had to offer about the arrangement of their household were met with a responsive chord in his heart. At last the nightmare of the boarding-house was to end. A home was to be his! He had not thought much about that before. His mind had only reached up to the bliss of possessing her. That had been tempting enough. As she unfolded the rest of the possibilities, he realized that it would be pretty hard to give up his chance now, even though Martha should change her mind.

And so they talked, this happy pair. One after another they filled in the lines in their picture of the joy that soon would be their own. He had come to her humble flat immediately after his lecture in the cheap boarding-house which he had called home heretofore.

The sun was dipping over the tops of the other houses when he at last arose to leave. "I must finish up one more story this evening," he said. "I shall not have much time after to-morrow. I will report at Franklin's for duty at nine o'clock."

After he had gone, Martha sat a long time, gazing through the window at the street below. The soiled children who insisted the neighborhood did not worry her as much as usual; the ugly sign boards on the high fence around the opposite vacant lot were less oppressive; the clanging of the street-car bells not quite so annoying. For now she could look beyond these things to a future in which they should have no part. The stitching with which she had long eked out her own livelihood seemed a little lighter task now that it was so soon to end. The happy days to which she had so long looked forward were coming. They were almost here. A month, a delightful month, in which she could devote her labors to the simple trousseau for herself; and then, ah! then everything would be hers, hers.

Oh, it was too much happiness, too much joy to be true! Was it, could it be too much happiness to be right! Was it possible that she might be paying too great a price for immediate possession? Could there be anything wrong about taking her lover from what he seemed to regard as his vocation? Vocations had always seemed to be very simple matters to her. Either a person was called to religion or to matrimony. She had always felt sure that her own call was matrimony. Before they had become engaged she had made sure that John's vocation was the same. But might there be special vocations inside the great lines which divide these two?

It was a new idea, suggested by John's words, as to the possibility that God's will could be a later rather than an immediate marriage. Altogether it was not a very pleasing idea to Martha. She had always been a pretty conscientious girl. John's talk about the greater glory of God even outside the higher vocations had begun to affect her. By the time that it was necessary to light the gas a large portion of her happiness had taken wings. But as she looked out, before drawing the shade of her window, and saw the dingy street, more dingy in the growing dusk, she cried, half aloud, "I can not stand this any longer. It must be his vocation to go into business."

At that moment the postman's whistle sounded downstairs, and her name was shouted up the hallway. She ran below, eager to charge the uncomfortable trend of her thoughts. It was only a magazine—the one which published most of John's stories. She took it as eagerly as she always had taken it, and tore it open with the same quickening of pulse with which she ever searched its pages for the things John had written. She knew that the story would be one he had already let her read in manuscript. She always read them again in print. It took her a moment to find his particular

place in this copy, and, while she turned the leaves, her heart sank with the fear that nothing would appear.

All at once she dropped the magazine. In a few moments would come a time when there would never again be anything of John's to look for in it! Then she picked it up more eagerly than before. She was almost feverish in her haste as she removed her search. At last she found the page. Rapidly she read the well-remembered phrases. Gradually she lost herself in the interest of the tale. It was a simple little piece, without anything about it to show any great literary genius in its author. His financial necessity had compelled him to write it rather hurriedly. Yet, no one could read it through without being a bit stirred. For, like all his stories, it dealt with the struggle for righteousness and the victory that comes from the grace of God. Till to-day Martha had thought of his work simply in the light of artistic or business success. As she laid down the periodical, the real meaning, the purpose for which her lover labored, stood out before her. And the revelation brought on a battle with self such as she had never experienced.

On one side were all the little comforts of the home that could be. With this strong host, the disagreeableness of her present surroundings arrayed itself, together with the less selfish thought of John's own hardships. At the head of this column stood John himself—the great happiness of calling him "husband." And over against these, all alone, was John's adaptation of the Jesuit motto, "to the greater glory of God."

It was no quick battle. It lasted through the whole evening. Far into the night the pleasures still seemed to have the best of the motto. It was almost dawn when Martha reached her decision and fell into a brief sleep. Her decision had only been to assist at Mass in the morning. The main question had been pushed aside, but to a safe place.

It was later than she intended when she awoke, and she had barely time to dress and reach the church as the eight o'clock Mass was beginning. She found it impossible to pray at first, and attributed the fault to the fluster of her haste in coming. But as the solemn ceremonies proceeded to the supreme moment when the priest again presented the awful sacrifice of God Himself she might have been seen to wipe her eyes furtively with her little handkerchief. No sooner had the prayers at the foot of the altar been finished than she hurried out to the nearest drugstore. Seizing the telephone directory, she turned the pages to the letter F. There were a number of Franklins and she felt very uncertain as she looked at the big clock behind the counter and saw that only half an hour remained till nine o'clock. She had chosen the address of a large manufacturing concern which bore the name.

She boarded a car, then quickly left it as she realized that she had come out without her purse. The offices of the factory were a good mile and a half away, but she started to walk as fast as she could. It was a very breathless and somewhat weary Martha who nearly ran into John McMaister's arms at the door with this sign, "No Admission Except on business."

"Why, my dear, what is the matter?" asked the strong voice of her lover. He looked her over in astonishment. It was not altogether easy to identify this parting, rather

Father Morrissey's
"No. 10" (Lung Tonic)
Saved His Life



Rev. Father Morrissey

Mr. Jno. Aylward, of Campbellton, N.B., writes on Feb. 5th, 1907, telling of his narrow escape from death:

"During the winter of 1907, while travelling on the Gaspé Coast, I contracted a severe Cold which settled upon my lungs. After I returned home I wrote to Father Morrissey explaining my case. I received a letter from him with a prescription for his medicine, which could not be filled at the time here. After one week's delay I received it just in the nick of time to save my life. After one month's use I felt like a new man."

Father Morrissey's remedies are now on sale throughout Eastern Canada so that you can get "No. 10" when you need it. But it is even better to keep a bottle in the house, ready for instant use the minute you or your children show signs of a cold of any kind.

Taken at once, "No. 10" breaks up the cold quickly, and saves many a severe illness.

Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

At your dealer's.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

pitiful little figure with that of the happy girl of yesterday afternoon's joyous planning.

"Oh, John, have you taken the position?" she faltered. She could not help, even now, a half hope that she had come too late.

"No, but I am just going to. Why did you come?"

"I—I don't want you to take it," she half-sobbed, trying the while to smile bravely through her tears. "I want you to keep on writing."

Manlike, he now required some reason for turning from a course upon which he had determined; but his determination had not been very wholehearted, and they were soon walking together along the busy street that led toward his boarding-house. Every step of the way they grew more cheerful, in spite of the fact that they had just given up the brightest hope they had.

"Wait here a moment," he said as they paused before the dull brick building which was a substitute for home. "I will get my mail, then we will walk back to your house; that is, if you feel like walking."

In a moment he was back with two envelopes in his hands. "You don't mind if I glance at these?" he apologized as he tore open one which bore the heading of the publishing house from which the magazine came that had changed Martha's mind.

"Oh, Martha, look at this!" he suddenly exclaimed. There was a vibration in his voice that startled the girl. She saw that his eyes were half filling with tears, though his face beamed with inexpressible gladness. As she took the paper and tried to read it, she discovered that her hands were shaking most absurdly. She could not hold the sheet steady enough to make out a single word.

"What is it, dear? Tell me, I can't read it," she cried, handing back the letter.

"Why, Martha, Benson's offer me a position on their editorial staff. The salary is thirty dollars a week—George M. A. Cain, in Benson's Magazine."

Death of the Rev. Bro. Bernardine Whelan, O.S.F.

There has just passed away at the Franciscan Monastery, Cummer, Co. Galway, one of the most widely known and highly revered religious of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis in Ireland. Brother Bernardine had reached the fine old age of seventy-five years, and had entered on the fiftieth year of his religious profession, when, after a brief illness, he passed to his eternal reward. He entered the Franciscan Order about 52 years ago, and after a remarkably fervent novitiate made his perpetual vows in 1859. Having labored for short periods in the Monasteries of Achill and Clara, he was stationed at Amadown Monastery, Co. Galway, where he spent most of his long life in religion. Here he was distinguished for his energy, ability, tact and zeal in the work of education, both religious and secular. His attractive personality drew to him the hearts of his pupils. His pupils, whether at home in Ireland or abroad in America or Australia, maintained a heartfelt esteem for their old beloved teacher. Many touching proofs of this could indeed be cited. Within the past dozen years or so Brother Bernardine had been stationed in the Monasteries of Ernew, Kiltulla, and Cummer, and everywhere he was an object of love and reverence to all his acquaintances.

A Remedy for Bilious Headaches. To those subject to bilious headache, Parmelec's Vegetable Pills are recommended as the way to speedy relief. Taken according to directions they will subdue irregularities of the stomach, and so act upon the nerves and blood vessels that the pains in the head will cease. There are few who are not at some time subject to biliousness and familiar with its attendant evils. Yet none need suffer with these pills at hand.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West

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

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

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

- (1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming lands owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon said land.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing should be given the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

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 Deputy Minister of the Interior,
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**IN vain will you build churches,
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 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 Catho-
 lic press**
 —Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.
 If the English Speaking Catholics of
 Montreal and of this Province considered
 their best interests, they would soon
 make of the TRUE WITNESS one
 of the most prosperous and powerful
 Catholic papers in this country.
 I heartily bless those who encourage
 this excellent work.
 PAUL,
 Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1910.

A TRIUMPH.
 The result of Tuesday's elections
 leaves nothing but elation in the
 hearts of the people. In unison
 they professed themselves in favor
 of clean administration, have
 given a set back to the malversa-
 tion so long a byword in our City
 Council, and delivered a crushing
 blow to those who tried to ride to
 victory on a race cry, the cry of a
 lost cause. Unity of strength and
 purpose is the keynote of the new
 programme, and with such men
 elected as have been, Montreal is cer-
 tainly entering upon a better civic
 administration era; and with the
 clean life-blood infused into her veins
 by the gentlemen chosen by the Cit-
 izens' Committee, every one is
 sanguine that she will redeem her-
 self and instead of our civic admin-
 istration being a laughing stock, it
 will now, composed as it is of
 honorable men, place the municipal
 affairs of Montreal in such a posi-
 tion as it has never yet attained.
 The Irish Catholics have every rea-
 son to be proud of their representa-
 tive, and we feel safe in saying that
 in Dr. Guerin Montreal has a man
 who will uphold her honor in every
 way. His earnest wish is to serve
 the people well, and to show them
 that he is keenly alive to the trust
 imposed in him. He is sensitive,
 too, of the supreme task before
 himself and the new Board of Con-
 trol and aldermen to adjust matters
 to their proper focus, but they are
 able for it. These are the Mayor-
 elect's words:

"We are commencing an entirely
 new era for the civic government of
 Montreal, which will require our
 best efforts and sincerest devotion
 to put the reform machinery into
 effective motion, but I have no
 doubt of the results. When I con-
 sider the business integrity and gen-
 eral experience of the men who
 have been elected with me for the
 new civic government I feel con-
 vinced that it will be such as to justify
 the heavy vote of the citizens
 and it will be my earnest
 endeavor to see that the hopes of
 all the citizens are fulfilled."

Very gratifying, indeed, has been
 the action of our French-Canadian
 citizens, who have given a proof of
 their sense of justice. An old time
 custom had to be respected, and
 they fulfilled the obligation to the
 letter. We congratulate them, for
 the splendid stand they took, and
 for the eloquent reproof they made
 to those who had raised the race
 cry.

