

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 Sinesnawa. 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 STRICT 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.

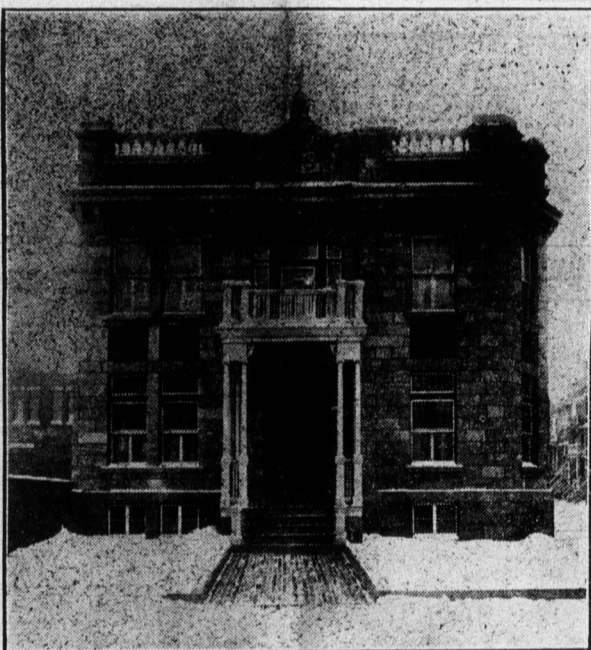
A Beautiful Home For the Pastor and Assistants of the New Irish Parish.

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 held 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, 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.

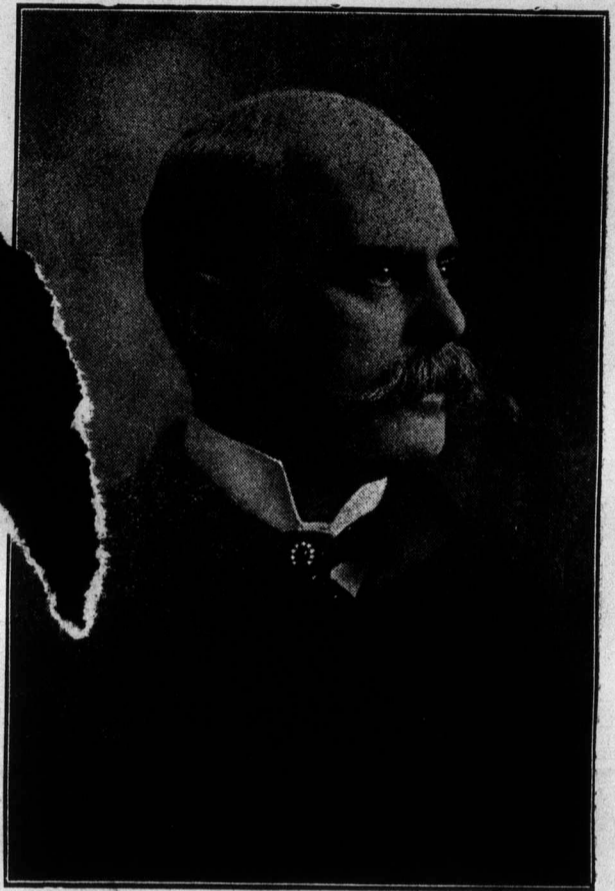
(Toronto Globe.)

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 1885. 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. Ever 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.

"T.P." went to London in 1870 and served as a sub-editor on the Daily Telegraph. Then came days of hard luck, and then a variety of experiences in journalism. I saw more of him than of any other public man in London, and one of the things in his life he talked of with most gratefulness was his association as subordinate to John Morley in editorial work. He tells many good stories of Morley, and always with a touch of reverence. Another man of whom he spoke much, and always with honor, was the Hon. Edward Blake, whose sacrifices for the Irish cause in British politics he knows as few living men know them. Gladstone, too, was one of his few idols, as D'Israeli was one of his aversions. Indeed his un-

ing chapters on Lord Beaconsfield 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.

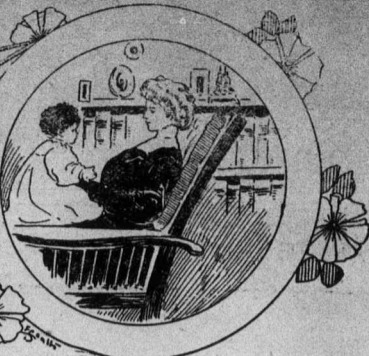
Priest's Invention

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.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



To love the fields and the wild flowers, the stars, the far-open sea, the soft, warm earth, and to live much with them alone, is good, but to love struggling and weary men and women and every pulsing living creature is better.

virtually the same. Long white gloves, with occasionally a decoration to carry out the scheme of the gown, are worn. By their gloves you will know the well dressed woman.

Work.

If the woman who does not believe in work as a panacea for the greater number of her ills would resolve to become interested in some real work, either for herself or others, she would soon find it is an excellent tonic for the nerves and that mental work is a more effective means of filling the mind than any other. It is a more effective means of filling the mind than any other. It is a more effective means of filling the mind than any other.

