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The True Witness



Vol. LIV., No. 30

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

LATE CARDINAL LANGENIEUX. Career of the Venerable Pre- late Recalls Dread Days in France.

Cardinal Langenieux, Archbishop of Rheims, who passed away on New Year's Day, is sincerely regretted by friends and foes alike. Even the Combitists, or some of them, had a respect for the venerable octogenarian, who was one of the grand prelates of the past, like Mgr. Duponloup, Mgr. Darboy or Mgr. d'Hulst. M. Dumay, Director of Cults and right-hand man of M. Combes in the Public Worship Department, said of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rheims that he "was a prince, a real prince of the Church, who had such winning manners that they made one often forget that he was finer than amber, and more redoubtable than anyone when he took it into his head to obtain an advantage." "He was," says one of his enemies, "a true Roman, a veritable Ultramontane, in all the force of the term, where the interests of the Church were concerned, a friend of the formidable Cardinal Oreglia; but he was able, nevertheless, with marvellous suppleness, to avoid unending quarrels with the lay power, and to steer clear of dangerous situations."

This great French prelate was a Southerner, born at Villefranche, in the Rhone department, over eighty years since. Having studied and been ordained at Saint Sulpice, he was appointed to the parish of Saint Roch, afterwards going to a Belleville cure among the Revolutionists, and then returning to more fashionable districts like that of the Madeleine. Introduced to the Imperial Court by a lady who was a great friend of the Empress Eugenie, Abbe Langenieux preached the last Lent in the Chapel of the Tuileries. That was in 1870, just before the outbreak of the Franco-German war. During the Commune of 1871, the future Cardinal had a narrow escape from being shot like the Rector of the Madeleine and the other hostages, but he was saved in time by one of his old Belleville parishioners, who remembered his goodness and generosity. After the Empire, the future Cardinal was a great friend and adviser in the MacMahon family; became Bishop of Tarbes in 1875, and went to Rheims the year after. When the Emperor of Russia and his consort went to the review near Rheims during their last visit to France in 1901, they were received at the Cathedral by Cardinal Langenieux, who gave them, at their own request, his blessing before they left. It is recorded that the Emperor asked and received the prelate's blessing twice. This fact is related, not in a Catholic paper, but in one of the Ministerial journals.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CLERGY.

Mr. Fredk. Guernsey, the well-known journalist sojourning in Mexico, has again taken up the cudgels in defence of the Catholic priests in Mexico. Mr. Guernsey, who is a Protestant, writes: "The great majority of the Catholic clergy here are faithful workers in the great Mexican field. Taking the Catholic Church as a whole in this country, viewing its work broadly, and in an impartial spirit, one must commend it heartily. It is a great, warm-hearted, brooding mother, doing the best it can with a continually renewed crop of tropical human nature. It is a big fight, and it goes on every day in the year. Priests are human beings, and some of them err at times; but on the whole, what an amount of positive good they accomplish in levelling up the semi-animalistic masses of ignorant and unreflexing people! The old Spaniard who conquered this country made a distinction. White people were 'gente de razon,' or people who reasoned; Indians were 'sin razon,' or without reason. We nowadays find that this distinction does not invariably hold good; there are many cultivated men of Indian race. But the big mass of

the descendants of the Aztecs and the other tribes are guided by the instincts, reason little, perhaps as much as an elephant, and have to be taken by the nape of the neck and pulled up on to a reasonably high plane of conduct. They are not eminent Christians; they are more or less pagans, and if it were not for the big and busy Catholic Church they would be brutish heathens and truly "sin rason!" Like exuberant and ever-growing vegetation of a tropical jungle, these people come continually into existence, the products of heredity; all passion, impulse and heedlessness; stupid and prone to evil. Along comes the priest and makes a dive into the mass to pull out sinners. He grapples with humanity as it is in the tropics, not as it is ideally pictured in northern parlors and lecture rooms, and applies soap and water, shows what a comb is for, rebukes the exhibitions of everyday and natural wickedness, enforces obedience, has to paint hell most alarmingly, and so gets in his honest work, and produces a sort of underdone Christian, with atavic inclinations to primitive paganism. The priest has his hands full. He hears the endless grind of confessions, of as much interest as the self-revealings of our nearest animal kin, just plain carnal sins, the sort that one would expect among poor devils of men and women born of primitive ancestors.

The Catholic Church gets down into this semi-brutish mass and does its work. You can't take parlor Buddhism, intellectual Unitarianism and ultra-refined distillations of religion among the masses in these lands. All this outfit would be of no more good than meringues cast to tigers in a cage. Not only is Catholic missionary work going on in southern and interior Mexico, but right here in the city. The Wg organization does its appointed task; it has little time among everyday humanity for high-down discussion, and the familiar modern slashing-out of bits of the Bible; it is wrestling with human nature as it is, and doesn't imagine that human nature is much better than it was in Rome when St. Paul arrived there. The dainty preacher, the curled darling of the congregation, would be entirely out of his element down among the struggling mass of the poor, wanton and ignorant; the raw material of the angels, perhaps, but needing centuries of spiritual evolution to get there. Yet among the poor and ignorant are sometimes found quiet, devoted souls like lovely flowers in a barryard. The "treasure of the humble" is theirs, and the pious priest, discovering them, thanks God that something comes into his life to prevent his utter discouragement.

Mr. Guernsey is specific in examples of religious devotedness among the diocesan clergy, Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits and other religious orders, etc. "I have known these men," he says, "sat down with them and heard the story of their self-denying lives, seen them tested with charity cases, and of such men, tell me no tales of a 'corrupt and luxurious priesthood.'" They cheerfully face the black smallpox or the deadly typhus; they are disinterested as to money; they will abide with the poor fisherman in preference to the wealthy planter; they will give their health or their life at need for any of their flock. Nor are these priests without lay helpers. Mexican Catholic ladies risk their lives not seldom in doing the work of Sisters of Charity among the poor and ignorant; and broad-minded Protestants themselves cheerfully assist such institutions as Father Hunt Cortes' working boys' home in the city of Mexico.

He is only advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only. Christianity works while infidelity talks. She feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits and cheers the sick, and seeks the lost, while infidelity abuses her and babbles nonsense and profanity. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Annual Report of the Catholic Emigration Association.

The Catholic Emigration Association, with Canadian headquarters at the corner of St. Antoine and Fulford streets, and a branch house at Ottawa, have had a very successful year's work in caring for and placing the hundreds of emigrant children sent out from the mother house at Liverpool. According to the annual statement, 865 children, under the age of 18 years, comprising 578 boys and 292 girls, had been received during the year; 672 applications had been received, 300 for boys and 342 for girls; 155 of these had been placed at different points in the Province of Ontario, and 517 in the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick. This was at the beginning of 1904. At present there are 204 boys and 178 girls at work in the Province of Quebec, 126 boys and 27 girls in the Province of Ontario, and nine boys in the Province of New Brunswick. 950 official visits have been made by the inspectors of the Association, and to-day there is \$3,412.61 to the credit of the children in the bank. The manager, Mr. Cecil Arden, who has worked unceasingly for the good of the Association since his appointment to Canada, feels particularly well pleased with the past year's work. He found that in order that the work should have more scope, and spread throughout the other provinces, it was necessary that he should meet the home authorities and place the matter before them. He accordingly made all arrangements for his trip, and the Old Boys and Girls' Association prepared a surprise party for him before leaving. On last Friday evening the members of the Association assembled in large numbers to show their appreciation of Mr. Arden's work, and to present him with a souvenir. Among the invited guests were Rev. Father D. J. Holland, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Father Rietvelt, C.S.S.R., St. Ann's; Hon. Justice Curran and Mrs. Curran, Mr. Hoolihan, Dominion Emigration Agent, and a representative of the True Witness. At 9 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Mr. William Evans, honorary secretary of the Old Boys and Girls' Association. Mr. Evans explained the object of the gathering, and said that since the formation of the Association nine months ago, it had grown from 30 members to 139 members. He hoped in a short time to see it grow still larger. He praised Mr. Arden's work for the emigrant children, and called upon Hon. Justice Curran to present the souvenir, in the shape of a silver-mounted umbrella, suitably inscribed to "their best friend."

Before doing so Justice Curran spoke at length on Mr. Arden's great work, on the happy gathering of so many of the old boys and girls that night, and in making the presentation referred particularly to the silver maple leaf, with the word "Montreal" engraved upon it, and decorated with the colors of the Association, red, white, blue, gold and green, and which was to be presented to Mr. Arden's mother in England.

Mr. Arden made a happy reply, saying that since he took up the work in Canada, he had met nothing but encouragement and kindness, especially from Hon. Justice Curran and the Old Boys and Girls' Association. Referring to the authorities in England, he thought their ideals too lofty. When he would meet the committee in England he would try and disabuse their minds from such ideas. The sight he saw before him that night was a sufficient proof that the work was lasting, that health, happiness and prosperity had fallen in goodly places, and that gratitude, which is becoming a back number with many in the world to-day, was still to be found with the Old Boys and Girls' Association. Mr. Arden paid a glowing tribute to the work of the Misses Brennan, who amidst the greatest difficulties a few years ago, still managed to keep a roof over the orphans' heads, and to provide, with the slender means at their disposal, the necessary things for their comfort and happiness. He thought that if the authorities in England could only witness the ga-

therings of the Association, they would be fully convinced that the work was productive of great results. He thanked one and all for their beautiful present, and feelingly alluded to their thoughtfulness for his good mother.

Mr. Hoolihan added a few words in which he condemned those who severely criticize the work being done for the emigrant children, saying that not more than two per cent. of the children sent out to Canada were undesirable subjects. He wished Mr. Arden a pleasant voyage.

Rev. Father Holland also added his quota of praise for Mr. Arden, and was particularly well pleased to see so many of the former emigrant boys and girls, now settled down in life, all happy and contented. Songs were then given by some of the company, and afterwards refreshments were served. The sight of so many of the former emigrants, many of them just budding into manhood and womanhood, with happiness beaming on their countenances, was an admirable one, and would have done justice to any gathering of its kind the world over.

At the C.P.R. station on Sunday evening another large crowd assembled to wish the genial manager bon voyage. As the Maritime express drew out hearty cheers were given for Mr. Arden, followed by the company singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and the waving of handkerchiefs. During Mr. Arden's absence, the business will be conducted by the assistant manager, Mr. Fitzhenry.

One pleasing feature of Mr. Arden's report which will be read before the home committee is the kindly reference he makes to the good training and attention to religious duties given the children who are placed in French-Canadian families throughout Quebec district, and he strongly urges that more children be placed with such families. He will also ask to have more inspectors appointed to visit the children oftener, as the work is increasing. Since last November, when the Ottawa house was taken over, there are some 1200 children to be visited.

Mr. Arden will be absent about seven weeks.

St. Anne de Beaupre Pilgrimages for 1904.

(From the Annals.)
The year 1904 is now but a memory, but a glorious one for our kind Patrons. During this year, as in previous ones, multitudes continued to flock to the shrine of Beaupre. The faith and confidence of the pilgrims were rewarded by striking manifestations of St. Ann's power. The number of pilgrims who went by train was 124,693, and 30,570 by boat. We may add another thousand for those who came from Charlevoix, St. Joachim, St. Tite and St. Ferocel, making a grand total of 156,263 pilgrims for the year 1904.

SCHOOLS IN THE WEST.

(Montreal Gazette, Jan. 20.)
Already, in the Senate, as in the House of Commons, there has been given intimation that when the bill providing for the provincial organization of the territories comes to be dealt with there will be an earnest discussion as to how the school question shall be dealt with. There are evidently in Parliament those who desire that the privilege of the religious minority to control the expenditure of its school taxes shall be made constitutional, as it is in Ontario and Quebec, and as it was sought to be made in Manitoba. The fact that in the parliamentary election of 1896 so many Protestants gave their votes to candidates pledged to maintain the Manitoba Roman Catholics in what the Privy Council declared were their legal privileges would indicate that the division of opinion on the new issue need not be on creed lines. There will always be among Protestants those who will be ready to concede to Catholics what they ask for conscience sake, as there will be among Catholics some who think the national or public better than the separate school. With such Protestants, as with the major-

ity of Roman Catholics, the question now to be decided is whether the object one desires and the other is willing to concede can best be secured by legislation at Ottawa. The story of the Manitoba school question is not encouraging to those who think as Mr. David spoke in the Senate. Separate schools were provided for in the act constituting the province of Manitoba as effectively as they can be in any legislation to be passed for the erection of the new provinces further west. A provincial Government, supported by a majority in the Legislature, was able, however, to nullify Parliament's intention, to take away from the religious minority the privileges they were thought to be secure in, and incidentally to disturb the politics of the whole country. The election result of 1896 was a verdict in favor of the public school, and a declaration that it would thenceforward be useless for Parliament to undertake to force on a province an educational system it does not desire. Events since 1896 have made this even more emphatic. The Catholic clergy of Manitoba have from time to time protested against the conditions that election fastened on them; but what they said fell upon deaf ears, even among their compatriots and co-religionists. The lesson of the situation is that a parliamentary effort to fix a separate school system upon a province cannot prevail against the will of the province itself. The New Brunswick case is to the point as well as that of Manitoba. In the territories at present separate schools are established wherever the minority desires. There seems to be no objection to this and no demand for a change. The inference is that when the territories become provinces the existing conditions will continue. They will be more secure existing by the consent of the people who are directly concerned in them than if it is sought to establish them by exercise of the will of people from other parts of the federation. By leaving the matter to the good will of the new provinces also there may be less danger of some demagogic "Joe" Martin or Greenway seeking to make votes among the majority by assailing the privileges of the minority. The teachings of the unfortunate results of past experience is that Parliament will do best in this school question by observing the spirit of the British North America Act, which puts education among the matters the provinces control, and by trusting to the good will and intelligence of the people of the West to deal liberally with those who for conscience sake ask that they shall be permitted to control the education of their children, and in the process use the taxes they pay to the state for the special service of the schools.