THE PAULISTS.
 On Tuesday, January 25, a grand
 celebration was held in the Church
 of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus
 avenue, New York City, in observ-
 ance of the golden jubilee of the

Paulist Fathers. The celebration
 was one of the largest and most
 important held in New York in
 some time, as may be drawn from
 the fact that His Eminence Cardinal
 Gibbons was present to preach
 on the occasion. Many other church
 dignitaries and scores of priests and
 religious were present as well.
 The Paulists, faithful to the rule
 and spirit of their great founder,
 have done noble work for the Church
 of God. Thousands have been in-
 structed and received into the
 Church through them. It is safe to
 say that that it is thanks to their
 men, work, methods, and influence,
 if the attitude of non-Catholics to-
 wards the Church, has changed in
 the United States to such a com-
 forting degree. They are men of the
 day and hour, pious, edifying, learn-
 ed, and hard-working priests. They
 are slowly, but surely, growing, and
 the scope of their labor and suc-
 cess is widening and broadening
 with each succeeding year. Who
 says Paulist means a scholar, a
 priest, and gentleman.

The Paulists are thoroughly train-
 ed for their work; hence the success
 they achieve. They are distinctly
 American in their tastes and man-
 ner, but loyally Catholic for all
 that. Some pens have maligned
 their aims and methods of proced-
 ure. The Jews of Calvary are ever
 with us! Shortly, we are told, a
 band of Paulists will take up work
 in Holland! Thank God! His work
 will go on; souls will be won to
 truth and Heaven by the thousand;
 and the last Paulist will die on
 Judgment Day.

BOSTON'S NEW MAYOR.
 For the second time—not consecu-
 tively, however—John F. Fitzgerald
 has been elected Mayor of Boston,
 in spite of a thousand influences.
 The A. P. A. are in a dreadful state
 of mind, as a result. Naturally, the
 majority of Boston people are pleas-
 ed, and we are pleased with them.
 John F. Fitzgerald is a young man,
 but an exceedingly bright and clever
 young man. Throughout the course
 of his first administration, he
 showed that, if he is not the equal
 of the late Patrick Collins, he is
 honest, capable, determined, and bent
 on giving Boston clean rule and
 just. We are glad to say, too,
 that Mr. Fitzgerald is a devout Catho-
 lic; he enjoys the confidence of
 his archbishop and the clergy, and
 he intends to give every man, irrespec-
 tive of creed or blood, honest
 treatment and an equitable chance.
 Father Phelan, of the Western
 Watchman, has a word to say over
 Mr. Fitzgerald's election, a word we
 like. Here it is:

"John F. Fitzgerald has been elected
 mayor of Boston by a substantial
 majority. The papers of the
 Hub all opposed him; and the press
 of the country lament his election.
 Why, we cannot tell for the life of
 us. He was mayor before and his
 administration was honorable and
 beneficial to the city. The Pilot,
 who ought to know, praises him
 and rejoices at his election. This
 event marks the passing of the
 Puritan. We told them, nearly fifty
 years ago, that if they did not give
 up raising poodles and beget more
 babies, the Irish Catholic emigrant
 would soon turn them out of house
 and home. Boston is now the
 most Catholic city in the United
 States."

We are sorry to add, by way of
 remark, that one of our Montreal
 dailies made Father Phelan use
 words concerning the choice of a
 new bishop, which the Western
 Watchman never published, although
 we were told they had appeared in
 his paper. Happily, we know whence
 such base trickery emanates.

TWO ARTICLES.
 We are publishing two very inter-
 esting articles, among others, this
 week: one on Mr. T. P. O'Connor,
 the great Nationalist, the other
 about "The Converts," the former
 from the Toronto Globe, over the
 pen and signature of its chief editor,
 Rev. J. A. MacDonald; the other
 from the Catholic Columbian, due
 to the skilled pen and mind of Mr.
 Scannell O'Neill. Both are rare bits
 and choice.

Mr. MacDonald's portrait of T. P.
 O'Connor is only one of a series
 dealing with British Parliamentary
 figures. There are few pens in Can-
 ada that may boast of Mr. Mac-
 Donald's genial and honest cunning.
 The brilliant editor is an accomplish-
 ed word-artist and a master of
 phraseology. His editorials have
 all the polish of perfect workman-
 ship, and his portrait of T. P.
 O'Connor is one and the same with
 all his work.

Mr. Scannell O'Neill needs no in-
 troduction to those who are inter-
 ested in the Church's work of mak-
 ing converts; in fact, Mr. O'Neill has
 made a life-study of the Church's
 growth and conquests in America.
 We hope our readers will relish
 both papers. While we are thankful
 to both the clever writers, we wish

to pay Rev. Mr. MacDonald the com-
 pliment of saying that we admire his
 generosity of soul and his broadminded-
 ness of purpose. He is above
 such low channels as mud-streams
 in which bigotry dispenses its stagnant
 poison; he is a Canadian in the best
 sense, and it is no wonder the Globe
 went out of its way to secure his
 thorough services.

"LA CLOCHETTE."
 M. l'Abbe Bouquerel has sent us
 the first number, for the present
 year, of his interesting little review,
 known as "La Clochette," which,
 with reason, calls itself "le bulletin
 mensuel de la Ligue de la Sainte
 Messe."

On page 20, the editor, M. Bou-
 querel himself, deals with the com-
 ing Montreal Eucharistic Congress,
 in fact, the Catholic reviews and
 newspapers of all Europe are deal-
 ing with the self-same subject just
 at present. We have seen our Arch-
 bishop praised abundantly—as is his
 desert—in publications from England
 Scotland, Ireland, Germany, France,
 Spain, Italy, and Belgium, and all
 in connection with the thrilling Con-
 gress to be, which he has made a
 possibility, and of which he shall
 make a success. ("La Clochette"
 is published at 25, rue Nicolo,
 Paris, 16e, 25 cents a year.)

Such happenings as a Eucharistic
 Congress or a Plenary Council in our
 midst will do more to advertise us
 abroad as a serious, matured people,
 than a million carnivals. M. Bou-
 querel says, in his article, that Can-
 ada is a country in which "la civi-
 lisation chretienne cotele encore la
 sauvagerie paienne." The good editor
 knows all about our coming
 Congress, of course; and it is plain
 he has seen our carnival advertised.
 At any rate, he can see twelve thou-
 sand times worse in Paris or Lon-
 don or Berlin. But M. Bouquerel
 means no disparagement. He is
 simply telling the truth.

If Catholic Europe is taking such
 an interest in our Congress, we
 should surely take, at least, as
 much. Montreal is going to be bless-
 ed with particular grace; let us turn
 God's mercy and goodness to full
 account. The safest and surest way
 of doing that consists in following
 the directions laid down by com-
 petent authority. The result of the
 body will depend upon the guided
 enthusiasm of each. Let Montreal
 surpass the rest of the world. We
 are able to hold first place.

WHY, MR. EDITOR?
 Ottawa, Ont., Jan 19, 1910.
 The Editor, Catholic Witness,
 Montreal, P.Q.

Dear Sir,—Would you be so kind
 as to give the reason why our sepa-
 rated brethren do not place
 crosses on their churches, and oblige
 Yours truly,
 INQUIRER.

By "separated brethren," we sup-
 pose our correspondent means
 to speak of our good Protestant
 friends, for other "separated brethren"
 of ours are the Jews, Maho-
 metans, the infidels of France, and
 the Christian Scientists. This point
 settled, let us say that the Cross
 recalls the fact that our Saviour
 belongs to the same Church as Pope
 Pius X., and, of course, we cannot
 expect to have Romanism preached
 from the pinnacle of a Protestant
 temple. Our good Protestant friends
 use a weathercock, or a weather-
 vane, instead, in order to tell all
 passers-by that their doctrines and
 practices change with every gush of
 wind, and are troubled even by a
 zephyr. The faithful few stood at
 the foot of Calvary's Cross, and Catho-
 lic worship under the shadow of
 mankind's emblem of salvation. The
 Cross is an old institution in this
 free land of the West; it was planted
 along the Mississippi, from Canada
 to the Gulf of Mexico, long before a
 church was built in any of the At-
 lantic cities. The Reformers did
 away with it, for it was an ever-
 lasting reproach for the lives they
 led. Much of the bigotry against
 the appearance of crosses on
 churches is attributable to the in-
 nate ignorance of art and symbol-
 ism that characterizes some nations
 as a whole. The devil is against
 the Cross, too.

SARAH'S SYRUP.
 Sarah Bernhardt, the goddess of
 stage rot, has written a play, which
 depicts an artist's passionate love
 for a woman he has not married.
 The play was produced in Paris,
 not long ago, but the critics are
 not enthusiastic about either the
 merits or the faults of the drama.
 But that is not all, for the trage-
 dienne has been interviewed, and has
 sent the world that loves her a mes-
 sage worthy of herself and of her
 admirers' morals.

"When a man feels that he is
 bound to a woman," says the "di-
 vine" Sarah, "the union, in most
 cases, becomes irrevocable. So long as
 both are free they continue to love,

for the uncertainty of retaining a
 cherished possession makes one
 guard it the more carefully. Men,
 especially, should not marry until
 they have had experience in domes-
 tic life. I approve of experimental
 unions, which may result in mar-
 riage, if both parties are willing. I
 consider it wisest for men and wo-
 men to live together before they
 marry."

And there you are! Sarah is in
 favor of the "White Slave Traffic."
 No wonder she has admirers in
 Montreal, when we remember that
 there are people among our citizens
 who would openly protect the haunts
 of vice and the dens of infamy. Her
 friends and admirers are decidedly
 one with her on all questions. Why
 could you expect them to be willing
 to greet the police under shadowy
 circumstances? They stand for tol-
 erance and liberty, for they abomi-
 nate the jail and the Recorder's
 Court. If the "Angel of Tragedy"
 had only a spark of decency, she
 would not disgrace womanhood by
 talking as she does to interviewers
 of the foolish Parisian daily press.

"Live together, but don't get mar-
 ried!" There is Sarah's message
 in a nutshell! Her friends and ad-
 mirers of the yellow press do not
 need her advice. They are past mas-
 ters in the art of eternally ruining
 their souls. They are unworthy of
 womanhood and its true, virtuous,
 soul-saving charms. Is it any sur-
 prise that such grovellers should
 grunt, when Church authority places
 the ban on theatricals redolent of
 Sarah and her doctrines? Can pious
 Toronto art critics not understand
 that a church and its pastors may
 stand for honor and respectability,
 and protest against what is calculat-
 ed to poison the minds of youth,
 and loosen the morals of a commu-
 nity? Do they understand why the
 Shepherds of Christ's Flock are hon-
 est with themselves, and faithful in
 the work of their stewardship!

Do Canadians whether Catholic or
 Protestant, need any one like Sarah
 to teach them how to live, or to
 befoul the pure souls of their sons
 and daughters? What Sarah teaches
 much of the imported theatre stands
 for and inculcates, with all the
 grimaced joy of Hell. On the excel-
 lence of womanhood undoubtedly
 rests the good and stability of the
 social order. "All women are
 good," says Cervantes—"good for
 something, or good for nothing." Sarah
 knows herself, and has matter for
 a hearty confession. "All modern
 civilization rests on reverence
 for woman," says Aubrey de Vere,
 "both in her virginal and maternal
 character." A woman-hater is gen-
 erally a scamp, but an admirer of
 Sarah is always a scoundrel.

FRENCH-CANADIAN FAMILIES.
 One often hears of the large French
 Canadian families. Jokesmiths and
 poetasters are glad to know that
 our French families are in no way
 bent on race suicide. A certain class
 of high-toned dames are disgusted
 with such ideals, and they have rea-
 son to be. Morality for them is a
 freak of fashion, and a cloak that
 is not suited for rough weather. But
 if the French-Canadians can show
 large families, it is because they are
 a moral and virtuous people; it is
 because they are faithful to God's
 commands and to the precepts of
 His Church. If their children are
 many and strong and robust, it is
 because the blood of generations
 clean and righteous flows in their
 veins. The aristocracy of the New
 World, the nobility of the Almighty
 Dollar, may be more honest than
 we think, however. It may be that
 they know themselves too well, and
 are well acquainted with family se-
 cretons. They do not wish to perpet-
 uate their deeds or their name,
 perhaps! The French-Canadian fam-
 ilies are differently situated. They
 have nothing of which they may
 feel ashamed. They believe in large
 families, and the descendants of fam-
 ilies, of a people, with the birth-
 rate as it stands among the French-
 Canadians, shall fill the land and
 rule it. True, the ideals of France
 are not those of French Canada,
 whose aim is to give us Combes and
 Clemenceau. While France is with-
 ering away, Germany is multiplying
 her people, but, even in spite of the
 ideals pruned by journalistic quacks
 French Canada shall remain faith-
 ful, and her families continue to be
 what they are.