Value of Praise.

Have you ever thought for a moment what a sweetness of life lies in a few words of appreciation and encouragement? How many of us take the trouble to stop a moment and give a few well-merited words of praise to a tired servant; or even pause to tell our nearest and dearest how we appreciate all the daily services which we have apparently never noticed?

Alas! too often we wait until our loved ones can no longer hear, when we can no longer hope to see an answering smile of pleasure on the dear lips. Then we praise them and bring beautiful flowers to lay about the still form.

But would it not have been better if we had helped them by a little praise when they were toiling on this earth or if we had cheered them when to them their cross seemed almost too heavy to bear?

Only a few kind words of appreciation; the cost is nothing but the recompense is beyond price. Let the husband tell his wife how much he prizes her love and work for him, and the wife tell her husband after she gives him a good substantial meal—how truly she recognized all his care for her. And the mother should reveal in words as well as in acts how dear to her is children's obedience and affection, whilst the child who puts his arms around his mother's neck and impresses a warm kiss on her lips and exclaims, "Mother dear, how can I thank you for all your love to me," has rewarded her far beyond all knowledge or understanding.—M. M. M., in Central Catholic.

Woman's Rights.

The question of woman's rights is very, very old. The Book of Hammurabi shows that women had many privileges in ancient Babylon. That they have not now, in some strange way they seem to dominate just a little while before the civilization of their native land begins to perish. In pagan Rome they frequently went into the arenas as expert swordsmen against men, but almost invariably were worsted. The statements of Livy, Tacitus and Juvenal induce us to believe that they did not prove great successes as vestal virgins—many having been buried alive as a penalty for violating their vow. Even her enemies, however, must admit that the Christian woman is faithful and trustworthy. As a rule, the more Christian she is, the more faithful she is—the holiest creature living.—Thistedrift.

The Active Mind.

The active mind is never lonely; it is self-sufficient. The student and the thinker revel in solitude. However, very few of us want solitude all the time. We all need good friends, the ties of family life, and give and catch conversations of the neighbor. But it is when we are quite alone that we turn matters over in our minds, when we get a big, broad view of life, when we lay plans, direct our work, dwell upon the tenderness of those we love and those who love us. A few moments of profitable, restful solitude, fifteen minutes with a good book, fifteen minutes with good music—these are moments spent in self-culture and education. When you grow so interesting that you like to be by yourself you will be so interesting that everybody will want you to be with them.

Fashionable Gloves.

Instead of wearing pure white gloves in the afternoon the fashionable woman is inclining towards a delicate pearl shade or pale apricot and tan colorings.

She is choosing for motor wear the chevronette of elbow length, with a strap at the wrist to pull the leather together. This is generally lined with fur or wool.

Women find it hard to approve of the sharp dividing line between long sleeves and short gloves and are wearing with afternoon toilets longer shapes, which pass in wrinkled fulness over the cuffs.

Gloves of two button lengths are worn with coat suits. The buttons are very large and are made of mother-of-pearl.

For driving mocha gloves in pale colorings, which, strange to say, wear much better than dark ones, are popular. Of course, the evening gowns are

be, Even through the gathering clouds we see The hand of God.

Trust, then, dear heart, in God He'll guide thee with unerring love, Till upon the heavenly shore, We shall worship evermore Father God.

Individuality of Business Girls.

It is winter a bright, wide-awake look a clerical position with a famous for its petty treatment employees. She was set to work in a small, untidy room, lined with small tables. At each desk sat a girl, dissatisfied and churlish. Her individuality fading, her ambition rising no higher than to enter that room each morning just on the stroke of eight, not a minute earlier, and to be the first out of it when the clock struck five. Most of these girls had lost interest in their office attire, saving every penny possible for Sunday or party frocks. All of them were hoping to secure positions with other concerns.

Into this maelstrom of office anarchy stepped the girl whose individuality and self-respect still lived. She came to work in a new tailored silk waist with immaculate lawn turnover collar and cuffs. The other girls sniffed and warned her that her blouse would be ruined. The office was filthy.

"We have an office porter and two boys," she replied. "There is no reason why we can't have this place cleaned up."

And somehow it was done. When a lot of trash had been thrown out, and the first layer of dirt had been removed from the floor, a ray of hope seemed to illuminate the staff of girls.

The new-comer brought down her own desk fittings, simple and inexpensive, but with a note of individuality—a letter-opener and a box for clips in brass, a burnt-leather blotting-pad and some personal stationery in case she wanted to write a little note during the noon hour. The office manager sarcastically advised her to lock them up every night, and the girls exchanged significant glances, but nothing was ever taken from that desk. Finally, one of the girls timidly suggested that the new-comer might broach the question of their wretched wash-room facilities to the manager—and she did it.

In less than a year the atmosphere of that entire office has been changed, cleared, uplifted, by one girl. She did not preach. She did not demand. She did not stir up trouble. She simply lived her own life despite "poor conditions," and made others' first envy, then emulate her.—Anna Steese Richardson, in Woman's Home Companion for January.

What is Worn in London

London, Jan. 25, 1910.