Rev. Father McGinty Appointed by President Roosevelt to be a U. S. Naval Chaplain.
President Roosevelt, upon the personal recommendation of Archbishop Farley, has appointed the Rev. J. M. McGinty, of New York, to be a naval chaplain. The stalwart young priest was also commended to the Chief Executive by Cardinal Gibbons and by Archbishop Ireland.
Father McGinty is six feet tall, light complexion and an athlete. He is the assistant rector at the Roman Catholic Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in East Ninetieth street, New York. He has passed the physical examination before the Board of Naval Surgeons.
He is twenty-eight years old, and was born in New York city. He graduated at St. Laurent College, Montreal, and completed his theological studies in the Sulpician Seminary, Paris, where he was ordained a priest four years ago. His first clerical appointment in the United States was as assistant to Dean Burtwell, Rondout. Next he served as a curate at St. Patrick's Cathedral. From there he was made assistant to Father Connolly at Our Lady of Good Counsel.
On receiving the news of his appointment, which he had not solicited or even thought of, Father McGinty called on President Roosevelt. His first assignment will be to the receiving ship Franklin, at Norfolk, Va.

AN ENTIRE FAMILY
EMBRACES CATHOLICITY
A consoling and edifying spectacle was offered the faithful of Verdun on Sunday afternoon, when a family of seven persons renounced Protestantism and were baptized and received into the Catholic Church. Rev. Father McGinnis, vicar of the parish, in an eloquent discourse, explained the ceremonies connected with holy baptism, and exhorted his hearers to rejoice in beholding so many of their separated brethren become members of the great Catholic family.



REV. L. P. MCGINNIS,
Curate at Verdun.

The names of the new converts are Frederick Thomas Hill, Elizabeth Hamilton, his wife; Florence, Amelia, Rowland, John Christopher and George Arthur, their children, and Mr. Henry Miller. This estimable family came from England some time ago and settled in Verdun. Impressed by the beauty of the Catholic ritual and the great truths of Catholic doctrine, they asked to be instructed in the faith. This wish was granted by Father McGinnis, whose apostolic zeal is so well known, and who performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Fathers Lachapelle, vicar of St. Louis de Mile End, and Polan, vicar of St. Patrick's.

In the sanctuary were noticed Rev. J. A. Richard, parish priest of Verdun, and Father Villeneuve, vicar of St. Louis.
After the ceremony of baptism there was the blessing of a splendid statue of St. Bridget by Rev. Father Richard. Rev. Father Polan, of St. Patrick's, preached a powerful and touching sermon, whose effect was visible in the faces of his hearers. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament by the Rev. Canon Lepailleur, brought to a close a memorable day in the annals of the parish of Verdun.

SPIES AMONG THE LEGION

As there have been informers amongst the members of the Legion of Honor who spied on army officers for the benefit of the Freemasons, General Ferrier, a leading "legionaire," and formerly Grand Chancellor of the Order, has endorsed a petition asking for an investigation. The honest and straightforward persons who belong to the Legion do not naturally want to be associated with the black sheep who acted as "delateurs" and tried to ruin officers who persisted in believing in the efficacy of the Christian religion.

LEADING THE SINNER TO GOD.

Some non-Catholics object to the confessional on the ground that it interposes a man between the Creator and the creature. These critics maintain that the sinner should go direct to God. They overlook the fact that the Catholic penitent goes to God, and that it is the confessional that sends him to the Father of Mercy more frequently than those outside the Church. The non-Catholic sinner has no one to lead him back to the path of righteousness and show him how to overcome temptation. The Catholic sinner, on the other hand, always finds in the confessional a stimulus to discard sin and lead a better life.—Catholic News.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

A little child said to me the other day: "When I'm big I'll paint those lovely colors in the sky." It was at sundown of a bright, crisp day, and I was walking with a small acquaintance of mine. We could see the dying rays kissing the summit of our snow-capped mountain, and we had both been silently admiring the day's reluctant farewell with happy assurance of as blessed a day to follow, when my reverie was broken in upon by my friend's remark. Dear childish heart! Older and wiser heads than hers had dreamed of a future as she was planning to paint her picture. There have been, too, dreams of portraying the perfect tones of a dying sunset's glow; the multi-colored bands of the rainbow; the restless surging of the rushing cataract; the writing of a work to set the world agog. In many cases these have remained the dreams of impetuous youth while the success has gone to the one whose latent genius sprang to life through the painting of a flower, plucked from the roadside. He had lived close to the heart of nature, had imbibed its teachings, and had responded in full measure. Then, again, the renowned surgeon has been evolved out of the simple act of dressing and binding a wound. And so on. We dream and sometimes our dreams come true; again, we dream and we suffer the bitterness of disappointment. There must be activity to achieve success; there must be undaunted vigor to retain it.

FASHIONS.

The long-shoulder effect on blouses, unless well done, is neither pretty nor becoming, and one constantly sees it to-day in a manner which is very disfiguring to most women. Do not think because you have a long shoulder seam and your sleeve is put in very low down that you have a well-cut long-shoulder effect, as nine out of ten blouses one sees are badly botched affairs, and the long shoulder effect seems a hopeless stumbling block. If you are making a perfectly plain shirtwaist—that is, one with simply fullness or clusters of tucks in the front and back—cut your shoulder seams full length from the neck-line to the top of your arm.

Very stout women may wear plaited skirts. If there is objection for a closely plaited effect, some of the plaits may be omitted, and simply clusters of plaits put at each side of the front centre of the skirt, and with wide plaits at the centre back will be all that is required in the making of an up-to-date full skirt. The portion of the skirt fitting over the hips may be perfectly plain and smooth. This model of skirt should be cut only upon a circular pattern; in fact all or most of the prettiest skirts of the year are circular in shape.

Another pretty model for the woman with large hips is to have the upper portion of the skirt gored in a five or seven gored model, and attach to this gored portion a circular flounce laid in small pin tucks; or a straight, kilted flounce could be used.

Walking costumes made with full skirts and coats of half length are among the most fashionable and most attractive of the season. One recently seen was made of chevrot in mahogany brown, with collar and cuff of velvet edged with broadcloth, but all suiting materials are equally appropriate. The coat combined a fitted back with loose fronts. The skirt was cut in seven gores, there being plaited portions inserted at each seam to flounce depth, the pointed straps covering the seams above that point.

Simple coats made in box style and trimmed with fur are greatly in demand for the little folk, and are eminently charming and attractive. A very pretty one combines white cloth with white Astrakhan and allows a choice of coat or full sleeves. Equally suitable is velvet and dark colored cloths, while the banding, collar and cuffs can be of contrasting cloth and velvet when fur is not desired. Also the coat is suited to wear boys as well as girls, the only change necessary being in the closing

which is from left to right in place of right to left.

Simple bath robes make general favorites and for many reasons are to be preferred to any other sort. They take graceful lines and include generous sleeves which render it easy to slip on and off. A pretty one may be made up in pink wrapper flannel, banded with ribbons, showing an edge of velvet, while at the waist is a heavy cord with tassels. All materials suited to garments of the sort are appropriate, and the banding can be of any contrasting material that may be preferred.

Real raspberry red makes one of the most fashionable materials of the season, and is particularly charming worn by young girls. A stylish little frock in cashmere, with the yoke and trimmings of tacked taffeta, is eminently effective. A square yoke with box plaits at each side and shoulder straps, which give the broad line to the figure, make novel features, and allow of trimmings of various sorts. The skirt is circular, laid in three wide tucks, and gathered at its upper edge.

Little boys are never more attractive and never better pleased than when wearing coats suggestive of military styles. A stylish one is made of Russian blue melton with collar and cuffs of black Astrakhan cloth, and is delightfully suggestive of real cold weather, but it can be reproduced in any color preferred with collar and cuffs of velvet, of the material or of cloth in contrasting color.

TIMELY HINTS.

A piece of camphor put into water will keep flowers for a long time. Mud spots on silk can generally be removed by rubbing with a piece of linen dipped in benzine or alcohol.

When refuse is burned in the kitchen stove the place for it is in the middle hole. It will then dry before burning and will throw off no disagreeable odors.

It is worth knowing that the odor of onions may be almost entirely removed from the hands by rubbing them with celery tops. This means will also remove the odor from dishes.

Thin slices of brown or gluten bread lightly buttered and then spread with cream cheese make delicious sandwiches to serve with lettuce and tomato salad.

Finely-broken egg-shells shaken vigorously with a little warm water in clouded water bottles or vases will remove the deposit.

A bolt of cheese cloth should be as essential a feature of the young housekeeper's menage as the bolt of homespun linen was of grandmother's. Nothing makes better dust-ers; it serves as glass and china toweling, and is an ideal fabric for the dish cloth.

If, when making jellies, the insides of the molds are well brushed with white of egg, the jellies will turn out quite easily.

Laundrying fine linen doilies is attended with some difficulty, especially when the doilies are fringed. Combining out the fringe after ironing results disastrously in a very short time, if the linen is really fine. A clever woman discovered this method, which, after all, may not be new. After rinsing the doilies they are floated, one by one, in a dish of clean, cool water. When the fringes are perfectly smooth and flexible, slip a piece of manila paper or blotting paper under the doily and slip the whole thing out of the water. Let the doily dry on the paper, and the fringe will need very little combing.

An alcohol smoothing iron costs only \$1, and although too light for heavy pressing, they are valuable for smoothing ribbons, veils, and the like. An iron of some kind is almost a necessity to the careful woman who values a neat appearance.

The ribbon renovators sold in the department stores are very convenient for hotel dwellers. The renovators fit over the nose of a tea kettle, and are simply wonderful for smoothing out crushed ribbons, laces or chiffons. In hotels gas is becoming rare, electric light being required by insurance companies. Nearly every woman has an alcohol tea kettle, however.

One does not get so tired using the sewing machine if only the right foot is placed entirely on the treadle, allowing but the toe of the left foot to touch the front edge.

Do not throw old incandescent

mantles away. They make a splendid polish for silver. Put a little on a soft duster, and rub on the article to be cleaned. It will polish beautifully without scratching, or marking the silver.

A new lamp wick should be soaked in vinegar. If this is done there will be neither smell nor smoke, and a much brighter light will be given.

Ink stains can be more quickly removed from white goods by salt if vinegar is used with it. Put a fresh supply on until the stain disappears, then rinse in clear water.

Do not scrape a frying pan, as it is liable to burn. Instead rub well with a hard crust of bread and wash in hot water.

If you are covering an entire floor with matting, sew the breadths together as you would carpet, only let the stitch of double thread be much looser than for the carpet.

RECIPES.

Stuffed eggs for luncheon or supper are always good. Boil the eggs hard, and after they have cooled cut in two crosswise. Mash the yolks and mix with butter or anchovy paste, minced parsley, salt and pepper. Minced ham or chicken may be substituted for the fish paste, and chopped sardines are sometimes liked. A little lemon juice is a necessity when fish is used. Fill the white cups neatly and place on ice to chill.

A winter fruit dessert, apropos of peach trees: Drain all the juice from a can of choice peaches and place over the fire with nearly an equal quantity of sugar. When this is boiled, drop in the peaches, a few pieces at a time, and boil for fifteen minutes. Lift out and arrange in a glass dish. Fill the cavities of the peaches with preserved raspberries and serve with whipped cream.

Cheese balls are a delicious accompaniment for the salad course. Grate half a cup of cheese and fold into the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs and season with salt and paprika. Form the mixture into small balls and fry them in deep fat until they are a golden brown. Serve hot.

Mixed nuts are best used in a salad, as the different flavors seem to combine especially well with the acid of the fruit.

Spice Cakes—Beat two eggs and a half cupful of butter together and add a half cupful of milk, and one and a half of molasses, a teaspoonful of soda and a teaspoonful each of ginger and any other desired spices; also a cupful of dried currants. Bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

Salad of Lima Beans—After having soaked a quart of Lima beans for two or three hours, drain and place over the fire to cook with hot water enough to cover, and as the water boils away, add more until, after about two hours, the beans are cooked and the water just covers them as at first. Season highly with pepper and salt, and just before serving stir in a dressing made of two tablespoonfuls each of flour and butter, a teaspoonful of vinegar and a teaspoonful of mustard.

MAKE THE HOME PLEASANT.

Mothers who love their daughters supremely can not afford that any place should seem pleasanter to them than the home nest. A mother should not be so interested and insistent on keeping the home in apple pie order as to frown upon the free and hospitable welcome within it to her children's friends. She should open wide the doors of heart and home. It costs little to have boys and girls come to the house for informal frolics, to practice songs together, to play games, to talk over plans and pleasures. A mother should make it natural for her daughter's friends to come because the welcome is so warm, the meeting place so cheery, the atmosphere so friendly and uncritical, as to make self-consciousness impossible. In this way mothers will get to know their daughters' friends and make it unlikely that any unfortunate attachment should grow and ripen without her knowledge until too late to uproot it.

THE MISUSE OF "QUITE."

"Quite" strictly means "completely," and is rightly used in such sentences as "The flower is quite faded." Its secondary meaning, "very," "to a great extent," has the authority of

good writers, though such expressions as "quite young," and "quite hot" have a colloquial ring about them. There is, however, springing up, of late, the slovenly practice of employing the adverb "quite" with a noun, e. g., "quite a panic ensued." If an adverb can modify a noun, where is the distinction between adverb and adjective? As a matter of fact, the functions of the adverb seem to be encroaching on those of the adjective.