LOYAL QUEBEC.
 An old Irishman, with John Mit-
 chell tendencies, once asked a young-
 er man, if he (the younger man)
 was born in Ireland, "No," answer-
 ed the junior, "I was born in Que-
 bec." "Oh! Oh!" remarked the se-
 nior, "sure that's the same!"
 To tell the truth, there are no
 better Irishmen than the men of our
 blood in the city of Quebec. Their
 name and fame have gone before them
 throughout America. We remember
 what Land Leaguers they were; we

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remember who faithfully they, as a
 body, stood by Parnell; we remem-
 ber the patriotism installed into the
 veins of the boys and young men,
 by the Irish Brothers of the Christ-
 ia. Schools, who taught there twenty,
 thirty and forty years ago! We
 remember the speeches, the old-time
 processions, the concerts, with the
 singing of "God Save Ireland", in
 St. Patrick's Church, on each suc-
 cessive 17th of March! We remem-
 ber the arches and the decorative
 flourishes! The faces of a hundred
 Woodrill, loom up before us, as we
 write; and we thank God that we
 owe much to Quebec, and that the
 old French city is also the city of
 our heart.

Although there are now but few
 Irishmen in Quebec, yet they are, of
 the proper kind. They have rushed
 to Ireland's rescue in the latest
 crisis. As usual, they have felt their
 hearts and their purses.

The following letter from the leader
 of our race, John Redmond, to
 the leading Irish hearts of America,
 the Irish of Quebec, speaks for it-
 self:

United Irish Parliamentary and National Fund.

39 Upper O'Connell St.
 Dublin, Jan. 12, 1910.

Dear Sir,—I am directed by Mr.
 John Redmond, M.P., to acknowl-
 edge the receipt of your letter of De-
 cember 30th, with draft, for £286-
 17-1, the generous and warmly ap-
 preciated subscription of the Irish-
 men of Quebec towards the United
 Irish Parliamentary and National
 Fund.

Will you kindly convey to the sub-
 scribers the hearty thanks of Mr.
 Redmond and the other National
 Trustees (Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell,
 Mr. John Fitzgibbon) for the en-
 couragement of their moral support
 and kindly good wishes, as well as,
 this very practical proof of the in-
 terest they take in the labours of
 the Irish National Cause.

Yours faithfully,
 A. O'BRIEN,
 Hon. John C. Kainé,
 Chairman.
 W. J. Breen, Esq.,
 Secretary.

We sincerely trust that no "Shinn-
 Faners" will ever win the hearts of
 Quebec Irishmen. More than twenty
 years ago an insignificant organiza-
 tion tried to combat the Land
 Leaguers, while yet these stood united,
 and before the Parnell difficulty.
 Well, then, whatever there is of the
 "Sinn Fein" devilry in Quebec
 ought to be exorcised, and the re-
 mains handed over to the war au-
 thorities. Redmond must ever count
 upon the men of Rock City, just as
 Parnell found them his truest friends
 in the sad hours of his downfall. Michael
 Davitt once told the Irishmen
 of Quebec what he thought of them,
 and he never praised the men of any
 other city more than he praised them.

FATHER PHELAN'S MEMORY.

"What is Death, father?"
 The rest, my child,
 When the strife and the toil are
 o'er;
 The angel of God, who, calm and
 mild,
 Says we need fight no more;
 Who, driving away the demon bard,
 Bids the din of battle cease;
 Takes banner and spear from our
 falling hand,
 And proclaims an eternal peace.

Adelaide Proctor wrote the verses,
 and no heart could feel more loving-
 ly sad over the passing of a cher-
 ished friend. It is now more than a
 year since Father Phelan of the Cas-
 ket died. Men soon forget even
 the best friend once he is dead.
 The editor of Register-Extension is
 evidently an exception. Under the
 caption that is ours he pays the fol-
 lowing heartfelt tribute to Father
 Phelan, every sentiment of which
 we fully wish to share:
 The first anniversary of the death
 of Father David Phelan, the one-
 time talented editor of the Antigonish
 Casket, has somehow been permitted

**Religious Pictures
 For Framing.**



No. 2552, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoffmann Plate size 6 x 8.

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 ception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of
 Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the
 Temple, Magdalen, Madoua, Bodoni, St. Anthony,
 St. Paul, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia,
 Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Per-
 ruzzi, Madonna Sicché.

Write for catalogue of larger sizes
 D. & J. SADLER & CO.
 13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

to slip by, unnoticed, in Catholic
 newspaper circles. Editors as a
 class are not heartless or indiffer-
 ent, but they are inordinately busy
 —sometimes with little things, and
 they are consequently prone to for-
 get. It does not seem right, how-
 ever, that the name of this brave,
 talented, gentle and scholarly young
 priest should be permitted to die
 out in the remembrance of at least
 his own contemporaries. A few days
 before his death, Father Phelan
 wrote to a priest friend here in To-
 ronto. "I am writing in bed, and I
 really think the end is near at
 hand. I will keep on writing,
 however, as long as I am able, for
 I have a feeling that God will be
 as well pleased with this, as with
 anything else I can do in my pre-
 sent condition." And these words
 furnish the keynote of his whole life.
 Though a sufferer for years, he was
 a constant worker. He was an earnest
 believer in the power for good of
 the Catholic press, and of Catholic
 literature, and was deeply convinced
 that a priest could do more good
 along these lines than he could in
 regular parish work. He took charge
 of the Casket at a time when the
 present Bishop of Vancouver, Right
 Rev. Alex. A. McDonald, had brought
 it to a place where it was noted,
 and widely quoted in literary and
 educational circles. He made it a
 sort of Catholic Spectator, and his
 ripe judgment, his unerring Catholic
 instinct and his calm and dignified
 method of handling even difficult sub-
 jects made it a welcome visitor in
 every editorial sanctum the country
 over. His style was easy, simple
 and convincing, and his Book Re-
 view column in the Western Watch-
 man was for years the best thing of
 its kind to be found in any Catholic
 periodical. Under it all, he was a
 true priest, and his soul was filled
 with zeal for everything that made
 for the glory of God and the salva-
 tion of souls. Shortly after the es-
 tablishment of the Extension Soci-
 ety in the United States he wrote to
 Dr. Kelly as follows: "I have not
 much money, but I take the oppor-
 tunity of stating that I am deeply
 interested in the great work which
 you have so auspiciously begun. I
 enclose a cheque for \$20.00, which
 is all that I can spare at present. I
 am deeply convinced, however, that
 the Catholics of this great country
 will generously come to your assist-
 ance and thus enable you to check
 the universal leakage which all of us
 so earnestly deplore."

In the inscrutable ways of Divine
 Providence, Father Phelan was called
 out of this world in the full vig-
 or of early manhood, but in the
 brief years allotted to him, he labor-
 ed valiantly for the defence and prop-
 agation of Catholic truth. His
 name should be held in loving re-
 membrance by those who knew him
 for his real worth, and who esteem-
 ed him for his many estimable qual-
 ities of head and heart. Register-Ex-
 tension gladly lays its little tribute
 of affection upon the tomb of a
 good priest, an able writer, a brave
 spirit to whom long years of suffer-
 ing had brought that gentleness, pa-
 tience and consideration for others
 which are the true marks of spiri-
 tual greatness.

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Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation. Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines.

Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood. Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's
Effervescent Salt
At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

Echoes and Remarks.

Bravo, Jean Baptiste!

When were you at confession last?

Do the members of your family say night prayers in common? We hope night does not interfere with your soul and its eternal welfare.

Have you lost your beads? Where is your scapular? When were you at High Mass last? Do you ever think of giving a cent to the priest? Don't grumble, now!

The young man, who ate the twenty-six pies in half an hour at Bloomfield, N.J., is entitled to one of the Carnegie hero prizes if he got the pies at a railroad restaurant.

The papers tell us that lots of people are going to give up the use of meat until the price falls. They might start the boycott on Ash Wednesday and find a reason for their abstinence in the Catechism. It would be good for soul and body.

A groom of eighty, a bride of thirty, with the next of kin angry—all in Ontario. It is a wonder Rip Van Winkle refused to play marbles. We hope the preacher who tied the knot did not forget to preach on kindness and defence for the aged and infirm. No bachelors need apply!

It is a wonder that such good business men as some of the late aldermen are, would have let the contest of this week get to the polls. So certain they were of defeat that they had to hold a masked meeting in the City Hall cellar to railroad a few more appropriations, knowing that it was their last chance.

Alderman (that was) Proulx led a pilgrimage last Sunday to No. 13 Police Station, the short weight shrine of malversation, and the papers say that he was so fervent in this devotion that he shed tears. It is to be hoped that he didn't look up the shed until the count of votes was held in his district.

English Liberals and English Unionists fight like demons, but if the Irish ever disagree they are found unworthy of Home Rule, even by some of the Catholic Lords. Irishmen, as a rule, have too much principle to agree with all kinds of men, and when they fight the other fellow loses. The ceremony is gone through with fists, not with knives.

The Irish members of the British Parliament may fight like demons, but if the Irish ever disagree they are found unworthy of Home Rule, even by some of the Catholic Lords. Irishmen, as a rule, have too much principle to agree with all kinds of men, and when they fight the other fellow loses. The ceremony is gone through with fists, not with knives.

Punch, the English purveyor of cheap jokes, had an insulting cartoon for the Irish, a while ago. Of a necessity, a certain Montreal daily felt in conscience bound to reproduce the clumsy picture. Punch seems to think that Ireland is thriving on English money; so does the daily. Even the Hottentots know, however, that the half of English grandeur is built on robbery, the pillage of monasteries, and the wrecking of Ireland.

Some Jews of New York are still busy in the interest of the "White Slave Traffic." When are the Montreal agents of infamy going to feel afraid at our railroad stations. It is strange that private citizens can point them out, and that our police authorities are so hopelessly incompetent. No later than a few days ago, we are told, three unfortunate girls

left our city under painfully criminal escort. The scoundrel arrested and sentenced some time ago is lonesome. Why not give him a chance of seeing old fellow-scamps?

The Rev. A. J. Doull, of the Anglican Church of the Advent, is to leave Montreal, having been named to a higher position. Mr. Doull will leave the memory of a good and honest man after him. He is very "High Church," and eminent-qualified to be a trusted leader among his own good people. We wish him continued happiness and prosperity, and are only sorry that we have not won him to our standards. In losing Mr. Doull Montreal is suffering a real loss. He is an honor to his creed and a boast to his admirers. We hope he will come back a Catholic.

The Garden of Eden has, we are told, been re-discovered, and, although not very large, there is thought to be still room enough in it for all who are as innocent as its first tenants were, prior to the episode which occasioned their departure. This is rather pessimistic, and yet we are told that when Diogenes found his honest man, he forthwith lost his lantern to the stranger, Sam Blake, Jasper Johnson, Carrie Nation, Mother Eddy, Editor Hocken, Reverend Clot, and Rev. Mr. Mage are hereby notified that applications for lots will be received on or before the last day of February.

A sign that "L'Action Sociale" is doing honest work lies in the fact that it is reaping a harvest of insult from the penny-a-liners of the cheap press. If gutter sparrows and tunnel rats could always be sure of getting rich food they would change their diet. True, "L'Action Sociale" is not one with us on national issues, but we could hardly expect the like. With the exception of one of its editors, the Quebec daily is very acceptable; but the exceptional gentleman is a man with a settled purpose.

