

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Some time ago two hundred club women in one of the central states were asked the question, "Who is the greatest woman in history?"

The question is certainly not a new one—one wonders sometimes how many centuries old it really is—and the answers included names of women whose commanding intellect, personal charms or self-sacrificing labors for humanity have made them famous the world over.

HOW TO LOOK TALL.

Ways of increasing her height are a constant source of thought to the short woman. To look her tallest at all times she should remember some simple general rules.

WHEN MACHINE STITCHING.

"One of the most annoying things in running a sewing machine is to find that the lower thread has run out just when in the middle of the seam."

MOTHER AND CHILD SHOULD BE TOGETHER AT THE BED-TIME HOUR.

There may be some mothers who feel it to be a self-denial to leave their parlors or firesides or work to put their children to bed.

We cannot understand the character of these little beings committed to our care unless we do. And if we do not know what they are we shall not be able to govern them wisely or educate them as their different natures demand.

Every mother who carefully studies the temperament of her children will know how to manage them in this respect. But of this all mothers may be assured, that the last words at night are of great importance even to the babies of the flock.

The very tones of the voice they last listened to make an impression upon their sensitive organizations. Mothers, do not think the time and strength wasted which you spend in reviewing the day with your little boy or girl.

SIMPLE NEURALGIA CURE.

The physician was talking of a simple neuralgia cure, one that would, he said, tone up the nerves and enrich the blood.

MOTHER.

When gruff old Dr. Johnson was 50 years old, he wrote to his aged mother as if he was still her wayward but loving boy.

HOW TO CURE A FELON WITH EGGS.

A Chicago doctor says that for the last fifteen years he has used eggs to cure felon and has yet to see a case it will not cure.

SCORED ANOTHER WONDERFUL VICTORY

One More Added to the Long List of Cures Effected by Psychine.

This young lady, who lives in Brownsville, near Woodstock, Ont., tells her own story in a few effective words of how she obtained deliverance from the terrible grip of weakness and disease.

I have to thank Psychine for my present health. Two years ago I was going into a decline. I could hardly drag myself across the floor. I could not sweep the carpet.



Thousands of women are using PSYCHINE, because they know from experience that in it they have a safe friend and deliverer.

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

For sale at all druggists at 50c and \$1.00 per bottle, or at Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Laboratory, 179 King St. West, Toronto.

hole just large enough to admit the thumb or finger, whichever it may be, and force it into the egg as far as possible without rupturing the shell.

KEEPING KNIVES BRIGHT.

A novel method of preserving steel knives and keeping them bright after using occurred to a busy woman.

CANDLE ENDS.

Ends of candles should be put into a jar with turpentine, when they will dissolve and form a most excellent mixture for cleaning oil-cloth.

TIMELY HINTS.

To remove pencil marks from paint use a piece of lemon dipped in whitening.

When cleaning the refrigerator do not forget the waste pipe. It can be cleaned with a cloth tied around a stick or with a brush which comes for the purpose.

give it a sun bath. If you have a wooden lattice piece on which the ice rests the musty odor comes from this and can be got rid of by getting a corrugated tin ice rest.

FUNNY SAYING.

THE TROUBLESOME CUSTOMER.

The man who owns a printery, with tact must be endowed; He deals with cranks of many kinds whose whims should be allowed.

RAW MATERIAL.

A kindergarten teacher was recently reviewing her little class on the instruction given the day previous.

AS A FAVOR TO BISHOP DOANE.

As is well known in New York State, a statute forbids the burial of human bones in the city of Albany.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE PENITENT.

O restless soul of man, unsatisfied With the world's empty noise and feverish glare.

The mighty God! Here shalt thou find thy rest, O weary one! There is naught else to know.

THE TRUEST PRAYERS.

All is the same—'tis I alone am changed By care and sin Oh, from the bitter ways of wrong and strife,

THE LATE DR. LAPONI.

Death has Removed a Distinguished Physician and a Man of Rare Courage.

Knocking in hope before Thy blessed shrine! In hope—at length. And with the rain of sad remorseful tears

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come, But what have we done to-day?

THE BOYS WE ALL.

