

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

LAST NIGHT.

Last night within the little curtained room, Where the gay music sounded faintly clear, And silver lights came stealing through the gloom...

Ah, you had much to offer; wealth enough To gild the future, and a path of ease For one whose way is somewhat dark and rough...

Let the world go, with all its dross and pell! Only for one, like Portia, could I say: "I would be trebled twenty times myself..."

If others answered as I answered then, We would hear less, perchance, of blighted lives; There would be truer women, nobler men...

A Christianity that is not Christ's is a delusion and a lie; it cannot save the world; rather, it deepens guilt or sin, by casting over pride and passion the mantle of the Savior...

IF YOU WANT TO BE LOVED.

Don't contradict people, even if you're sure you are right. Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend. Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it...

A PROPHECY.

Nay, rapture is not dead; the unsettled time, The unrest of spirit, the identity Of live with living motion needs must be...

And teach men how to wonder, think and feel. -Richard O'Malley. NUNS AS DRESSMAKERS.

Odd as it may seem, news comes from Washington that some of the most exquisite and artistic gowns seen in the social functions at the nation's capital are the creation of a nun and her apprentices.

The list of patronesses is headed by the names of Mrs. and Miss Roosevelt, and includes the very cream of society. As fashioners of dainty lingerie and white work certain convents have long had a decided vogue...

The school nobly fulfills the purpose for which it was founded in 1887—to train young girls in a safe and lucrative profession, while at the same time they are taught the domestic arts...

THE NAPOLEON COLLAR.

Evidently we are going to reign over the field of French history this season. Whatever is smart in dress bears the name of a person or epoch famous in France.

A PRAYER.

O, Lord, who knowest every need of mine, Make me to bear each cross and not repine. Grant me fresh courage every day. Help me to do my work alway Without complaint.

WHY SOME FAMILIES ARE POOR.

Their ideas are larger than their purses. They think the world owes them a living. They do not keep account of their expenditures. They are easy dupes of schemers and promoters.

COLORS TO MATCH EYES.

Always wear a touch of color to match your eyes if you wish to look your prettiest. If your eyes are blue you will look your best in blue...

that precisely matches. If your eyes are a pale blue do not imagine that a touch of the darker shade will deepen their color...

A NEW TONIC.

For the woman who is tired out there has been prescribed a new kind of stimulant. This is a mixture of grape juice and olive oil.

DO NOT FUSS.

The best bred women do not fuss. They take their jewels and their furniture, their gowns and their children, as matters of course.

SILK BANDS OUT.

One of the kinds of trimming that seem to be entirely out of style is silk bands. The wide folds are used, but not stitched pieces that have been employed to cover seams and to carry out designs on veils and cloth frocks.

THE LAMENTABLE CRITICAL HABIT.

Do not drift into the critical habit. Have an opinion, and a sensible one about everything, but when you come to judge people, remember that you see very little of what they are, unless you live with them.

Eye Strain Headaches

Manitoba lady tells how head aches disappeared with the use of Dr. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Women who use their eyes much for reading or fine needlework are sure to find eye-strain and nervous, sick headaches among the first symptoms when the nervous system gets run down.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

STAY IN THE HOME CIRCLE. If I had anything to do with a girl's future career, I should advise her by all means to stay within the home circle.

business world. In order to be successful as a business woman, you must be drilled and drilled until all the little finer sensibilities of things, and the feministic influences are buried underneath.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT and LUNGS.

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.

Punny Sayings.

"I have here," said the long-haired visitor who had wandered into the sporting editor's room by mistake, "a short poem I wrote on 'Niagara Falls.'"

THOSE HAMELTHANS.

At a dinner during the recent Episcopal convention at Richmond a young lady sitting near the bishop of London said to him: "Bishop, I wish you would set my mind at rest as to the similarity or dissimilarity between your country and ours on one point.

HE PUT HIM OFF ALL RIGHT.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 6 o'clock in the morning and I may oversleep myself.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

Warts on the hands is a disfigurement that troubles many ladies. Holloway's Corn Cure will remove the blemishes without pain.

History of the Church.

There is nothing so beautiful, so graceful, so noble, so animated, so expressive, so spiritual, so divine. For this reason the Apostle wishes that man should not cover his head because he is the glory of God.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans: (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age...

NORTHERN Assurance Co'y

OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest." INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908 Capital and Accumulated Funds.... \$47,410,000 Annual Revenue..... \$8,805,000

MONTEAL CITY AGENTS

ARTHUR BROWNING, FRED. G. REID, 225 Board of Trade, 30 St. John St. Tel. Main 1743. WILLIAM CARRAN, 33 St. Nicholas St. Tel. Main 1539.

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

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

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room. Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

Letter from Our New Bishop. Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the Alma which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees.

Distill

If one is to do anything that is vital, that is, that will change the individual lines running from nose to the corners of the mouth, the muscles of the face must be exercised.

Old Ca

Old Rock of age In glowing your name Your stately spirit, herit, With lasting fame. Your daughters rarest, And sons uncounted flock, Which makes radiant That lights Cashel's rock.

Old Rock

Old Rock! your dearing, And proudly, Vale. No Saxon plund Your glorious ale. Though cannot unshattered And give inva shock. Your spirit hau daunted, That yet shall el's Rock. Old Rock! tis leaving Thy sons and

LOVERS ANTHONY Padua.

Be patient with me again how much I How can I help it? ... that help this Mission exist, and the poor here remain with-

Health Talks.

THE ARTISTIC RESTORATION OF FACIAL CONTOUR.

(Copyrighted.) What has become of the old-fashioned grandmother? She whose chin almost touched her nose is rarely seen, and still more rarely pictured now.

The absence of the old-fashioned granny is easily accounted for: Firstly, by reason of the fact that people do not have their teeth extracted so early in life as they once did, and, secondly, if they do have the natural teeth extracted, they have them replaced by artificial substitutes that in some measure offset the shrinkage and contraction that would follow if no artificial teeth were inserted.

It has been shown by statistics that the term of human life has been materially lengthened—that health has been vastly strengthened and improved, and that the appearance of the individual has been wonderfully added to by the art and skill of the modern dentist, for by use of artificial teeth food is properly masticated, nourishment and nutrition have been ensured, and healthy bodies have been indicated in healthy youthful faces.

No one need look old who is not old, and many who are old need not look as old as they do. The improvements made in methods employed in restoring contour, youth, tone and expression to the face are such that it is possible for a skillful dentist to ward off the appearance of age by from ten to twenty years.

There is no other factor affecting the muscles of expression to the extent that the teeth do; nothing gives an aged appearance to the face so quickly as the hypertrophied chin, the drooping nose, the wrinkled lips, and hollow cheeks. When these conditions are combated in time, it is possible to restore the facial outline, as well as the facial fullness, to the same extent as before the loss of the teeth. Long continued wearing of artificial teeth which do not restore the muscles of expression to their full extent operates in a great measure against the success of a dentist in securing the desired results, but it is still possible.

When the natural teeth are extracted, especially the cuspid teeth, (commonly called eye teeth) a marked change in the facial expression of the individual takes place: The lines running from the angles of the nose to the corners of the mouth become much more pronounced, resulting in deep wrinkles, the cheeks fall in, the tip of the nose droops, and the muscles of the upper and lower lips contract from lack of their natural support, and many small wrinkles appear, so that the face is given a drawn, haggard expression, greatly aging the individual in appearance—in some respects similarly to a long illness.

Distilled Water.

If one is to accept as correct everything that is written, even in medical journals, about the drinking of distilled water, one must regard it as the best and purest water to drink, even possessing most potent curative properties, and a corrosive poison to the walls of the stomach. That it is the purest water one can drink, if by pure is meant absolute

Old Cashel's Rock.

Old Rock of ages the history's pages In glowing anthems may chant your name, Your stately spirit, each heart inherit, With lasting glimpses of freedom's fame.

Old Rock? you're beaming with glories seeming Grand pile of beauty long may you stand, Where kings, undaunted, the war cry chanted, And fought for Freedom and Fatherland.

freedom not only from bacteria and other disease producing organisms, but from the salts which all, even the softest, natural waters contain, is unquestionably true, yet even distilled water, especially that distilled from sea water, may contain appreciable quantities of lime and magnesium salts and chlorine.

Among the medicinal virtues formerly attributed to distilled water was the cure of goitre, and it was said that the habitual drinking of distilled water, or rain water, would effect the gradual disappearance of the swelling in the neck, even when the usual remedies, such as iodine, failed.

This belief was a corollary of the theory that goitre was due to the drinking of lime impregnated water. A more general belief, and on that is held by many to-day, is that distilled water exerts a wonderful solvent action in the body, removing the excess of lime salts, which tend to accumulate in persons of advancing years, and to lead to calcification of the arteries, and so bring about the degenerative changes characteristic of old age.

This would be very comforting if it were true, for all could attain long life if nothing were required except to drink plenty of pure water. But the elixir of life is not so simple. The arterial changes of advancing age consist first in a fibrous thickening of the walls of the blood vessels, and it is only after these have become established that the lime deposits occur.

The buttermilk theory of Metchnikoff is more plausible, for drinking this does undoubtedly restrain in a measure the formation of intestinal poisons which are believed to play an important role in the fibrous thickening of the arteries.

The other view, that distilled water dissolves the lining of the stomach, is even less tenable, for the mouth and stomach always contain mucus and other fluids upon which the water would act, and dissolve out enough salts to prevent its working injury to the coats of the stomach.

We know little of the action of distilled water in the system. All that can be affirmed is that it is not injurious, and may be recommended as a drink because of its freedom from disease producing bacteria.

FRESH AIR IN WINTER.

Without food a man can live for several weeks; without air he will die in a few minutes. So air is necessary—fresh, pure air—even in winter. One of the most destructive conditions of our modern life is lack of ventilation. The bed-room window should be left open even in the coldest weather. Cover up warmly; pile on the blankets, but get into the lungs all the fresh air possible.

Before going to sleep and on awakening in the morning, it is a good plan to go through a few breathing movements, such as to take ten or twelve long, full breaths, inhaling and exhaling as slowly as possible. If the weather is cold, and you cannot get to a well-warmed room, a few minutes of stretching and breathing under the bed clothes will answer every purpose. The best way of protecting the lungs is to get them used to lots of pure, cold air. This, with loose clothing and moderate feeding, will give the best condition for healthy lungs.—Health-Culture.

The foam; The race is dying, the kin are flying, To foreign lands from their dear old home. Each ship that's sailing leaves friends dwelling;

The monster liners that leave the dock, Being off from Sireland, beloved old Ireland, Thy sons and daughters, Old Cashel's Rock.

Old Rock? you're beaming with glories seeming Grand pile of beauty long may you stand, Where kings, undaunted, the war cry chanted, And fought for Freedom and Fatherland.

May heaven bless you, extol, caress you, And let no tyrant your beauty mock; And men of glory, in battles gory, Shall sing your praises, Old Cashel's Rock.

—P. D. Keenan, Rosemount, Dundrum, in the Weekly Independent.

The Pill That Brings Relief.—When after one has partaken of a meal, he is oppressed by feelings of fullness and pains in the stomach, he suffers from dyspepsia, which will persist if it is not dealt with. Parmelec's Vegetable Pills are the very best medicine that can be taken to bring relief. These pills are specially compounded to deal with dyspepsia, and their sterling qualities in this respect can be vouched for by legions of users.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office. 10 Bleury Street, Montreal.