"The Lord hath sent me to save your souls. I am appointed to this mission," said a huge stranger, of rough dress and burly manner, to the Catholic students of Fordham College, the other day, as they were pouring from recitations. He then struck one of the young men a terrific blow. He is an evangelist. To say the least, the man is worthy of the old Reformers. He has, most likely, read the lives of Luther, Calvin, John Knox and Henry VIII. He not only believes in preaching, but lives up to the doctrine of his models. He is ready for the Ruthenians.

Where is "Archbishop" Vilatte? Gone to Patagonia, or up at the North Pole? Which? And Crowley the reformer? And Rev. Mr. Mage? Crazy King, the St. John, N.B., street clown, was evangelizing (?) Virginia, according to late reports. Has Jasper Johnson stolen any more chickens, and has Reverend Graham been "denied" for the winter? Castro and Zelaya are disappearing with the Emperor of the Sahara. Poor Editor Hocken is disgusted with Toronto, and that while reviewers are telling us that Ralph Connor is a novelist. Surely "Le loge des émancipés" is not altogether responsible for the typhoid. Our poor water must share the blame. And where is Sam Hughes?

Many of us feel for our neighbor when he is in distress, but we feel in the wrong place. We should "feel" in our pockets. Montrealers are good givers. Charity is still with us, but, unfortunately, ten dollars go for pleasures, and ten cents for alms. We think we are going to be ruined, each time we place a perforated coin on the col-

lector, plate, even if we are cheerful in getting rid of them. It is harder for the good worker to ask than it is for us to give. We must contribute to the support of the Church and her work, and then we may afford to die heroes, with a half-dollar less to be inherited, in virtue of our last will and testament. It is a good job all Catholics are not like some.

We had heard of President MacMahon, of France, of Admiral O'Higgins, of Chili, of O'Keefe, king of a South Sea Island, of the Irish Admiral of Ecuador, of Prendergast, the Prime Minister of Spain, of M. le chanoine O'Quinn, in his fight with the French Government, of Donnelly, the German inventor, of the twelve subscribers to the Irish World, in a settlement near the North Pole, of the Irish chaplains to the King of Portugal, of Teaffe, the Austrian Field Marshall, and of the men who stood between the Cockneys and the Boers' rifles; but the Dublin Freeman's Journal publishes the following letter from a Greek who owes something to the common cause. Here it is:

Patras, Greece,
23rd December, 1909.
The Trustees of the Irish Parliamentary and National Fund.
Dear Sirs.—A grandson of one who was out in '98, and keenly interested in the Irish struggle, permit me to add a small contribution to the Fund of which you are Trustees, of enclosed cheque for £10, crossed to your order. I must express my regret at not being able to assist the struggle in any other way. Yours sincerely,

W. MORPHY.

Who said the Irish could be killed with pen and ink?

A good many pages are dropped from history as it is written. One of these has only recently come to light, although it has been in the possession of Mr. Henry Clews, the New York banker, for twenty years. Its publication at an earlier day might have done much towards removing the impression under which a great many people in the United States have labored to the effect that the British government was planning with France for the overthrow of the republic during the war of Secession. Twenty years ago, Mr. Clews wrote a book, entitled "Twenty-Eight Years in Wall Street," and in it he stated that the Emperor Napoleon and the British government had "formed" an international conspiracy on a large scale to demolish the liberties of this country; pounce upon the wreck and then share the spoil between these two powerful pirates." Later in the book he asserted that it was only Great Britain's sluggishness that prevented action. The story generally received was that Lord Palmerston was anxious to join hands with Napoleon, but that the influence of Queen Victoria was sufficient to stay his hand. Mr. Clews sent a copy of his book to Mr. Gladstone, who replied as follows:

No. 26 James St.,
May 30, 1889.

Dear Sir,—Having expressed my interest in the portions of your work which I read on the day of its arrival, I think I would be less ingratitude if I did not, after reading what relates to the cabinet of Lord Palmerston, in p. 56 and in the following chapter, make some reference to it.

Allow me to assure you that, so far as the cabinet is concerned, you have been misled in regard to matters of fact. As a member of it, and now nearly its sole surviving member, I can state that it never at any time dealt with the subject of recognizing the Southern States in your great Civil War, excepting when it learned the proposition of the Emperor Napoleon III., and declined to entertain that proposition without qualification, hesitation, delay, or assent.

In the debate which took place on Mr. Roebuck's proposal for the recognition, Lord Russell took no part and could take none, as he was a member of the House of Lords. I will, I am sure, be glad to learn that there is no foundation for a charge which, had it been true, might have aided in keeping alive angry sentiments happily gone by. You are of course at liberty to publish this letter.

To your reference in p. 70 as a record of impressions which I was not at liberty to use, I can make no objection; though you are probably aware that they were many years ago the subject of a detailed explanation from me to the American government, and of a most handsome reply from Mr. Hamilton Fish.

I am, dear sir,
Your very faithful servant,
W. E. GLADSTONE.

H. Clews, Esq.
For some reason, which he has not seen fit to explain, Mr. Clews kept this letter secret until the centennial of Gladstone's birth, when he gave it to the press. One finds it very difficult to excuse him for permitting the wrong impression produced by his book to remain uncor-

The Catholic Church.

A Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.

(Continued from last week.)

IV. (b) The Witness of the Apostles.—St. Paul (Eph., iv., 11 and 12) plainly says: "And some, indeed, he (Christ) gave to be apostles, and some prophets, and others evangelists, and others pastors and teachers for the perfection of the saints, for the work of the ministry, unto the edification of the body of Christ." If words mean anything, it is clear that St. Paul plainly expresses that Christ has left in His Church a perpetual succession of orthodox pastors and teachers, to preserve the faithful in social unity and common truth. The words establish all the elements of a society fully and truly meant and at work.

From the actions of the Apostles we plainly learn that they understood the Church to be a society. Did they not give Matthias as a successor to Judas the Iscariot, did they not name deacons, did they not define doctrinal issues at the Council of Jerusalem, establish laws, furnish the contentious, God upholding them as in the case of Ananias and Sapphira? Do not these facts go to show that, from the very beginning, things were as they are to-day?

(2) Tradition.—What the Apostles had said and done, have the early bishops and their successors always said and done. St. Irenaeus, in the second century, (Adv. Haer., Bk. 3, ch. 3. No. 2; Greek Fathers, VII., 848-849), declares the utter necessity for all local churches of coming under the sway of the Roman Primacy. It is useless to multiply quotations here. All the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, all the Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, and Virgins, were, and still are, Catholics, members of the same Church and religious society. The Church claims them all, and they all declared themselves members of Christ's visible body.

(3) Theological Reason presents, a most pleasing proof of what we say. And, indeed, it was proper on Christ's part to make His Church a society. Therefore, He did so. The antecedent is clear. The Christianity instituted by Christ is not an abstract or affective Christianity, as the Unitarians and Latitudinarians and Universalists would have it, but a concrete and doctrinal Christianity; otherwise, it would not be the kind of religion the history of nations say that all peoples sighed for. To this let us add the fact that Christ did not teach this one or that other truth only, but many dogmas, some of them easy of reason, and He, likewise revealed many positive precepts. Now, in order that such a Christianity may be made stable and forever durable, doctrinal authority is required, which may propose dogmas for belief and precepts for practice; legislative authority is called for, too, in order that dogmas may be kept immune from rising errors, and to provide for the due observance of the precepts laid down. Whence it was necessary for Christ to establish authoritative teaching and rule in His Church; in other words, it was necessary for Him to establish His Church as a society, not because compelled by man, but because of His love for mankind. It would be well for the interested reader to study Balmes on the subject, in his "Protestantism Compared," (vol. II., ch. 30).

Furthermore, God provides for each and every creature according to each special creature's condition. Man is of such kind that he is naturally made for society life (ordinatio ad societatem). Therefore, it is befitting that the religion founded by Christ should be established to act and work as a society. The religion of Christ could not last, humanly speaking, deprived of the elements of society. The Mosaic Dispensation was a figure of the Christian Testament. But the Jewish religion bore all the marks, traits and elements of social life. So should the religion of Christ.

"O mighty Mother, hearken! for thy

Gather around thee, and exulting cry
That thine old strength is gone and thou must die.
The same comparisons whom thy Master chose,
We, too, rejoice; we know thy might is more
When to the world thy glory seemeth dim."

Upon these two points precisely Catholics and all others are poles apart: authority and the Mass. The former they think a usurpation, and the latter an abomination.

Yet, here is the answer to the question, How do you fill your churches? Catholics acknowledge the authority of their church in matters of faith and morals; they believe the Mass to be the sacrifice of the Body and Blood of Christ. Of course, there are Catholics and Catholics. There are good, bad, and indifferent Catholics. Even so, Christ has taught by His own word and example our duty to sinners. Witness the beautiful parables of the lost sheep and the prodigal son. But of the rank and file of Catholics and their fidelity to their Church we are justly proud.

At all events, they are found every Sunday in their churches. The Mass is the magnet that draws them. They come to worship God, not to be entertained.

REV. GEORGE F. BROWN.

THE CHARGE OF THE FRIGHT BRIGADE.

Our readers know that it required three thousand London policemen to check the latest attempt of the "Suffragettes" to enter the House of Commons. In memory of the event a wag seemingly conversant with lines from Tenyson has celebrated the occurrence in borrowed rhyme and metre. If "Mr Dooley" should happen to read his paper this week, he will grow reminiscent of "Ennery 'Orkins" and the Vancouver Riots. Following are the wag's lines:

"Arf a square,
Arf a square,
Arf a square onward,
Inter th' jaws of jail
Strode th' two 'undered!
Bobbies to right of 'em,
Bobbies to left of 'em,
Bobbies in front of 'em.
Busted an' blundered.
Inter th' jaws of jail,
Inter o' Hollowell,
Strode th' two 'undered!
Stormed at with 'oot an' yell
Bravely they fit and fell;
Inter o' Hollowell,
Strode th' two 'undered!
But they didn't reason why,
They let their slippers fly,
Closin' a Bobby's eye—
While the world wondered."

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Graves' Worm Expeller.

THE BEST FLOUR
18
BRODIE'S
Self Raising Flour
Save the Bags for Premiums.

Application to the Legislature.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Affmilios Offeah, Chabeen Aboud, Essa Boosama, Salim Boosama, Najeeb Tabah, V. Fahed Tabah, Mansour Shattila, Michel Zegayer and others, all of Montreal, to incorporate them as a religious congregation, under the name of "The Saint Nicholas Greek Syrian Orthodox Church," with power to acquire and possess movable and immovable property, to keep registers of acts of civil status, and to exercise all other rights incident to a religious corporation and for other purposes.

Montreal, 15th December, 1909,
BARNARD & BARRY,
Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that a general and special meeting of the Members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company "La Jacques-Cartier" will be held at its offices No. 118 St. James St., City of Montreal the 7th day of February 1910, at ten o'clock a.m., to take into consideration the liquidation of the said Company and to pass resolutions to this effect. By order of the Board.
N. H. THIBAUT,
Secretary and Manager.

BEAUTY OF DAILY MASS.

When the priest at the altar offers the sublime sacrifice the angels stand beside him, and all around the altar are arranged choirs of heavenly spirits who raise their voices in honor of the Victim who is immolated! Wherefore if thou dost unite thy prayers during Mass to those of the angels they will together with them, pierce the clouds and will obtain a favorable hearing more certainly than if thou didst offer them at home or alone. Let us do what in us lies to hear Mass daily, that our prayers may be carried up to heaven in the angel's pure hands.—St. Chrysostom.

IT'S THE TALK OF THE COUNTRY SIDE

How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Samuel Thompson's Dropsy.