The boy who never maled old age, no matter how unfortunate or evil it may hand rests lovingly on head.

POCKET WISDOM.

Never lean. Stand on your feet. They were given to that purpose.

OUR

A SAD DAY FOR

"Oh, dear, such an accident to-day While Dora and Molly at play! We harnessed my kitty, red cart And fixed in the doll's start;

OUR LEAD PENCIL.

Many a boy is made days by a present of pencils with his name pen on in gold letters.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHESUS.

The seven sleepers of Ephesus young men, converts to Christianity, who during the persecution under the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250, refused to fore an idol set up by the

LUBY'S advertisement for hair restorer.

President Suspectors. Style, cost, fort. service. 50c everywhere.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

A SAD DAY FOR DOLLIES.

"Oh, dear, such an accident happened to-day... While Dora and Molly and I were at play! We harnessed my kitty to Molly's red cart...

OUR LEAD PENCILS.

Many a boy is made happy these days by a present of half a dozen pencils with his name printed thereon in gold letters.

THE BOYS WE ALL LIKE.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit and unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

POCKET WISDOM.

Never lean. Stand on your own feet. They were given to you for that purpose.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF EPHEBUS.

The seven sleepers of Ephesus were seven young men, converts to Christianity, who during the persecution of Christians under the Emperor Decius, A.D. 250, refused to bow before an idol set up by the Emperor.

Many Women Suffer UNTOLD AGONY FROM KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Bonny had flushed with pleasure at the praise bestowed on him, but when Herr Hausmann came to the end of his sentence the child understood perfectly that it was a slighting remark, and glared angrily.

A TINY MOTOR CAR.

Just think of two tiny tots having an automobile of their own! Their father is a French gentleman by the name of M. Valentine, and made the car especially for these children.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

They both stopped at the entrance of the visitor, but he bade them go on, and remained listening attentively, with his head critically poised on one side.

When they had finished he said to Bonny in German, "How old are you, my little fellow?"

"I am nine," Bonny replied. "Surely you look no more, and you play like that. Is it just one piece that you have learned by heart, or have you others?"

Both the children laughed at so absurd a question.

"We play many things with my uncle," Liese replied modestly, "and also in some quartets, when other gentlemen join us. My cousin Johann plays also many things by himself."

"Let me hear some." They brought him a portfolio of music, and he chose a solo for Bonny. It was one, fortunately, of which both he and Liese were very fond, and they played it extremely well.

"Bravo! bravo!" the delighted German exclaimed when they came to the end. "It is plain to see, my little friend, whose pupil you are. Your father will be proud of you. You will be also a great player like him. But why have we heard nothing of this infant wonder? Is it that your father meditates taking the world by storm, or that he fears a rival in his own son?"

Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Is constantly effecting cures of dyspepsia because it acts in a natural yet effective way upon all the organs involved in the process of digestion, removing all clogging impurities and making easy the work of digestion and assimilation.

of your father. Do you understand?" "Yes," Bonny replied eagerly. "It is a good secret to keep, and you are a good doctor. You will make our dear Herr Papa quite well very soon, will you not?"

"We will do our best, please God?" the doctor said, as he jumped into the carriage and drove off.

When Bonny ran in again the drawing-room was quite empty. He wondered very much what had become of Herr Hausmann, whom he had not seen go out.

He took up his violin and began playing softly to himself. Presently Liese came into the room.

"Where is Herr Hausmann?" Bonny asked her. "He must have gone out through the conservatory and into the garden. He ought not to do that, ought he, Liese? He's a bad, horrid man, I think."

"He's not gone, Johann; auntie took him upstairs to see Herr Papa." "Liese," Bonny cried out, "he mustn't. The doctor said Herr Papa would die if he was worried, and that bad man will worry him to play. You know Herr Papa never likes to break his promise, and I believe he will go. Liese, don't you wish we could play for Herr Papa?"

"Johann, how can you? As if you could play like Herr Papa! You are not so clever as that," Liese exclaimed, mistaking Bonny's meaning for conceit.