Irish News.

Constable William McBride, a native of Glengariffe, County Cork, who is at present stationed at Belfast, has received a bronze medal and diploma from the French Government for services rendered in connection with the rescue of the crew of the French ship Leon XIII., wrecked off the Quilty coast, Co. Clare, in February last.

Refuting statements in the local press that the trade of Cork port was declining, Mr. James Long, chairman of the Harbor Board, adduced statistics to show that for the last 25 years the trade of the port had improved both in coal and corn, and pointed out that though the facilities given in the port to vessels calling there or going coastwise were greater than in other places, the dues charged in Cork were proportionately lower.

The Christian Brothers' Community at Mount Zion, Waterford, are the poorer by the death of Brother Hayes, one of their oldest and most beloved members. Born at Dingle nearly 77 years ago, his devotion and zeal for Christian education found him as he emerged from boyhood a member of the Order at Mount Zion, Waterford. Later he was transferred to the Superior at Belfast, Killarney, Tralee, and Cashel. Relinquishing the onerous responsibility of Superior, he returned to Waterford nine years ago, and there remained until death removed him from a sphere of usefulness and unwearying endeavor in the cause of religion and education.

The tenants on General Clive's estate, situate in Ballycroy, called in a body at Claggan, by appointment, to meet the new agent, Mr. Jolly, regarding the rent and the prospects of a sale of the estate, says the Mayo News. The deputation, consisting of twenty-one tenants, represented from the various townlands the entire tenantry. The estate contains 29,120 acres, of which the landlord—away in England—holds 17,069 acres. Eighty-four of the tenants are valued under £4. Formerly the tenants occupied the entire 17,000 acres held by the General as grazing mountain, when the O'Donells of Newport were owners; but on George Clive becoming middleman fifty years ago, the poor natives were dispossessed, and ever since the struggle for a bare existence on the wretched little patches they have been limited to by their philanthropic magnates. On the Bellingham estate, recently purchased by the Congested Districts Board, in addition to the employment given to the tenants, a reduction of 4s in the £ has been granted, and the condition of the tenants was never so miserable as that of the Clive tenants. To Mr. Jolly the deputation appeared too small, but at the same time he gets Bailiff Donan to order in three to his honor's office, which spiderlike invitation all smilingly declined, so Mr. Jolly came out to the open. He refused a reduction of rent; he disputed the fact that the estate was congested; he went so far as to say that the Congested Districts Board were of that opinion, and as there were no funds to pay down in yellow gold sovereigns the price of this estate, no sale could, or would ever take place. The tenants paid to these jolly, queer remarks the attention they deserved, and, buttoning up their pockets, refused in a body to pay the rent. However, the agent said that he would correspond with General Clive and it is expected a reasonable concession, in consideration of his refusing to sell to the Board, may be made to a body of hard-working tenants.

The parishioners of Cooley, a few miles north of Drogheda, are at present celebrating the golden jubilee of their pastor, Rev. Hugh Murphy, P.P. Father Murphy was born in the parish of Killeshill, County Tyrone, on August 28, 1828. He is thus an octogenarian, the oldest priest in the Archdiocese of Armagh.

Kenmare Guardians passed a resolution expressing sincere regret at the death of Sister Mary Laurentin, of the Mercy Convent, who died in her 33rd year at the branch house at Kenmare. Deceased was a sister of Dr. Wm. O'Sullivan, Killarney.

A letter was read at Killarney Guardians' meeting from Dr. James Hanafin, medical officer of Milntown Dispensary, resigning his position, and thanking the Guardians for the courteous treatment which he had received at their hands for the forty years during which he served under the Board. The resignation was accepted, and Dr. Hanafin, son of Dr. James Hanafin, was appointed temporary substitute at the dispensary at four guineas a week.

Mr. P. J. O'Sullivan, Giltgill, a prominent Kerry sportsman, became suddenly ill at a coursing meeting at Castlemartyr, County Cork, and died almost immediately. The meeting was stopped at once.

Mr. John Murphy, M.P., at Kerry County Council, proposed a resolution, which was passed unanimously, expressing the opinion that the letter of Mr. Pierce Gun Mahony, as to the proposed eviction of his tenant, Richard J. Walsh, at Cordal, Castleisland, was unsatisfactory, and suggesting that the questions at issue should be left to arbitration.

The Birr Branch of the Town Tenants' Association have passed a resolution placing on record their abhorrence at the action of the Government in sending Mr. J. P. Farrell,

M.P., to prison, under a statute which applied only to rogues and vagabonds. Mr. Daniel Bourke, who proposed the resolution, said Mr. Farrell had always taken a deep interest in the town tenants' movement.

County Antrim, rich in relics of the early civilization of Ireland, is the scene of another discovery of antiquarian interest. Laborers, while engaged in stripping the earth off a black stone quarry, about half a mile from Larne, on the leading road to Ballynure, came upon an ancient souterrain with passages meeting at right angles. One cave or chamber, now stripped, extended some fourteen feet from end to end. The outer wall of this cave, being so close to the quarry, has disappeared. The wall next to the land still remains. The entrance to the cave six inches wide, and covered over with flat flagstones. The existing cave is intact, running backwards at right angles to the one stripped. A writer in the Belfast Evening Telegraph says: "Souterrains are of very early origin. When the population of the country began to increase, and natural shelter found in the great woods and caves of the country became insufficient, men resorted to the erection of artificial dwelling places—namely caves built by hands. Many of these still exist in County Antrim and elsewhere. These caves, for common prison sake, vary in arrangement and dimensions, just as the peasant's cot differs from the castles of the more wealthy."

A "no rent" campaign has commenced in a South of Ireland county owing to the refusal of the landlord of several estates to sell land to the tenants under the land purchase act of 1903. The county judge in issuing decrees against 36 recalcitrant tenants said that the landlord was making a mistake in not selling the lands, as it would involve all the old troubles of evictions and hardships to tenants. The local priests and the public generally are supporting the tenants and raising funds for their defence.

A costly and enduring memorial has been erected by the people of Limerick County Waterford, to perpetuate the memory of the late Rev. Father Coghlan, who for over 22 years ministered as a curate in Limerick parish. His zeal in behalf of the congregation was intense, and he gained the affection of all classes of the district.

A case concerning the sale under the Irish land act of the Duke of Manchester's Irish estates to the occupying tenants came up before a Dublin court on Jan. 22, and it transpired that the total purchase money for the estates, which include the towns of Tanderagee and Portadown, amounted to £1,039,265.

Tanderagee castle at present is let at a yearly rental of \$6000. It was mentioned by counsel that when the Duke of Manchester came to age his mother, who was Consuelo Yunaga, expressed the wish that he should live in Tanderagee castle, and that for three years the Earl of Sandwich, who had been the present Duke's guardian, acted as agent for the property, allowed the Duke \$350 a month, and paid debts incurred during the young Duke's minority to the extent of \$12,500.

In 1904 Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, inherited a large fortune, said the counsel, and since that date she had not claimed her jointure of \$15,000, but had allowed it to be fixed at the reduced figure of \$6000 a year in order to enable the Duke of Manchester to live up to his position. At the time of the Duke's bankruptcy the Dowager Duchess paid his creditors in full to the extent of about \$450,000, which sum was a sort of de facto mortgage on the estate.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Neill, Bishop of Drogheda, presided at a lecture delivered by Mr. J. MacVeagh, M.P., in Maybridge Parochial Hall on Sunday evening on "Ireland at Westminster," illustrated by limelight views. His lordship referred to the lecturer as one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger members of the Irish party. Mr. MacVeagh described the daily life of an Irish M.P. in London, enlivening his discourse with some diverting anecdotes.

The property of Venesey Fitzgerald at Newtownsandes is about to be transferred to the Estates Commissioners for distribution amongst the cottiers of Newtown village and district.

Mr. Henn, R.M., who presided at the Ballynate Petty Sessions, referred to the feelings of deep sorrow which he said were caused by the death of the Right Rev. Mgr. Loftus, and remarked that the country was the poorer by his loss. He proposed a resolution placing on record the deep regret of the magistrates, and acknowledging the efforts of Monsignor Loftus to promote peace and good fellowship in the district. Messrs. Shaw, Graham and Hannan, J.P.'s, and also Mr. M. J. Healy, solicitor, and Mr. Norris, D.J., all spoke in support of the resolution.

The Estates Commissioners in the Dublin Gazette announce their intention of acquiring compulsorily under the Evicted Tenants Act part of the lands of Doonore, in the barony of Leyny, County Sligo, the property of Mr. M. A. Knox.

At the next meeting of the Galway Harbor Commissioners a scheme by Mr. Binns, the engineer, will be

Time Proves All Things One roof may look much the same as another when put on, but a few years' wear will show up the weak spots. "Our Work Survives" the test of time. GEO. W. REED & CO., Ltd. MONTREAL.

submitted for the improvement of the local docks at an estimated cost of £36,000. The scheme, if carried out, will enable vessels of a draft of 25 1-2 feet to enter the docks, which now only admit vessels of 15 feet.

It has been reported to the Tuam Guardians that a man named Hosty, aged 120 years, is living at Gallow in a cabin which threatens to tumble about him. The relieving officer stated he thought the man could be induced to go into the Workhouse.

From the outer edge of County Galway comes this curious contribution to natural history: "On the west coast here are several small islands. Some of them are so infested that it would not be safe to fall asleep on them, while within a few score yards you meet an island on which a rat is never seen, and if the animal is let loose there it instantly dies. People carry the clay from the rat-free islands to their barns, and these are afterwards immune from rats. Many of the emptied islands have ruined churches, and people believe that heaven expelled the pest to favor the devout inhabitants." Other less sublime say that a gas, fatal to the rat, is given forth by some subterranean substance."

The death at Poona, India, from heart failure is announced of Lieutenant Colonel J. J. O'Donnell, R.F.C., in his forty-seventh year. He ceased the fourth son of the late Mr. Patrick O'Donnell, Ballagh County Limerick, and brother of Rev. Father O'Donnell, P.P., of Rathkeale.

It was announced at the meeting of Fermoy Urban Council that the result of the plebiscite of electors taken on the question of the Council's proposal to promote a bill enabling them to purchase the undertaking of the local gas company was as follows: In favor of proceeding with the bill, 286; against, 197.

The Menace of Secular Education Preaching at Mullingar, the Most Rev. Dr. Gaughran, D.D., Bishop of Meath, after pointing out how Ireland had received the faith and kept it, referred to the menace of secular education. Let them look at the condition of France to-day. There they had the Government at the will of infidels and Freemasons, and as a result of the Bills they introduced, France had now become infidel. It was due to the fact that secular education had been introduced into the schools. He hoped that France would return to the Faith. The Holy Father said it would, and he hoped his Holiness's hope would be realized. In Ireland they had not, so far, to face this awful danger to the faith, but they might at any time be confronted with the danger of secular education being thrust upon them. The Liberal Government had introduced legislation for Great Britain which, though not a secular education bill, directly and clearly was pointing and leading to it. That Bill did not refer to Ireland, but if it had been passed he was afraid they would soon find it travelling over the waves to Ireland. But it had been defeated, and he was proud and proud to say, and he proclaimed it there with joy, that it was owing mainly or entirely to the efforts, the vigilance and ability of the Irish Parliamentary party that it was defeated. It might have suited them politically to have supported the Government, but when the faith of the Catholic youth of Great Britain was placed in the balance it outweighed all other considerations with them, and they opposed it and through their efforts compassed the defeat of this infidel measure. In times like these, when they were threatened with such serious dangers to their faith, it was especially important that the people should remain at home in Ireland. Emigration—always a loss to the country—was now, for the reason he had mentioned, a far greater and

heavier loss than ever. Every immigrant who left Ireland was a very serious loss; they could spare no one. He urged all who could stay at home to do so.