Now that the sales have had a fortnight wherein to clear the most important items in the various departments, now that model costumes and cloaks, furs and hats, etc., have been snapped up at bargain prices on all sides, the turn of the remnants is at hand; and the wise woman will do well to inspect her wardrobe with an inquisitorial eye so as to decide which of her dresses are worth renovating and how the miracle can best be accomplished. It is so much better, even when bargain-hunting, to know beforehand exactly what one is aiming at, what quantities one wants, what colors are possible for the various schemes of renovation one has in mind. Thus can one's purchases be made of infinitely greater value and utility than if one buys haphazard and in passing.

I saw, the other day at a fashionable modiste's, a gown which was being remodelled. It was a suggestion for renovating an elderly evening dress of satin, which was either a Princess or a corselet skirt. If the former it should be cut down to the latter, which is easily done; and the changing of the bodice part gives an entirely new appearance to the dress, even to those who are best acquainted with its age and history. A little short under-bodice of white tulle, to which the corselet skirt was attached, is easily fashioned, and was covered with tucked white chiffon, which formed three lines of bouillon across the front and back. The chief renovating feature was the lone redingote of black lace, set off with a white chiffon, which followed the lines of the figure without in any way being tight fitting, and was cut low enough to cover the satin skirt almost entirely, before weighted by a deep fringe of jet which bordered the cut at the hem on each side. For the regularity of this coat was

that it was only sides; there was no more behind than there was in front, both being treated the same with edgings of lace, which started above the waist, where the fronts of the coat were held together with a wide jet buckle, the same effect being repeated at the back with a similar jet ornament. From the buckle were three chains of jet cabochons, which were festooned up to the shoulder back and front and caught with a jet clasp. Where the jet chains joined the buckles they were finished with jet tassels, and jet tassels also gave the necessary hang to the long "angel" sleeves of net or chiffon, according to the material chosen for the coat.

This was a most effective renovating for an evening dress; the materials for which can be picked up at the remnant counters at the present time for a very small outlay, indeed. I have mentioned black lace, net or chiffon for the coat, but the model would be just as effective in color; and I can imagine it exceedingly successful in rose or pale blue chiffon, with chains and ornaments of silver and silver fringes, or in emerald green, emphasized with jet, and worn over a fourreau of black satin. The quantity of chiffon or net required for this coat, which has neither back nor front, is very little, and easily to be found among the remnant heaps; a yard and a half of white chiffon to cover the under-bodice, and the jet chains, fringe and buckles complete the whole list of things requiring. The rest only requires clever fingers and good taste to turn out a most attractive form of "Resurrection Pie."

Chiffon has been so enormously used this year that there is certain to be a great quantity to be found in the sales; and if the lengths offered are good ones they should certainly be annexed, for chiffon can be used in a hundred ways. Nothing is more beautiful than the effects to be obtained either for an evening dress or for a shoulder scarf by placing two or even three different colors in chiffon one over the other. I saw a dinner dress not long ago which was enough to make a painter rave over its mysterious richness of color. It was composed of three layers of chiffon, one underneath one of brilliant purple, one underneath one of emerald green, in turn covered by deep sapphire blue. It sounds alarmingly gaudy, but it was nothing of the kind. The color effect was indescribable; one had no sooner decided that the dress was a deep blue than a movement of the wearer would give a flash of emerald green or brilliant purple, the mysteries of color being intensified by the motifs in dull gold which held the draperies in place. Another beautiful effect of the same kind that I have seen was produced by rose color over golden yellow; and still more original is dark blue over silver tinsel, the blue being veiled itself in mist grey. Orange under turquoise blue veiled with chestnut brown is a beautiful combination; and any of these suggestions of color blending in chiffon are as appropriate for shoulder scarves for day or evening wear as for evening dresses, and, of course, in the sales it is easier to find lengths suitable for scarves than lengths sufficient for a dress, even of the exiguous proportions decreed by the present fashion.

There is one thing to remember in these combinations of colors, whether for scarf or dress, and that is to make the upper layer of the darkest tint. There is a marala in Paris at the present for covering all kinds of garments with a varnish, as it were, of black chiffon. It is used perfectly plain, without tucks or ornamenting of any kind, to cover blouses of all descriptions, and especially of last year's date, and gives certainly a novel effect; but it looks best over blouses and bodices in fancy silks. With some of these the covering chiffon is of the same color as the ground of silk, which, by the way, I saw very prettily carried out in a bodice of grey silk patterned in little pink roses which was veiled in grey chiffon, through which the pink roses peeped in a charming way, but the greatest novelty is the over-blouse of black chiffon. Another novelty is to cover a blouse or bodice of some brilliant color with a loose lattice-work of tiny velvet ribbons; and this is an idea which should be borne in mind by sale-hunters, for these tiny velvet ribbons are sold most absurdly cheap at the ribbon counters during sale time. Indeed, the idea could be carried out in other colored velvet ribbons, which could either match or contrast with the silk underneath, the point to remember being the lattice-work pattern, which is such a favorite in Paris at present.

AS WILLIE SAW IT.

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail."