Bonny scarcely heard her answer, for he had put down his violin and gone. He went straight upstairs to the bedroom, into which the children had not been admitted that day. Truly enough the little manager was there, seated in a big chair by the bedside, talking quickly and with much vociferation in his German tongue.

Bonny glanced at the figure of the professor propped up with pillows in the bed, and, child as he was, he could see that his kind friend was very ill. He breathed with difficulty and seemed scarcely able to speak, but to Bonny's horror, he heard him gasp out, "If it is possible to play, I will play for you."

The manager broke out into protestations of gratitude. "You will keep your promise, I know," he said, "and excitement will pull you through. Let us hope, too, that you will be much better by that time. Such an event, too; it will be an occasion for a life-time!"

Herr Bruder signed to the manager that the interview was ended. As he rose he faced Bonny, whose young face was all aflame with anger.

"How dare you?" he cried, "when you know what the doctor told you!" Then he turned to the bed. "Herr Papa, tell him you won't come," he exclaimed entreatingly. "The doctor said you mustn't; he did tell me you really, really couldn't—and I know why you mustn't. He only wants you to because he's frightened of the prince; he wouldn't mind if you died afterwards. He's only a cruel little coward, that's all he is, and he doesn't love you a bit."

Herr Bruder smiled and laid his hand on Bonny's head. "Little one," he said, "doctors do not know everything. Perhaps Herr Papa will be well again by then."

"But to play would make you ill again. The doctor said it would kill you, and he's a good doctor, a real making-well one, not a nasty killing one. Herr Papa, I want to say something to you. He said I played beautifully; let Liese and me go and play instead of you, and the people will say, they are only children, and will be kind to listen to us when they know you are too ill and if the great people are angry, I will stand up and tell them we would not let you be killed for all the princes in the world; and then

CHAPTER XV.—THE TRIAL.

Like many older people, Bonny little knew at the time what he was undertaking, though even if he had, I feel sure he would have been just as determined to do it. For you know very little about Bonny if you have not discovered by this time that he had a determined will of his own. Just as he had been earnest in his play when he was almost a baby, carrying out all the details of the curious games he invented, not because there was anyone to see him, but because it was a natural instinct with him to put his whole soul into everything he did, so when he once made up his mind to learn the violin, he devoted all his mind to the task in a way that astonished and delighted even his teacher.

If Bonny wanted to do a thing difficulties did not daunt him, and while another child would have been saying, "Oh, I can't do this, it's so difficult," Bonny had gone straight at it and done it. The first difficulty in this new task was Liese. "Johann, how can you?" she asked incredulously. "Think of all the people, and the princes, and the musicians; why I shall be so frightened, I shall not know what I am doing."

"You needn't think about the people, Liese. What are they to be frightened of? They don't any of them know as much as Herr Papa."

"Yes, but then it is different. He's ours, and so we're not frightened of him."

"Never mind, Liese, let us practice."

Frank E. Donovan

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we will come home and laugh."

Herr Hausmann had in his own heart a misgiving that the professor might, after all, slip through his fingers. That he would keep his promise if he could stand upright and hold a violin he felt sure, knowing what sort of man the great violinist was. But he also saw that even this might be beyond the professor's powers. The public love a sensation. It struck him that to announce to the audience that the great violinist was dying, but that his two little children had come to keep his engagement, had about it a spice of romance that would spread the tale far and wide, and produce even a greater success than the professor's playing; provided only that the young performers were up to the mark.

"My friend," he said to Herr Bruder, "if it were possible to spare you I would gladly do it. I think well of your little son's idea. To me, he plays remarkably well for such a child, but would he have the nerve to perform before a crowd of people? We must put him to a test. Let him come to the grand rehearsal to-morrow, when all the musicians will meet together, and he shall play before them. If he does well, I will take him as your substitute."

"Herr Papa, I will go," Bonny said emphatically. "Tell him 'Yes.'"

It was thus arranged, and Bonny saw the manager depart with feelings of pride and satisfaction.

He flew after Liese. "The wretch is gone," he cried, "and we must practise hard, Liese, for we must and shall play for Herr Papa."

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"Yes, but then it is different. He's ours, and so we're not frightened of him."