"There be the place, miss." Si Dunn, who ran the one wagonette that comprised the "livery" of Duncansville, slackened rein as he reached the turn in the mountain-road and pointed to an old stone house, rising grim and gray beneath overshadowing oaks, while range after range of forest-crowned heights stretched above and around it. "There be Cameron Place, as you asked for, miss—but ez for getting board that, I don't think you've any chance at all.

"It will be no harm to try," said the little lady, who was Si's only passenger this June morning. She was a dainty little creature, with her wind-blown hair and dancing eyes. Gowned with exquisite simplicity, there was an air about her from her pretty straw hat to the tip of her little French boot, that made her seem a strange and delicate blossom for these rugged wilds.

"No harm, maybe," said honest Si, doubtfully. "Only rough talk ain't pleasant to hear, and though old Squire Cameron never was soft-tongued, he's got harder and rougher since his trouble last year with young Don."

"Young Don?" queried the little lady softly.

"His son," explained Si, giving his bony mare a loose rein for the climb. "They hadn't but one, and was monstrous sot on him. And no wonder—he was suthin' to brag on—six foot four in his stocking-feet, tall and strong and straight as a mountain pine. The old folks gave him everything first-class, college education, tower in Europe—everything he could ask. Didn't spoil him none, neither—all the folks on the mountain-side agreed to that. He was that pleasant and friendly and nice that everybody tuk to him. He could have gone anywhere this county vote could send him—if 'twas to the White House itself, when the bust-up came and spilled all. Now he has quit these parts forever."

"Forever?" echoed the girl in a low voice.

"Lord, yes. Don Cameron ain't the sort to knuckle down. You see, he met some girl off yonder and lost his heart to her. That warn't much hurt, if he hadn't lost his head, too—clean forgot all the bad blood that has been billing in the Camerons for hundreds of years, and turned Romanist with his sweetheart."

"Romanist! Oh, you mean Catholic, I suppose," said the little lady.

"It's all one, I guess," continued Si, flicking a bluebottle from the mare's ear. "Anyhow, it split things to finders up here. They say the old man almost went off in an apple-plex—said the sort of rough things a young man can't forgive or forget. Told Don to go and never come back, and Don said he never would until his father called him. Which ain't ever going to be if this mountain-side knows old Angus Cameron. He is grit straight through if it kills him and everybody else. I heern that he won't even have Don's name spoken before him. And he has shut himself up with the old woman in that big house nussing his grief and bitterness and pride and spite."

"Oh, stop, please—here is the gate. What a lovely, lovely place! Oh! I must go in and see if they will take me. Wait here." And Si's passenger leaped lightly to the ground. "I will be back in half an hour—unless the old Squire eats me entirely."

"It is a forlorn hope, I know," continued Miss Elsie Vane, as she opened the garden gate boldly, "but I am a soldier's daughter with the

fighting blood of three generations in my veins. And I have managed just as big men before," she added to herself with a little tremulous laugh as she advanced to the porch, where Squire Angus Cameron, grim and gaunt and gloomy as the granite walls of his home, sat smoking his morning pipe.

It took all the pluck of a soldier's daughter to charge such a sentinel, but strong men had gone down under the battery of Miss Elsie's bright eyes so often that she had the courage of a conqueror.

"Boarders!" echoed the Squire in brusque reply to her request. "Take boarders here? No, we don't. Never did and never will. Don't want either their money or their company." And the speaker's tone and look were enough to rout the most reckless invader.

But Miss Elsie held her ground according to the most approved feminine tactics, charmingly unconscious of the Squire's beetling frown and uncivil speech.

"Oh, I am so sorry," she said plaintively. "It is such a lovely, lovely place. I never saw such beautiful oaks. And your view!" Here words quite failed Miss Elsie. "May I sit down just one minute and look at those mountains?"

And she sank in a pretty girlish way on the stone steps at the Squire's feet.

The shaggy brows relaxed somewhat. The pretty invader had touched a weak point.

"Ay, the view is fine. I've heard painter folks say they never saw aught like it. And though I've been looking at it summer and winter this forty year, I never found it twice the same. It's mist and cloud, storm and rainbow, changing ever."

"Wonderful," said the girl softly. "I have never been in the heart of the mountains before. I can understand how their children love them and long for them. I have not been very well," she continued, turning the bright battery of her eyes upon the old man's face. "The doctor ordered quiet and mountain air. But it seems a difficult combination to find. All the hotels are filled with gay, noisy crowds, dancing and frolicking day and night. I thought I would search these lovely heights and see if some kind, good people would take me in."

Again the bright, bewitching eyes flashed upon the Squire, and again the lines gave way as a tender memory twitched at his knotted heart-strings. Twenty years ago he had laid a little maid to rest under the lindens—and—the old wound hurt yet. Something in the bright, uplifted glance recalled the little lass of long ago.

"I dunno," he said, reluctantly. "There ain't a place round here fitting for folks that want quiet and rest. And if you're not well—Mahala," as a thin, sad-faced old woman stepped to the door behind him, "here's a young woman that the doctor has ordered to the mountains. She has come looking here for board."

"Oh, not 'board'!" The pretty appeal of the eyes went straight now to the old woman's heart. "Of course, I can get board anywhere. But I am looking for a home for a few weeks—a sweet, quiet, peaceful home, where I can rest and grow strong."

"You'd not be wanting jiggling and junketing like they have at the Mountain Hotel?" asked the old Squire, suspiciously.

"Not a jig or junket," answered Miss Elsie, shaking her head.

"Nor a crowd of young fools blathering around night and morning?" "No young fools shall come within gunshot of me," laughed the girl gaily.

"Ay, but there will be sweethearts, I know," and the Squire's brows met again in a doubtful frown.

"No sweethearts, either, on my word of honor. I will be no more trouble than a white kitten if you will take me in." And the winsome glance that went with the words settled matters.

"There's the dimity chamber, Mahala. No one is likely to be asking for it since—since—" The rough voice suddenly paused.

"Ay, ay, so ye be willing, man, I am," said the old lady, tremulously.

A BOON TO CHILDREN.

A medicine that will keep infants and young children plump, good natured, with a clear eye and a rosy skin, is a boon not only to mothers, but to humanity. Such a medicine is Baby's Own Tablets, which promptly cure all the minor ailments of little ones, and makes them eat well, play well and sleep well. You can safely take the words of the thousands of mothers who have proved the value of these Tablets; for instance, Mrs. J. R. Standon, Weyburn, N.W.T., says:—"I have proved the great value of Baby's Own Tablets in cases of diarrhoea, constipation, hives, and when teething, and I would not be without them." The Tablets are equally good for the tenderest little baby or the well grown child, and they are guaranteed free from opiates and harmless. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

grim Covenant ancestor in the great hall seemed to relax its frown as the sunlight streamed through wide-open windows. The quaint, old china vases brimmed with freshly plucked roses. The somber silence was broken with girlish laughter and songs. Light and warmth and color followed the newcomer at Cameron Place even as they follow the sun.

Her Mexican hammock, heaped with gay cushions, lit the dull piazza. Her silken-lined workbasket filled with bright crowls, touched the gloomy hall into light. She could ride; the pride of the stable, broken by the young master three years before, yielded submissively to her rein. She could shoot; her little silver-mounted rifle brought down with unerring aim the hawk that had been a very Herod among the downy innocents in the barnyard. Most wonderful of all, she could cook, by strange, new, dainty methods that made good Mrs. Cameron open her eyes in wonder.

It was this last accomplishment that conquered the old Squire's reserve. Elsie had filled his pipe in a deft fashion, learned long ago from her soldier father. She had sung to him evening after evening the old Scotch ballads he loved. In her white clinging gowns, with roses in her breast and hair, she had been a vision of light and loveliness to the old man's gathering twilight. But it was not until she merrily bore in a smoking dish of "haggis" and placed it before him on the dinner table that the Squire gave way openly and entirely.

"Eh, the Lord guide us, lass, what with or warlock taught ye this?" And Elsie had laughed a rippling laugh of triumph, and felt that the course of "national dishes" at her cooking school had not been all in vain.

But soften as the old folks did to their fair young guest, no word of the dark sorrow that sat at their board and shadowed their home ever passed their lips. Perhaps it was her seeming ignorance of the tragedy that had darkened their lives that made Elsie's presence so cheering to the old pair, who proudly shrank from their neighbors' gossiping sympathy.

The spell of the "haggis" was still strong upon the Squire in the summer evening as he sat in the deepening twilight smoking the pipe Elsie had filled for him, and listening to her as she sang to the accompaniment of her mandolin. The western gorge was still aglow with the sunset, though the mountain tops were dim and shadowy, and a few faint stars heralded the coming night. As the old man looked at the pretty figure aureoled by the sunset, he thought of the little maid under the lindens and all she might have been to him in these darkened days, with a softening pang in his rough Scotch heart.

Elsie's song had ceased, and with her hands clasped idly over her mandolin she was looking into the gathering shadows. The keen old eyes bent upon her became suddenly aware of a wistful sadness in the sweet young face, usually so bright and glad.

"It's a bit dull for you here with only two old folks. Maybe, as the old woman was saying, I have been over hard in my bargaining with you, lass. You are too young to be shut out from all junketing and sweethearts. I would na have the place given up to a pack of good-ness rattlebrains, but if there's any one ye'd like to see here in quiet and peace, let him come."

"There is—one," answered the girl, and there was a new light in the eyes uplifted to the old man's face. "A sweetheart, I'm thinking." The stern tone was softened wonderfully.

(Continued on Page 8.)

OUR BOYS.

Dear Boys and Girls: Is not this glorious winter time seems long until the moments fly until class? Have you slides built in or do you skate? I hope you will find a few spare

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have been reading in the True Witness from boys and girls, I thought I would write one also.

I am in the fourth class going to try the entrance next summer. My sister is Georgianna Montpeller, girls of my class are Florie, Lizzie Kelly, Yvonne and Georgianna Montpeller. I intend to spend my summer days with my sister who lives in Montreal. I received a letter from my friends Christy Ida got a grey lamb. Hoping to see my letter I am your loving niece.

Alfred Centre, Ont.

THE BRAVERY OF BOYS.

The bravest battle that I fought. Shall I tell you where I fought. On the maps of the world it is not.

'Twas fought by the men. Nay, not with cannon or bow. With sword or noble spear. Nay, not with eloquent thought.

From the mouths of women. But deep in the walled-up heart—

Of woman that would not. But bravely, silently bore. Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no song. No banner to gleam and But, oh! these battles! The long.

From babyhood to the grave. —Joachim

THE SPOOL DOLLS.

Katherine had been sick a time, and now she was getting and could sit up in bed a few hours each day. Everyone of this, but gladdest of all of her own recovery, for she was outdoors once more, she was so much, to be able to play "Angeline" and "Lolita," big beautiful French dolls, must have grown very fast. She was so big and heavy that she could not lift the bed, and to really have a with them was quite out of the question. The other smaller ones were in the room with her and they were now "in the for a rest cure," mamma what was Katherine to do during these long weeks?

It was a pathetic thought that asked Aunt Lou that one afternoon when Aunt Lou opened in to see the little Now Aunt Lou was a very auntie, although she did not most wonderfully and mamma Katherine thought, and still get down on the floor dolls "better" any little know," asserted that you wonderfully. So when she to Aunt Lou she felt sure some way. "Where are all per dollies," asked Aunt Lou. "They would be easy to handle." "I will with them the day I was told said Katherine, "and they burned up with the other 'Sides," she continued, "I tired of paper dolls."

Then Aunt Lou had an idea. Lou was always having to do one of the nice things "I'll tell you what I thing!" she exclaimed, laughing her hands. And she ran out of the room. Pre she came back with a box hand, and in the other so colored worsteds and a pair of socks.

"When I was a little girl Aunt Lou brightly, setting down in a low chair by the fire, invented a new kind of doll. I did not have a doll see, I did not have a doll see, I did not have a doll see, I did not have a doll see. I always liked to

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

By AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Is not this glorious winter weather enjoyed by all? I am sure class-time seems long until the recess bell rings, and then how quickly the moments fly until class assemblies again.

Your loving friend, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have been reading the letters in the True Witness from the little boys and girls, I thought I would write one also.

I am in the fourth class and I am going to try the entrance examination next summer. My seat mate is Georgianna Montpelier. The other girls of my class are Flossie Brownrigg, Lizzie Kelly, Yvonne Montpelier and Georgianna Montpelier.

I intend to spend my summer holidays with my sister who is living in Montreal. I received a lot of presents from my friends Christmas. My sister Ida got a grey lamb coat. Hoping to see my letter in print, I am your loving niece.

ALICE B.

Alfred Centre, Ont.

THE BRAVERY OF BATTLES.

The bravest battle that ever was fought, Shall I tell you where and when? On the maps of the world you'll find it not.

'Twas fought by the mothers of men. Nay, with cannon or battle shot, With sword or noble pen;

Nay, not with eloquent word or thought, From the mouths of wonderful men. But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—

Of woman that would not yield, But bravely, silently bore her part— Lo! there is the battlefield.

No marshalling troop, no bivouac song, No banner to gleam and wave! But, oh! these battles! they last so long, From babyhood to the grave.

—Joaquin Miller.

THE SPOOL DOLLS.

Katherine had been sick a very long time, and now she was getting well and could sit up in bed for several hours each day. Everyone was glad of this, but gladdest of all was Katherine herself, for she wanted to be outdoors once more, she wanted, oh, so much, to be able to play with "Angelina" and "Lolita," her two big beautiful French dolls, but they must have grown very fast for they were so big and heavy that she found that she could not lift them off the bed, and to really have a good play with them was quite out of the question.

The other smaller dolls had been in the room with her all along, and they were now "in the hospital for a rest cure," mamma said. And what was Katherine to do for dollies during these long weeks of getting well? It was a pathetic little voice that asked Aunt Lou that question, one afternoon when Aunt Lou "happened in" to see the little invalid.