Maid of Athens, ere we part, Never mind about my heart, Give, oh, give me back the ring And each fair, expensive thing That I sent you, and each note Which in these dead days I wrote, They are what the jury says Indicate the damages!—Judge.

A few days ago Bobby Peters had been told the story of Saint Michael, and he had been given a picture of the Saint after the painting by Peruginio.

The next day Bobby ran into the house with his eyes shining like stars, and so excited that he could scarcely speak.

"Mamma, come, come and see Saint Michael! He is coming right down from heaven! Come and see him!"

The mother went out to see what Bobby called Saint Michael. It was one of the new flying machines with two men operating it.

"Well, I've got a government job at last," said the man in the new fall overcoat.

"But," he protested, "you said that in the civil service examination you answered every question wrong!"

"Yes. So they've put me," he explained, "in charge of the weather bureau."

Were the "Dark Ages" Dark.

A correspondent writes anent a discussion he has had with an acquaintance who "honestly believes" that the Catholic Church is and always has been the enemy of education and learning, "and so the period of history when Romanism held sway is called the 'Dark Ages.'" The grounds on which our critic "honestly believes" such nonsense are not stated. If he can read, from what travesty of history he has derived his misinformation? And if he can't, who has imposed on his credulous ignorance? The Middle Ages are called "Dark" by the anti-Catholic for no other reason, than he is in the dark concerning them. The thirteenth century, for example, has been eulogized by Frederick Harrison as one of the most brilliant ages in the history of the world. Kings and statesmen like St. Louis of France, Edward I., of England ('the English Justinian'), and Simon de Montfort, theologians and metaphysicians like St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bonaventure, Duns Scotus, and Albertus Magnus; a painter and poet like Cimabue; and Dante—these are simply sufficient to redeem that age from the reproach of darkness.

The names of Bernard, Francis Thomas A Kempis, and Tostatus leap into one's mind at every mention of the Middle Ages. England has preserved to this day the text and principle of Magna Charta, a document dating from these ages, and having for its first signature the name of Stephen Langton, Cardinal of the Roman Church. To that Church modern Europe is indebted for its civilization, its laws, its knowledge of the fine arts. The magnificent abbeys and cathedrals that have escaped the savage vandalism of the Reformers bear witness to the genius of architecture which those ages knew, and to its achievements, which Protestantism has never equalled, not alone surpassed. No one who has studied the literature of the Middle Ages can have failed to perceive the strongest evidence of profound Biblical knowledge. Dr. Maitland (librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury) tells us that the

Childs Play of Wash-day Surprise Soap cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap. It cleanses the clothes and gives the sweetest pleasant results. To wash the Surpriso Soap. Read the directions on the wrapper. You can get it in any drug store.

writings of those ages are "made of the Scriptures." Where were the treasures of ancient literature preserved for 1000 years and more? Where were they found prior to the invention of printing but in the libraries of the monks, who renewed the copies with the labor of their own hands? The works that have come down to us from those ages show that their writers were no strangers to the merits of Virgil, Horace, Cicero and other classical authors. In the schools of the Middle Ages reading, writing, and the four rules of arithmetic were taught then as they are taught now, and moral sciences, the most important of all, were taught in the professional chairs of the various universities scattered throughout Europe, and founded, let our critic note, by Romanists. A principal feature of each of the monasteries established by St. Pachomius, the patriarch of monasticism, was a minor school in which the rudiments of knowledge were taught daily, without fee, to all who applied. In the eighth century Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, bade all priests open schools in the towns and country places, and seek no payment for teaching children save what parents voluntarily offered through charity. Pope Gregory VII. urged all the Bishops to protect art and letters, and to found schools in connection with their cathedral churches.—Catholic Observer.

MISFORTUNE FOR THE BLOODLESS.

Misfortune for the bloodless—that should be printed in all the public places. You must have blood to have strong lungs to enable you to withstand all the dust and microbes of summer and the piercing winds and cold of winter. Consumption is properly speaking, lack of blood; the natural result of anaemia. To prevent consumption rich blood is necessary. The best way to protect the organs is to circulate this rich blood through the lungs. Many have been saved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because these Pills are indirectly, but directly, with each dose. They have cured thousands of cases of anaemia, green sickness, general debility and all other troubles arising out of poor blood.

Timothy Histon, Rose Villa, Dromin, Kerry, has been awarded the prize of the Union for having the best and neatest kept cottage in that part of North Kerry.

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Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admission to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a Cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other abundant, recognized and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, pleasant and safe. No gross has been the reason of this wonderful remedy. It is only natural that numerous persons have tried to inhale it. Don't be misled by any imitations. Six months' use will insure a permanent cure. Get it from the leading druggists.

Seen the FREE Book PEDLAR People of Oshawa

Funny Sayings.

HATS AND OLD AGE.

In opening the services one Sunday recently the pastor of one of the fashionable churches said: "For three Sundays I have asked the women in this church to remove their hats during service. My appeal has been unheeded," and now I see where I was wrong. I was inconsiderate.

Advertisement for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, including text about coughs and colds, and a list of addresses for various locations.