A Mild Pill for Delicate Women.—The most delicate woman can undergo a course of Parmelec's Vegetable Pills without fear of unpleasant consequences. Their action, while wholly effective, is mild and agreeable. No violent purgatives follow their use, as thousands of women who have used them can testify. They are, therefore, strongly recommended to women, who are more prone to disorders of the digestive organs than are men.

Non-Catholic Paper and the "Ex-Prest." It isn't often that a non-Catholic paper sizes up that bird of carrion, the so-called "ex-priest," as tersely and correctly as thus does the American Israelite (Cincinnati):

A report from Mobile, Ala., says that Rev. Father G. G. Fradyssa, a friar of the Franciscan Order of the Roman Catholic Church, licentiate of the University of Madrid, and for 22 years in charge of a congregation in Barcelona, Spain, who had been in Mobile for the last several days, being entertained by Catholics, has startled his friends in that city by denouncing the laity to which he so long had clung, and asserting that he could no longer accept the doctrines of the Roman Church nor "submit to the yoke of the Pontificate." Father Fradyssa, with the zeal usually displayed by recent converts, takes exception to President Roosevelt's statement that there is no reason why a Roman Catholic should not become president of the United States.

Whatever those who fear and dislike the Roman Catholic hierarchy charge it with, lack of prudence and foresight will hardly be laid at its door. As for Fradyssa, the Israelite would say that he will bear careful watching. Apostates who begin their new career by abusing the church they are leaving and with strenuous efforts at self-advancement—are usually shady characters who are paving the way for a labor-avoiding career in Protestant pulpits.

It Makes New Friends Every Day.—Not a day goes by that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil does not widen the circle of its friends. Orders for it come from the most unlikely places in the west and far north, for its fame has travelled far. It deserves this attention, for no oil has done so much for humanity. Its moderate cost makes it easy to get.

The Birthplace of Balie. Pitts street, Dublin, the birthplace of Michael William Balie, the eminent composer, was not named from the man who destroyed the Parliament of Ireland by force and fraud and a series of measures of corruption to which history has no parallel, but from a statesman of far different calibre, the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham, from whom Chatham street and Chatham Row are also named. These streets were built during the war for American independence, when Ireland regarded the cause of America as her own, and was enthusiastic in her admiration of Chatham in his vindication in the British Parliament of American rights and liberties, and his openly expressed sympathy with the American colonists in their successful fight for freedom. In 1775, indeed, the American patriots issued a special address to the Irish urging the identity of their interests, and in the same year Chatham asserted that Ireland was with America "to a man." It is pleasant to remember that Chatham was, as Speaker Foster stated in his speech against the Union in February, 1800, utterly opposed to any measure of legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland.

HERN Insurance Co'y

LONDON, Eng. "The Strongest." FUNDS, 1908 \$47,410,000 \$8,805,000 \$394,580

Old Rock? you're beaming with glories seeming Grand pile of beauty long may you stand, Where kings, undaunted, the war cry chanted, And fought for Freedom and Fatherland.

Hang on to a pure hard soap. Always use Surprise. If you wish to retain the natural colors in your clothes. Surprise has peculiar qualities of washing clothes, without injury and with perfect cleanliness. Remember Surprise the name Surprise means a pure hard Soap.

The True Witness

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Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

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

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and this Province considered their best interests, they would 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 11, 1909.

THE BISHOP AND CHURCH UNION.

In his address to the Synod of his church, Rt. Rev. Dr. Farthing, the new Lord Bishop of Montreal, rather disappointed those who in the Church of England in Canada, have been working for a reunion of all the so-called Evangelical churches.

The attitude of these two distinguished clergymen of the Church of England in Canada is the attitude which the Catholic Church has always held towards all who have spoken of church union.

The words of His Lordship can be quoted with absolute approval on this question when he says: "Anxious as we all are for union, we must bear in mind that no union can be permanent unless those uniting are cordially agreed upon the principles on which the union is founded."

The Lord Bishop, however, further in his address, takes two contradictory stands when he says in one place: "The Church allows great divergence of opinion among her own sons."

"The constitution of the church's ministry by means of which she perpetuates herself, she received from the apostolic hands. To this church was committed the faith, contained in our creeds in their historic and obvious meaning, the Scriptures, the sacraments. This church is founded to preserve and to proclaim the truth."

If the Church of England does not bind her own children to the acceptance of theories on the ministry, the sacraments, etc., how can she exact as a condition sine qua non of union that the non-episcopal churches shall accept "the constitution of the Church's ministry?"

Dr. Paterson-Smyth likewise uses contradictory terms in describing the Church of England as "Catholic and Apostolic" yet "Protestant and Reformed." If his church is universal, against what does it protest? If it is Apostolic, surely the apostles, commissioned by their divine Master, founded their church firmly and strongly enough, that she did not need the reformation by a Henry VIII. or a James I.

While we appreciate the splendid tribute of Rev. Dr. Paterson Smyth when he says: "We have here in Canada the great Roman Catholic Church with her ancient lineage and apostolic ministry and sacramental life and her splendid past, from the story of the old martyrs in the Roman arena to the story of the slaughtered Jesuits in the Canadian wilds," we are forced to differ with him when he declares that we have not the open Bible. We have freedom of thought, too, in the best sense of that term, though we have not that license which has caused the splitting up of Protestantism in so many diverging sects, some of them veritable freaks.

While we cannot agree either with the Lord Bishop when he speaks of the necessity for the Latin church, as he euphoniously terms the Catholic Church founded by Christ and presided over on earth by the successor of St. Peter, we heartily share his hope of seeing all believers in Christ brought together in one holy Catholic and Apostolic church, and we echo his words when he says:

"Above all, we can pray for the reunion of Christendom, and I have no doubt that God, in His own time, will bring it about. In the meantime, we must be true to our trust."

SCHOOL TAXES AND FEES.

At their meeting on Tuesday the Catholic School Commissioners resolved to ask that a tax of one mill be added to the present taxation for school purposes. This is expected to produce a sum of \$100,000 a year, of which a portion will be applied to new buildings while the balance will be sufficient to extinguish the debt to be contracted for the building of additional schools which are sorely needed.

The statement is as follows: Children of School Age. In Parochial Schools. Average Daily Attendance.

Rochester . . . 35,716 10,538 19,736 Syracuse . . . 29,500 3,276 16,211 Albany . . . 16,688 4,068 10,498 Troy . . . 10,459 3,310 5,606 Yonkers . . . 12,100 3,220 8,879 Utica . . . 12,179 2,726 8,162 Schenectady . . . 10,023 1,604 6,876

If the Catholics of the state of New York can bear such burdens in addition to those of paying taxes to the public schools, the Catholics of Montreal should surely be able to pay for the education of their children when their taxes are reserved for this purpose alone.

denies referred to, conducted by the Sisters, what chance would a great number of our little girls have to get any education at all, unless they went to the schools under the Protestant Board, which are already taxed to their full capacity? The additional tax asked for will provide for the needed schools for girls to some extent at least, and the relief on the funds now devoted to building purposes and the interest charges on such funds will release sufficient money to allow of the abolition of school fees.

While Ald. L. A. Lapointe's expectation that the government of the province, which is spending large sums on the establishment of a higher commercial school and a technical school may grant larger sums for primary schools, there is no reason to expect, or to ask, that the government shall pay all the cost of the schools, and tenants, at least, feel that they are paying sufficient rentals to allow the landlords to contribute a full share towards the maintenance of schools which the children can enter without charge.

LA VERITE'S CRITICISMS.

La Verite continues its attacks on the Knights of Columbus, whom it accuses of not living up to true Catholic principles. The Knights may console themselves with the reflection that they have incurred the sincere but extreme criticism in good company.

Besides the law here stated, there are other laws of the Church which affect marriage, and with which Catholics are bound to have some acquaintance. First, second and third cousins are not allowed to marry each other. No one may marry the brother or sister of a deceased husband or wife.

AN ARCHBISHOP ON THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Every day new testimonials come to hand confirming the necessity for a vigorous Catholic press. Our people in this city and throughout the province would do well to take to heart the words of the Holy Father which we reproduce each week in our columns, as well as the advice of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, which is also to be found at the head of our editorial columns.

We commend also to their attention the words of Archbishop Soldevilla y Romero, of Saragossa, at the Congress of the Catholic press, held in Saragossa—the sanctuary of Our Lady of the Pillar: "Among Catholics there are many rich persons who give money for the erection of churches and monasteries. Such generosity is very praiseworthy, but, unfortunately, a political change is sufficient to annihilate these works, whilst, on the other hand, the good wrought through the Catholic press can never be destroyed."

The words of His Grace of Saragossa find a grateful echo in the hearts of those who are trying to defend the true cause in this city and province, and we hope that his eloquent words will fire the enthusiasm of our people to greater efforts to support the only Irish Catholic paper in the province.

THE CHURCH LAWS ON MARRIAGE.

Personal references are always unpleasant, but so much comment has been aroused over the fact that a Protestant lady from Montreal was married at Plattsburg last week to a Catholic young man and the wedding feast celebrated in Montreal, that a word of explanation on the subject is necessary.

The laws laid down by the Church on the subject of marriage are chiefly concerned with two important matters, namely, the making sure that marriage shall be public, and the prohibition of marriage between certain parties who ought not to marry one another.

It is absolutely necessary, in the interest of the community, and of individuals, that the contract of marriage should be entered into with such publicity that the marriage may be known to exist, and may be always capable of being proved. In order to secure this, the Church has always forbidden what are called clandestine marriages, that is, marriages made in secret.

It is true, did not always affect England and Scotland, though it was in force in Ireland. But now, by the recent decree already alluded to, this country is laid under the same legislation as the rest of the Christian world; that is, no marriage between Catholics, or between a Catholic and a non-Catholic is recognized as a marriage at all unless it takes place in the presence of a duly qualified priest and two witnesses.

Next came a German, now paralyzed with fear. Who on earth oftentimes paralyzed his customers with beer. "Well, Fader Beter, I come to you free from sin, and I will ask you only one favor, dat is: If you will let me in; Mein wife she runned away from me—to hida mein shame I tried, So I went down by the river und committed suicide."

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money is shown to be absolutely illusory, as money was no object in the present case. The Archbishop firmly but courteously refused to deviate from the rule established in his diocese, and the Catholic young man secured from his own bishop, who knows him well, the desired permission and had his marriage celebrated elsewhere where local conditions did not render necessary the application of measures so rigorous as those which apply in Montreal.

Kelly's Dream.