Now Aunt Lou was a very young auntie, although she did up her hair most wonderfully and marvellously, Katherine thought, and she could still get down on the floor and play dolls "betwixt" any little girl I know," asserted that young person, wonderingly. So when she appealed to Aunt Lou she felt sure of help in some way.

"Where are all your paper dollies," asked Aunt Lou, first thing. "They would be light and easy to handle." "I was playing with them the day I was taken sick," said Katherine, "and they were all burned up with the other things. 'Sides," she continued, "I'm pretty tired of paper dollies."

Then Aunt Lou had an idea. Aunt Lou was always having ideas, that was one of the nice things about her. "I'll tell you what! The very thing!" she exclaimed, laughing and clapping her hands. And then she ran out of the room. Pretty soon she came back with a box in one hand, and in the other some bright colored worsteds and a pair of scissors.

"When I was a little girl," began Aunt Lou brightly, setting herself down in a low chair by the bed. "I invented a new kind of doll. You see, I did not have a dozen or so real live dollies like a certain little lady I know, and I had to make my own. I always liked to fuss with

duty to be loved. Without the love of others, won by him through his loving spirit and ways, any man lacks in his most important element of power.

THE UNDISCIPLINED CHILD.

A statistician who has been engaged in the not very pleasant work of collecting figures concerning crime and suicide among children, says that "there might be more hope for the decrease of crime of all kinds if so many homes were not sending out so many boys and girls unwarned, untaught, untrained and uncorrected." A judge in the juvenile court in one of our large cities asserts the same thing from another point of view, when he says that "the moral training of a child begins at home, and that the failures of the parents come to the children's court for treatment." This is a strong charge to make against parents, but probably it is only too true. Certain it is that undisciplined children are very bad material with which to build society.—New York Tribune.

IRISH FAIRIES.

Fairies are a tradition rather than a living belief in the part of Donegal which I know best, says an Irish writer. The holly tree was specially sacred to them, and was not disturbed for fear of displeasing them. In the old days of illicit distilling, the distiller would always scatter the first half-pint or so of spirit that came from the still into the air. This was caught by the fairies and never reached the ground. Fishermen, too, returning from fishing, would declare that they had heard the fairy people fiddling in the face of the cliffs.

In many of the fairy stories collected by Professor Rhys and others egg shells play an important part, especially in detecting changeling children, and I was myself taught by my nurse to put my spoon through the bottom of the egg shell after eating an egg, "to keep away the fairies"—I suppose to damage the shell and make it useless for fairy purposes; and I am to this day slightly uncomfortable if that important ceremony is omitted. To this my informant could not give me any parallels from his own experience, but he told me that some years ago the fishermen round Teelin Bay had a curious superstition that it was very unlucky to eat eggs before going to sea, and if any one was known to have done so he would not be allowed in the boat that day.

AVOID THE OLD RUTS.

It is clear that one of our worst failures is at the point where, having resolved like angels, we drop back into the old matter-of-fact life, and do just what we did before, because we have always done it, and because everybody does it, and because our fathers and mothers did it; all which may be the very reason why we should not do it.

There is no station in life, and no place in one's home, where, if he wants to enlarge his life in caring for people outside himself, he may not start on a career of enlargement which shall extend indefinitely. And we shall find the answer to our question to be that the man who enters upon infinite purposes lives the infinite life. He enlarges his life by every experience of life.

CHILDREN'S UNCONSCIOUS HUMOR.

Dr. Macnamara, M.P., has made what is perhaps the best contribution to the literature of the Christmas season in a number of schoolboy (and schoolgirl) replies to questions which he contributes to The Schoolmaster. Here is a definition of "etc." which has a surprising ring of truth about it—"It is a sign used to make believe you know more than you do." There was a certain suggestion of irreverence—evidently, however, not meant—about the reply in question, "Why would David rather be a doorkeeper in the House of the Lord?" "Because he could walk about outside while the sermon was being preached." In reading from the Bible that gross darkness covered the face of the earth, a teacher asked what gross darkness meant; whereupon the top boy in mental arithmetic replied that gross darkness was one hundred and forty-four times darker than ordinary darkness. "Who is Mr. Chamberlain?" was a question; and the answer was: "A man who broke out among other people." Again we are told that "Sir Joseph Chamberlain invented the fiscal policy and generally wears an orchard in his coat"; also that "by the Salic Law no woman can become a king." There was surely a vein of satire in the boy who wrote that "Poetry is when every line begins with a capital letter." A girl describing a railway journey wrote "You have to get a

ticket which is a piece of paper, and give it to a man who cuts a hole in it to let you pass through." An essay on the pig is appropriate at the present season. "A pig," wrote a boy, "when living has four legs, but when you kill it the butcher says it has only two, because he calls the front legs shoulders and the back legs are called hams. Hams tastes nice, and they boil it to eat at a wedding. The missus sprinkles little bits of toast on it to make it look pretty." Another boy showed as fine a scepticism about maxims as Macaulay. His comment on "You can't put old heads on young shoulders" was—"Of course you can't, and if you did they wouldn't fit." There is also the story of the two children who, being awakened one morning and told they had a new brother, were keen to know whence and how he had come. "It must have been the milkman," said the girl. "Why the milkman?" asked her little brother. "Because," she answered, "he says on his cart, 'Families supplied.'"



One "Fruit-a-tives" Tablet

contains all the medicinal virtues of several apples, oranges, figs and prunes. In eating fruit, the part that does you good is almost counterbalanced by the indigestible pulp.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets

are the curative qualities without the woody fibre. The juices are so combined by the secret process that their action is much more powerful and efficacious. Try "FRUIT-A-TIVES." See how gently they act, and how quickly they cure you of Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Stomach, Headaches and Kidney Troubles. At your druggist's, soc. box. FRUITATIVES, Limited, OTTAWA.

How Michael Davitt Lost His Good Right Arm.

Mr. Dillon's delighted and feeling allusion in his speech at Inishowen to Mr. Michael Davitt will, says a writer in the Dublin Freeman, perhaps render it of interest to know that although Mr. Davitt was born in the small village of Straid, in the County of Mayo, where his family had been for some generations, his ancestors came from Inishowen, and he has always regarded himself as an Inishowen man, and speaks with pride of the ancient Donegal stock from which he sprung. Mr. Davitt was not fourteen years old when he met with that dreadful accident in the mill which deprived him of his right arm. He was a little boy of far tender years, and had not completed his first decade. Only a few moments before this terrible calamity befel him he had ventured to point out to the man in charge that he was in danger of being caught in the machinery. The reply to this representation was a brutal blow from the clenched fist of his "boss" in his ear. He was still stunned by the blow when the accident which he dreaded actually occurred.

Mr. Davitt's arm was amputated by one of the most skilful surgeons in the North of England, a Dr. Haworth, who resided in the village of Haworth, which bears his name, and was the home of the Brontes, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. At the time of this accident Mr. Davitt had received but the merest rudiments of education, and this misfortune was a blessing in disguise to Ireland, as it obtained for the future father of the Land League, by the enforced abstinence from manual labor, the advantage of instruction. At fifteen years of age Mr. Davitt secured employment in the local post office at Huntingdon, in Lancashire, and as the postmaster had also a business in printing and stationery, he had an opportunity of taking an occasional peep at books.—The Pilot.

A FORLORN HOPE.

(Continued from Page 2.)

"Yes; the dearest, truest, best of sweethearts," continued the voice, sweetly. "But he can not come—I must not let him. Ah, it is a sad story! I have neither father nor mother—I had no one until he came and taught me how sweet it is to love and be loved. But his people do not want me."

"Do not want ye!" It was a good old round Scotch oath that burst from the Squire in his indignation. "Do not want ye, lass! Eh, the feckless fools! An' I'd let the people go to the de'il with their wants if I were yer man."

"Oh, no, no—for he loves them, he loves father and mother and home more than I can tell. And it would hurt me so to stand between them, to break their hearts—"

"Break their hearts! It's their heads that should be broken with a blackthorn stick, and I'd like the work!" blazed forth the old man wrathfully. "Not to want a lassie like ye—it's I that would give half I am worth to call a girlie like ye my ain."

"Would you?" She was on her knees beside him now, the sweet face radiant. "Then, father—Donald's father—take me for your daughter—for—that is the name and place I ask in your home—in your heart. Forgive me that I have tried to win it by a woman's strategy. Donald said if you knew me you would love me—and so I stole here under my mother's name." She paused trembling, as the old man's brow blackened and his eyes blazed.

"Ah, do not look at me like that," she pleaded. "You know what you said just now—that you would give half you were worth—"

"Ay, and I hold to it, lass, I hold to it," burst forth the old Squire impetuously, while brow and eyes suddenly cleared and flashed into light even as his own mountain tops at the touch of the sun. "I hold to the bargain, and to ye, be ye what ye may. Donald's sweetheart, are ye? Eh, but I canna blame the lad. Mother, mother, come hear this," he called to the old wife.

"Mother knows all," laughed Elsie. "I told her last night. And Donald, the fair arms wreathed themselves around the old man's neck. "Donald is not very far away, and you said—you know you said—" The brown eyes sparkled roguishly. "That I'd take a blackthorn stick to them that stood betwixt ye," and old Angus Cameron burst into a laugh that swept away the gloom of years. "Ah, ye kelpie! ye have me meshed neck and heel. But Angus Cameron

never went back on his word yet, Bid the lad come home."

HOMES WANTED.

Good Catholic homes are wanted for a number of children, boys and girls, under six years of age.

In homes where there are no children or where the family have grown up these children would soon make themselves welcome and would in a few years repay all the care that was expended on them.

Applications received by W. O'Connor, Inspector Children's Department, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal will apply to the Legislature of Quebec, at its next session, to have the Education Act so amended as to erect the Parish of St. Michael the Archangel of Montreal, into a school municipality, with all the rights and privileges of Catholic School Boards in the Province of Quebec.

JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P. JOHN DILLON, THOMAS FLOOD.

BUILDING ASSOCIATION

IN AID OF ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH, MONTREAL.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1904, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly. Help yourselves, help your deceased friends and help the new church by joining this Association.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1905 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN, P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, Montreal, P. Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Postal Pneumatic Tube Systems for Montreal and Toronto," will be received at this Department until Thursday, February 9, 1905, inclusively, for laying and jointing in the City of Montreal, 4,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government, and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers.

Also for laying and jointing in the City of Toronto, 18,000 lineal feet of double line of smooth bored cast iron piping, to be supplied by the Government and for furnishing, installing and erecting all the necessary special castings, elbows and fittings, including the terminal receiving and transmitting machinery and carriers. All as per plans and specification of John Galt, Chief Engineer.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and at the office of John Galt, Chief Engineer, Toronto.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand dollars (\$3,000.00), in the case of Montreal, and nine thousand dollars (\$9,000.00), in the case of Toronto, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, FRED. GELINAS, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, January 9, 1905. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

The True Witness

AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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All Communications should be addressed to the TRUE WITNESS P. & P. CO., P. O. Box, 1188.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

SCHOOL TAXES IN MONTREAL.

We are not aware that the big corporations in Montreal have any other claims upon our independent contemporary, the Daily Witness, than the quasi-religious one admitted on Thursday last in the course of an article which we have republished in another column.

"As three-quarters of the school population is Roman Catholic, and as very much more than three-quarters of the ownership of joint-stock business is Protestant, this is practically taxing Protestant money to pay for Catholic schools."

The Witness does not say whether it has based its calculations upon the religious division of boards of directors or of shareholders in joint-stock business.

It is perhaps more likely that it has claimed all the companies doing business under English titles as Protestant, and all with French names as Catholic.

The last mentioned, however, would be so obviously erroneous a way of placing the matter that there is no need to waste time with it.

There are few, if any, large corporations in Montreal that have not considerable capital of Catholic investors to work with.

We have not, however, the advantage of knowing that the Protestant and Catholic investors in these concerns have ever been sorted out with a religious rake.

So that it is impossible for us to follow The Witness all over the ground of its calculation. If comparisons of this kind are to be made at all, the shareholders, not the directors, are the ones to be counted.

LONG DISTANCE YARNS FROM CONGOLAND.

A correspondent in the United States writes us calling attention to the mission of a Rev. Mr. Grattan Guinness in Canada after a prolonged sojourn in the United States, where a leading daily paper had an interview with him and thereafter an editorial on alleged abuses in the Congo.

about the Congo. The London Catholic Herald took this matter up some time ago, and has, since received a letter signed by the principals of the Catholic missionaries of the Congo Free State.

THE GAZETTE AND THE WESTERN SCHOOLS.

We confess that we do not quite see the sincerity of the argument of our contemporary the Gazette upon the question of education in the Northwest Territories.

This is a poser, but not the only poser presented by the Gazette's article. It says amongst other things that the Catholics of Manitoba have been since 1896 deaf even to the appeals of their clergy with regard to the school question.

But it is when the Gazette states what it believes to be existing circumstances in the Territories that we discern to the utmost degree its inconsistency.

"The lesson of the situation is that a parliamentary effort to fix a separate school system upon a province cannot prevail against the will of a province itself."

Yes, but the Gazette does not say that those schools are already established by virtue of an act of Parliament. In our last issue our readers will remember that we went fully into the debate upon the Northwest Territories Act to show that the men who framed it understood the basis of confederation better than any school of politicians, for whom the Gazette now speaks, can ever hope to understand, any school of politicians who would cast the protection of minority rights in every province out of the constitution because that is what the Gazette means when it pleads that the schools of the minority be left to the good will of the new provinces.

viction upon the parliamentary record that the educational guarantees of the minority should be the cardinal principle of the statute, so that settlers might know their future rights in this regard.