Her's Was a Terrible Case and the Doctors were Powerless to Check it, but the Great Kidney Remedy Cured It.

Holt, Ont., Jan. 31.—(Special).—All the country side about here is talking of the wonderful cure of Mrs. Samuel Thompson of this place. She was taken sick with jaundice, and though the doctor was called in she grew steadily worse. Her stomach was so bad she could not keep anything on it. Dropsy set in and she bloated to a terrible size. The doctor came three times to tap her, but her husband would not allow him to do it, saying that if she could not get better they might let her die in peace. Finally she dropped the doctors and tried other medicines, but they did her no good. Her leg burst and the water streamed from it. Then someone told her about Dodd's Kidney Pills and so she asked her husband to get her a box.

After taking them for a while she took a bad turn. Something would come up in her throat and she would vomit. The water would just fly from her mouth. But from that time she commenced to get better, and to-day she is a well woman. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Dropsy by putting the Kidneys in condition to take the surplus water out of the blood. They always cure it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

The Don't Brake.

Uncle Bob called Harold to him; "Three times now," I heard him say.

"You have had (that I have noticed) chance to use your brake to-day!"

"Brake!" cried Harold, "You see something that no other folks can see?"

Uncle Bob! Of course I haven't any brake attached to me!"

"Well, you should have," was the answer; "and three times I've seen its need—"

Once when you spoke harsh to grandma (that was not a manly deed!)

"And the next time you could've used one ('twas the second time to-day)

Was when you did not your errand, but instead ran off to play!"

"And the third time, I remember, when you two were in the—"

You and Dick—I heard you utter something slightly of Ned.

"Three times, then, a brake was needed—three times in a single day!"

"But I'd use it—if I had one!" quickly I heard Harold say.

"Would you? Then hereafter, Harold, when you go to doing wrong,

Use your 'Don't' brake, and 'twill stop you—ere the habit grows too strong!"

A Gentleman.

Let no boy think he can make a gentleman by the clothes he wears, by the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends.

Helping Mother.

Sweeping and washing the dishes, Bringing the wood from the shed, Ironing, sewing and knitting, Helping to make up the bed; Taking care of the baby.

Untruthful Robert.

Roger was deeply interested in his arithmetic. He had begun working as soon as he came home, not even stopping to make a visit to the pantry.

"There! I've broken my needle, and it is the last one I have in the house. Roger, can't you run to the store and get me one?"

"Oh, mamma, must you have it? I have not a single minute to spare," said Roger.

"I can work on something else if you have not time to go," said his mother.

Roger's pencil worked on noisily for a few minutes, when some one knocked.

"Is Roger at home?" said an eager voice. "Oh, say, the boys and arrows have come! Can't you go down to see them?"

Roger threw down his pencil, seized his hat and was off. He did not return until tea-time.

"Now for arithmetic," he said when the table was cleared and the lamp placed upon it, with the daily paper.

"Hello! here's the new magazine. I must read the continued story. I guess I'll have time for that."

But somehow the story was very long, or else one story led on to another, for when Roger at last tossed the book aside he found the evening almost gone.

He glanced at the clock and rapidly counted the leaves. "Oh, dear! I can't do half as much as I planned," he said. "I am so tired I can't think."

The next day the teacher was surprised that Roger had done so little, and when she asked the reason, he said he had done all he had time for.

Was this truthful? Was it right? "Dot!"

"Oh, dear!" Dot looked in dismay at the letter in her pocket. She

had been so sure she had dropped it into the postbox, as she had promised Aunt Charlotte that morning. It was a good thing she had found it now.

She mailed the letter and went home. She expected that Aunt Charlotte would ask her about it, and of course she was going to tell the truth.

After all it could not make any particular difference whether a letter was mailed at half-past five in the afternoon. To be sure Aunt Charlotte had said, "Now post this letter the very first thing, Dot, before you have time to forget it."

The evening dragged. Dot had hard work to keep her mind on her books and was glad when bedtime came. But long after the quiet breathing in the next room told her that Aunt Charlotte was asleep.

"What is it, dear?" the kind voice questioned. "Haven't you been asleep?"

"No, ma'am." "Come here, dear," Aunt Charlotte's outstretched arms welcomed a little white-robed figure that ran into them.

"It isn't much, but it's something," Dot acknowledged. "I didn't post that letter."

"Not when you told me I should," she hastily explained. "Not till half-past five. Does it make any difference, Aunt Charlotte?"

"A great difference, Dot. Your uncle was planning to sell a piece of property at Mayfield to-morrow, and I have just received some information which I think will lead him to wait. But that letter will not reach Denton till after he has left in the morning. We must communicate with him to-night."

"To-night, Aunt Charlotte!" There was consternation in Dot's tones, for even as she spoke the little clock on the mantel struck two.

"Yes, to-night. The telegraph office will be closed, and it is too late to wake up our neighbors and ask to use their telephone. We must go to the Central office. There's no help for it."

As long as she lives Dot will remember making a hurried toilet in the middle of the night, and starting out on a long, lonely walk to town. The moonlight and stillness made the everyday world seem strange and unfamiliar and she shivered, though the night was warm.

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Roger's pencil worked on noisily for a few minutes, when some one knocked.

"Is Roger at home?" said an eager voice. "Oh, say, the boys and arrows have come! Can't you go down to see them?"

Roger threw down his pencil, seized his hat and was off. He did not return until tea-time.

"Now for arithmetic," he said when the table was cleared and the lamp placed upon it, with the daily paper.

"Hello! here's the new magazine. I must read the continued story. I guess I'll have time for that."

But somehow the story was very long, or else one story led on to another, for when Roger at last tossed the book aside he found the evening almost gone.

have been so busy." "Oh, dear," grumbled Alice, "it's nothing but run to the store or take the baby out every single minute. I wish I was some other little girl. I'm just going to finish this chapter before I go, anyway," and Alice continued reading.

Now the new story book was all about fairies and so interesting to be left, so Alice read on and on, forgetting her mother and the errand. Suddenly, something happened! A fairy hopped right out of the printed pages of the book.

Alice was so surprised she forgot to say, "How do you do?" However, the fairy did not seem to notice her want of politeness.

"I heard you say," began the fairy, "that you wished you were some other little girl—whom would you like to be?"

"Edith Vaughan," answered Alice quickly. Edith was the only child of wealthy parents, and had everything that heart could wish, or so thought Alice.

"Come with me," said the fairy. Alice found she could float through the air just as the fairy did—it was great fun to sail over the tops of the houses. They stopped at the Vaughan mansion and flew in at the open window of Edith's own luxurious room.

"Edith," the nurse was saying, "this is the third time to-day that you have had on a clean white frock. I shall certainly complain to your mamma if you still persist in playing in the garden, and you know very well what she will say—she will forbid your going out altogether except when you go with her in the carriage. I declare, here is your nose all sunburnt—I'll get a scolding for that; your mamma is so particular about your skin. Now go and sit down like a little lady until supper time."

"I wanted to sit down and be still," whispered Alice to the fairy, "my mamma lets me wear gingham dresses and play in the garden all I want to."

"Do you still wish to be Edith Vaughan?" asked the fairy. "No," answered Alice.

"Then you are satisfied to be yourself?" said the fairy—but Alice thinking of the errands and the baby shook her head. "I wish I was Marjorie Reid," she answered, "she hasn't got any baby at her house."

"Come with me," said the fairy. Marjorie was swinging on the gate all by herself. "O, dear," they heard her say. "I'm so lonesome, I wish I had a dozen brothers and two dozen sisters."

"Marjorie, Marjorie," called a voice from the house, "come here and see what we have for you." Alice and the fairy went and peeped in at the window. "It's a baby," exclaimed Alice, "and it isn't half so cute and cunning as my baby. It's awfully red and it can't walk and talk like mine."

"Do you still wish to be Marjorie Reid?" asked the fairy. "No," answered Alice.

"Then you are satisfied to be yourself?" said the fairy—but Alice again shook her head. "I wish to be Dorothy Dean," she said.

"But Dorothy Dean has no mother," reminded the fairy. "She has a pretty grown-up sister, and that's the most the same," said Alice.

The fairy smiled. "Come with me," she said. When they reached Dorothy's house they found the little girl running hither and thither, doing the bidding of a carelessly-dressed, cross-tempered young woman.

"Why, that can't be Dorothy's pretty sister," exclaimed Alice. "Ah!" said the fairy, sadly. "Dorothy's pretty sister keeps her pretty clothes and her pretty manners for the people who dwell outside her home; do you still wish to be Dorothy Dean?"

"No," said Alice. "Then you are satisfied to be yourself?" said the fairy.

Alice looked thoughtful for just about one moment. "Yes, I am," she said so decidedly that the fairy laughed—such a silvery, tinkling laugh. "Now, you are a wise little girl," she said, "and remember, my dear Alice, that every man, woman and child put into this beautiful world of ours has duties and responsibilities and cares, but it is love that makes all burdens light—and it was the dear mother to whom you were cross an hour ago who gave you the book of fairy tales that you wanted so much."

Alice hung her head, she was too ashamed to look at the fairy, who seemed to know every single naughty thing she had done.

"I know you are sorry and are going to do better; is it not so?" asked the fairy gently.

Alice looked up and answered, "Yes, I am going to try and be a better girl," and found she was looking into the loving eyes of her own dear mother.

POET'S CORNER

THE PRISONER OF GOD.

Once long and long ago I knew delight. God gave me spirit wings and a glad voice. I was a bird that sang at dawn and noon, That sang at starry evening time and night; Sang at the sun's great golden doors and furled Brave wings in the white gardens of the moon; That sang and soared beyond the dusty world.

Once long and long ago I did rejoice But now I am a stone that falls and falls; A prisoner, cursing the blank prison walls, Helpless and dumb, with desperate eyes, that see The terrible beauty of those simple things My soul disdained when she was proud and free. God pity me, And I can only pray: God pity me, God pity me and give me back my voice! God pity me and give me back my wings! —Olive Douglas, in London Academy.

LITTLE SON.

(By Alan Sullivan, in Smith's.) When your stormy day is done And you stumble up the stairs, When your golden head is bent In the jumble of your prayers— Drowsy head, but reverent! And about me all your toys As you left them; the brown horse In a corner of the wall Nods defiant at your nurse, The machine that wouldn't go, Standing helpless in the hall, While your blocks, in formal row, Range their lines belligerent 'Round a painted regiment.

All the mystery of sleep Broods above your eyelids now, All forgetting in the deep Peacefulness above your brow, God, your elfin smiles and tears Disappointments, hopes and fears, Praise and blame, and sudden joys! Other little girls and boys Lie behind you as you rest Face into the pillow pressed, Like some rare and precious bloom In the shadow of the room.

So, beside the tumbled bed, Mute with wonder and with love, Daddy-sits-with-bended-head; Breathes a prayer to One above, That when his own day is done, When into his Father's keeping, He commits his long last sleeping, With his own toys every one Left disordered on the floor— His machines that wouldn't go, Though he tried and worried so, All unfinished—yes, and more— Work that waited for his hand, Things he didn't understand! Then, perhaps, in loneliness, In the ultimate distress, As his wandering spirit slips With a tremor of the lips, One will lean across his bed, Put a hand upon his head, And his Father say: "Well done, little son!"

THE BETTER PART.

Better to smell the violets cool than to sip the glowing wine; Better to hark a hidden brook than to watch a diamond shine.

Better the love of gentle hearts than beauty's favors proud; Better the rose's living seed than roses in a crowd.

Better to love in loneliness than bask in love all day; Better the fountain in the heart than the fountain by the way.

Better to be fed by mother's hands than eat alone at will. Better to trust in God than say, My goods my storehouse fill.

Better to be a little wiser than in knowledge to abound; Better to teach a child to love than

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fill perfection's round.

Better to sit at master's feet than thrill a listening state; Better suspect that thou art proud than be sure that thou art great.