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Estimates Given.
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retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
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shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Domi-
nion 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 sec-
tion 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 homestead-
er.

The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with 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 homestead-
er 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 perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.

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

W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior,
Ottawa.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid for.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
The Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags
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RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
HAVING DESIGNS
ENGRAVINGS DONE
SHOULD APPLY TO
10 BLUOY STREET, MONTREAL

"Martha, dear."
"Yes, John, what is it?"
"I got a letter from Franklin's
this morning."
"Franklin's? Who are Frank-
lin's?"
"Why, they are the people I work-
ed 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 to-
morrow; 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 McMaster looked lovingly at
the beautiful girl for a moment be-
fore he began his reply. For a year
they had been betrothed, waiting the
while for his work to become suc-
cessful enough to make married life
possible. His chosen field of litera-
ture did not seem to have become
very promising in the matter of mak-
ing 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 church's 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 be-
ginning 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
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 thank-
ed Him for making His will clear
and plain, though so different from
my expectations. And then I pro-
mised 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 suf-
fered 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 advan-
cement 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 won-
derfully 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 mo-
ment'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 announce-
ment about the fine business offer,
Martha's heart had begun to beat
with joy. As he had explained his
reasons for not accepting it imme-
diately, 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 them-
selves 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 ful-
fill 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
based 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 Sun-
day 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 ex-
travagant 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 house-
hold met a responsive chord in his
heart. At last the nightmare of the board-
ing-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 real-
ized 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 im-
mediately after his luncheon 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 win-
dow at the street below. The soiled
children who inhaled the neighbor-
hood did not worry her as much as
usual; the ugly sign boards on the
high fence around the opposite vac-
ant lot were less oppressive; the
clanging of the street-car bells no
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 liveli-
hood 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 sim-
ple 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 tak-
ing her lover from what he seemed
to regard as his vocation? Voca-
tions 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 matri-
mony. Before they had become en-
gaged 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 ra-
ther than an immediate marriage.
Altogether it was not a very pleas-
ing idea to Martha. She had al-
ways been a pretty conscientious
girl. John's talk about the greater
glory of God even outside the high-
er 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 sto-
ries. She took it as eagerly as she
always had taken it, and tore it
open with the same quickening
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 maga-
zine. 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 al-
most feverish in her haste as she re-
moved 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 ra-
ther hurriedly. Yet, no one could
read it through without being a bit
stirred. For, like all his stories, it
dealt with the struggle for right-
eousness 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 re-
velation brought on a battle with
self such as she had never experi-
enced.

On one side were all the little com-
forts of the home that could be.
With this strong host, the disagree-
ableness of her present surroundings
arrayed itself, together with the less
selfish thought of John's own hard-
ships. At the head of this column
stood John himself—the great happi-
ness 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 morn-
ing. 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 be-
ginning. She found it impossible to
pray at first, and attributed the
fact to the fluster of her haste in
coming. But as the solemn cere-
monies proceeded to the supreme mo-
ment when the priest again present-
ed 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 start-
ed to walk as fast as she could. It
was a very breathless and some-
what weary Martha who nearly ran
into John McMaster's arms at the
door with this sign, "No Admission
Except on business."

"Why, my dear, what is the mat-
ter?" asked the strong voice of her
lover. He looked her over in as-
tonishment. 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 MORRISCY MEDICINE CO. LTD., Chatham, N.B.

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 Bernard-
ine 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 ill-
ness, he passed to his eternal re-
ward. He entered the Franciscan Or-
der about 52 years ago, and after a
remarkably fervent novitiate made
his perpetual vows in 1859. Having
labored for short periods in the Mon-
asteries 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 secu-
lar. 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 Er-
new, Kiltulla, and Cummer, and ev-
erywhere he was an object of love
and reverence to all his acquaint-
ances.

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

A Remedy for Bilious Headache.
To those subject to bilious head-
ache, Parmelec's Vegetable Pills are
recommended as the way to speedy
relief. Taken according to direc-
tions 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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Christmas Number

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15c.

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**IN vain will you build churches,
give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere 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 by-word 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-
izen's 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 convinced
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 Cardi-
nal 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 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 proceed-
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
justice. 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
major 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 edi-
tor, 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 broadmin-
dedness 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 ci-
vilisation chretienne cotele encore la
sauvagerie paienne." The good edi-
tor 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
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
Catholics 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 sac-
cledons. They do not wish to perpe-
tuate 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 these 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 promed 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

Now is the Time

**Take advantage of January
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All that's desired for men, in smart, new cre-
ations, are fully represented--Ties, Mufflers,
Scarfs, Fancy Vests, Stick Pins, Dressing
Gowns, Gloves, and a host of other hints.

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7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

remember who faithfully they, as a
body, stood by Parnell; we remem-
ber the patriotism instilled into the
veins of the boys and young men,
by the Irish Brothers of the Chris-
tiania. Schools, who taught there twen-
ty, 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
floats! The faces of a hundred
years old, now in their graves, as
Woodruff, 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 Na-
tional 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-
Feners" 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 excoriated, 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. Mi-
chael 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. 2562, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoffmann Plate size 6 x 8.