The Gazette would now advise its party—if it be not the case that itself has been guided or prompted by influences from within the party—to "let the West deal liberally" with the conscience of the minority.

Let well enough alone. Do not flout the convictions of the legislators who wisely provided statutory guarantees for settlers by pretending the settlers themselves are sure to freely offer more liberal though non-guaranteed liberties.

BRITISH TARS GET PROTESTANT ATTENTION.

A remarkable correspondence has been published in England with regard to a report that during the recent visit of Cardinal Vanuelli the Papal flag was saluted by British warships.

Russia's ally, France, may become involved in a foreign war. The trouble with Morocco is going from bad to worse. There is talk in Paris of a general revolt of the followers of Mahomet in the whole Northern part of Africa against the French.

Why is Port Arthur known as Port Arthur and not by some long and unpronounceable Chinese name? Forty-four years ago a certain Lieutenant Arthur was in Chinese waters in command of a British gunboat attached to a surveying expedition.

Archbishop Bourne, on the occasion of his canonical visitation at Westminster Cathedral last week, in the course of his pastoral address, referred to the finances of the Cathedral. He said there was no longer any room for doubt that the Cathedral was needed.

The erection of a statue to Lord Russell of Killowen in the Central Hall of the English Courts of Justice, which was unveiled last week, is of interest in legal history as the only instance in which the memory of an Irish political offender has been honored by a memorial in a British Temple of Justice.

VICE-REGAL PARTY AT HOTEL DIEU.

With flag at masthead, grounds in perfect condition, and establishment in full gala attire, did the Hospitaliers of the Hotel Dieu do honor to their Excellencies Earl and Countess Grey, who, yesterday precisely at 11 o'clock, arrived at the historic hospital, there to see for themselves the good work being done.

EPILEPTIC FITS GUARANTEED CURE
Epilepsy, Falling Sickness, St. Vitus Dance,
Nervous Spasms or Convulsions permanently cured by the new discovery, VICTORINE.

calency, to which Earl Grey replied, expressing the pleasure he felt at visiting for the first time such an institution. He had been glad to find, from the way in which the Laval students sang God Save the King as if English were their native language, that he would be relieved from the responsibility of attempting to speak and mutilating their beautiful language in replying to the kind welcome they had given him.

the cloister. There they saw how the Sisters live when their duty in the wards is done. The narrow cell did not speak of luxury, nor the dining table of sumptuous living. All was immaculate, as it is every day in the year, but over all was the lesson of self-sacrifice, austerity and mortification.

Among the clergy present were the Rev. Fathers Turgeon, rector Loyola College, Leclair, S.S., Rioux, Levallee, Giro, S.S., St. Jean, S.S., Lajoie, Martin, Hudon, Boyer, Dupuis and Bournevin.

There was a pleasing incident just before the arrival of Their Excellencies. The Rev. L. W. Leclair, who is at present staying at the Hotel Dieu, was escorted into the operating room by Sir William Hingston, who introduced him to the host of students as late rector of the Canadian College in Rome, and whose hospitality and kindness to all Canadian visitors to the Eternal City was so well known.

So long as there is some soft heart to be made gladder, some fainting soul to be cheered upward and onward, some erring brother or sister to be led into the way of right and for.

NOTES FROM THE PARISHES OF THE

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH
Rev. Father James Killoran had been on a short vacation turned on Saturday.

ST. ANN'S PARISH
A special meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Beneficial Society took place on Sunday at Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S., residence. A letter from St. Ann's Total Abstinence Society congratulating St. Ann's for the good work in connection with the formation of a juvenile branch of officers was to have been read, but owing to the absence of several of the members it was postponed until the regular meeting in February.

ST. MARY'S PARISH
The second debate of St. Mary's Young Men's Society has been postponed until Wednesday evening, January 1st. The debate proposed to be handled.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH
The fifth of the series of parties was held on Wednesday, and proved as successful as the former ones. The prizes were valuable ones. The affair was under the auspices of the Young Men's Society of the parish.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH
A meeting of the guardians of the Juvenile branch adopted a constitution for the week to be held Friday evening, at 8 o'clock at St. Gabriel's Hall.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH
High Mass on Sunday was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. J. Egan, and the opening sermon of the year's series, on religion, given by Rev. R. E. Callahan.

ST. AGNES PARISH
Sunday last the parishioners celebrated their patronal feast. A temporary church was crowded overflowing at the ten o'clock service. The altar was tastefully decorated. De Merlier's Mass was celebrated by the choir, under the direction of Prof. J. I. McCaffrey.

FRANCISCAN CHURCH
Sunday afternoon, the men of the Third Order held their office. After the recitation of the Office, a sermon was preached by Benedictine of the Sacrament.

Imposing Ceremony at Ste. Anne de Beauport
An imposing ceremony took place recently in the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beauport; the blessing of the new pulp.

The Quebec Railway, Light Power Company kindly placed a special car at the disposal of Bishop Begin and the many who accompanied him.

The Gardes Champêtre, with brass band and cadet corps present at this grand ceremony of Christian faith, and formation of honor in the soul while a numerous and powerful sang appropriate hymns.

The ceremony began at half two. Archbishop Begin blessed

FURS
SAME AFTER AS BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.
Our assortment of Furs is the most complete that you can see. We always have the same choice: the cream of the Best and Finest Furs. No house in the trade will stand competition with us.



Seal Jackets and Persian Lamb Jackets—Unequaled.
Fur Lined Coats—Persian Lamb Coats and Raccoon Coats—Not to be Compared.
Our Prices are Always the Most Moderate.
The Largest Retail Fur House in the World—The Best Assorted Stock!

Chas Desjardins & Cie
1531-1539 Rue St. Catherine Montreal

NOTES FROM THE CATHOLIC PARISHES OF THE CITY.

ST. PATRICK'S PARISH.

Rev. Father James Killoran, who had been on a short vacation, returned on Saturday.

ST. ANN'S PARISH.

A special meeting of St. Ann's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society took place on Sunday afternoon.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.

The second debate of St. Mary's Young Men's Society has been postponed until Wednesday evening.

ST. ANTHONY'S PARISH.

The fifth of the series of eucharistic parties was held on Wednesday evening, and proved as successful as the former ones.

ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

A meeting of the guardians and officers of the Juvenile branch to adopt a constitution for the Society will be held Friday evening at eight o'clock at St. Gabriel's Hall.

ST. MICHAEL'S PARISH.

High Mass on Sunday was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. J. P. Kieran, and the opening sermon of the year's series, on religion, given by Rev. R. E. Callahan.

ST. AGNES PARISH.

Sunday last the parishioners celebrated their patronal feast. The temporary church was crowded to overflowing at the ten o'clock service.

FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

Sunday afternoon, the men's branch of the Third Order held their meeting. After the recitation of the Office, a sermon was preached, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Imposing Ceremony at Ste. Anne de Beaufort

An imposing ceremony took place recently in the Basilica of Ste. Anne de Beaufort; the blessing of the new pulpit.

pulpit, and his assistants were Rev. Messrs. Lafard, pastor of St. Joseph de Levis, and Lemieux, pastor of St. Joachim.

Rev. Mr. Gauvreau, pastor of St. Roch, Quebec, preached the sermon. After reminding his hearers that he had been pastor of Ste. Anne and that His Eminence Cardinal Taschereau had always ardently desired that the sons of St. Alphonsus should make that Basilica the finest temple in Canada—a wish that had been fulfilled—the preacher, whose captivating eloquence has long been known to us, dwelt on the following subject: The Word of God renews as it were the Incarnation of the Word and the mystery of Transubstantiation while bringing out the power of preaching in its simplicity, whereof we have a striking example in the former pastor of Ste. Anne, Abbe Vianney, whom the Church has declared venerable.

The splendid ceremony concluded with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament by the Archbishop of Quebec.—Annals of Good St. Ann of Beaufort.

Loyola Club Visit Little Sisters of the Poor

Tuesday, the 17th instant, was a gala day for the inmates of the home for aged people under the care of the Little Sisters of the Poor, as it was the day set apart for the annual visit of the members of Loyola Club to that institution.

At an early hour the rooms were invaded by the young visitors, accompanied by their director, the Rev. Father Devine, S. J., and several of the lady patronesses. A piano had been hired for the occasion, and very soon to the air of "St. Patrick's Day, or 'Vive la Canadienne'" several of the old ladies—the youngest was 77—danced away with a vim worthy of the good old days, glorious days, judging from the lengthy account they gave of same to their entertainers.

One of the old ladies, in a most energetic manner, discoursed on the absurd way the minute was danced today. "I am a trifle stiff," said she (she is 87) "and unless I perform all the 'ceremonies' I never dance it."

A good programme of music had been prepared and was well rendered by the Misses Gethin, Brannen, Sheridan, McCabe, Doyle and McCabe. Miss Murphy accompanied the various singers. For the benefit of those who did not understand English, Miss Quirk recited in French, and the popular French airs were rendered by the members in chorus.

Each of the old ladies received an apron and a box of candies, while for the old men, tobacco and handkerchiefs had been provided. In the old men's apartments, there was also dancing and music, but here the latter was provided by one of the old gentlemen, the happy possessor of a violin, belonging, no doubt, to the good old days. Whatever the music may have lacked in artistic rendering was made up in the liveliness of the selection, and several of the young ladies who, in spite of the Reverend Director's presence, were dancing with the old gentlemen, realized that old-fashioned jigs are harder to execute than the forbidden waltz.

The old people expressed in the highest terms their satisfaction at the pleasure thus afforded them, their gratitude in some cases being expressed by the familiar "God bless you, dear," and in others by the promise of "un chaplet pour vous, ma bonne demoiselle." The afternoon was a most enjoyable one, and will brighten the life of the old people for many days, but it is a question whether the visitors themselves derived less pleasure from the accomplishment of this good work.

It is regrettable that the young Catholic ladies of Montreal should not be better represented in an organization whose aims are so worthy. The membership of Loyola Club should be able to count at least two hundred members, whereas at present there are barely one quarter of that number.

The members will hold an "At Home" on Saturday afternoon next, at their Club Rooms, Sacred Heart Convent, 96 St. Alexander street.

LOYOLA COURT, C.O.F.

The complimentary stag euchre and smoking concert given on Monday evening at Raby's Hall by the Loyola Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, proved a very enjoyable affair.

Over one hundred, including members and their friends, participated. Chief Ranger O'Neil, assisted by Messrs. Gethings, Gahan, White and Gleason, looked after the guests, and did all in their power to make them feel at home. Ten games of euchre were played, and were keenly contested. The first prize, a cigar and match

holder, was won by Mr. P. Hoobin; 2nd prize, a pipe, by Mr. M. McGann; 3rd prize, playing cards, by Mr. C. H. Burke. After the euchre a concert was held, at which Rev. Thos. Heffernan, chaplain of the Court, presided. Songs were rendered by Messrs. H. Vincent, P. Hoobin, T. Britt, M. Brogan, J. Presho, J. Wall, Mr. T. Mullins danced an Irish jig. Messrs. W. Dwyer and F. H. Mullins presided at the piano. Mr. H. C. McCallum gave an address on the principles of the C.O.F. Refreshments were then served, and all voted the affair a great success. Loyola Court is the youngest court in the city, and since its formation has doubled its membership.

Frail Little Ones.

The little ones are frail. Their hold upon life is slight. No symptom that indicates any of the little ailments of childhood should be allowed to pass for a moment without proper attention. The little ailment may soon become a serious one, and then it may be too late to save a precious little life. If Baby's Own Tablets are kept in the house, the danger of serious trouble can be averted, and the minor troubles promptly cured. An occasional Tablet to the well child will prevent illness. The Tablets are absolutely safe and contain no poisonous soothing stuff—they give children healthy sleep, simply because they banish the cause of sleeplessness. Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Lawrencetown, N.S., says:—"I have found Baby's Own Tablets just as you represent them—the very best medicine for young children." You can get the Tablets from druggists, or by mail at 25 cents a box, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ST. ANN'S BOYS' CHOIR DRIVE.

Next Saturday afternoon St. Ann's Boys' Choir and a few friends will have a sleigh drive around the mountain. On their return refreshments will be served at St. Ann's Armory Hall.

Their Excellencies At Notre Dame Hospital

The Vice-Royal party visited Notre Dame Hospital on Tuesday afternoon immediately after the civic reception at the City Hall, where they were received by Mr. C. P. Hebert, president of the board of governors; Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, and the lady patronesses, headed by their president, Mrs. J. R. Thibaudau, wife of the Sheriff. The Vice-Royal party were first led to St. Joseph's ward, where visiting ladies and gentlemen and the staff of the hospital were in waiting. Among the visitors were noticed Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Forget, Judge and Mrs. Lovanger, Ald. Deserres, Mrs. C. P. Hebert, Mrs. Chas. Fitzpatrick, secretary of the Lady Patronesses' Association; Mrs. Turcotte, Miss Routhier, Mr. A. Kleczkowski, consul-general for France; Dr. E. P. Chagnon, Dr. A. Ethier, Joseph Lemieux, M.L.A., and Sheriff Thibaudau.

The National Anthem was sung as Their Excellencies entered the room, Mrs. Chas. Fitzpatrick, attired in nurse's garb, then presented to Lady Grey a bouquet. The address of welcome was read in French by Dr. Benoit, secretary of the board of Governors. In replying the Governor-General said that in order to be more accurate, he would speak his own language. His remarks were highly appreciative of the work done in Montreal by the Notre Dame Hospital, in which, he declared, the King took a personal interest. It was in conformity with the desire of His Majesty that he visited the institution first. Lord Grey concluded with a few words in French. Their Excellencies were then escorted through the various wards, which were decorated for the occasion. Everything was spotless, and the management were the recipients of congratulations for the way in which the sick rooms were kept. Their Excellencies spoke to several of the patients, particular interest being taken in the most hopeless cases. The new Governor-General was also shown the plans of the Catholic Civic Hospital, in course of construction, as well as those of the addition to Notre Dame.