Better to walk the realm unseen than watch the hour's event; Better the "well done" at the last than the air with shouting rent.

Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying delight; Better the twilight of the dawn than earth's most favored bright.

Better a death when work is done than earth's most favored birth; Better a child in God's great house than king of all the earth. —George MacDonald.

THE POET.

The truest poet is not one Whose golden fancies fuse and run To moulded phrases, crusted o'er With flashing gems of metaphor; Whose art responsive to his will, Makes voluble the thoughts that fill The cultured windings of his brain. Yet takes no soundings of the pain, The joy, the yearnings of the heart Untrammelled by the bonds of art. O! poet truer far than he Is such a one as you may be, When in the quiet night you keep Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

If then, with beating heart, you mark God's nearer presence in the dark, And musing on the wondrous ways Of Him who numbers all your days, Pay tribute to Him with your tears For joys, for sorrows, hopes and fears

Which He has blessed and given to you, You are the poet, great and true, For there are songs within the heart Whose perfect melody no art Can teach the tongue of man to phrase.

These are the songs His poets raise, When in the quiet night they keep Mute vigil on the marge of sleep. —T. A. Daly.

THE FIRST MASS.

"The joy has come, alama, That I watched through the years And my heart is full of blessing, But my eyes are full of tears. The joy has come, alama, And I am far away— The mother will not see her boy Upon his first Mass say."

"Sweet day of all my longing! Sure why should I complain? I'd bear to why my son a priest, A thousand years of pain. But, oh, to see you with the cup, In vestments gold and white, Dear Lord, this would be Heaven To poor mother's sight."

"To watch you at the altar, And hear you read the Book; And when you turn around to pray, Observe you holy look. And, oh, my child to bow with you At that most solemn hour, When our dear Christ is present, Unto your words of power!"

"Some say I would not know you now, You are so changed, asthore; Oeh! I would know you, darling, If an angel's wing you wore. Little they feel a mother's love, Who doubt, when face to face, That twenty years of waiting Can live in one embrace."

"Now do not feel alone to-day, Ma bouchal, stor machree! For Christ is more than mother And son to you and me. Sure, if I thought you'd shed a tear It's o'er the seas I'd roam, With a little shamrock and a sod To make you feel at home."

"Tis true, asthore, I'm with you, And tho' worlds should us part, My eyes would look into your eyes, My heart beat into your heart, I'm with you near the holy rail, Your kiss is on my cheek, I feel the blessing of your hand, I hear you laugh and speak."

"Oh, darling, were I nearer, I think my heart would break; Such blessedness steals o'er me now And rapture for your sake. Enough, enough to breathe my name When Christ is in your hand— Oh, don't forget your father's grave And poor old Ireland."

"The morn is come, alama, And I'm kneeling where you knev The little shrine of Mary Used to smile on me and you. I've placed the flowers and candles For the mass that might have been, But my eyes, agrva, can't find their rest, My joy is all within."

"I'll make my heart your altar, And my breast a house of prayer, And Jesus, at your holy word, Will tabernacle there. I'll wait for you at morn, And I'll pray with you till noon, And every eve I'll dream of you My own Sogharra dream." —Selected.

To Men Who Live Inactive Lives.— Exercise in the open air is the best tonic for the stomach and system generally; but there are those who are compelled to follow sedentary occupations and the inactivity tends to restrict the healthy action of the digestive organs and sickness follows. Parmele's Vegetable Pills regulate the stomach and liver and restore healthy action. It is wise to have a packet of the pills always on hand.

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A CHANGE AT LEAST.

A change of tenors had been made in the church choir. Eight-year-old Jessie, returning from the morning service, was anxious to tell the news. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "we have a new terror in the choir!" "Woman's Home Companion for January."

Blood Was Bad.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS. Mrs. Fred. Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, was pale and thin; every one thought I was going into consumption. I tried everything and different doctors until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did not have to improve when my appetite began to improve. I used six bottles. I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed ninety-three pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine."

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Prevent

How often do we see filthy that one mouth so infected with decayed teeth in which decomposing food is so abundant. Wherever colonies of micro-organisms are present, disease is generated. Add to this a number of people who are not clean enough to protect their mouths from infection from the air. It is a most unhygienic country that only a small number of people have not taken the trouble to protect their mouths from infection from the air. There is no idiotic on earth to

What O Editor

Destined, as we have for principles which Divine ordering, brought into open the Roman Church do not hesitate to do for closer union with admittance for her dead. We should strangers to honor selves, did we try feelings under the that loyalty to our led us to see good selves. Nor can we effects of that woful system, visible devotion to our I among the priests a Latin Church, transfiguring for through the ages, ing.—American Catholic Episcopal.)

AT LA

The New Year will forward in moral progress. It is announced, the greatest progress over there, and the less great in its part that they will not any books to be examining their own moral, personally delous or offensive. ble to exaggerate this notification. I fluence of a strong public opinion adverse tolerance of the past moral fiction, whether under the pretense of ing or necessary purification. The great have been compelled of their principal row draw from circulation that have proved to mental poison, direct crimes of violence against. We wish we ing a proof of the a public conscience in this action of the E ing firms indicates. attacks is a hundred spread, unrestrained here than in the old most any kind of ur edness is allowed to the pretense that it tion that the America have free speech and as the heritage of a That is not freedee you decent neighbor standards and his id and his conscience; it case of the ribald li banchee.—Philadelphia Times.

French Just

Recently in the little village of Berry a parish instructing the children in their catechism, lesson by talking about Hermit and the Crusades between the C gion and the Crusades liberate the Holy Sep seps natural enough, days later the Abb ammoned to appear b the court on the ch broken the law on pri tion by having taught he was only allowed to chism. The Magistra acquitted him. The P the Republic was not brought the case before of Appeal—and the Co confirmed the sentence. The Procurator was st talked, and carried the Supreme Court of Cass actually quashed the sentences and ordered. The story seems almo

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HEALTH TALKS

Prevent Filthy Teeth.

How often do people present themselves to the dentist with teeth so filthy that one recoils with disgust and aversion at beholding them? Add to this generally filthy condition a number of ulcerated roots, or decayed teeth with large cavities in which decomposing food remains for weeks and months, and you will no longer wonder why the breath of some individuals is so offensive and foul that their presence is unbearable. Wherever there is decomposition of organic matter innumerable colonies of microbes, the germs of disease, are generated. Can any individual pass his food through a mouth so infected and yet wonder why he suffers from indigestion? Dental, gastric, as well as general neurosis may often be ascribed to infection from the oral cavity.

It is a most unfortunate thing for this country that nine-tenths of the people have not the knowledge or the energy to protect their teeth, and that only a small percentage know enough to protect the teeth of their children. There is nothing more idiotic on earth than for parents to

worry about the looks of their children's clothes while allowing their teeth, that would protect them all their lives, to go to ruin. The child is taught to wash the hands, to bathe the body, but the human mouth, the very vestibule of life, is left wholly without intelligent care. It is no uncommon thing for children of five or six years of age and younger, whose mouths present a deplorable spectacle of decayed and missing organs of mastication, to be brought to the dentist with a request for extraction of one or more of the deciduous teeth. It does not seem to occur to parents that sound teeth are as important to children of tender years as to their seniors. How can the little ones be expected to develop into healthy men and women if they are deprived of efficient means of chewing their food at the time when good nourishment is more than at any other time a vital necessity?

The care of the teeth is a vital necessity to all; but to none is their neglect so injurious and crippling as to the child, whose future, both mental and physical, depends upon its proper growth and nourishment during the early years of its life.

What Other Editors Say.

Destined, as we are, to contend for principles which seem to us of Divine ordering, and so to be brought into open controversy with the Roman Church, we nevertheless do not hesitate to aver our yearning for closer union with her and our admiration for her saints, living and dead. We should know ourselves strangers to honor, false to ourselves, did we try to conceal these feelings under the mistaken notion that loyalty to our religion compelled us to see good only in ourselves. Nor can we contemplate the effects of that wonderful sacramental system, visible in the patient devotion to our Lord, so apparent among the priests and people of the Latin Church, without devout thanksgiving for its preservation through the ages, intact, unvarying.—American Catholic (Protestant Episcopal).

to be credible, yet the Gil Blas, which is anything but clerical, writes in this way upon it: "This decision, which, with all possible respect for the court, we shall simply describe as eccentric, places at the service of village rascals a whole arsenal of little tortures. It is just such miserable decisions that furnish arms to the enemies of the regime, and the Procurator of Bourges by his obstinacy in endeavoring to secure the condemnation of the cure of Terry has rendered an ill service to the republic as well as to common sense."

News by the Irish Mail.

The beautiful little Catholic Church of Killeen, Co. Wick, in the parish of Arves, was the scene of a very impressive ceremony recently consisting of the installation of a Baptismal font and the unveiling of a beautiful sanctuary stained glass window. The former is the gift of Miss Ryan, and sister of the late Rev. P. Ryan, Kilabaha, in his memory, and the window is the generous gift of Mrs. M. Dempsey, Killeen, as a memorial of her husband and daughter. The window is a beautiful work of art and represents the Crucifixion of Our Divine Savior and is evidence of the great faith and generosity of the donor. The font is also of beautiful workmanship and is enclosed by a very artistic railing also the gift of Miss Ryan.

When Patrick Connolly, Derrygooney, who purchased Derrygooney, house, farm, and mills some years ago, once famous mills were in a dilapidated state. Mr. Connolly at once added to the flax scutching gear circular saw plant. Mr. Connolly seeing how egg cases had to be bought in Dublin and Belfast by the local egg shippers, started their manufacture on a small scale, which turned out to be a huge success. Connolly's egg cases were sought after by egg merchants and traders which necessitated him erecting plant in the old corn mill, and to-day he not only supplies the egg trade in Monaghan and Cavan, but in a great many other towns in Ulster. A number of hands are employed all the year round, and huge piles are turned out in the winter months to cope with the spring orders.

A stone which was found recently at Burran, Bryansford, by P. J. Mooney, D.C., is locally considered a fairy grindstone, and as several of these have been found in this locality the fairies must have had a busy time of it; but a different version has been given by Mr. Francis Joseph Bugger, M.R.I.A., Belfast, the archaeologist, who states that the find is a spindle used in spinning in the old times when Ireland was full of people and industry. The spinning stick was run through a stone of the kind found, and spun with fingers and thumb. The idea of fairy origin is, no doubt, due to the fact that many of these stones are found about old forts and places where people lived.

At a special meeting of the Limerick Corporation a resolution was adopted deciding to issue corporation stock to raise £10,000 for the purpose of erecting a new Technical Institute in the city. The Mayor stated they had obtained the money on the most favorable terms from the National Bank, £3 16s 2d per cent., repayable in 60 years.

A "find" of interest to all Irish lovers of song, and especially to Limerick people, has just been made by Mr. M. Butler, of Middle Abbey street, Dublin, and is now on view at his antique galleries there. It is a beautiful pastel portrait, almost life-size, of the Irish "Jenny Lind," Catherine Hayes, painted in 1845, and bearing a label showing that it was framed in Clonmel about that period. It is well and delicately painted, but the artist's signature is lacking.

Tribute to Late Cardinal Satolli.

At the solemn requiem Mass for the late Cardinal Satolli, at St. Aloysius' Church, Washington, D.C., the sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. T. J. Shanahan, D.D., Rector of the Catholic University. We are pleased, says America to publish the following extract from the scholarly tribute to the late Cardinal:

Francis Satolli rose to his high office through sheer merit, though, humbly speaking he owed much to the esteem of his powerful friend, Leo XIII. Satolli was one of the best Catholic theologians of his day and a distinguished and successful teacher of the younger clergy. His vast and sure acquaintance with the beauty and consistency, the variety and depth of Catholic doctrine, was acquired by diligent study of St. Thomas Aquinas, the greatest of Catholic theologians. It was at the feet of Leo XIII, then Archbishop of Perugia, that the young priest acquired the strong grasp on the doctrine of St. Thomas that soon characterized him even among older men and more experienced teachers. He was yet in the prime of life when Leo XIII committed to him the task of renewing in Rome itself the study of St. Thomas. For ten years he filled the city with his eloquent, solid and aggressive teaching, and during that time captivated a host of younger men and sent them back to their native countries equipped with reliable learning but filled also with his own enthusiasm.