"A Subscriber" asks us to publish the words of "Kelly's Dream":

By J. W. Kelly.

About a week ago I was invited by an old-time friend of mine To come up to his residence and test his beer and wine; We ate a lobster salad and a lot of other truck, And drank each other's health until the hour of 3 had struck— Well, we drank until we didn't know which was wine or beer, Till our heads felt rather heavy, and our brains not very clear.

Next came an Italian, one whom I knew well, So I stopped and listened patiently to the story he might tell. "Gooda Father Petro, I comma to you at last, My peanutta days are over, and my banana nights are passed; I treata my neigboria like myself, no begga, no robba, no steal, And nevera on the adewalka I throw the banana peel."

The German turned away and said, "oh, Gott! oh, mein!" And, just like me and all the rest, took his place in line. Next came poor Paddy, a son of Erin's isle, And greeted old St. Peter with a very gracious smile.

Application to Parliament. Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Parliament of Canada at its next session by the Cedars Rapids Manufacturing and Power Company for an Act extending the time granted by its charter Chapter 65 of the Statutes of 1904, (Section 12) for the expropriation of lands; and for other purposes.

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The Bardic Glory of Ireland.

Interesting Lecture on Irish Music Delivered by Rev. Martin Callaghan Before the Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association.

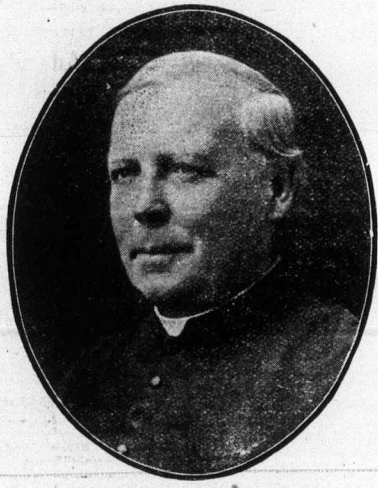
Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.S.S., was the speaker at the meeting of the Young Irishmen last week. The True Witness gives his lecture in full, having been prevented from so doing last week. A fine musical programme, including several violin selections by Father Martin himself, who showed that he has lost none of his old time cunning with the bow, was very much appreciated by the large audience. The subject of his lecture was "The Bardic Glory of Old Ireland. The reverend lecturer spoke as follows:

You would not gather in this hall unless you appreciated the society that has invited me to address you. I could not refuse the invitation, and I must acknowledge it as a personal compliment. I know you appreciate this society by the way you endorse it and I trust you will show you do on the night of the coming seventeenth of March. It is deserving of your most unfeigned appreciation. Does it not share in the sympathy and appreciation of the public? Does it not point to a past, present and future of which it may be proud? Has it not selected and adopted a program worthy of being copied in the minutest details? It should be congratulated upon the rendering of this programme. By no other organization is the shamrock worn with deeper affection or held in greater honor. This association aims at promoting literature and sociability. It stops at nothing which will conduce to the welfare of youth.

mony which provoke unbounded applause, in repertoires of masses, oratorios, concertos, operas and sonatas.

To the Irish should be attributed in all justice an indefinite quantity of songs and airs which they consider an heirloom of priceless value and would not exchange for the finest productions by foreign masters. Never do they grow tired of rehearsing their songs or of listening to their airs when properly interpreted by any instrument whatsoever.

The music of the Gael is ancient and still new. Slowly it has been interwoven with the tendrils of the ivy. It is "coin from the mintage of the Spring." It has a perennial freshness of beauty which is un fading in its tints. It has a fascination which cannot be resisted. It is suited to all times, to all places, and ranks of society. How familiar it is to young and old, rich and poor, high and low, to the educated and illiterate! It is heard on the mountains and in the valleys, by the rivers and lakes, in the cabins of the peasantry as well as on the streets and squares of the populous cities. How deliciously, how plaintively or pleasantly it sounds as the soil is ploughed, the horse shod, the cow milked, the flax spun, the boot repaired, the cloth chalked or cut by the tailor, the board planed or adjusted by the carpenter! Is it not called into requisition by the aged woman with silvery locks rocking herself to sleep in the chair, and by



REV. MARTIN CALLAGHAN.

I was free to choose the subject I would treat. When I was debating the matter with myself, I came to the conclusion that nothing would interest you so much as what I might tell you with a few illustrations on the Irish music of bygone days. My guide will be the historian.

Judging by the blood which flows in your veins, I should take it for granted that you ought to be interested musically. Your ancestral country has a number of distinguishing titles. One of the grandest and oldest is: "The island of song." Strictly speaking, Ireland is not a nation. May you live to see the day when it will be. It cannot legislate for itself. Nevertheless, it has all that could qualify it to frame its own laws. By no means, does it lack the spirit of a nation. Is it not instinct with a truly national spirit, with a spirit which no agency can conquer and which, in the course of events, most triumphantly assert political supremacy and legislative independence?

All nations have recognized emblems. Their emblems are neither meaningless nor purposeless. Ireland alone has for its emblem a musical instrument. Other nations have upon their standards the lion, the cross, the scorpion, the chrysanthemum, stars. Emblazoned upon the standard of Erin is the harp. Brian Boru was a king, a soldier and a musician. He had in his palace a harp which he fingered no less deftly than he brandished the sword upon the battlefield or wielded the sceptre over his vast dominions. His harp encountered no ill fate. It is carefully preserved as a relic of antiquity in Trinity College, Dublin.

The harp does not seem to be Irish in origin. Most probably it is of Teutonic or Scythic origin. It was used in the times of Moses, Solomon and David. It can be seen chiselled on monuments at Thebes in Egypt. Ireland has a traditional music of its own—a music that has been transmitted from sire to son—from generation to generation. Other nationalities may envy this kind of music. They do not pretend to possess it, and rashly would they attempt to have it in their possession though they may excel in strains of the most rapturous melody, in chords of har-

the colleen bawn tripping home from the haystack with the rake upon her shoulders? Is it not indulged in by the Soggarth Aroon when uninterfering with the calls of the sacred ministry, and by the merchant when compatible with business or responsive to the caprices of leisure?

Beyond all doubt, Irish music is akin to the Celtic nature. It is wedded to the Celtic heart. What a blessing that it is! What a misfortune if it should cease to be! I may startle you by affirming—and yet it must be admitted—that in the history of our race, the harp is assigned a role of major importance upon which it reflects lustre. Does it not figure in connection with a multitude of facts recorded in letters of gold? Throughout a long, unbroken succession of centuries and away back in ages generally forgotten and still undeserving of oblivion, the Irish cultivated the musical art and stood in the forefront of adepts. They enjoyed a reputation which extended not only to their immediate neighbors but also spread over the Continent. As musical instructors, they were urgently solicited to reside in regions lying at a considerable distance from their geographical limits. In the seventh century, two monks went to Belgium and taught in the convent of Nivelles. At a subsequent period, a son of the Emerald Isle settled in Switzerland and taught with marked success in the cloister schools of St. Gall. Under his training, the singing of these schools became celebrated.

What greatly added to the renown of the Irish was the skill they displayed upon the harp in feudal castles. Their arrival was an event ardently desired. When they came into sight, they were greeted with unmistakable delight and received with open arms. Their presence was a supreme luxury. When they went away, they were remembered, missed and regretted. Their performance was a most precious souvenir. It made an impression which could not be effaced. We have it on the authority of a writer who lived in the twelfth century that "they surpassed incomparably those of any nation he ever heard." One hundred and fifty years ago they had not lost the prestige which they acquired. Welsh and Scotch students

of the harp left their homesteads and sojourned in sweet Innisfail with the manifest hope of being frequently brought into contact with men who could enable them to progress rapidly and climb the ascent leading to the summit of perfection. They were not disappointed. They returned with a knowledge and an experience they would not have had, if they were to depend merely upon themselves or their fellow countrymen.

Much to their credit should it be said that the Irish harpers were in disposition anything but abject, selfish or ungenerous. It was not money they craved or a name for themselves they sought. Their pulse beat for the cause of Ireland. This cause was the chief goal of their ambition. In furthering it, they plied all their genius shrank from no sacrifice and exhausted all their energies. Unquestionably they were patriots—and patriots of the most ideal type. What eminent service did they not render to the land of their birth by causing it to be loved and treasured as no other land is loved and treasured; by fostering and developing a sentiment of loyalty which during their lifetime prevailed on all sides and swayed generations still unborn. They kept vividly green the memories of departed times and wreathed with immortality the brows of saints, sages and heroes. Invariably, they caught every ray of light breaking through the blackest clouds that loomed upon the horizon. They soothed the sorrowing and nerved the irresolute. By steadfastly grasping the most slippery uncertainties, they paved the way to achievements of exceptional merit.

The bards were a unique class of persons. They ranked in dignity next to the Kings and associated with the Druids in their ceremonies. It is no wonder they were respected and revered universally. Moreover, they were dreaded. Nobody wished to incur their displeasure. Their malediction was to be avoided almost at any cost. The bards were looked upon as preternatural beings. They were supposed to be capable of doing things the most amusing and ridiculous. They exerted a strange influence over the rosette fraternity. They could rhyme men and rats to death. They told Shakespeare that they would not let him live long; and that when dead, they would find a comfortable lodging for his soul in the body of a rat. In the seventh century, Senchan Tempest is credited with killing ten rats on the spot with a dash of his quill. The Reformation proved a veritable disaster for the bards. They had to wander over the island homeless and penniless. They had to inure themselves to hardship and privation. They had to be satisfied with any kind of shelter and food. They became itinerant minstrels. Their singing took a decidedly political coloring. In travelling from place to place—from court to court—from festival to festival, they alarmed the British Government to such an extent as to pass for spies, informers and rebels. No longer should they be tolerated. They were hunted, arrested, fined, jailed, robbed and punished in ways even the severest. According to the Statute of Kilkenny, there were six kinds of minstrels. It was forbidden to give them hospitality and they were prohibited from entering the Pale under the pain of imprisonment. Elizabeth is styled the Virgin Queen. She had no right to the crown. She should have married but she would not marry. She remembered that Henry, her father, had been a much married King. He had only six wives. She could not brook the idea of being hampered in her lust by the bonds of matrimony. She was anxious for the friendship of the Irish bards, but they would not pledge it on any terms whatever. She tried to bribe them and failed egregiously. She offered shekels in heaps "if they would celebrate Her Majesty's Most Worthy Cause." In a body—without a single exception—they rejected her offer and spurned it with the utmost contempt. They preferred exile or death to a thousand times the offer of the crown. In entering the Pale under the pain of imprisonment, Elizabeth is styled the Virgin Queen. She had no right to the crown. She should have married but she would not marry. She remembered that Henry, her father, had been a much married King. He had only six wives. She could not brook the idea of being hampered in her lust by the bonds of matrimony. She was anxious for the friendship of the Irish bards, but they would not pledge it on any terms whatever. She tried to bribe them and failed egregiously. She offered shekels in heaps "if they would celebrate Her Majesty's Most Worthy Cause." In a body—without a single exception—they rejected her offer and spurned it with the utmost contempt. They preferred exile or death to a thousand times the offer of the crown.