No man can do with ease the bidding of Christ. But the order is to do them. "Well done," spells sacrifice. It is a mark of excellence to get that commendation, but the price paid for it is understood to imply a cross, a tomb, a resurrection.—Rev. William Ross.

COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE. GREAT ANNUAL DISCOUNT SALE.

Furniture Department.

Mahogany Sideboard—25-30 Sideboard, buffet, in solid mahogany, very nice design, \$80.00, less 80 per cent.

147-44 Sideboard in mahogany, 6 ft. long, Colonial design, plain British plate mirror, 20x64, price, \$175.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.

149-16 Solid Mahogany Sideboard, very handsome, Sheraton design, low back, \$84, less 30 per cent.

4089-Ex. Table, solid mahogany, hand carved, \$95, less 33 1-3 per cent.

27-36 Card Table, removable top, mahogany, \$45, less 25 per cent.

60-130 Solid Mahogany Hall Seat, \$48, less 25 per cent., with inlaid lines, Sheraton design.

16-13-1 Flemish Oak Hall Seat, uph. seat, in embossed leather, \$19.50, less 25 per cent.

1 No. 6081 Louis XV. Music Cabinet, solid mahogany, hand painted, brass trimmings, \$75, less 33 1-3 per cent.

20-60-1 3-piece Parlor Set in solid mahogany, back inlaid in satin wood, very handsome design, \$125, less 25 per cent.

10-21-1 Solid Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, all hand carved, full mirror back and glass shelves, silk plush lined base, very handsome, \$95, less 25 per cent.

28-230 Parlor Table, solid Mahogany, inlaid top, of Art Nouveau, \$83, less 50 per cent.

Silver Plated Goods Department

Every article guaranteed quadruple plate, highest quality manufacturer.

ANOTHER LOT OF THESE GOODS, EXTRA GOOD VALUE, AT HALF PRICE.

Fern Dishes, regular \$6, for \$3. Fern Dishes, regular \$5.50 for \$2.75. Fern Dishes, regular \$4.50 for \$2.25. Fern Dishes, regular \$3.75, for \$1.90. Fern Dishes, regular \$3.50, for \$1.75. Fancy Pudding Dishes, \$7.50, for \$3.75.

Fancy Pudding Dishes, \$12, for \$6.00. Tea Sets, 5 pieces, \$40 for \$20. Consisting of coffee pot, tea pot, sugar and cream, and spoon holder. \$30.00 for ... \$15.00. \$25.00 for ... \$12.50. Tea Sets, 4 pieces, \$16.50 for \$8.25. Bread Trays, \$5.50, for \$2.75. 12 inch Waiters, \$4.50, for \$2.25. 14 inch Waiters, \$6.00, for \$3.00. Cake Baskets, \$5.50, for \$2.75. Card Trays, 6 inch, \$2.50, for \$1.25. Bon-Bon Dishes, \$2.75, for \$1.38. Dessert Sets, \$7.50 for \$3.75. Soup Tureen, \$12.00, for \$6.00. Chocolate Jugs at \$6.00, for \$3.00, etc., etc.

Glassware Department

300 doz. odd lines in Tumblers, Sherries and Ports, etc., less 25 per cent.

Two special tables, goods half price, consisting of Ice Cream Trays, Liquor Sets, Bowls, Bohemian Glass, etc., etc.

Twelve only 8 inch Bowls, beautiful, fully cut, at \$4.82. Nine Cream and Sugars, latest cuttings, \$7.20 per set. Entire Stock Canadian Cut Glass, less 10 per cent. Entire stock of American Cut Glass, less 20 per cent. Bohemian Carved Glass with gilt decorations, consisting of Bon-Bon Boxes, Vases, Trays (all sizes), Fruit Dishes, Roemers, Jugs (all descriptions), Perfume Bottles, Liquor Sets, etc., etc., less 25 per cent. Special Table \$1.50 with \$2, \$2.25 and \$2.50 Bohemian Glass decorated Bon-Bon Boxes, assorted sizes, shapes and designs, less 33 1-3 per cent. English Rock Crystal Carved Vases, latest shapes and designs, less 33 1-3 per cent. Mounted Glass Table Centres, newest shapes, less 25 per cent.

Trunks and Bags

2 only Gent's Imported Monitor Bags, with solid ivory and sterling fittings; price \$150, less 50 per cent. A few only Gent's English Sole Leather Suit Cases, with solid ebony and sterling fittings, regular \$50, \$60, \$65, \$75 and \$100, less 33 1-3 per cent. 1 only 14-inch and 1 16-inch Gent's Black Bulge Bags, with inside fittings, prices \$17.50 and \$20, less 40 per cent. 2 only Brown, and 2 only Black Ladies' Genuine Monitor Bags, solid ivory and sterling fittings, regular \$75, less 40 per cent. 1 only Gent's Fitted Suit Case, regular \$30, less 33 1-3 per cent. 1 only Gent's Fitted Suit Case, price \$35, less 33 1-3 per cent. 4 only Gent's Bucket Shaped Hat Boxes, made of best English Sole Leather, price \$10.50, less 33 1-3 per cent. 2 only English Basket Trunks, price \$21, and 1 only 39-inch, price \$23, all less 25 per cent. 1 only English Fiber Steamer Trunk, 36 inches, price \$32, less 25 per cent. 1 only English Fiber Trunk, 34 inches, and 1 36 inches, prices \$35 and \$40, less 25 per cent. 20 per cent. off all Fitted Bags and Suit Cases not mentioned above. A few Bags and Suit Cases displayed on Tables, less 25 per cent.

Mohair Grenadines

In Black, Black and White, 27 in. wide, regular, 40c, and 60c per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent. 44 in. Emb. Fancy Swiss Muslins, mercerized, rich designs, regular \$2.25, to clear at 75c, less 5 per cent.

Curtain Department

Lace Curtains, less 20 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent. Madras Curtains, less 20 per cent. Curtain Materials, less 10 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent. Furniture Coverings, less 10 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent. Figured Velours, less 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. Table Covers, less 20 per cent. Couch Covers, less 10 per cent. Shades, less 10 per cent. Window Poles, less 10 per cent. Fringes, less 10 per cent. Remnants of Fringes, Laces and Cords, less 50 per cent. Collection of Antique Swords, Guns, and Pistoles, less 75 per cent.

Balance of Last Season's Parasols

Will be offered at Half Price. Stock consists of Solid Colors in White, Black, Pink, Rose, Lt. Blue, Fawn, Drab and Gray. Also a limited number of White Chiffon at Half Price.

Hosiery Department

Ladies' Ribbed Silk Vests, less 15 per cent., all shapes and sizes. Ladies' Natural Ribbed Wool Combinations, long sleeves, sizes 3, 4, 5, 6, prices \$2.65, \$2.75, \$2.85 and \$3.00, less 15 per cent. Our 40c Ladies' Cashmere Hose, plain Black, all sizes, less 15 per cent. Entire Stock of Over-Hose, less 15 per cent.

China Department

DINNER SETS. FOR THREE DAYS ONLY. 12 Sets, 115 pieces, complete, regular \$24.00, \$25.00, \$27.50 and \$30.00, for \$20.00. 14 Sets, 115 pieces complete, \$15.00 \$50.00 and \$55.00, latest shapes and designs, to be cleared less 35 per cent.

Colored Dress Goods.

To clear at HALF PRICE Balance of Light Weight Materials, on counter comprising Eoliennes, Voiles, etc.

Smoking Jackets

2 doz. assorted Colored Smoking Jackets, all sizes, \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.00, \$8.00 and \$10.00, less 50 per cent. 1 doz. Dressing Gowns, assorted colors, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00, less 50 per cent. Regular stock of Gowns, all shades, prices \$6.50, \$7.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$12.00 and \$15.00, less 20 per cent.

Ladies' Shoe Department

50 per cent. off the following:— Ladies' Patent Ideal Kid Oxfords, turned soles, Louis XV. heel, regular \$5.25, for \$2.63. Ladies' Black Vic Kid Oxfords, turned soles, Louis XV heel, regular \$4.75, for \$2.38. Ladies' Black Vic Kid and Beaded Slippers, odd sizes only, regular \$4.50, for \$2.25. Ladies' Black Velvet Slippers, large silver buckles, regular \$3.50, for \$1.75. Ladies' Red Quilted Velvet Romeo Slippers, bound in Chinchilla fur, regular \$3.00, for \$1.50. Little Gents' Black and Tan Laced Boots, odd sizes only, regular \$3.00 for \$1.50. Ladies' Enamel Laced Boots, Good-year welted soles, odd sizes only, regular \$4.50, for \$2.25. We are offering the balance of our warm slippers in Felt, Velvet, Satin and Lace, at 20 per cent. discount. All our Ladies' hand turned soled Oxfords at \$3.00 and \$3.50, for \$2 a pair. Ladies' No. 1 Rubbers, in all sizes, wide and narrow toes, for 50 per cent.

Bath Robes

Turkish Bath Robes, \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00, \$6.00, less 20 per cent. Eiderdown Bath Robes, all shades, less 33 1-3 per cent.

5 Per Cent. for Cash in Addition to All Other Discounts or Reductions. HENRY MORGAN & CO., Montreal

ENGLAND'S TITLE TO IRELAND.

In a letter which he has addressed to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the distinguished author, Mr. Barry O'Brien, writes:

I address this letter to your Lordship because you represent the Government of England in Ireland. I do not think that you will take amiss what I have to say. Were you allowed, you would, I believe, discharge the duties of your office in sympathy with the National aspirations of the people you have been sent to rule; to say less would be to impeach your character as a governor with constitutional instincts. "All government," it has been well said, "without the consent of the governed is the very definition of slavery." You certainly do not desire to govern without the consent of the governed. Yet, in honest truth, you do govern, so far, indeed, as it can be said that you govern at all. Your Excellency's position is an impossible one. You are a "constitutional" ruler in a country where there is no constitution. You represent a monarchy which rests on a Parliamentary title. But your office has survived Parliamentary institutions in Ireland. The English monarchy is the embodiment of English nationality; the Irish Viceroyalty is the very negation of Irish national sentiment. Were you the representative of an absolutist sovereign, your position would be consistent, and might be strong. As the representative of a constitutional king, it is inconsistent and hopelessly weak.

An absolutist ruler draws his strength from an oligarchy, but there is no oligarchy behind you. A constitutional sovereign draws his strength from the people, but the people are not behind you either. Forgive me, my Lord, but I cannot help saying it; the "Irish" Government—queerly so-called—is the most grotesque thing on earth. There is nothing like it, to paraphrase the words of Sydney Smith, "in Europe, Asia, Africa, or Timbuctoo." Honest and intelligent English administrators, who go to Dublin Castle, find out the incongruities—the impossibilities of "Irish" government sooner or later. They think that they are practically going from one part of England to another, but they ultimately discover that Ireland is a discontented English dependency of distinct national growth—not an English shire, bound to England by ties of race, religion, and history. This discovery sometimes does the administrator good.

"What made you a Home Ruler," I asked the late Sir Robert Hamilton. He answered: "Soon after I came to Ireland, a report was sent in from some district giving an account of an unsatisfactory state of things there. I really cannot recall the details. I was anxious not to act without further investigation. I said to the clerk, 'Who is the member for this district?' He gave me the name. I asked the clerk to write to that member, asking if he would kindly call on me to talk the matter over. 'Oh!' said the clerk, 'there will be no use in doing that; he would not come.' 'Why?' I asked. 'Oh!' he replied, 'no Irish member could come to the Castle; they would not have anything to do with us.' I was amazed. What I had asked him to do was the ordinary thing in England. To ask a member of Parliament to give you his views with reference to some statement affecting his constituents is the most natural thing in the world. In fact, it is a very helpful way of carrying on the administration. But I discovered that this way could not be employed in Ireland. Those responsible for the administration of the country could not communicate with those who represented the people of the country. Here was a wall built up between the government and the governed. The thing struck me as absurd. I felt it could not last, and that something would have to be done to bring the government into harmony with the popular wishes. Talk of the government of the people, by the people, for the people, no such government existed in Ireland."

A sympathetic "Irish" Secretary, on one occasion, invited a distinguished Irish member to dinner at the Chief Secretary's Lodge, to have a private talk on a matter of urgent public importance. "You asked me to dine with you," replied the Irish member, "at the Chief Secretary's Lodge. Where is the Chief Secretary's Lodge?" "I would lose my character," I once heard an Irish member say in the House of Commons, "were I seen in the Castle Yard."

The King of England is above all parties. His health is drunk at public assemblies in England where men of all parties come together. It is a national toast. The Irish Viceroy is always a party man. His health is not drunk at National gatherings in Ireland. It is not a National toast. The health of the King of England himself is not drunk at National gatherings in Ireland. It is not a national toast there. There is nothing personal in all this; far from it, so far as the English sovereign is concerned, for men regard him as a ruler animated by just and humane sentiments in his dealings with nations. "... That the Irishman should not love the English..." says Robert Louis Stevenson, "is not disgraceful to the nature of man, rather, indeed, honorable; since it depends on wrongs ancient like the race, and not personal to him who cherishes the indignation."