"Never mind, Liese, let us practice."

"Oh, Johann, you are a conceited boy! I wonder how you can dare. Just think of you taking Herr Papa's place. You, who are nobody, and Herr Papa, they say, plays better than anyone else in Germany."

Bonny did not care one bit for all that. He was determined to do it, and did not mind what anyone thought. In fact, he did not trouble himself about any other thing at all than that determination, but went straight at his purpose, and that is the way the greatest deeds in the world have been done. Liese was a very good and kind little girl but she did not understand Bonny in the least.

However, she was quite ready to practise with him, and even to give up all her play and reading at his wish. So as there were no lessons that day, they spent the whole of it in practising over all the music they knew, although Liese kept on declaring that she was sure she shouldn't be able to play when the time came.

Bonny got rather cross about it at last. "Then I shall have to play with someone else," he said, "but it's very unkind of you, Liese, because you have always played the piano for me, and we know how to go together. Perhaps someone else would play differently, and then it would put me out."

"But I can't help being nervous, can I?"

"Yes, if you don't think about anything but the music." On the next day the children were to be taken into Berlin by Herr Hausmann, at whose house they were to spend the night under Madame Hausmann's care. (To be continued)

DR. WOOD'S



NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption.

Mrs. Norma Swanson, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and bad pain in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again."

Price 25 cents a bottle.

MARRIAGE AND JOURNALISM.

Managing Editor (to reporter)—Are you engaged to be married, Mr. Scarehead?

"Kindly draw on the office for 40 shillings, get married immediately, and let me have two columns on 'Married Life in a Great City' by 12 o'clock. And—congratulations."—London Tit-Bits.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

Are a True Heart Tonic, Nerve Food and Blood Enricher. They build up and renew all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body, and restore perfect health and vigor to the entire system.

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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1907.

JUDGE GUERIN. In the raising of Mr. Edmund Guerin to the Bench the honor is not only conferred upon himself but upon the Bar of Montreal, and even more, upon the Irish Catholics of Montreal.

THE OTHER SIDE. A writer in the Catholic Times, of Liverpool, gives some sensible consideration to the reproach against the Catholics of France heard on every hand, that they must be either indifferent or irreligious to submit to the persecution of the Church.

THE CATHOLIC PARTY IN GERMANY. The newspapers are giving an extraordinary version of the political opposition that has developed in the course of the German election campaign to the Catholic or Centre party.

ate is being carried. Libraries and reading rooms, co-operative societies, classes for various branches of study are in course of foundation everywhere, newspapers are started, and leaflets are distributed in large numbers.

TORONTO MUNICIPAL POLITICS. Quite a remarkable incident has given Toronto distinction in connection with the municipal elections just held throughout Ontario.

Notwithstanding the terrible state of the roads on Christmas evening, a congregation larger than could be expected attended divine service. Their first motive was to offer to their heavenly Master the best sentiments of their true Irish hearts by commemorating in a becoming manner the holy feast of the birth of His divine Son.

Struggling Infant Mission IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK ENGLAND. Where is Mass said and benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I got for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Chamber. The party commands 3,000,000 votes in the Empire. In the present struggle the Socialists may gain; but the parties that control the Reichstag will not be dislodged.

EDITORIAL NOTES. Pope Pius X. has conferred the Cross "Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice" upon William Bullfin, editor of the Southern Cross of Buenos Ayres, Argentina.

Within the past ten years over 10,000 teachers in Ireland have obtained certificates of competency to teach Irish.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests.

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address-Father H.W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England. P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgment a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart.

Pope Honors Dr. Emmet! A New York Despatch says: Upon instructions from Pope Pius X., Archbishop Farley to-night formally made Dr. Thomas A. Emmet, of this city, a knight commander of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come at any season.

Presentation to Pastor by the Parishioners of Huntley, Que.

Notwithstanding the terrible state of the roads on Christmas evening, a congregation larger than could be expected attended divine service. Their first motive was to offer to their heavenly Master the best sentiments of their true Irish hearts by commemorating in a becoming manner the holy feast of the birth of His divine Son.