The music of the bards has been compiled but not in its completeness or entirety. It is impossible to ascertain by whom or at what date much that is in the compilation was composed. I shall endeavor to entertain you with a small number of specimens followed by reels and jigs. The reels will be in common measure; the double jigs in six eighth measure; and the slip jigs in nine eighth. What I shall play will be enhanced with a sprinkling of accidentals. You will notice them as they will come. The lyrics of Thomas Moore are matchless for delicacy of thought, depth of feeling and grace of diction. He could play the piano and sing, but he did not compose anything in the musical line. His piano is in All Hallows College, Dublin. By his "Irish Melodies" we understand the verses of his own which he adapted to ancient Irish tunes. They are a tribute of his allegiance to Erin. They are like a shower of pearls and diamonds which he flings proudly and gladly at the foot of her throne and with which he decks the ground she treads with all the imposing grandeur of the loveliest queen stamped upon her countenance. His farwells upon inscription to the Irish harp is an inspiration of the highest excellence. The air of "Dear Harp of My Country" is New Langone. It is the air selected by Robert Burns, the darling of all Scotchmen, for "The Banks of the Dee." How eloquent it is! It is a most telling symphony. Nothing could be more pleasing to the ear. It speaks to the heart in a language which cannot be misun-

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derstood. In its persuasiveness and force of style it is perhaps without a parallel.

The air of "Let Erin Remember" was appropriated by the English under the name of "Robin Hood and Little John." It is a magnificent march. What an electrical effect it would have for an Irish regiment with a band at its head on the eve of war or at the approach of the enemy! It is calculated to instill pride and insure courage. This air was peculiarly relished by Robert Emmet. When he was at college, he heard it played by Moore and exclaimed: "Oh, that I were marching to that tune with 20,000 men!" He would have had that number multiplied at will had not died upon the scaffold the death of a martyr.

The air of "The Angel's Whisper" is a prayer and a model prayer. God is seated upon His throne of mercy. At His feet kneels the supplicant who blends the purity of conscience with the most unqualified resignation and the most unwavering confidence. The words of this air are from the pen of Samuel Lover, who represents a mother reciting her beads—her husband sailing on the troubled waters of the sea and their baby child with a radiant smile upon his face whilst communing in sleep with a celestial messenger.

The air of "The Valley Lay Smiling" is the quintessence of sweetness and melancholy. When you hear it, you can hardly refrain from weeping. At times, it is called "Cailin Deas Cruidhe Na-m-bo." It inspired the muse of Sigerson, Barry, Lady Dufferin and Boucault.

The air of "The Tear and The Smile" is a marvel of suggestiveness. Nothing could be easier to harmonize or vary. It would admirably serve in testing the resources of a composer or the ability of an artist. This air was adapted by Burns to "Robin Adair." It is our "Eileen Aroon." It was sung in Dublin in 1780 by Leoni, the Italian Jew; included in 1750 by Burk Thumoth, the Irish flutist, in his twelve Scotch and twelve Irish airs; played on the harp in 1745 in Edinburgh by Hampson, an Irishman, before Prince Charles Edward, the Pretender; heard in Dublin in 1742 by Handel, who declared that he would rather be its author than lay claim to anything he had composed. It is a chef d'oeuvre of simplicity and elegance.

The air of "There is Not in This Wide World" is the same as "The Boys of Kilkenny," by Michael Kelly. It is one of the oldest airs. According to Alfred Moffatt, it is centuries older than O'Carolan's time. It is unrivalled in limpidity, brilliancy and enchantment.

The air "Oh, Blame Not The Bard" is not different from "Caitlin Triall" by O'Carolan. He is said to be the last of the bards. He was a wit. It is conjectured that he was fond of tipping. Anyhow, he was not a Tip by birth and could not have for a partner anything better than a Tip from the County Tipperary. Once he paid a visit to a lady who always made him a welcome guest. She was absent. After waiting a spell, he began to feel somewhat thirsty. Though blind, he went straight as a die to the cellar, which always had a copious supply of "mountain dew." He was balked. O'Flynn, the butler, had locked the door of the cellar and carried off the key. In his indignation and irritability, O'Carolan said soliloquizingly:

"What a pity Hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn, So surely a dog would let nobody in."

The air of "The Blackbird" seems to have been wafted from the spheres of heaven. I remember a Trappist Father from Oka, an ex-lawyer whom it delighted beyond expression. I saw Father Ryan, the poet priest of the South, rapt in ecstasy as he heard it played by a violinist in the parlor of Father Salmon's presbytery. Not many years ago, this air was proscribed by law. It was composed at the time when it was expected that King James would free Ireland. It is one of four Jacobite songs still extant.

"The Fox Hunter's Jig" is a superb imitation. It is in miniature a moving picture for the imagination. The bugle is blowing sharp and shrill, the horses are speeding, trotting and galloping; the riders are intent upon their prey and eager for the capture.

Perhaps I have detained you too long. Let me hasten to the end—only two words. I have a secret to give the society for whose benefit I have been speaking. I would fain ask this society to start an Irish choral union. Such a union could not but tally with the objects it has in view. Would it not flourish if formed of good and talented people taken from our parishes; if encouraged by such professionals as Fowler, Sullivan, Wilson, Shea, St. John and McCaffrey, the emeritus accompanist I have had for my violin selections; if patronized by the dozens of ladies whom you admire not only for the unaffected modesty of their looks but also for their musical proficiency as vocalists and instrumentalists. The task of intiating it is no serious difficulty and should be faced at once. I have an appeal to emphasize upon this occasion—an appeal pulpit and platform. Let it not be unnoticed. I have a wish to express. May it be realized! I have a prayer to offer. May it be granted! May all those I have been addressing never degenerate in anything from their forefathers! Though you live in dissimilar circumstances, remain attached in mind, heart and action to the memory of those from whom you are descended—by links which cannot be severed! Stand by their principles, exhibit their qualities and walk in their footsteps. Abundant will be the fruits you will reap. Of the richest and rarest will be the trophies you will win. Since the dawn of Christianity never did the eagle of liberty soar so high or scream so loud as it soars and screams nowadays. The hour will strike when this eagle will alight and perch in ease and security upon the loftiest peak of dear old Ireland to the commingled stirring notes and undying floating echoes of "St. Patrick's Day" and "The Wearing of the Green."

"The great old Irish houses, the proud old Irish names, Like stars upon the midnight, to-day their lustre gleams. Gone are the great old houses, the proud old names are low, That shed a glory o'er the land a thousand years ago. But whoso'er a scion of these great old houses be, In the country of his fathers, or the land beyond the sea, In city or in hamlet, by the valley, on the hill, The spirit of his brave old sires is watching o'er him still."

A new public school in East Boston will be named after Bishop Cheverus, the first Catholic Bishop of Boston. Over the door of the principal entrance will be the inscription: "Bishop Cheverus School." The leaded windows of the entrance will contain a series of educational features, some of which will relate to Bishop Cheverus.

That Nagging Pain in the Back

Is caused by just one thing—weak, strained, irritated kidneys. And there is just one way to stop it

Gin Pills strengthen the kidneys—neutralize the urine—stop those scalding passages—and quickly relieve the pain in the back and limbs. Gin Pills are also the recognized cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica. 50c a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or send on receipt of price.

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TORONTO

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The Anchorage.

I. Father Ford alighted at the little railway station at Granite Reef, after a long and wearisome day in the train. It was raining hard. He was the only passenger to stop at the dreary out-of-the-way place, and his heart sank as he found himself on an uneven, rickety platform, lighted by a single kerosene lamp that struggled to make its light seen through the smudgy glass that protected its sickly yellow flame. There was no one in sight, but presently a man in a suit of straw-colored oilskins came climbing up the depths from the road behind the waiting-room.

"This way, Father Ford, this way, if you please. I was just a bit late. The night is so dark and the roads are so muddy, that it was hard work for the old horse to draw the wagon along. Lucky I wasn't a great deal later." And he put out his hand to take the suit case from the priest.

"I have only just arrived," the priest replied, "and I did not know where to look for the road. You are Patrick Quinlan, I suppose?"

"Pat Quinlan, that's the name I go by, Father, though I guess likely I was baptized Patrick, but so long ago I have quite forgot it," and he touched his oilskin hat, from which the water was dripping down over his bent shoulders.

"You'll be havin' a trunk, I'm thinkin', Father?"

"Yes, a small one."

"Just let me tuck you into the wagon and I'll be bringin' the trunk down afterwards," and when Pat had produced a second set of oilskins, in which he enveloped the priest, he saw him setle bestowed in the back seat of the rickety vehicle, and, presently, brought his belongings, which he lifted up in front. Then he mounted himself, and taking up the reins, etched to the patient old horse who started off at a jog trot evidently understanding that he was homeward bound.

The road was rough and the wagon jolted, the mud splashing up as the wheels were dragged through holes and puddles; the way was scarcely distinguishable through the gathering darkness. Rain fell with dismal monotony, and the smell of the moist earth was mixed with that of decaying vegetable matter, fallen leaves and dead grasses and the salt air of the sea.

They drove for nearly an hour. Gradually the houses became more frequent; they were approaching a settlement. Away off in the distance a bright red light flashed high up out of the darkness like a vivid star that disappeared and came out again at regular intervals. It was the lamp in the lighthouse, which was always burning to guide those who had gone down to the sea in ships, towards the shelter of the harbor under the steep cliffs.

"Here we are at last, Father Ford!"

Pat drew in the reins and the horse stopped with a sudden jerk. He got down and helped the priest to alight, and opened a little gate. "If you'll find your way along the path, Father, Bridget'll be openin' the door for you. I daren't leave the beast when he's so near his stable. It's only a little way up the path. I'll be bringin' you up your things directly. Here's your umbrella," and he proceeded to open it for the priest and held it over his head while he divested himself of the oilskin coat.

That done, Father Ford took the umbrella from the old man's hand and went stumbling and groping up the narrow uneven path to the door of the low-roofed cottage, in one window of which was a lamp that Bridget had placed where its beam shone out into the night. The priest knocked at the door. No answer! He knocked again, this time more loudly, and after a few minutes' waiting, he heard a slow, heavy step inside, and the door was presently thrown open by a bent old woman with a wrinkled good-natured face, who spoke with a decided brogue and who was profuse in her apologies for having kept his reverence waiting.

"I was just sayin' a mouthful o' prayers I was, Father, and the wind was a blowin' and a rattlin' the sashes that hard that I never heard your footsteps. Step in, and glad it is I am to see you the day."

As the priest entered the room she bustled about, put an extra stick of wood on the fire, and took his hat and coat from him.

"The supper'll be ready in less'n no time," she said, "it's a simmerin' on the back o' the stove. I've got everything boilin' hot. Just seat yourself by the fire and I'll be bringin' in the things immediately. Your bedroom's just fornish this," and she pointed to an open door which led into another room.

"Thank you, Mrs. Quinlan," Father Ford answered smiling, and, seating himself before the fire, he leaned back in his chair, stretched his feet out on the hearth, and let his eyes wander about the rooms which were to be his home for he knew not how long a time. The place was scrupulously clean. Bridget Quinlan had scrubbed and scoured till everything was positively shining. There was a gaily striped rag carpet on the floor, some pots of scarlet geraniums were on the table before one of the windows, and a row of small, green tomatoes was ripening on the sill. The worn hair-color sofa had a long white anti-macassar spread over its back that was the pride of the old woman's heart, together with the great crocheted spread on the bed that she had spent many long hours in mak-

ing in days gone by, and which she felt, in her inmost heart, was good enough even to cover the priest himself. Drawn up before the fire was an old, many-legged table, covered with a coarse homespun cloth, and it was spread with the best dishes the house afforded—old yellow faience, with the pattern of fir branches upon it, that had belonged to Bridget's mother.