Why do we cherish the indignation? To answer this question I must ask another, perhaps, even two questions:—1st. What is England's title in Ireland? 2nd. Does it rest on moral grounds? In answering these questions we shall get at the root of the whole subject; but I must beg your Lordship's indulgence, for I have to appeal to history; a tribunal from which English statesmen, in dealing with Ireland, shrink, but which, I believe, your Lordship has the courage and the sense of justice to face. "Politics," says Professor Seely, "are vulgar, when they are not liberalized by history." The Irish politics of the English statesman are not so liberalized. The occupants of the front benches in the House of Commons are present to my mind. There are scarcely three of them who could pass a respectable competitive examination in Irish history. I knew the late Mr. Gladstone. He devoted himself earnestly to the cause of Ireland in the latter years of his life; but he knew little of Irish history. He was frank, he was courageous; he would not deny the fact. He once said to me:—"I am bound to say that I did not know as much about the way the Union was carried when I took up Home Rule as I came to know afterwards. If I had known so much I would have been more earnest and extreme. The union with Ireland has no moral force. It has the force of law, no doubt, but it rests on no moral basis. That is the line which I should always take were I an Irishman. That is the line which, as an Englishman, I take now." And again, he said:—"You know we thought that the Irish question was settled (in 1870). There was the Church Act and the Land Act, and there was a time of peace and prosperity, and I frankly confess that we did not give as much attention to Ireland as we ought to have done."

Mr. Gladstone was the foremost Englishman of his age. He had entered the House of Commons in 1832. He must have heard the remarkable debates on Ireland which took place in 1833-34. He must have heard the equally remarkable debates which took place during the Melbourne Administration, 1835-1841. He lived through the Repeal movement and the Tenant League agitation of 1850-55. Yet he scarcely gave Ireland a thought until 1867-68. That a man of such just and generous instincts as Mr. Gladstone, filling responsible positions in the administration of public affairs, should have remained for all those years in ignorance of the urgency of the Irish question is a fact of extraordinary significance. Mr. Gladstone represented more faithfully than almost any man who has sat in the English Parliament since 1832 the current of practical thought in English legislation. That he should have deemed Ireland unworthy of his attention, for the best part of his public life, is the strongest proof we can have of the neglect—the criminal neglect—with which Ireland has been treated by the responsible statesmen of England. I have before me a list of the Prime Ministers of England since 1832. There was not one of them who could have passed a successful competitive examination in Irish history. There were only two of them who, in any degree, possessed the confidence of the Irish people, or who tried strenuously to do anything for Ireland—Lord Melbourne (1835-1841); who was kept in office by the Irish vote; and Mr. Gladstone, whose interest in Ireland was first awakened by the Fenian organization, and re-awakened by the Land League, and who was placed in office by the Irish vote in 1886 and kept in office by the Irish vote

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from 1893 to 1894. I have also before me a list of "Irish" Lord Lieutenants and Chief Secretaries since 1832. There were in all some twenty-three Lord Lieutenants, not one of them, of course, was a Catholic, for to this day any man professing the religion of the nation cannot be the governor of the nation. There were only three Irishmen—tame Irishmen, out of sympathy with the people. There were only two of the entire number who possessed the popular confidence—Lord Mulgrave (the choice of Lord Melbourne in 1835) and Lord Aberdeen (the Home Rule Lord Lieutenant of 1886). Of some thirty Chief Secretaries five only were Irish, tame Irish; none were Catholics. Two only possessed the confidence of the people—Lord Morpeth (the Melbourne Chief Secretary), and Mr. Morley, the Home Rule Chief Secretary. The noble figure of Thomas Drummond overtops all the Irish administrators. He strove strenuously (1835-1840) to govern the country in accordance with popular opinion. From the day of his arrival to the day of his death he was denounced by the English Ascendancy. Drummond perished in the service of Ireland, struggling to the last to stem the torrent of injustice, ignorance, and folly, which ultimately swept him away. The story of his life is a proof of the hopelessness of any man attempting to rule Ireland in accordance with Irish opinion while he holds office at the mercy of an English Parliament. Suppose, my Lord, that England had been conquered by Spain in 1588, and that between 1832 and 1904, at the end of centuries of dominion, England had, in the main, been ruled by Spanish Grandees, all Catholics, out of sympathy with the people, ignorant of their history, indifferent to their wants, disregarding their cherished traditions, despising their national aspirations, ignoring their religion, and refusing to do them justice, except under the pressure of fear, what would the world think of Spain? What would the English do?

The following is not a description of a dependency of Spain or Russia, but a description of a dependency of England given 700 years after its "conquest." "I do not believe," said Mr. Chamberlain in a famous speech in 1885, "that the great majority of Englishmen have the slightest conception of the system under which this free nation attempts to rule the sister country. It is a system which is founded on the bayonets of 30,000 soldiers encamped permanently as in a hostile country. It is a system as completely centralized and bureaucratic as that with which Russia governs Poland, or as that which prevailed in Venice under the Austrian rule. An Irishman at this moment cannot move a step—he cannot lift a finger in any parochial, municipal or educational work without being confronted with, interfered with, controlled by an English official, appointed by a foreign government, and without a shade or shadow of representative authority." The conqueror of whom this can be said, centuries before the conquest, stands condemned before the tribunal of history. The English show much wisdom in the management of their affairs all over the world. Why are they such utter fools in Ireland? "Irish writers," says Mr. Richey (I quote the substance of his words), "are fond of charging the English Government with tyranny and violence. But that is not the charge that I bring against them. The charge that I bring against them is imbecility."

What then is England's title in Ireland? Conquest—a bad title priori, for it rests on physical force. Conquest by physical force I admit, may ultimately come to have moral sanction—the only good title to the existence of any government. But has the government of the English in Ireland this sanction? That is the rub. The plea of the

conqueror is always a specious one. He is not honest. He is not truthful. He says to the people whose national existence he means to destroy: "I do not come to injure you; quite the contrary. I come to make you happy. I come to destroy the bad government under which you live. The men of your own nation do not know how to govern you. I can govern you. I understand you. I am your friend. I come to establish law and order, to civilize you, to elevate you spiritually, to enrich you materially, to make you blessed, prosperous, and free. You will find me a guardian angel." That the people should reply: "Angel or devil, we don't want you. We want to be left to ourselves, to develop on our own lines, to work out our own destiny, in our own way"—that the people should say these things does not affect him. He replies: "But it is good for you that I should come," and he comes and he kills and he plunders and he stays, and he says to the conquered: "You must have my laws and my institutions, my religion, my language, my dress, my customs, my manners. You must do all things as I do them, and if you refuse I will break you on the wheel."

I do not say that there are not exceptions to this general rule of the conqueror's plea. There is a notable exception, which recent events have brought to our minds—the case of Russia and Finland. Russia conquered Finland in 1809; it was called the "cession" of Finland to Russia—a pretty diplomatic phrase. This conquest obtained moral sanction by treaty rights. The compact between the two countries was a common sovereign, and, for the rest, political autonomy. Finns, representing the public opinion of Finland, administered the affairs of Finland, Finnish laws and customs were observed, the Finnish religion was respected and recognized, the Finnish language was the language of the Finnish State and the Finnish people. The Finns were loyal to the Russian connection; they were happy, prosperous and free. For nearly a century this compact was honorably kept. Then in a moment of madness it was broken, to the shame of the Russian Government. "The case of Russia and Finland was, I say, a case of conquest obtaining moral sanction by treaty rights. But the treaty has now been broken, the moral sanction is gone, and the whole civilized world would hail, and ought to hail with joy the destruction of the Russian power in Finland. How far the conquest of Ireland by England has ever received any moral sanction will form the subject of the succeeding letters."

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Hon. J. E. Duhamel, M.P.P. for L'Assomption, L'Assomption county; Hon. J. Lafontaine, M.P.P. for St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; J. E. E. Marion, notary, St. Jacques, Montcalm county; L. M. Forget, Mayor of Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; S. A. Chamoux, wholesale grocer, Joliette, Joliette county; Dr. N. Drainville, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; J. S. Rivet, notary, and Mayor of L'Assomption, L'Assomption county; P. A. Seguin, notary, Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; F. E. Rouleau, notary, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; D. Laliberté, farmer, St. Jacques, Montcalm county; J. B. Hamelin, director of industries, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; A. A. Boucher, merchant, Joliette, Joliette county; Dr. J. E. Lafontaine, Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; Henri Boucher, trader, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; A. Thoin, hotelkeeper, L'Assomption, L'Assomption county; Seraphin L'Heureux, farmer, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; J. E. Dugas, gentleman, St. Jacques, Montcalm county; Ch. Barrette, merchant, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; Dr. J. Leclerc, Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; Gedeon Pelland, director of industries, Ste. Elizabeth, Berthier county; Ernest Leclerc, hotelkeeper, Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; Gaspard Comtois, gentleman, farmer, St. Barthelemy, Berthier county; L. H. Desjardins, general merchant, Terrebonne, Terrebonne county; Irene Henault, farmer, L. P. Fortin, trader, Elle Barrett, farmer, J. A. Henault, gentleman, Zenon Boucher, farmer, Michel Berard, gentleman, Chs. Sylvestre, farmer, J. A. Henault, gentleman, all of St. Barthelemy, Berthier county.

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Montreal, January 26, 1905.

Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 24th, 1866. Incorporated 1868, revised 1894. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Hon. Mr. Justice C. J. Doherty; 1st Vice, F. E. Devlin, M.D.; 2nd Vice, P. J. Curran, B.O.L.; Treasurer, Frank J. Green; Corresponding Secretary, J. Kahala; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tanney.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Khoran; President, W. P. Doyle; Recording Secretary, J. D'Arcy Kelly, 13 Valley street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1868.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhall; President, R. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; M. J. Ryan, treasurer, 18 St. Augustin street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m.

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For INFORMATION ADDRESS: **P. E. EMILE BELANGER,** Supreme Deputy, Secretary, Quebec Grand Council, 55 D'AIGUILLON STREET, QUEBEC, ON. **A. R. ARCHAMBAULT,** Supreme Deputy, Organizer for the Province of Quebec, OFFICE: 1599 NOTRE DAME STREET. Residence: 747 ST. DENIS ST., Phone Bell East 2011.

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Montreal, January 26, 1905.

LIFE AMONG THE CHILDREN OF L...

(By Miss May Quinlan, in Tablet.)

(Continued.) JACKY.

In a huge ward of the London Hospital lay a wasted little creature so small that it was difficult to find him. But just waved a thin little arm in tion.

"I see'd yer afore yer se was his greeting, and his eyes led with pleasure.

"Ain't yer got no books asked presently.

I held up a volume, when eager hands closed over it, left the hospital he took to home with him, and in the back room of the tenement to read them to his mother could not read, and to brown-eyed Mary whom he remember the tiny boy where they all lived, the father, mother, Jacky and Mary.

bed wherein they all slept which the cripple lay all day an hour have I spent in the tenement room with the window shut and the vermin crawl the ragged coverlet.

When I did not go the mother to send for me with the "the child do be askin' "Yuss," she continued, "Mother," sez 'e, "think as to-day?"

"'Mebbe,' sez I, 'jes' ter like, 'an' when the days yer ain't come, e's brok yer see," she used to 'ave 'em' nuthin' fur 'im to 'cep' the walls, an' times '—pore Jacky," and the mother would fill with tears. So sit by his bedside with a sh-

on my knee.

"Now, Jacky, what shall The question always brought into the tired childish eye.

"Kin yer—" then he would to think. "Kin yer drow nigger?"

"What sort?" I'd ask. "E were playin' the boy dy," he'd say meditative make 'im dancin' a jig; obediently did. Time was studied art in foreign study my artistic vision was Greek ideals, and I worship models, even though only in dull plaster. Their first I was asked in the of the tenement to draw nigger in checked trousers hat it seemed to me like tion of art. But when looked up from the page sketch-book and caught small, pinched face glow sure and the tones of tricking down the little I began to think there mi virtue in the outline of than in the masterpiece of

At other times, when the fading in the tenement. Jacky looked frailer than sketch-book would be laid the conversation would other channels. Then used to steal up from the stand in the half-open door.

"Yer don't mind me list yer talks to the boy?" say. "Fur Gawd 'elp us a day since I 'eard tell of She would sit on the rug with her arms clasping and in her eyes there was expression as if a starving ed out. And presently would rest on the tenement her cripple child lay drawn with pain.

"Don't cry, Jacky," she y; "yer'll be better arter her thoughts had crossed of earth and had passed other land beyond, where ed are made straight and of weeping is no more.

Shortly after this I left herhood, and Jacky used me. Quaint efforts in they were, full of search literary amendments.

only when a word was pi that the small scribe we- entiously wet his finger—a legacy of pencil smudges the letters have ceased.

has claimed—not Jacky— his parents. And the on- tion to be elicited is th the children were last see hand—the little cripple be- baby sister—sitting on th the dreaded workhouse.

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Montreal, January 26, 1905.

LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY IN THE MODERN BABYLON.

THE CHILDREN OF LONDON.

By Miss May Quinlan, in London Tablet.

(Continued.)

JACKY.

In a huge ward of the London Hospital lay a wasted little cripple. He was so small that it was rather difficult to find him. But just then he waved a thin little arm in my direction.

"I see'd yer afore yer see'd me," was his greeting, and his eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Ain't yer got no books fer me?" he asked presently.

I held up a volume, whereupon his eager hands closed over it. When he left the hospital he took the books home with him, and in the little back room of the tenement he used to read them to his mother, who could not read, and to the little brown-eyed Mary whom he loved.

I remember the tiny back room where they all lived, the father and mother, Jacky and Mary. And the bed where they all slept, and in which the cripple lay all day. Many an hour have I spent in that stifling tenement room with the window tightly shut and the vermin crawling across the ragged coverlet.

When I did not go the mother used to send for me with the apology—"the child do be askin' fur yer."

"Yuss," she continued, "an' 'e sez 'mother, sez 'e, 'think as she'll come to-day?'"