His strength lay mainly in a remarkable power of reaching down into the vitals of a great question, and probing for the underlying principles. In this he had few, if any, equals, and he worked with a sure method, the trained use of the most delicate reasoning power, a clear and incisive logic, that seemed infallible once its starting point was granted. His Latin diction was choice and closely woven, and though his ideas were profound, they were always clear and consistent. The rational processes of theology were especially dear to him, and he was a finished master in all that pertained to them. He sought religious truth habitually and with great earnestness, not the history of truth, nor opinions about truth, but the very truth itself. Hence there was often in his speech and manner something forceful and militant. Few Catholic theologians in the last century so impressed their hearers as this truly admirable disciple of Leo XIII, himself one of the greatest theologians of the last three centuries. Fewer still had so large a daily audience drawn from so many countries, both in the Old and New World.

In many a distant land there is to-day genuine sorrow for the eloquent voice now stilled forever and the ardent spirit now quenched in death. He wrote many volumes, mostly in Latin, and therefore never exercised on the larger world the personal charm that won him so many friends among his army of pupils. Yet he wrote his native Italian with precision and nervous strength, and was one of the best pulpit orators of Rome. He remained always, however, a foremost teacher of Catholic theology and philosophy as found in the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, for whose wise teachings, he firmly believed with Leo XIII and many others, would one day come the social and religious regeneration of our modern world.

It is a far cry from the professor's chair to the office of first Apostolic Delegate to the Catholic Church in the United States. Nevertheless, the professor of Thomistic theology was not unequal to a task that would have been at any time a delicate and arduous one, but was there, peculiarly so because of grave differences of opinion among American Catholics on certain domestic matters. The situation called for a man of insight and courage and prudence, and the new Apostolic Delegate exhibited these virtues in a high degree. He amply justified the words of Leo XIII that in Francis Satolli he was sending to the Church in the United States "an illustrious man, equally renowned for his learning and his virtues." He travelled far and wide, mingled freely with all the people, and obtained at first hand an intimate acquaintance with all the elements and

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Mr. Albert MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, N.S., writes:—"In Oct., 1908, I caught cold by working in water, and had a very bad cough and that distressing, tickling sensation in my throat so I could not sleep at night, and my lungs were so very sore I had to give up work. Our doctor gave me medicine but it did me no good so I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and by the time I had used two bottles I was entirely cured. I am always recommending it to my friends."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Pain or Tightness in the Chest, and all Throat and Lung Troubles.

Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents.

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Specialties in Guaranteed French Trusses.

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Just as Canada is a great melting pot for the making of men, taking in the raw aliens, immigrants and moulding them into Canadian citizens, so have the big railway shops become training schools for boys. The boy just out of school, who becomes an apprentice in a railway shop, is, within a very short time, turned out an intelligent useful citizen, capable of earning good wages in any country.

By sending a postal card to the Superintendent of Motive Power, Grand Trunk Railway System, you can secure, free a handsomely illustrated book on "Training Modern Mechanics."

A Pleasant Memory.

I remember a certain hospital where I spent a blissful fortnight once when a university student. It was in charge of Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis and the gentle Sister who attended me was of a great family (as the world reckons such things), spoke more languages than I knew then, had travelled over all Europe, and discussed Dante's "Divine Comedy" dust-pan in hand, by my bed. I shall remember Sister Ambrosia, and her colleague, the ever-smiling, ever-busy, Sister Florentine, as long as I remember anything. It was a real grief to be "discharged cured," since it meant leaving that atmosphere of peace and sunshine.—Presbyter Ignotus, in the Living Church, P.E.

Troubled With Backache For Years.
New Completely Cured By The Use Of
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial."

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured.

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When ordering specify "Doan's."

Worshipers of Print.

is a brave pontiff, a newspaper reporter, a man doesn't as no faces death without with reason before made to say and do reporter who is short of a man's life, a short Magazine writes, "Did not the st extraordinary and served, and that my table of Lucilius? id they were bound to succulent bills of fare invariably of risotto."

ERING MAN ENDURES

ed by the Rich, Red Williams' Pink actually Make.

l of her modesty and nearly every woman g that casts a shadher existence. An ed limbs, attacks of eadache upon head- e part of a woman's als indicate plainly n requires the new pplied by Dr. Will- s. These Pills are ring women, who above all other e they make the rich, nakes women well, eir best. This is e great success of ink Pills. Mrs. Geo. dden's Cove, N.S., ys ago I was con- n. At times I k that I was unable e work. I suffered e aches, pains in e and at times I e life was scarcely e had tried several e getting relief, e decided to give Dr. e Pills a trial. After e boxes I noticed e taking the Pills e was again en- e and have since e. I can con- e Dr. Williams' e weak and rundo n

is great blood-buil- e medicine from e Pills will e \$2.50 a box e Co., Brockville.

AT LEAST.

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Was Bad.

ood comes Pimples, e Abscesses, Fester- e Constipation, Head- e and keep it pure by e of impure morbid e by using

DOAN'S BITTERS.

g, Kingston, Ont., e completely run down, e order, and I used to e compelled to stay e time. I could not e; every one thought e assumption, I tried eent doctors until a e use Burdock Blood e have one bottle e began to improve. e gained ten pounds e I began to take it e by-three pounds. I e from the grave as I e strong again. I e of your wonderful e all dealers. e by The T. Milbur, e, Ont.

Local and Diocesan News.

PRELATES LEND HEARTY CO-OPERATION.—Many American prelates have already sent their most cordial assurance of co-operation in the Eucharistic Congress, viz., Archbishop Farley, New York; Archbishop O'Connell, Boston; Archbishop Sheehan, St. Louis; Bishop Harlan, Providence.

LENTEN PREACHERS AT ST. PATRICK'S.—The Rev. Raymond Walsh and Rev. Albert O'Neil, Dominicans, of the St. Saviour's Priory, Dublin, will preach the course of Lenten sermons at St. Patrick's (Thursday) evenings. It is expected that the complete list of sermons and conferences and the programme of the Lenten exercises at St. Patrick's will be published on Sunday next.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.—At the last regular meeting of St. Ann's, No. 133, C.O.F., held in St. Ann's Hall on the 19th January, the following resolution of condolence was unanimously passed: Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by the hand of death John Benoit, son of our esteemed Treasurer, John Benoit, and brother of our past Chief Ranger, James Benoit, who entered into spiritual life January 12th, 1910.

Be it therefore resolved, that this meeting extend to our esteemed fellow member and the other members of the bereaved family our sincere sympathy in the hour of their affliction.

Be it further resolved, that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to Bros. John and James Benoit, also copies to the Star, Herald and True Witness for publication.

JAMES WATSON, Rec. Sec.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.—At the annual meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society, held in St. Ann's Hall, the 23rd January, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Spiritual Director, Rev. Father Holland, C.S.S.R.; President, Ald. D. Gallery; vice-president, J. F. Quinn; secretary, Edw. A. Shanahan, 161 McCord street; asst. secretary, Edw. Rogers; treasurer, M. J. Ryan; coll. treasurer, B. Feeney; asst. coll. treasurer, W. Howlett; marshal, H. P. Whelan; executive committee—P. A. Marnell, C. Shanahan, J. O'Donnell, Jas. Hagan, M. Garrigan, J. Shanahan, T. Rogers, W. D. Gullfoyle, T. Karcz, J. Murphy, D. G. Shanahan.

INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS.—At last regular meeting of Division No. 5, during the regular business of the order, the installation of officers took place, Bro. P. Doyle, County President, being present, installed the officers for the ensuing year. Bro. Doyle made a few well chosen remarks upon the welfare of the order. He urged the members to help their officers for the coming year, and by doing so their division would come out first at the end of the year, although now not far behind. Quite a number of application forms were asked for, and if our Catholic Irishmen who at present are not in the ranks would just think a few minutes and ask themselves "why," they would not hesitate to join. Although our voice is strong, we need all our Catholic young men, and as things look for the future, prospects are very bright. Bro. Colfer, of Div. No. 2, also made a few remarks.

Resolutions of condolence were passed on the death of the father of Bro. D. Munday, also on the death of the brother of Bro. T. Benoit. Mr. Munday and Mr. Benoit were well known by nearly all the members of the Division, and their death was quite a shock.

This Division meets the second and fourth Friday of each month at their hall, 280 Richmond street, and extends an invitation to all its sister Divisions.

J. BROPHY, Rec. Sec.

ST. PATRICK'S A.A.A.—A very large number of friends of the members of the St. Patrick's A.A.A. gathered at the Sailors' Club on Sunday afternoon last, on the occasion of the inauguration of the literary branch of the association. As a preliminary by-law was framed and an outline presented of the work to be done. Father McShane presided and in the course of his address praised them for the splendid results, which were entirely due to their earnestness, and made some very apt and practical suggestions. They were counselled to form an advisory board with chaplain, and to present annually a report of their progress throughout the year, and so interest the public. The hope was expressed that in the very near future they would have club rooms of their own.

Capt. Walsh made what might in truth be called an exhortation, for he spoke words of warm sympathy with the spirit of their organization and urged them to be modest inasmuch as they were not to impose their merits upon the public, but, on the contrary, let their worth speak for itself. He impressed upon them the duty of developing the traits of worthy Irish Catholics. Dr. Walter Kennedy made some trite remarks eulogistic of the boys and the object of their club. The president is Mr. Leo Burns; secretary, Mr. Charles Singleton.

RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

Able Exposition of Our Performance of Devotional Acts.

Religious worship, strictly speaking, embraces all those interior and exterior acts which man performs to the honor and glory of God. Being religious, its object is above all that natural and human. Now one may ask the question: Is religious worship necessary? It is, for God, the First Cause, the Supreme Being, the Ordainer of all things, exists, and moreover, as faith and reason impress this truth upon our minds, it follows that there is an absolute necessity for religious worship.

There are two kinds of religious worship, which are distinct, but not to be separated: interior and exterior. The reason is this: Man is composed of a body and soul. The soul gives life and action to the body. The body, which is material, is the soul's only means of communication with the outer world. The body has different senses, among which is the intellect, which serves as a guide, and the will, which is, or should be, the handmaid of the intellect. The intellect shows you what is good, beautiful and true, and the will is attracted by these objects.

Now it sometimes happens, when in silent and earnest prayer, that the intellect, illumined by reason and faith, and stirred by conscience, feels itself in the presence of God; it feels that a mighty power controls all things; it feels its own nothingness, and exclaims: "O God, Thou art great, eternal, immense." These sentiments, irresistible at times, penetrate the soul, and cause it to bow down and acknowledge the infinite greatness of God.

When in the presence of a great man, can you prevent a feeling of admiration, esteem, and veneration for him? Now this must necessarily occur when you think of God.

You continue to meditate, you recall all that God has done for you. A feeling of affection rises in your heart, and you exclaim: "My God, I love Thee, I thank Thee." But you know your weakness, and again you look up to God for aid: "My God, I have need of Thy arm to support me, of Thy light to guide me, of Thy goodness to forgive me." You pray, you ask. Have you ever noticed a little child, when learning to walk, how it looks to its mother for help and support? So it is with the Christian soul in the presence of God.

These acts may be formed separately, or may pass through the soul like a flash, but you have in them the essential elements of interior worship, of mental prayer.

When you pray, you adore, you give thanks, you ask. As the body is dead without the soul, so exterior worship without these sentiments is vain, useless, is but a sham. Hence the necessity of developing this interior spirit, habit of prayer.