Before long Mrs. Quinlan came in from the kitchen bearing a great bowl of smoking chowder and there was tea, hot biscuits and a jar of her best strawberry jam.

"You are giving me a royal feast, Mrs. Quinlan," the priest said, going towards the table.

"Sure the best is never too good for you, Father," the old woman beamingly answered.

Her sparse grey hair was twisted up in a tight knot at the back of her head; she had sharp, shrewd, twinkling eyes, and she wore her very best purple calico gown, and a broad white linen collar. She had always chosen purple for the color of her dresses, and was very particular about her collars, because, she said, "King Solomon and the great people of old wore purple and fine linen, and she thought purple the finest color in the world."

To Father Ford everything seemed surprisingly cheerful and homelike. He had not expected to find such comfortable quarters, nor had he counted on the warm welcome of the old man and his wife. Bridget Quinlan reminded him a little of his old mother. When at last the evening drew to a close, heartily tired, he sought his comfortable bed; in spite of the storm that had arisen, and was now raging with the fury of a gale, and the dull, dismal boom, boom of the fog horn, he fell asleep watching the bright light which kept flashing from the lighthouse tower.

II. There came a change in the weather, and when Father Ford opened his eyes the morning after his arrival at Granite Reef, he found that the wind had completely died down and a cloudless sky hung, like a canopy of blue polished steel, above the earth, that was flooded with late autumn sunshine, while the waters of the bay, which had not yet settled into calm, rippled and sparkled as if they had been sprinkled with a fine powdering of diamond dust. He got up and looked out of the window, wondering what manner of place it was into which he found himself so suddenly introduced. Directly before him was the little garden, along whose rough stony path he had stumbled the night before, and on the opposite side of the road the ground made a gradual descent towards the shore. On the right, a land-locked bay, and close to the water's edge the huts—houses they could hardly be called—of the fisher people. In the immediate foreground a long breakwater that reached for three-quarters of a mile out from the shore, at the far end of which rose the tall white tower of the lighthouse, above the home of the keeper of the light. The breakwater, a solid structure of huge granite blocks, seemed strong enough to resist the heaviest storm. On the side towards the sea, great heaps of uneven rock had been dumped, forming an uneven sloping buttress, against which the waves might dash with uncontrolled violence, without displacing a single stone. Inside the breakwater, innumerable fishing boats, which had been driven to shelter there, were riding at anchor, gently balancing themselves on the top of the waves, making ready to put out to sea again, while, among the houses, people were hurrying to and fro, women and children taking leave of their husbands, fathers and brothers who, now that the gale had fallen, were about to venture once more upon the ocean.

Sometimes these men were gone for days, and not infrequently returned when their supplies gave out, having had no luck at all. Sometimes there was a fair amount of fish brought in, and occasionally the fleet would come joyfully sailing homeward, having made a big catch which rejoiced everyone, in the boats and brought content to all hearts, for a good haul meant money in one's pocket, and comfort, such as the people knew it, for months to come.

This time the boats had been driven in without accomplishing anything, and, when Father Ford, accompanied by Pat Quinlan, went

to the shore, he found sullen, disappointed faces, and though the morning was still young, a good many of the people were already drunk and quarrelsome. The priest realized at once that his work among them was to be difficult and disagreeable, but he braced himself for the battle, and praying for help and guidance from above, set about making the acquaintance of some of his most formidable parishioners. Among the inhabitants, besides a few native Americans and Irish, were Swedes, Norwegians, Portuguese and Italians. A good number were non-Catholics, and they met the priest with scowling faces and derisive laughter, nudging each other and pointing their finger at him as he passed by; a few were inclined to be friendly, but the last priest had not been liked, and this fact made Father Ford's task the harder.

After a wearisome and discouraging day, during which he had gone among the fisher folk and become superficially acquainted with the lay of the land, so to speak, he found himself once more in his little sitting-room. Hitherto he had not found time to unpack his belongings, but now he set to work and began putting everything in place. Opening an oblong pasteboard box, he lifted carefully from its bed of soft white cotton a beautiful crucifix carved in old yellow ivory, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he thought of the kind old Bishop, so lately dead, who had left directions in his will that this should be given "to his dear friend, Father Ford." The Pope's crucifix! Leo XIII had given it to Bishop Gainsford with his own hands, when he made his never-to-be-forgotten visit to Rome years before. That visit, the greatest event of his life, was filled with such sacred memories, that he never spoke of it without expressions of deepest reverence and gratitude.

There flashed before John Ford's eyes, the picture as it had been drawn for him, of the vast, lofty interior of the Basilica of St. Peter's, with its glorious frescoes, its sculptured saints, and its wondrous dome. He seemed to hear the voices of the choir resounding through the length and breadth of the great edifice, to see the red robes of the Cardinals, the flashes of light and color, the swaying of silver censers from which floated upward the heavy perfume of incense; and then, the figure of the Sovereign Pontiff clad in beautiful white vestments, wearing upon his head the triple crown, who, after slowly chanting the Apostolic Benediction, raised his long, white, emaciated hand to bless the assembled multitude. It was from this very hand that Bishop Gainsford had received the gift of the ivory crucifix. It was his most precious earthly possession. A great wave of recollection swept over the young priest, and, in the humble cottage, among the crude and unlovely surroundings, of bleak and desolate New England, he fell upon his knees, and, bowing his head, clasped tightly against his breast the ivory crucifix, which had once reposed among the treasures of the Vatican.

III. From the very first Father Ford found himself toiling early and late. He held himself ready in case of trouble, or illness, or death, to go at a moment's notice to the most distant cottage, to baptize the newly born, carry the Viaticum to the dying, say Mass for the souls of those already dead. He must walk through fair weather and foul, over the roughest paths, and never allow himself to be discouraged, no matter how ungracious his reception, or how unthankful the recipients of his bounty. Those who had fallen out of the habit of going to Mass, he must win back again; he must urge them to make their confession, try to interest them in the church. He preached short, simple sermons, quite within the range of their comprehension, told over and over again, in unaffected language, the story of the Gospels. It seemed a long time before he succeeded in accomplishing anything, but, very gradually, his labors began to tell, his devotion to bear fruit. But it was weary and thankless work; so it seemed at least, though he hardly had time for discouragement. The labor was so incessant that when night came he sought his bed at an early hour and fell asleep almost immediately from sheer exhaustion, to wake in the morning and begin over again.

There was a bright spot in the darkness; the devotion of Bridget Quinlan never ceased; she watched over him as if she had been his mother, looked after his comfort, kept his rooms swept and garnished, the kettle singing on the hob; she cooked for him, brushed and mended his clothes, and always had some amusing story to tell, when she was not saying a "mouthful of prayers" or singing in a cracked and quavering voice, over her work.

"It's chowder I'm givin' you again to-night, Father," she said one evening as she set the smoking dish before him. "The fact is, I believe it's good for you, and it's something I can make slip down meself without a mite o' trouble. Would you believe it now, I've ten dollars worth o' fine floss teeth put away in my bureau-drawer and never a bit o' good are they to me at all, at all. They rattle round like dried peas in a skillet when I put them in my mouth, and they never so much as strike one again the other."

"That must be very annoying, Mrs. Quinlan," Father Ford replied as Bridget removed the cover from the tureen and he began helping himself to the chowder.

"Annoyin'! that it is, and me husband Patrick payin' out his good money to get me the likes of them things. Pat hearty, Father, there's plenty more where that came from. When we're finished the chowder and the fried pork, just stack up, and I'll come and fetch away

the dishes before bringin' in the roasted apples and cream." Sometimes there would come a call for the priest from one of the distant islands; and then Pat Quinlan would get out his boat and they would go sailing along over the rough waters to some almost inaccessible place, where it was dangerous to land among the jagged rocks, amid the roaring waves and surf that broke over and drenched their clothing, and the salt spray that blew against their faces, and made their eyes tingle and smart.

Occasionally Father Ford would walk out over the long breakwater to the lighthouse, where he became acquainted with the keeper of the light, an old sailor who had held the post for years. He was always glad to welcome the priest, and would take him up into the lighthouse tower, climbing up one steep staircase after another. He showed him how the light was kept in order, the glass and brass were polished, the wicks trimmed and the lamps filled. He showed him, too, how the great fog horn was managed, and Father Ford listened attentively to his explanations and learned everything—so thoroughly that Captain Farrelly said laughing, the priest really believed the priest could run the place himself, and he was sure he could pass the civil service examination without the slightest trouble.

With Captain Farrelly lived his son, who was his assistant; his daughter-in-law, and their little girl, a child of eight or nine years, who had been given the unusual name of Francesca. The child bore no resemblance to either of the grown people, in fact, so pronounced was the difference in her appearance from the rest, that the priest spoke of it, noticing her great black eyes, her blue-black hair, and her swarthy skin tinged with dark-red blood.

"No, she's not like any of us," the captain said; "she's the living image of her grandmother, my wife. She was an Italian woman, and," he continued, leaning over the railing of the balcony outside the tower and looking off over the sea, "she's been dead for more'n thirty years."

"How did you happen to marry an Italian?" Father Ford asked, looking questioningly at Captain Farrelly.

(To be continued.)

WORK AND WORRY WEAKEN WOMEN

New Health and Strength Can be Had Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

It is useless to tell a hard working woman to take life easily and not to worry. But it is the duty of every woman to save her strength as much as possible, to take her care as lightly as may be, and to build up her system to meet any unusual demands. It is her duty to herself and to her family, for her future health depends upon it.

To guard against a complete breakdown in health the blood must be kept rich and red and pure. No other medicine does this so well as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This medicine actually makes new, red blood, strengthens the nerves, restores the appetite and keeps every organ healthily toned up. Women cannot always rest when they should, but they can keep their strength and keep disease away by the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which have done more to lighten the cares of weak women than any other medicine.

Mrs. James H. Ward, Lord's Cove, N.B., says: "About two years ago I suffered so much from nervous prostration that I was little better than a helpless wreck. I suffered from headaches and a constant feeling of dizziness. The least unusual move would startle me and set my heart palpitating violently. I had little or no appetite and grew so weak that I was hardly able to drag myself about, and could not do my housework. In every way I was in a deplorable condition. As the medicine I had been taking seemed to do me no good, my husband got a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only been taking the Pills for a couple of weeks when I seemed to feel somewhat better and this encouraged me to continue the treatment. From that on my strength gradually but surely returned, and in the course of a few more weeks I was once more a well woman, able to do my own housework, and feeling better than I had done for years. I have since remained well and I feel that I owe my good health to the healing power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Every other weak, sickly, worn out woman should follow the example of Mrs. Ward and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. These Pills will send new blood coursing through the veins, and bring brightness and energy to the weak and despondent. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SHE KNEW THEM.

Miss Dudley—She was bragging about how successful her dinner party was. She said it wound up "with great eclaw." What's 'eclaw' anyway?