These subjects are printed in black only.
Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Con-
ception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of
Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the
Temple, Magdalen, Madonnas, Bodily Resurrex-
tion of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia,
Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Per-
rucci, 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 Socie-
ty 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 cal-
led 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 pro-
pagation 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 suf-
fering had brought that gentleness,
patience and consideration for others
which are the true marks of spiri-
tual greatness.

**Are
Poison
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THE bo-
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or weak
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Abbey's E

Echoes and

Bravo, Jean Bapt
When were you at
Do the members of
eight prayers in com-
style does not inter-
soul and its eternal
Have you lost your
is your scapular? V
at High Mass last?
think of giving a cer-
Don't grumble, now!
The young man, wh
ty-six pies in half
Bloomfield, N.J., is
of the Carnegie ho
the pies at a railro
The papers tell us
people are going to
of meat until the pri-
might start the boyco
nesday and find a r
abstinence in the Ca
would be good for so
A groom of eighty,
ty, with the next of
in Ontario. It is a
Winkle refused to pla-
hope the preacher who
did not forget to pre-
and deference for the
firm. No bachelors
It is a wonder that
business men as some
aldermen are, would
contest of this week g
So certain, they were
they had to hold a m
in the City Hall colla
few more appropriat
that it was their last
Alderman (that wa
a pilgrimage last Sun-
13 Police Station, the
shrine of Malversatio
pers say that he was
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is to be hoped that he
up the shed until the
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English Liberals
Nationalists may fight like
if the Irish ever disga
found unworthy of Hon-
by some of the Cath
Irishmen, as a rule, he
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men, and when they fi
fellow losses. The con-
through with fists, not
The Irish members of
Parliament may have m
the coming House.
batter, even if some pa-
ry, William O'Brien,
from Cork, and Tim
North Louth traitor, or
honest and cease telli
they are Irish. We h
hand for a good Ep
Scottishman, but a cleme
our national lords of fe
Punch, the English p
cheap jokes, had an ins-
toon for the Irish, a w
a necessity, a certain M
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tence to think that Ire
ling on English money;
batter. Even the Hott
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grandeur is built on a
pillage of monasteries,
wrecking of Ireland.
Some Jews of New York
buy in the interest of
Slave Traffic." When a
treat agents of infamy g
afraid at our railroad s
is strange that private
point them out, and the
authorities are so hope-
want. No later than a fe
we are told, three undor

Time
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ROS.
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MERINE ST. EAST
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aming.

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

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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 they do 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 his 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 have much power in the coming House. So much the better, even if some papers are sorry. William O'Brien, the disturber from Cork, and Tim Healy, the North Louth traitor, ought to be honest and cease telling strangers they are Irish. We have a trusty hand for a good Englishman or Scotchman, but a clenched fist for our national lords of faction.

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 "denmed" 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 of 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 foes 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 it—"

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 yard— 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. Not one or all these do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable. By keeping himself neat and respectable, and honorable. By being civil and courteous, and finally and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.

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, Watching lest she should fall, We little children are busy; Oh! there is work for us all, Helping mother.

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. His pencil seemed to be running a race with the sewing machine, which kept up a busy hum. Suddenly something snapped, and the machine stopped.

"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. But instead Aunt Charlotte asked her how she got along in her arithmetic, and whether Annie Clifford was well enough to be back in school yet. All through supper Dot waited for the question that did not come.

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." But if she had really cared she would have thought to ask her if she had done so. Besides, the letter was only to Uncle John, and he had not been gone three days.

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 to the one that Aunt Charlotte was asleep, Dot tossed about in her bed, unable to think of anything but the letter that had not been mailed on time. Presently her restless movements awakened her aunt.

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

"No, ma'am."

"Are you sick, child?"

"No, ma'am."

"Come here, dear," Aunt Charlotte's outstretched arms welcomed a little white-robed figure that ran into them. "Something to fuss, is it, Dot?" she asked tenderly.

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

She felt her aunt start. "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.

It was a relief to reach the telephone office, where a sleepy girl operator roused herself and set to work to call up the hotel at Denton.

Aunt Charlotte laughed when her husband's voice reached her over the wires. "Don't be frightened, John, nothing is wrong." Then she went on to give the information which the delayed letter contained. "It will change your plans, won't it?" she asked, in conclusion. "Yes, I thought so. Good-night!"

There was a faint light in the east when they reached home. "Almost sunrise and you haven't had any sleep yet," said Aunt Charlotte, as pityingly as if it had not all been Dot's fault. "Sleep as late as you can in the morning, dear."

But Dot was thinking of something else. "The next time I've something to do," she said with solemnity, "I won't wait till the middle of the night to do it."

Freddie's Valentines.

There were 'leven or eight, If I counted them straight, As lovely as ever you'll see, With posies and vines And mottoes and lines All printed on purpose for me.

But the one mamma made Put the rest in the shade, When the table for dinner was set, For a cranberry tart In the shape of a heart Is the loveliest Valentine yet. —F. H. Sweet.

Why Alice Changed Her Mind.