Man has at all times, in all places adored, thanked and prayed, his always paid to the Supreme Being a tribute of worship from his innermost being. For as the tree gives fruit, as the field yields its crop to the husbandman, as the servant gives to his master the homage of his respect and reverence, as the worthy son returns the affection of his father, so man gives to God the internal homage of his heart and soul, he adores, he gives thanks, he prays.

But let us now proceed to the consideration of exterior worship. Every being whether material or spiritual draws from within itself a secret force, which in a sense it transports outside itself, v.g., the sun, by an invisible power, sends forth upon the earth oceans of heat and light.

Consider man. The noblest part of his nature is the soul. He has a body and everything that takes place in the soul is reflected in some manner on the body, and everything that takes place in the body is reflected in the soul. This our experience proves. If a vigorous thought presents itself to the mind, if your will is agitated by strong desires, what do you feel, what do you do? You must speak, you must act. Like the spring in the bowels of the earth, boiling and bubbling, and pressing against the enclosing walls, which seeks an outlet in the mountain side and spends itself in the plains below. In vain do we contain within us our thoughts, our desires, one day, in some way or other, they will out, they must express themselves, in words, signs or actions. So long as they remain within us they weigh upon the soul, they are an obstacle that suffocates us until we throw it off.

There is no sentiment so strong as the religious sentiment, no feeling sinks deeper in the soul than it, so much so that no force can avail to extinguish it.

This is true of the individual, and of the nations. No race was ever with out altar, priest, temple or sacrifice; man uses everything to give expression to this feeling, he builds churches, erects altars, he spends on sacred vessels and vestments, he calls on the architect, the musician, artist, sculptor, etc., to assist him in praising his Maker. All this is natural to man.

Exterior worship is as necessary to man as it is for him to breathe, to act, to speak.

God cannot be satisfied with interior worship alone, nor can He be pleased with exterior worship alone. He reproached the Jews for this. They honored God with their lips, but their hearts were far from Him. One completes the other. You know by experience that exterior acts of religion help interior devotion, v.g. To read the description of a grand Cathedral does not impress me as much as if standing within its walls I admired its beauty. To read the speech of a great orator in a book does not produce the same effect in me as if I were listening to him delivering it with the accompanying inflections, feeling and gestures. Exterior acts of worship are to interior devotion what fuel is to the fire, they keep it alive and active, increase and assist interior devotion. Does not the sight of a devout congregation make a salutary impression on you?

To kneel, to sign oneself with the cross, to bow the head, to strike the breast, to come to church, all these acts give good examples to others, are a source of edification. When you assist at Mass, when you pray in public, your conduct is an exhortation to your neighbor.

Christ Himself is your model, His life was a life of prayer. He went to the temple to pray, He celebrated with the Jews their feasts. He performed all the exterior acts of worship commanded by the law of Moses.

You should consider carefully what are your duties to Him in this respect. Your prayer should come from the bottom of your heart, from the depths of your soul. From time to time place yourself in the presence of God, acknowledge your debt of gratitude to Him, your need of Him, return thanks to Him for His great goodness to you. Unite to this the practice of public worship. In what way? Be faithful to the practice of daily prayer, especially in the morning and in the evening. Let our Catholic families take up a practice which is, perhaps, dying out, and which has been to so many a source of innumerable blessings, I mean, the practice of family prayer, prayer in common, when the parents, surrounded by their children, offer up to God the homage of their adoration and love, and ask for a continuance of His favors. He is then truly in your midst. How many families could do this during the season of Lent.

Fulfill your duties of worship as members of society and of the Church, by assisting faithfully every Sunday at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, for there, on the Catholic altar, Jesus Christ offers Himself for you as He did on the Cross, to adore His heavenly Father, to thank Him for His favors, to obtain for you the graces necessary for your salvation, and to ask pardon for the sins you may have committed.

One of the most important celebrations ever held in New York, if not indeed in the whole country, was the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Paulist community. The occasion was one of these events which, while it has a deep local significance for New York itself, reaches out at the same time with a message for men and women far and near, and by this reason of the wonderful continent-wide missionary labors of the Paulist Fathers. Their birth-place was indeed New York, but their field of work has been the whole of the United States.

Fitting ceremonies were held in commemoration of this jubilee in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus avenue and 59th street, New York city, and among a host of distinguished prelates and laymen were His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, His Excellency the Apostolic Delegate, and His Grace the Archbishop of New York. The anniversary ceremonies began with solemn Vespers on January the 24th, the vigil of the feast of the conversion of St. Paul the Apostle, and closed on January the 28th.

In connection with this celebration a Jubilee committee, composed of prominent New York business men, has been organized for the purpose of raising \$100,000 to erect a new headquarters for the Paulist Fathers in the city of New York. The present house, adjoining the church, was erected in 1859, and having served alternately as a chapel, school house and rectory, is in a bad state of repair and is wholly unfit for its present use. The committee makes its appeal to all New Yorkers, regardless of creed, believing that the work of the Paulist Fathers in the cause of temperance, good citizenship, sound morals, the press and civic reform; on behalf of the poor, the children, the Italians—entitles them to the gratitude and the assistance of every earnest citizen anxious for the spread of education and the preservation of public morals. Though much still remains to be raised, the committee has done excellent work.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JAMES McSHANE.

Although a sufferer for about seven years, still death came with all its painful suddenness to Mrs. McShane, wife of Mr. James McShane, on Thursday last, Jan. 27. Very general regret is expressed at the demise of Mrs. McShane, for she was a woman large hearted to a degree and ever eager and willing to lend both by her charming personality and of her time and money to any and all the calls of charity. Deceased leaves to mourn their loss her husband and three daughters, Mrs. R. Barry, of this city; Mrs. Tracey, of Philadelphia; Mrs. Buckley, of Albany.

The funeral, which was very largely attended, took place at St. Patrick's Church on Saturday morning, the requiem being celebrated by the Rev. Gerald McShane, assisted by Father Pittre and Father Killorain.

The True Witness extends very sincere sympathy to Mr. McShane and his family, who have been so sorely bereaved. May she rest in peace.

MISS MATILDA NORMANDEAU.

The death occurred on Jan. 21 of Miss Matilda Normandeau, at the age of 67 years. The funeral service took place at Notre Dame Church on the 24th, Father Pelletier celebrating the solemn requiem, assisted by Father Bedard and Father Legrand as deacon and sub-deacon. Miss Normandeau was noted among those who knew her best for her quiet, unostentatious charity. She never turned a deaf ear to a call from the needy or suffering, and was ever ready to contribute to every good work in the Church. May she rest in peace.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is an unparalleled remedy for colds, coughs, influenza and diseases of the throat and lungs. The fame of the medicine rests upon years of successful use in eradicating these afflictions, and in protecting mankind from the fatal ravages of consumption, and as a neglected cold leads to consumption, one cannot be too careful to fight it in its early stages. Bickle's Syrup is the weapon, use it.

St. Patrick's Day Number.

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Original Stories, Bright Sayings, Fine Illustrations. Just the thing to send away to friends.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

PAULIST'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Establishment of the Only American Community of Priests.

One of the most important celebrations ever held in New York, if not indeed in the whole country, was the Golden Jubilee of the establishment of the Paulist community. The occasion was one of these events which, while it has a deep local significance for New York itself, reaches out at the same time with a message for men and women far and near, and by this reason of the wonderful continent-wide missionary labors of the Paulist Fathers. Their birth-place was indeed New York, but their field of work has been the whole of the United States.

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SKETCH OF THE PAULISTS.

The Paulist community—or, more properly, the Missionary Priests of St. Paul the Apostle—was established in the Archdiocese of New York in 1858, and received the approbation of Archbishop Hughes on July 7th of that year. The founders of the community, Isaac T. Hecker, Clarence A. Walworth, Augustine F. Hecker, George Deshon, and Francis A. Baker, were originally members of the Redemptorist Order, from which they were released by Pope Pius IX, and authorized to form a new body devoted in a special manner to missionary work in the United States. They were all converts to Catholicism, men of American birth, imbued with the spirit of the Republic and keenly alive to the conditions and needs of the Church in the United States.

Father Hecker, the man who stood head and shoulders above the little band which drew about him, who left the clear impress of his ideals upon the character of the new community, was elected the first superior. He was then forty years old, having been born in 1819. His mother was Caroline Freund, his father John Hecker, a thrifty brass-founder in Hester Street, whose business failed during the boyhood of the baker, we find Isaac Hecker in 1843 a member of the famous Brook Farm community and in contact with such men as George Ripley, Orestes Brownson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, later of the New York Sun, Emerson, Theodore Parker, George Curtis, and others of the Transcendentalists. This phase of Father Hecker's life is most interesting, for after his entrance into the Catholic Church, his release from the Redemptorists, and his election as Superior of the new Paulist Community, it was to the firm establish-

A MESSAGE OF HOPE TO WORRIED MOTHERS.

There is no other medicine can equal Baby's Own Tablets for the cure of stomach, bowel and teething troubles. They come as a message of hope to worried mothers as they make sickly, peevish, crying children bright and well. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Mrs. Maurice Murphy, Glenford, Ont., says:—"I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world. I know of nothing that can equal them in curing stomach, bowel and teething

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Winter Race Meeting OTTAWA, Jan. 29 to Feb. 5, 1910. Round Trip Fare From Montreal \$4.50. Tickets on sale: January 31, Feb. 2, and 4. Return limit: Feb. 7, 1910. MONTREAL-OTTAWA TRAINS. Lve. Montreal—8.30 a.m., 7.55 p.m. *8.00 p.m. Arr. Ottawa—11.45 a.m., 7.10 p.m., *11.15 p.m. Daily (*), Week days only (†). Parlor-Library-Buffer Cars on 8.30 a.m. and 3.55 p.m. trains. Parlor Car on 8 p.m. train. Note—Train leaving Montreal at 8.00 p.m.—after business hours—arrives Ottawa 11.15 p.m.—in time to admit of a night's rest at the Capital.

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CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street. Tel. Bell M. 618. H. A. PRICE, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. G. RO. STRUBBE, City Ticket Agt.

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

MENEELY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Manufacturer Superior CHURCHES, SCHOOLS & OTHER BELLS.

I, the President of the "Equitable" Mutual Fire Insurance Company, as per paragraph 164 of the Insurance Law, call a meeting of the members of this Company on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1910, at the office of the Company, 160 St. James st., Montreal, in connection with the deposit to be made to the Government and in reference to the mutual system of this company. S. T. WILLETT, President. Chambly Canton, Que., Montreal, December 31st, 1909.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 816 Leguachetiere street west, Montreal, Can., by S. FLEMING MAGNAN.

Vol. LIX. LENTEN AT ST. Its Pulpit Will Distinguished Dominican P.

The preachers for the season at St. Albert, O'Neil, Priory, Dublin, 4 on Thursday last of the Rev. Gerard of the Rev. Ray, side of 50 years, ful physique. He ate relations 5 months with the rett, consequently needs of Montreal conditions prevail tial of his order fore he is well qu at St. Patrick's.

REV. RAYMOND Preacher of the Le St. Patrick's (

on the Sacraments, from their stando best appointed rem of the age and the channels of the aid to man at every st. The Eucharist treat ment at the Wash, and double brethren will be m these clear expositio tholic dogma that tre of the great rition of next summe Father O'Neil is junior of his confre striking resemblar Dowd. He comes

REV. ALBERT Preacher of the Len St. Patrick's (ev

archdiocese in Irelan able Sulpician pastor will conduct the Sun hours which will be diton to the series discourses in order t er number of people of hearing the word the penitential season. During Lent two r given, one for women men. They will als services for the child to the regular Sunday will be a special St. oration, two dwellin Passion, on Good F will be the usual stration after Easter.

Marion—You're not ly simply because I mention that it was you?"

Austin (nervously) I heard the fire engin while ago and I want the fire is.—Kansas C

ing troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