Miss Mugley—Why, I guess that was dessert. Didn't you never eat a chocolate eclaw?—Catholic Standard and Times.

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

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LIVER COMPLAINT.

Mr. Geo. Fawcett, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Having suffered with liver complaint for years and tried all sorts of remedies, I was advised to try Millburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I must say, that after taking two vials of them, I feel quite a new man, and can strongly recommend them to anyone."

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Catholic Church and Matrimony.

Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., Quoted Exclusively From the Bible in His Talk on Christian Marriage.

No Two Moral Codes; What is Wrong For Woman is Wrong For Man.

In a talk about Christian marriage before the Daughters of Faith at the Catholic Club, a short time before his death, the late Father William O'Brien Pardow, S. J., began in the Bible at Genesis, quoted the Apocalypse at the end, and illustrated with the "Mother of the Maccabees" in the middle.

"If men and women would only read carefully the first page of the Bible," he said, "it would answer many questions regarding marriage." He took for his subject the Bible words, "It is not good for man to be alone, let us make a helpmeet for him."

"Nothing could be more beautiful than that," said Father Pardow. "A woman is to be a help to a man; not to drag him down but to lift him up. In the Catholic Church we take it as literally true that woman was made from man, and to me it seems fundamental, 'bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, and true two in one.'"

"The Catholic Church puts matrimony on a high plane. Women owe her existence to man, but the man owes his strength to the woman. She is his helper, not a toy to be thrown aside, not a slave to do his work, but a helpmate."

"It is not fair to have two systems of morality. What is wrong for the woman is wrong for the man and vice versa. After describing the Creation the Bible said that man should have dominion, but it did not say that he should have dominion over the woman. She was on a level with him, and if at first the woman owed her existence to the man, so later the man owed his existence to the woman."

Father Pardow quoted the Mother of the Maccabees, who, with her sons dying around her, urged them, in the face of death, to stand for the right and defy the wrong.

"Joining a man's heart to a woman's thought," he quoted, "is inferiority!" That was a wonderful example of strength. Matrimony is God's masterpiece. It is either a sacrament that you cannot touch or it is a mere contract. As a sacrament, it is a great stronghold socially, morally and politically, and it should be appreciated by every man, who hopes to hand down his life to others as he is called to do.

"Do you think the woman helps the man as much as she should? Don't you think many women are selfish? Men are, too. They marry for amusement, or they need social help sometimes. And the woman is true to herself and to God Almighty if she does not accept the duties of marriage. If she does not consider herself a co-worker with God in the creation of life, she is not worthy of matrimony."

"And let the woman help the man intellectually, and by all means let her have all the intellectual development possible. Does every one know that in the thirteenth century there were women teachers in the Church, women professors in the University of Padua and others?"

Irishman Appointed Secretary of State at Washington.

John Callan O'Loughlin, a Washington newspaper man, whose round full name leaves no doubt as to his nationality, is to succeed as assistant secretary of state, Mr. Robert Bacon, who has been called to the position relinquished by Hon. Elihu Root, as Secretary of State in President Roosevelt's cabinet.

Mr. O'Loughlin has been in newspaper work, chiefly in Washington, fifteen years. He has resided for short times in Paris, London, Berlin and St. Petersburg, and has worked in various other countries; making special investigations in Venezuela and Santo Domingo. When the United States commission to the Tokio international exposition was organized last spring, he was appointed secretary, and went to Japan, having only recently returned.

Mr. O'Loughlin served as a war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese war, being with the Russian forces some time in St. Petersburg. He also "covered" the Portsmouth peace conference. He has received decorations from the emperors of Japan and Russia, the king of Italy and President Castro of Venezuela. There may be trouble in the Senate over the confirmation of his nomination, as Mr. O'Loughlin has aroused opposition by articles he has written. During the recent political campaign he was in charge of the press bureau of the Republican national committee. He is a practical Catholic.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; President, Mr. W. P. Kearney; 1st Vice-President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. P. McQuirk; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. W. Wright; Recording Secretary, Mr. T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Marshal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marshal, Mr. P. Connelly.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, M. J. O'Donnell; Sec. Sec., J. J. Tynan, 222 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized 13th November, 1883. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month for the transaction of business, at 8 o'clock. Officers—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, W. A. Hodgson; President, Thos. R. Stevens; 1st Vice-President, James Cahill; 2nd Vice-President, M. J. Gahan; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan; 16 Overdale Avenue; Financial Secretary, Jas. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urban street; Treasurer, F. J. Sears; Marshal, G. I. Nichols; Guard, James Callahan. Trustees—W. F. Wall, T. R. Stevens, John Walsh, W. P. Doyle and J. T. Stevens. Medical Officers—Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. E. J. O'Connor, Dr. Merrils, Dr. W. A. L. Styles and Dr. John Curran.

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BOYS and GIRLS

THE DEAD DOLL.
You needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!

There's no use in saying she isn't with a crack like that in her head:
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day,
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.
I guess you must think I'm a baby when you say you can mend it with glue,
As if I didn't know better than that Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her look all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books.

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack! It just makes me sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf,
Now, Nurse, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself.
I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do? Her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde,"
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself: "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knows it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke, too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish my head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.
But since the darling is dead, she'll want to be buried, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry, and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her there out under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird,
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead!
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."
—Margaret Vandegrift.

HIS HONESTY WON HIM AN EDUCATION.

Joe Hunter, a manly little boot-black, whose honest eyes and cheerful bearing won him many customers, was a familiar figure about the Grand Central Depot, New York City. Joe had his regular customers, who would rather wait to be served by him than have their boots "shined" by any other bootblack. He took great pride in his work, and looked so pleased and happy when he made a pair of dusty or muddy boots shine like ebony, that the most persistent pessimist could not help brightening up a little.
Joe was only eight years old, yet he was already dreaming of a future when he should be grown up, and educated, and—almost blushed at his own audacity in thinking it, should wear a shiny silk hat, patent leather boots, a suit of broad-cloth, and a gold watch and chain, like some of the "swells" whose boots he blacked.
"Shine, sir, shine?" he interrogated in his cheery voice, as he one day stepped up to a well-dressed man.
"Shine, my boy," the gentleman repeated as he looked down at his boots. "Yes, I would like a 'shine' if you can get it done before the Boston train pulls out. You have five minutes time."
"All right, sir; I'll get it done."
Joe was giving the finishing touches to his job when "All aboard for Boston! All aboard!" rang out above the din of trains coming and going. The gentleman threw the boy half a dollar and started for his train. Joe ran after him with his chance, but it was too late, the train was moving out.
Six months passed. Joe was still plying his trade at the Grand Central depot. Business was dull that evening. Everyone was hurrying home. No one thought of his shoes. Suddenly Joe spied a face in the passing crowd which he recognized as that of the gentleman whose shoes he had blacked six months before, and who had left on the Boston train before he could get his change. "Mister! Mister!" the boy cried, as he dashed to the gentleman's side, "I'm so glad to see you again to give you your change," and he explained to the astonished traveller how he, Jose, came to be his debtor. Such honesty in a little homeless waif touched the prosperous man of business. "Keep the change, my boy," he said, handing him a card, "and come to this address to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock."
That day saw the beginning of the realization of Joe's dreams. His education was arranged for by his generous customer, who remarked, "I had a better investment, then when he put that boy in the way of earning an education for himself."
JOHN'S SISTER.
"Didn't Clare remind you what you were to do?"
"Yes. She reminded me, and kept reminding me till I just made up my mind that I wouldn't!"
There are a good many people who will sympathize with the boy who gave something in human nature that rises in rebellion against that vexatious thing we call "nagging." Many a girl with good intentions throws from what she intended, merely because she is not content to let well enough alone.
"John, you know you've got twenty minutes of your practising to finish."
"Yes, I know," John's tone is perfectly good-natured. He does not resent the reminder.
"But, John, it's half past four. There is less than two hours till supper time."
"I'm going to do it pretty soon, Kitty. I'm not going to stop in the middle of a chapter."
"Yes, but the trouble is you get so interested, John. When you've finished this chapter, you'll think you have time to read another, and first thing you know, the supper bell will ring and your practising won't be finished."
After the conversation has continued in this strain for a quarter of an hour, John probably begins to make short answers. Then he professes a complete indifference as to whether he finished his hour of practice or not. He is as likely as not to wind up the talk by declaring his intention to drop music altogether.
It is all very well for a conscientious sister to feel herself responsible for reminding her brother as to his duty, and encouraging him to do it. But she makes a great mistake if she determines not to give him any rest till he does the thing she thinks he ought. Instead of helping him in the way of right doing, this mistaken course is very likely to drive him in the opposite direction. Good advice, encouragement, a little insistence, if tactfully given, are all a help. But no one is ever helped by nagging.

FROM ANGELL'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

There are certain things which all boys and girls should remember:
1. Never to stick pins into butterflies and other insects, unless you would like to have somebody stick pins into you.
2. Never to carry poultry with their heads hanging down, unless you would like to be carried in the same way.
3. Never to throw stones at those harmless creatures, the frogs, unless you would like to have stones thrown at you in the same way.
4. That nearly all snakes are harmless and useful.
5. That earth worms are harmless and useful, and that when you use them in fishing, they ought to be killed instantly, before you start, by plunging them in a dish of boiling water.
6. That it is very cruel to keep fish in glass globes slowly dying.
7. That it is kind to feed the birds in winter.
8. That bits should never be put in horses' mouths in cold weather without being first warmed.
9. That it is cruel to keep twitching the reins while driving.
10. That when your horse is put in a strange stable you should always be sure that he is properly fed and watered, and in cold weather that his blanket is properly put on.
11. That you should never ride after a poor-looking horse when you can help it. Always look at the

horse and refuse to ride after a poor-looking one, or a horse whose head is tied up by a tight check-rein.
12. That you should always talk kindly to every dumb creature.
13. That you should always treat every dumb creature as you would like to be treated yourself if you were in the creature's place.

DO JUST WHAT IS CLAIMED FOR THEM

That's What Joseph Macklin Says of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Neuralgia, Cramped Muscles and Heart Disease From Which He Suffered for Two Years.
St. Paul de Metis, Alta., Feb. 3.—(Special).—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me all that is claimed for them." So says Joseph Macklin, a well known farmer of this district. "I was ill for over six years with Neuralgia, Cramps in my muscles, Backache and Heart Disease. I called on different doctors but got no help. I heard that Dodd's Kidney Pills were meant for just such cases as mine and bought eight boxes of them. Now I feel just like a new man. I recommended them to all as a sure cure for Rheumatism and all troubles arising from diseased Kidneys."

The Passing of Brother Patrick.

(By M. J. K., in Ave Maria.)