Very Beloved Father: With hearts filled with joy and gladness by the beautiful feast of Christmas, we are assembled to participate in the holy service of this evening, and we consider it an opportune time to show you our appreciation of your many self-sacrificing acts and our gratitude for the same.

We cannot see as it really is the good that has been done through your ministry here, although the outward and immediately visible part of the work is amply evident to all in matters spiritual and for the welfare of our immortal souls.

Signed on behalf of the parish of Huntley, Joseph A. Manion, John Lynch, Lawrence M. Curtin, Michael D. Egan, W. J. Egan, Frank Forest, John A. Killen.

After which Rev. Father Cavanagh thanked his people very sincerely for their kind thoughtfulness towards him on this occasion, and also assured them that he was happy to remain with them and would be so as long as he felt his ministry in their midst would prove fruitful, and that it would depend on themselves to a great extent whether that stay would be long or short.

THE PHONOGRAPH CANNOT LIE. German Dealer—"Now, mein Herr! You've chust heard your lovely blaying reproduced to Perfection! Won't you buy one?"

Amateur Flautist—"Well, if that's what my playing is like, I'm done with the flute forever."—Punch.

The Complete Food—Absolutely Pure Which revivifies the muscles, nerves and brain without a rival. Trappists' Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. For Sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Sole Agents for Canada. Motard, Fils & Senecal, 5 Place Royale, Montreal.

British American Business College. Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Yonge & McGill Sts., TORONTO. Oldest, Strongest, Best. WINTER TERM. From Jan. 2, 1907. Enter any time. Excellent results guaranteed. Catalogue and lessons in business writing free. T. M. WATSON, Principal.

A Famous Irish Priest. The late Right Rev. Monsignor White, Dean of Killaloe and parish priest of Nenagh, Ireland, was of a singularly fervent and enthusiastic temperament.

J. P. MONCEL. Euchre Tally Cards and Badges to match. Also Lapel Buttons for Clubs, ETC. 210 St. James St., Montreal.

J. J. GARLAND. GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work. 27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

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The Kane Company FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts. A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style.

County Board of Directors. The regular monthly meeting of the County Board of Directors of the County of Hibernia, Hochelaga, was held in the County Board Room, on Tuesday evening, the 4th inst.

St. Leon Water Co. Drink weary Pilgrim, drink, I say. St. Leon drives all ills away. 21 Craig St. East, Montreal.

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COLORED SILK CHIEF colorings of myrtle, an extremely beautiful COLORED SILK COAT of pale blue, pink, black, very fashion.

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5 per

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Her New Year's Eve Surprise

She sat with the letter in her hand. It was addressed in her grandfather's handwriting. What could it contain except an affectionate message proposing a reconciliation? She had known the letter would come, though Tom had laughed at her for having such notions.

sake, don't expect anything from that old curmudgeon." "But I'm sure that— She did not finish her sentence for indignation. Inside the envelope were all her letters—her fond letters of the past two years—unopened. Scribbled across the top of the uppermost letter were the words: "Useless to waste stamps like this. You never could write well enough to read in any case."

A Cold Finds Your Weak Spot. The Bronchial Tubes and Lungs are Protected Against the Evil Effects of Colds by DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

You can never tell just what form a cold will take, but you may be sure it will search out your weakest organ. With some it assumes a catarrhal nature and affects the head principally; with others it becomes bronchitis and there sets in a harsh cough and severe chest pains.

A SONG FOR THE POPE

The following song, which is so generally sung at the termination of the social gatherings of Irish priests that it might be called the Irish Church anthem, was written by Rev. P. Murray, D.D., a former distinguished professor at Maynooth and author of "De Ecclesia Christi" and other works:

(Continued from Page 7.) romantic! I hope you have crowded some real romance into the affair during these six years; those heroic-reverent courtships are generally so sudden and unsatisfactory. I am anxious to meet your chum, Ellen. I am strangely and deeply impressed by what you say of her.