"Alice, please run and get me a pint of milk; hurry, dear. I want to make some biscuits for tea and it is 5 o'clock now. Take the baby with you; he hasn't been out to-day. I

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 nose, 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, Go, 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 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

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Stimulate the Sluggish Liver.

Clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clear away all waste and poisonous material from the system in Nature's easy manner, and prevent as well as cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, and all troubles arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Minn., writes: "I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me."

Price 25 cents a vial, or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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, alana. That I watched for through the years

And my heart is full of blessing, But my eyes are full of tears. The joy has come, alana, 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 wait a hundred years, 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 mail, 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, alana, 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, aggra, 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 Sogharramoon." —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. Parmelee'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.

Vapo-Resolene

Established 1879
FOR WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, CATARRH, DIPHTHERIA
Vaporized Resolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Resolene is used. It acts directly on nose and throat, making breathing easy in the case of colds, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. It is a boon to sufferers of Asthma.
Resolene is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and a preventive in contagious diseases. Resolene's best recommendation is its thirty years of successful use.
For Sale by All Druggists
Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet
Resolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets, simple and soothing for the irritated throat, etc.
Leeming, Miles Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada. 308

Terrors of Print.

Pope Pius X. is a brave pontiff, but he fears the newspaper reporter. Only the foolhardy man doesn't as Maqy a hero who faces death without a quail quails with reason before the things he is made to say and do in print. "The reporter who is short of news is a terrible man," a writer in McClure's Magazine quotes the Holy Father as saying. "Did not the Socialist Roman journalists say that I had the most extraordinary and enormous meals served, and that my table recalled the table of Lucullus? Well, in the end they were bound to admit that my succulent bills of fare were composed invariably of risotto and meat, meat and risotto."

THE SUFFERING WOMAN ENDURES

Can Be Banished by the Rich, Red Blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Actually Make.

Behind the veil of her modesty and silent patience nearly every woman endures suffering that casts a shadow over half her existence. An aching back, tired limbs, attacks of faintness, and headache upon headache need not be part of a woman's life. Such trials indicate plainly that the system requires the new blood that is supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills are valued by suffering women, who have used them, above all other medicines, because they make the rich, red blood that makes women well, bright and at their best. This is the secret of the great success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Geo. C. Wadden, Wadden's Cove, N.S., says: "A few years ago I was completely run down. At times I would be so weak that I was unable to do my housework. I suffered from severe headaches, pains in the back and dizziness, and at times I felt as though life was scarcely worth living. I had tried several medicines without getting relief, when I finally decided to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. After using two or three boxes I noticed a change, and after taking the Pills about two months I was again enjoying good health, and have since been well and strong. I can confidently recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all weak and run-down women."

You can get this great blood-building, health restoring medicine from any dealer in drugs, or the Pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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.

From impure blood comes Pimples, Boils, Ulcers, Tumors, Abscesses, Festering Sores, Rash, Constipation, Headaches, etc.

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 one bottle used 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. I 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."

For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Prevent

How often do we get sick? How often do we get filthy that one is sick and aversion. Add to this getting a number of decayed teeth in which decomposing food collects, foul that their able. Wherever colonies of micro-organisms, are present, they are ready to invade the mouth so infecting the system. Dental, gastric, pneumonia may be infection from this country that people have not thought of. It is a most unclean country that only a small number of people protect their children. There is no idiot on earth to

What O Editor

Destined, as we are, 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 vital system, visible devotion to our I among the priests a Latin Church, who thanksgiving for through the ages, ing.—American Episcopal.

AT LA

The New Year will forward in moral progress. It is announced, the greatest progress ever there, and the less great in its part that they will not any books to be examined their own mind whether they 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 from circulate that have proved to mental poison, direct crimes of violence action. 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 un 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 banche.—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, mention between the and the Crusades liberate the Holy Sep day's later the Abb summoned to appear b the court on the ch broken the law on pri tion by having taught he was only allowed t claim. The Magistra acquitted him. The P the Republic was not brought the case bef of Appeal—and the Co confirmed the sentence. The Prosecutor was st talked, and carried the Supreme Court of Cass actually quashed the sentences and ordered. The story seems almo

Resolene
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CROUP, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, SORE THROAT, DIPHTHERIA
Resolene stops the paroxysms of the ever dreaded Croup and soothes the inflamed throat, making breathing easy, and soothing the sore throat. It is a boon to all who suffer from these ailments.

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, unwavering.—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, became owner of the concern the 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 Burren, Bryansford, by P. J. Mooney, D.C., is locally considered a fairly 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, 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

To Regulate the Bowels

Keep the bowels regular. This is the first and most important rule of health. You can depend on Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to help you carry out this rule.

They effect prompt and thorough movement of the bowels and as they do not lose their effect the dose does not have to be increased.

By their enlivening action on the liver they positively cure biliousness and constipation.

"I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for constipation with most satisfactory results. They have also cured a young man here of backache, from which he suffered a great deal."—Mr. Peter McIntosh, postmaster, Pleasant Bay, N.S.

There is no question as to the efficiency of this well-known family medicine. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers, and Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Caught Cold By Working In Water.
A Distressing, Tickling Sensation In The Throat.

NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited.
OF LONDON, Eng.
"Strong as the Strongest."
INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908
Capital and Accumulated Funds \$49,490,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and from Interest on Invested Funds \$ 9,015,000
Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of Canadian Policy Holders \$ 465,500
Head Offices—London and Aberdeen
Branch Offices for Canada:
88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal
ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

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.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa
is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.
The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

Training Modern Mechanics.

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 know then, had travelled over all Europe, and discussed Dante's "Divine Comedy" dust-pan in hand, by my bed. I shall remember Sister Ambrosia, ever-benignant, 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.

Chive's Preparations
Are The Best.

Specialties in Guaranteed French Trusses.

For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup
In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results.

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14 & 16 Notre Dame Street West, MONTREAL.

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. Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

Writers of Print.

is a brave pontiff, newspaper reporter, hardly 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 rring women, who e above all other e they make the rich, e makes women well, eir best. This is e great success of ink Pills. Mrs. Geo. dden's Cove, N.S., s 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

AT LEAST.

ors had been made e. Eight-year-old e from the morning eous to tell the

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.
e, 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 assurances 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. Kaze, 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 completely 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.

Fill up 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.

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 Killorans. 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.

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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 this by 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.

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 a 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 estab-

lishment of a common life, especially adapted to American conditions, that he devoted his life, and to this labor in the religious field, his experience at Brook Farm stood in the relation of a secular preamble.

Under Father Hecker's direction, and with the assistance of a large gift from his brother, George Hecker, the present site of St. Paul's Church and convent at 59th street and Columbus Avenue, was purchased and ground broken for the new church. Pending the erection of a frame house on 60th street, just west of Broadway, which served as a chapel and residence.

The cornerstone of the new structure was laid by Archbishop Hughes on June 19th, 1858, and on November 24th of the same year it was completed. The present church of St. Paul the Apostle, one of the most notable ecclesiastical structures in the country, was begun in 1876, and completed in 1885.

Any account of the Paulists would be incomplete without mention of the Catholic World, a monthly magazine established by Father Hecker in 1875, and now the leading Catholic monthly in the United States. It is a magazine of general literature and is published by the Columbus Press, a printing house founded by the Paulists, whose latest catalogue contains a list of several hundred books and pamphlets.

A GREAT LAYMAN'S MEETING.

The culmination of the Paulist's Jubilee celebration was a great layman's meeting held in Carnegie Hall on the evening of February 2. This meeting was under the auspices of the laity of New York, and was presided over by the Most Rev. John M. Farley, Archbishop of New York. On the stage with the Archbishop were representatives of all the Catholic societies together with a large number of priests and members of the hierarchy. Among those invited were: the pastors of the Catholic churches of the city; Board of Governors of the Catholic Club; members of the Pastoral Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society; officers of all the Catholic societies in the parish of St. Paul the Apostle; heads of all the religious orders and Catholic institutions in the city. The boxes were occupied by members of the Jubilee Fund Committee and prominent friends of the Paulist Fathers.

The speakers of the evening were all laymen and men prominent both in New York and national life. The Paulist sanctuary choir, one of the few representatives in the United States of the famous cathedral choirs of Europe, also had places on the stage, and under the direction of Sir Edmund G. Hurley, rendered a fine musical programme.

The meeting was inspired by the work of the Paulist Fathers during the past fifty years, a work which has extended through the whole country, promoted religion and civic betterment, made known the Catholic Church as she is to the thousands of our fellow-countrymen and emphasized in a special way the thorough harmony between Catholicism and the ideals of the American Republic.

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NICOLET EXPRESS. 4 p.m. Except Sunday. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

N. B.—The parlor buffet car on Maritime Express, Montreal to St. Flavie, Saturdays only, and St. Flavie to Montreal, Mondays only, has been discontinued.

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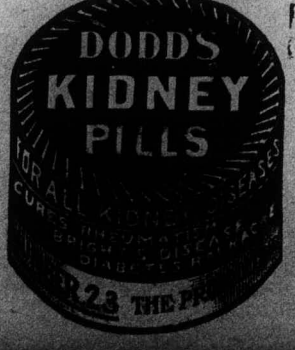
BELLS.

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.

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



Vol. LIX.

LENTEL AT ST.

Its Pulpit Will be distinguished by Dominican P.

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



REV. RAYMOND DOWD.

Preacher of the Lent.

on the Sacraments, from their standpoint best appointed room of the age and the channels of the aid to man at every step. The Eucharist treatment at the Wash, and double brethren will be more these clear expository tholic dogma that tre of the great religion of next summer. Father O'Neil is junior of his conference striking resemblance Dowd. He comes



REV. ALBERT O'NEIL.

Preacher of the Lent.

archdiocese in Ireland able Sulpician pastor will conduct the Sun hours which will be ditton to the series discourses in order to number of people of hearing the word the penitential season. During Lent two r given, one for women men. There will also 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 lying simply because I mention that it was you?" Austin (nervously)—I heard the fire engine while ago—and I want the fire is.—Kansas C