Brother Patrick, the old Irish gardener of the monastery, lay dying. All day long he had been in a kind of stupor; and now, in the gloaming, consciousness had returned, and he lay with wide-open eyes and a placid smile upon his worn, rugged face. A moonbeam stole in through the unshuttered window, and shot the pale light over the carved crucifix on the bare wall at the foot of the narrow bed, showing up the white figure with thorn-crowned head and nailed hands and feet, the blood-stained face—sad with the sadness of death. The old monk sighed.
A figure stole silently from a prie-dieu by the wall and looked down gravely upon the dying man.
"I think you are awake," he remarked gently. "What was that big heavy sigh for?"
"Is that you, Father? How good of you to come! I have been dreaming this hour or more. That little bit of moonlight on the wall brought back old times to me. I was thinking, thinking!"
His voice had a quivering note in it, like a voice akin to tears. Father Anselm smoothed the cheek counterpane quietly, and flicked a little holy water lightly from a well-supplied font by the wall.
"Fancy the moonlight bringing back old times to you! I have been saying my Rosary for you, thinking you were asleep. Do you feel easier?"
The old man did not answer; the moonbeams grew brighter on the wall.
"She wasn't an old woman," he said at length, quite suddenly. "She looked old, but she wasn't. She loved the moonlight—oh, ay did she! And when it shone on the lough and on the sedges where the wild ducks hatched in the springtime, she'd stand in the breen watching, watching."
Again he was silent. Father Anselm was silent, too. Then, after a short time:
"She was your mother?" he said softly.
"My Mother!" the old man echoed softly. "The truest, purest, best. 'Twas such a quaint old breen. Wasn't it strange of me to be dreaming I was there and that she was coming to meet me? 'Twas the springtime, and the crab trees were all in blossom by the way."
"Were you her only son?"
"No; there were two others. I was the youngest. Sure I was never much in any way, at home or abroad. I was always doing the wrong thing."
Father Anselm laughed quietly.
"You were doing the right thing when you became a religious," he said cheerily. "You cannot say you did the wrong thing then."
"Ah, Father, I needn't thank myself! Sure wasn't it the mercy of God that did that for me? The moon was very bright to-night."
"It is most brilliant. Is there anything worrying you? Would you like me to read to you?"
"No, Father; I'd rather you'd talk, your voice is so kind. Do you think I'll know how the gardens of God are laid out before morning? I have been trying to fancy them all my life long."
"Eye bath not seen nor ear heard," Father Anselm quoted softly. "You will have all the desires of your heart there, Brother Patrick."
Again the old monk was silent; a clock in the monastery tower boomed out nine solemn, slow beats.
"Will you have to go now, Father?"
"No, no! I'm to stop here with you. The brethren have been praying for you since you received the Last Sacraments. Father Prior said I was to tell you. Do you think you'd like to join them?"

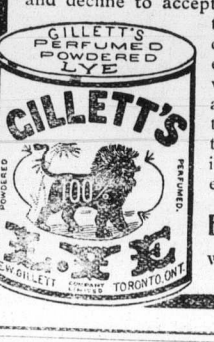
GILLETT'S PERFUMED LYE

CAUTION.

Put a strong glass on the label and examine it closely every time. Always look for the name "Gillett's."

Like all good articles, which are extensively advertised, Gillett's Lye is frequently and very closely imitated. In some instances the imitators have actually copied directions and other printed matter from our label word for word. Be wise, and refuse to purchase imitation articles for they are never satisfactory.
Insist On Getting Gillett's Lye and decline to accept anything that looks to be an imitation or that is represented to be "just as good" or "better," or "the same thing." In our experience of over fifty years in business we have never known of an imitation article that has been a success, for imitators are not reliable people. At the best the "just as good" kinds are only trashy imitations, so decline them with thanks every time.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.



St. Joseph's Home Fund

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

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.
FOR
ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.
Name _____
Address _____
Amount _____

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A BLESSING TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep babies and young children plump and good natured, with a clear eye and rosy skin is a blessing not only to the little ones but to mothers as well. Baby's Own Tablets is just such a medicine. They cure all the minor ailments of children and make them eat well, sleep well and play well. Thousands of mothers use the Tablets and praise them. Mrs. Lorenzo Rose, Lake Talon, Que., says: "I cannot say too much for Baby's Own Tablets. I have proved their value in colic, constipation and other childhood troubles." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HOME-GOING FOR IRISHMEN.

Francis J. Kilkenny, private secretary to the Hon. Lawrence C. Murray, comptroller of the currency, is making remarkable headway with the movement for the "home going" of Irishmen in 1910. The plan is to induce the Irish people from all over the United States to return to the old sod during the months of July, August and September.
More than a sentimental purpose animates the gentlemen who have undertaken this ambitious and promising task. While the prospect of a visit to the old country, at reduced transportation rates and in the glory of midsummer, will form a leading incentive, the real purpose of the movement is to stimulate Irish industry. No statistics are needed to prove that the agricultural and industrial resources of Ireland have not been developed to one-tenth of their capacity. Capital is needed to develop them; and it is natural that the Irish in this country should prefer that the money should be supplied from the United States.—The New Century.

Read a FREE Book
The PEDLAR People
about better ceilings. Tells of two thousand designs for every sort of structure from a cathedral to a warehouse—proves why our ceilings cost less. Get the book. Ask our nearest office.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF HEART TROUBLE CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratian, N.B., writes: "In the year of 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.
One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I was able to say 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will get you another box right away.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then.
I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."
Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25.
The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PAGE WHITE FENCES

Get the Best Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than any other fence. Get 1909 prices and illustrated booklet.
THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada
WALLACEVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN VANCOUVER VICTORIA

INSTITUTIONS AND DESIGNS DONE APPLY TO THE PUB. CO.

ILLUSTRATORS

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including previously acknowledged and new subscriptions.

BUCHRE IN AID OF PAROCHIAL LIBRARY.

St. Ann's Young Men's Hall was the scene of a very large gathering on Tuesday evening to take part in a buchre being held to help swell the funds for the maintenance of the parochial library.

Among the donors of prizes were: Rev. Father Rioux, cut glass water jug; Rev. Father Fortier, cut glass pickle jar; Rev. Father Simard, cigar holder; Miss M. A. Kane, white velvet sofa cushion; Mrs. T. Butler, silver cake dish; Al. O'Connell, Japanese sugar.

HYMENEAL.

RYAN-DORAN.

The marriage was solemnized on the 1st inst., at St. Patrick's Church, of Mr. Leo G. Ryan, son of the late Mr. Thomas Ryan, and Miss Mary Doran, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Doran, the pastor, Rev. Gerald McShane, officiating.

Coming to the Academy

"The Mummy and the Humming Bird," a four act comedy-drama, by Isaac Henderson, comes to the Academy next week, under the management of Max Zoellner.

OBITUARY.

MRS. THOMAS HEFFERNAN.

On Wednesday morning the death occurred of Mrs. Heffernan, widow of Mr. Thomas Heffernan, contractor, and mother of the Rev. Thomas F. and Rev. Peter J. Heffernan. Deceased had been in bad health for some time and pneumonia setting in, the already weakened constitution could not fight against it, and passed away surrounded by her sorrowing children.

MRS. A. J. MASTERTON.

The death occurred at the Royal Victoria Hospital on Friday last, after a long illness, of Mrs. Masterton, second daughter of the late Mr. Dennis Britt, and wife of Mr. A. J. Masterton. Of a very cheerful disposition, her death came as a great surprise to her many friends, who never dreamed the end was so near.

Correspondence.

DAILY WITNESS CHRISTIANITY.

To the Editor, True Witness: Dear Sir,—The Daily Witness, Montreal's "only religious daily," considers the war being waged in France against Christianity to be the result of increased enlightenment.

In many parts of that unhappy land the Sabbath is unknown. "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work" are words without meaning to the masonic-ridden worldlings of modern France.

And if the editorials of the Daily Witness on religious or theological subjects are fair examples of the depth of thought and logic of Protestant divines, then the ordinary Protestant should steep his head in utter disgust when he sees the views of some flaunted before the public as specimens of Protestant enlightenment.

NEMO. Montreal, Feb. 9, 1909.

Kathleen O'Moore.

(By George Nugent Reynolds.) My love, still I think that I see her once more. But, alas, she has left me her loss to deplore—

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, featuring an image of the product box and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Vapo-Cresolene, a medicinal product for respiratory ailments like cough, croup, and asthma.

PERSONAL.

Rev. Father Deacon, C.S.S.R., who passed through Montreal recently on his way from Belgium to Manitoba to resume his missionary labors among the Gallicians and Ruthenians is an ardent Esperantist.

Miss Noonan & Miss Cooper Dressmakers and Designers. Room 105, Lindsay Building. 512 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal.

COULD NOT GO TO WORK BACK WAS SO WEAK.

Backache is the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise and the first thing you know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of kidney trouble.

Mr. James Bryant, Arichat, N.S., was troubled with his back and used Doan's Kidney Pills, he writes:—"I cannot say too much about the benefit I received after using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. I was greatly troubled with an aching pain across the small of my back. I could not go to work and my back was so weak I would have to sit down. It would go away for a few days but would always return. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I must say they completely cured me."

NOTICE.

We do hereby give notice, on behalf of Messrs Charles Chaput, Farquhar Robertson, S. D. Vallieres and Victor Morin, all citizens of Montreal, that they will present a bill at the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to ask that the charter of the City of Montreal shall be amended:

- 1st. To reduce the number of aldermen from two to one for each ward;
2nd. That a board of five commissioners should be created, of which the Mayor shall be chairman, to administer civic affairs, and also to deal with all questions relating to the civic administration.

My own little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, O'More.

Her hair glossy black, her eyes were dark blue, Her color still changing, her smiles ever new—

So pretty was Kathleen, my sweet little Kathleen, My Kathleen O'More.

She milked the dun cow, that ne'er offered to stir, Though wicked to all, it was gentle to her—

So kind was my Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, My Kathleen O'More.

She sat at the door one cold afternoon, To hear the wind blow, and to gaze on the moon, So pensive was Kathleen, my poor little Kathleen, My Kathleen O'More.

Cold was the night-breeze that sighed round her bower, It chilled my poor Kathleen, 'she drooped that hour;

And I lost my poor Kathleen, my own little Kathleen, My Kathleen O'More.

The bird of all birds that I love the best, Is the robin that in the churchyard, builds his nest; For he seems to watch Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen, hops lightly o'er Kathleen, My Kathleen O'More.

Advertisement for GRAND BRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM, listing Montreal-Toronto and Montreal-Ottawa routes.

Advertisement for MONTREAL-NEW YORK, listing train schedules and ticket offices.

Advertisement for CANADIAN PACIFIC OTTAWA SLEEPER, listing Ottawa Sleeper and Ottawa Trains services.

Advertisement for INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY, listing Bonaventure Union Depot and Train Service.

Advertisement for Maritime Express, listing train routes and schedules.

Advertisement for Saturday Only, listing train routes and schedules.

Advertisement for PUBLIC NOTICE, regarding the Town of Maisonneuve.

Advertisement for PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED, offering legal services for patent protection.

Advertisement for NOTICE, regarding the substitution of a testamentary executor.

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Advertisement for THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED, listing various goods and prices.

Advertisement for Outfit the Boys Here, listing boys' clothing items.

Advertisement for Clearance of Boots and Shoes, listing various styles and prices.

Advertisement for Enamel Saucepans at Cost, listing imported enamel saucepans.

Advertisement for Candy Specials, listing various chocolate and candy items.

Advertisement for \$1.50 Copper Bottom Wash Boilers--49c, listing copper wash boilers.

Advertisement for THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED, listing various goods and prices.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil to cure Lumbago and Sciatica, listing the product and its benefits.

Advertisement for TENDERS, listing tender information for timber.

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