"Well!" "Well!" "Well!" "What are you going to do about it?" "Was there ever such assurance? How dare he presume so far? It is all your fault, Kate Fletcher; you are always putting other people into trying positions with your practical jokes."

right," but you know a Yankee's judgment of an "all right" Irishman is generally very poor. There was just one ray of hope: Kate had told me that he always carried a set of rosary beads, and had threatened once to dismember a fellow who tried to make fun of them. But even that did not allay my fears.

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MULLIN & MATHIEU. Advocates. Room 6, City and District Savings Bank Chambers, 180 St. James St., Montreal.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Canada. THE TRUE WITNESS P. & P. Co. Patrick F. Cronin editor.

Father Ridsdale, in the darkness, walked up and country depot platform, the arrival of the train to take him home to his He had been away giving in a parish whose past in a classmate in his long days. The mission had ordinarily successful, and of the old friends had been an event in the uneventful life of a country Pleasant as had been the rather monotonous of good priest was nevertheless to get home and be among his own parishioners.

A Confession on No. 73.

Father Ridsdale, in the gathering darkness, walked up and down the country depot platform, waiting for the arrival of the train which was to take him home to his own parish.

The glow and enthusiasm of the mission he had just finished was still with Father Ridsdale, and he immediately addressed the young man.

"Good evening, Pat," said the priest. "Good evening, sir—good evening, Father," said the person addressed.

"Oh! Pat, and your old mother, every night, saying her beads for you that you, her boy, may be faithful to his God and to his Church!"

The chance shot had struck home, Father Ridsdale knew human nature well, and Irish nature better.

When they were left alone, Father Ridsdale began again on the question of confession. He saw that the young man beside him was of a naturally good disposition, and learned that, as a section hand on the railway, he was thrown into rough and frequently bad company.

Long and earnestly he talked to the young man, and tried to arouse him to a sense of the danger of his state, but with apparently little effect.

The Father knew enough of the young man already to be sure that if he made a promise to the priest he would certainly carry it out, and he himself had great confidence in the promises of our Divine Lord to the Blessed Margaret Mary that those priests who cultivated the devotion to the Sacred Heart should be able to move the most hardened sinners.

Pat would not give the required promise, and Father Ridsdale then took from his pocket a scapular of the Sacred Heart.

"If you will not promise to do this you will at least do one thing for me; will you not, Pat?"

And Sweeney? Of what was he thinking? He was unwontedly silent and now his thoughts flew back to the feast of the Sacred Heart years ago when he had made his first communion.

And now! What a change! Then he remembered his going out to work, and his first glass of whiskey and quickly acquired taste for that liquor.

"Come, Father, come quick," said the priest, as he ran to the door.

The priest took the holy oils and ran to the railroad track and was soon rushing into the blackness of the night.

"Well, I've just been thinking that I'm a pretty hard case. I haven't been to mass or confession for seven years, and—"

"If I thought—if I could—if I were in church now—I'd—confession," mumbled poor Pat.

Father Ridsdale saw there was no time to lose. Beckoning the conductor, he slipped a dollar into his hand.

"Give me the key of a stateroom, for half an hour—be quick," he said.

Pat Sweeney followed in a dazed sort of way, half reluctantly, half willingly. Locking the door of the stateroom



Daily Spasms. Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vincent's spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it.

FREE. A valuable book on Nervous Diseases and a sample bottle to any address.

And drawing the curtains, Father Ridsdale said, "Now, my son, kneel down at that chair, and I will sit here, and I will help you make your confession."

Father Ridsdale had scarcely divested himself of his travelling clothes, and donned his cassock, and had sat down to his teatable with a sigh of comfort at being home again when a heavy and rapid knocking was heard at the front door.

"Come, Father, come quick," said the priest, as he ran to the door.

The priest took the holy oils and ran to the railroad track and was soon rushing into the blackness of the night.

"Well, I've just been thinking that I'm a pretty hard case. I haven't been to mass or confession for seven years, and—"

"If I thought—if I could—if I were in church now—I'd—confession," mumbled poor Pat.

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"God—sent—you, Father, to—hear—my confession," said the dying boy.

When the old Widow Sweeney arrived soon after at the scene of the accident and saw that the life had been crushed out of her son, she was almost frantic and inconsolable.

"Are you the mother of Pat Sweeney," said Father Ridsdale, as he came up to the sorrowing woman.

"I am, your reverence, and it's sorrowful now it is with him, I'm afraid."

"In that you're mistaken, mother," and in a few words he told her all that had happened—on the night down express.

"Oh! glory be to God for this goodness! Sure it's a happy woman I am now. Patsey's safe, Patsey's safe! He died in the grace. Glory be to God!"

"I don't wish anybody to be invited. The minimum prescribed by law is enough for me."

"Your wish shall be governed by mine, sir. Sit down here and give me a list of your friends."

"I think it isn't at all becoming for you to treat the matter so frivolously."

"Well, to be candid with you, Margaret, this circus parade feature of it doesn't appeal to me very strongly, even if it is only a oneering affair."

"I suppose that is final. But these moments are too precious to spend in that sort of drudgery. I have a great many more interesting things to talk about."

ECONOMY. Of course there are other good points about "SURPRISE" Soap besides the way it makes work easy, and one of the best is the economy of it.

When this is understood most everybody is surprised that "SURPRISE" costs no more than common soaps.

Let's take the tables and chairs out under the trees, girls; there isn't much breeze, and it will be pleasanter.

"Who is Jack?" asked Ellen.

"Who is Jack?" exclaimed Kate.

"I do not remember what Sam said, but I remember that all our sympathies were with Jack. Sam's humor was generally as incisive as a sand-bag, you know."

"Yes, but Jack was the other extreme. There should be a law forbidding Irish to be Catholics. Two such causes of combustion and conflagration should not reside in the same body."

"England had such a law once, but we would not obey it," retorted Ellen.

"That is because they called it a law and had only soldiers and hangmen to enforce it. The Lord might succeed if He asked it as a favor."

"That is villification. We believe with the constitution of some States that the doctrine of non-resistance against oppression is slavish and absurd, and we carry our belief into practice; but beyond that we are as law-abiding as any other people. But there is one law that we always obey—the law of good manners."

"There, there, you dear old spitter; I didn't mean to offend. It is because you did not obey these laws that we like you the most. You should remember that we Puritans would never know the real Irish character if we had not met people like Jack and you."

"If you are done quarrelling, we might begin writing these addresses," interrupted Margaret.

"I've misdeed, although I shall probably say something about St. Patrick or Saint somebody else before we get through with this that will get me into trouble again. I wonder if Ellen and Jack won't find something to quarrel about when they meet. It is a pity they have not met before. Oh, say, Margaret, why not assume one of your duties ante-nuptially and make a match between them?"

"I wish I could. It would be ideal."

"Of course it would. Try it."

"Tell him about her when you write him—and-leave the rest to the Lord. The Celestial Matrimonial Bureau has had a hand in this from the dawn of time, and you are plainly its terrestrial agent. It is your duty, Margaret."

"Well, I have formed very rigid resolutions about the duties of my new state, Ellen, and it would not do to begin by shirking them."

"If you say a word about me to your old paragon," threatened Ellen, "I'll never speak to you again, and I won't go to your wedding."

Well, now that he has left it to me I want to give him a surprise. Without saying anything to him I am trying to have every member of both camping clubs attend. He may not expect you, so please do not write him.

You don't deserve to be honored. Why have you so utterly forsaken me? Except for an occasional newspaper reference to "Barry & Son," I have not heard a word of or from you since you and Dick graduated in '96.

But I'll forgive you if you come to the wedding. I will remember that building railroads is very busy work. Very sincerely yours, MARGARET DIXON.

Providence, R.I., June 1st, 1906. P.S.—I am very anxious to have you meet Ellen Manning, my old school chum. You have never met her. She has always worked during vacation and could not come to camp. She is the very best and dearest girl in the world, but she is Irish. I have always said, you know, that it is a pity so many nice people are Irish. I remember how the wiles and charms of us poor heretics were wasted on you, but she is a good Holy Roman Catholic, and if you do not fall in love with her I shall believe you are hopeless. Yours, M.D.

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10 P.M. "My! how time flies when the conditions are right. I must be off. Good night."