"'Mebbe,' sez I, 'jes' ter quiet him like, 'an' when the days goes by an' yer ain't come, e's broken-hearted. Yer see,' she used to add, "'theer ain't nuthin' fur 'im ter look at, 'cep' the walls, an' times 'e's in pain—poor Jacky,' and the mother's eyes would fill with tears. So I used to sit by his bedside with a sketch-book on my knee.

"Now, Jacky, what shall I draw?" The question always brought a light into the tired childish eyes.

"Kin yer—" then he would pause to think. "Kin yer draw another nigger?"

"What sort?" I'd ask.

"'E were playin' the bones yuster-day," he'd say meditatively, "now make 'im dancin' a jig," which I obediently did. Time was when I studied art in foreign studios, when my artistic vision was bounded by Greek ideals, and I worshipped Hellenic models, even though they were only in dull plaster. Therefore when first I was asked in the back room of the tenement to draw a modern nigger in checked trousers and a top hat it seemed to me like a desecration of art. But when I had once looked up from the page of the sketch-book and caught sight of a small, pinched face aglow with pleasure and the traces of amusement trickling down the little wax cheeks, I began to think there might be more virtue in the outline of a nigger than in the masterpiece of a Phidias.

At other times, when the light was fading in the tenement and little Jacky looked frailer than usual, the sketch-book would be laid aside and the conversation would drift into other channels. Then the mother used to steal up from the street and stand in the half-open door.

"Yer don't mind me listenin' while yer talks to the boy?" she would say. "Fur Gawd 'elp us, it's many a day since I 'eard tell o' religion." She would sit on the rusty fender with her arms clasping her knees, and in her eyes there was a hungry expression as if a starving soul looked out. And presently her gaze would rest on the tenement bed where her cripple child lay with his face drawn with pain.

"Don't cry, Jacky," she'd say softly; "yer'll be better arter this." For her thoughts had crossed the borders of earth and had passed into that other land beyond, where the crooked are made straight and the voice of weeping is no more.

Shortly after this I left the neighborhood, and Jacky used to write to me. Quaint efforts in lead pencil they were, full of scratching out and literary amendments. For it was only when a word was past all help that the small scribe would anxiously wet his finger—leaving me a legacy of pencil smudges. But now the letters have ceased, for death has claimed—not Jacky—but both his parents. And the only information to be elicited is the fact that the children were last seen hand-in-hand—the little cripple boy and his baby sister—sitting on the steps of the dreaded workhouse.

BILLIE.

I saw a woman coming along the street one day. She was crying.

"An' it ain't no manner o' use talkin' ter the boy," said she, between her sobs, "fur 'e's that 'eadstrong! an' now that 'e's took up with them 'ooligans, 'eaven 'elp 'im! W'y! 'e stopped aht two nights las' week, an' 'e don't say wot 'e done wif 'issell."

Therefore I pictured this widow's son as one of the local roughs, with his hair combed over his eyebrows.

But, as it turned out, Billie was like no other Hooligan of my acquaintance. To begin with, he was only about two feet high, and his years numbered seven all told. Besides this, he had a pair of bright eyes, and a dimple in one cheek.

At the sight of this reputed monster I laughed. "So you are the unmitigated ruffian, are you?" Whereupon Billie blinked his eyes and gave a little inward chuckle. That was how it began. For it took but a short time to discover that we owned many iniquities in common, and the sense of proprietorship which Billie assumed in my regard was particularly soothing to my feelings.

I was talking to a group of women late one afternoon when I became conscious of a small figure leaning against a neighboring lamp post.

"You seem busy," I said, addressing this small boy in the shadow.

"Yuss," was the response.

"What do you think you are doing?" I asked.

"I was waitin' fur yer," he answered. Billie's self-possession being not the least of his charms.

"What for?"

"W'y! abahnt them frogs," said he. "Yer said as yer wanted ter 'ave a frog race, didn't yer?"

"Of course I do. Have you the frogs?"

"They're on the leads," said he, "in a jar. Come an' see?"

"How do you get there?" I asked.

"Yer know where we lives? Well, yer goes up the tenemen stairs an' inter the first floor back. Then yer gets aht o' the windy, an' the frogs," he repeated, "is in the jar."

But to climb up the tenement stairs and clamber through the window of the first floor back, just to examine three frogs in a grimy jar seemed to me entirely a work of supererogation.

"I don't think," I said, diffidently, "that I like 'leads' much."

"S'pose yer thinkin' o' the baby," said he.

"What baby?" I asked.

"The baby wot rolled off. Lord, yuss!" he continued, "it were next door to us. An' the lady 'ad jes' come 'ome from a day's charin', so she puts the baby aht on the leads, while she cleans up the room a bit. An' next time she looks aht the windy, the baby was gorn—fell dahn inter the nex' yard; theer ain't no ralin' ter the leads," he explained.

"Was it killed?" I asked in horror.

"Killed!" reiterated Billie with seeming satisfaction. "Not 'aht!' Then droppin' satire, he remarked solemnly—"dead as yer like."

"SNEAKING" WALNUTS.

Several children were playing together at a corner. One wee person aged three and a half was doing the cakewalk before an admiring audience. Then tiring of the dance she cast about for other amusement.

"Tell yer wot!" she ejaculated. "Shall I show yer 'ow ter sneak walnuts or a coster's barrer?" Whereupon the tiny child gathered herself up for the effort. First she gave a hasty glance around partly to collect the eyes of her audience and partly to impress upon them the necessity of caution. Then she located an imaginary barrow of walnuts, and, having tucked her grimy little hands into her pinafore, she smiled with an assumption of disinterested gaiety, and so sidled along. It seemed the merest accident that she should have brushed against it. And as she continued her stroll she hummed a gay air from a music hall. The act now over she turned with a quick movement to the group of children and triumphantly extended her pinafore.

"That's 'ow me mother does it," said she.

WEE WILLIE.

It was a grotesque child figure that ambled down a side street. His diminutive breeches hung in tatters about his person, and, instead of a shirt, his costume was completed by a woolly feminine garment, known to

the initiated as a "hug-me-tight." According to the dictates of fashion it ought to have reached to the waist. But the voice of fashion is silent in Stepney; throttled by the stern hand of necessity. So Wee Willie wore his mother's hug-me-tight, and it covered his knees. But his face was radiant. Yesterday had been a day of days, for having wandered further afield than usual some one had given him a sixpence. Asked how he had spent it, Wee Willie gave detailed account.

"Theer were a 'alfpenny fur milk—that yer fur little Joey wot's sick," he interpolated, "an' a pennyworth o' coal. Then another penny went on kindlin' wood, an' a penny fur sugar. After that we bought a penny worth o' tea, w'ich leaves three 'alfpence."

"And what then?"

"Three 'alfpenny buns," was the response, and his eyes glistened at the recollection thereof.

(To be continued.)

STOMACH TROUBLE.

The Agonies of Indigestion Can Be Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

All over the land there are people whose lives had been made miserable through the pangs of indigestion, who have been restored to the enjoyment of health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. One of these is Mr. Wm. Moore, of Welland, Ont. Mr. Moore is the manager of the electric light plant in that town, and stands high in the estimation of the citizens. He says: "It is really a pleasure to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For four years prior to 1903 I suffered great torture from indigestion and stomach trouble. I could not eat solid food without experiencing great agony, and for over two years I had to resort to a milk diet. I had grown emaciated and was almost unfit for active work. I was treated by doctors and took advertised medicines, but without any lasting benefit. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began their use, but I must confess that it was without much hope that they would cure me. After taking a couple of boxes I could see an improvement. I continued using the pills until I had taken eight boxes, when I was completely cured and able to eat any kind of food I desired. I shall always praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as they saved me from such misery as only a despicable knave. I might add that my wife has also used the pills for troubles that afflict her sex, and has been fully restored to health."

Bad blood, poor blood, watery blood, is the cause of nearly every ailment that afflicts mankind. It is because every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood that they have such wonderful power to cure such ailments as indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, heart troubles, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of women, young and old. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION FOR NEGROES.

The address of Booker T. Washington, R.I., show him to be an educated man and a gentleman besides, says the Visitor. No man in the country, perhaps, should naturally be more indignant at the treatment of his race by the whites; and yet while Washington spoke on dangerous grounds, told facts as he knew them, and spared not condemnation where he thought it was needed, no part of the country, be it north or south, could take any offense at what he said. He had praise for the south and the north; he had blame, too, which he spoke fearlessly; and withal there was not a single harsh saying in all his speeches. It was Booker T. Washington, also, who said several years ago that the only hope of the colored man was in the Catholic Church. Here we have an example of what education and Christianity can do for the colored man.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Saturday, 21st January, 1905.

The following had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish 258; French 139; English 23; other nationalities, 24. Total, 444.

ST. MARY MAJOR.

The Basilica of St. Mary Major, at Rome, is one of the most celebrated shrines in the world. It is most renowned because of the miracle of the snow, which is annually commemorated on the day of the founding of the Basilica by a Pontifical High Mass in the Borgnese Chapel, when at the Offertory showers of snowy rose leaves are scattered from the dome on the marble floor beneath, until this is covered with a fragrant summer snowfall, pure and spotless as the miraculous snow by means of which Our Lady vouchsafed to designate the site of her church on that burning August day of A. D. 352, and thus the Basilica came by its beautiful title of "Our Lady of the Snow."

In after times this church was added to and improved, and it was entirely rebuilt in the fifth century by Pope Sixtus III in commemoration of the Council of Ephesus. Century after century various Pontiffs have enriched the grand Basilica with stupendous works of art; for all that was fairest in art was brought to Our Lady's feet, but it was left to the age of the "Renaissance" to place the costliest gems of decoration in its crown in the shape of two splendid chapels, the "Borghese" and the "Sistine," which rise in stately beauty on either side of the apse.

Again even the people who are not much given to churchgoing at other times turn out at Santa Maria Maggiore; and all through Christmas afternoon the stately Basilica re-echoes to the glad strains of music and the steady hum and ceaseless movement of a great crowd coming and going, passing and re-passing, looking at the church and listening to the Vesper music; but one and all pausing to say a few prayers in the quiet Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament, where, inclosed by the iron gates from the throng outside, the Prisoner of Love is with us truly in His royal state. It is one of the most characteristic and thoroughly cosmopolitan crowds in Rome that assembled in Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, and all classes of society are represented, rich and poor, gentle and simple, prince and peasant; strangers from afar-off lands, near country people in Roman costume; priests and prelates, friars and soldiers—literally "all sorts and conditions of men," and our native land is represented in the throng.

Inside, the church has the form of a true Basilica, in its most pure and severe form of architectural beauty, and the sensation of perfect harmony is the one which strikes the eye most on entering it; a marvellous thing as one realizes its proportions as the largest Church of Our Lady in the world. It certainly has not such glowing, triumphant beauty, such floods of light, and such splendor of sparkling marbles as the Basilicas of St. Peter, St. John Lateran, and St. Paul Outside the Walls, but it possesses a solemnly rich magnificence of its own, and the faith and glories of the past seem to linger in those solemn precincts, where the grand mosaics of the walls testify to the great antiquity of the shrine. By reason of the light, it is a good thing to visit Santa Maria Maggiore on Christmas Day, for the sombre gloom of its aisles is relieved by candles and electricity.

Here is preserved the great relic of Bethlehem, the crib or manger of our infant Saviour; this is why the good Romans flock in crowds to pay their devotions at the hallowed shrine which speaks to them so eloquently of the Divine Infant, for nearer to Bethlehem they cannot be than kneeling beside the wood of the manger which gave its rough shelter to the tender body of the Son of God in the pitiless cold of that first Christmas midnight. Touchingly beautiful is the association, that in the largest church in the world dedicate

Blessed Mother, the relics of the crib of her Divine Child should be preserved; and our hearts turn with loving devotion to the spot where Mother and Son are alike honored in that beautiful human tie which binds the Babe of Bethlehem so near to our poor nature.

The church is situated in one of the highest parts of Rome, in a fine "piazza" or square, with a beautiful column before it, crowned by an exquisite statue of the Blessed Virgin, which seems to be watching over the city and the Basilica so specially dedicated to her honor.

The facade of the church, with its two fine towers, which from their commanding height are seen all over Rome, is particularly massive and imposing, a befitting approach to the splendors of this gorgeous Basilica. Following the usual lines of architecture on which Basilicas are erected, it has a portico with columns and open gallery or "loggia" (from which

the Popes used to give the Papal Benediction on certain feasts of the year), adorned by mosaic pictures of the fourteenth century, most of which have reference to the history of the building of the Basilica.

The legend or history of its foundation may be interesting to repeat here, for it is a singularly beautiful one, and will interest many of our readers who may perhaps have wondered why the titles of "Santa Maria ad Nives" (Our Lady of the Snow), or the "Liberian Basilica," have been bestowed on the Church of St. Maria Maggiore; but the names are more than sufficiently explained by the legend, which runs thus:

In the month of August, in the year 352, a miraculous fall of snow covered the ground on the Esquiline Hill in one particular spot, and that same night, the 5th of August, the Blessed Virgin appeared in a vision to a holy Roman patrician, one John the Patrician, ordering him to erect a church in her honor on this spot, where the miraculous snowfall was found. He revealed this vision to the reigning Sovereign Pontiff, Pope Liberius, who thereupon decided immediately to lay the foundation we see to-day.

The Basilica's most striking feature is its vast nave, stretching away into far distant vistas of space, and divided into aisles by long rows of magnificent columns, said to be of Greek marble from Mount Hymettus. The "Confession," in the centre of the church, to which one descends by a flight of marble steps, is surmounted by a Papal Altar and a grand canopy or "baldaquin" of bronze, a marvellous work of art, borne up by four porphyry columns enriched with raised gilt work, and lovely marble figures of angels at the four corners.

Under the splendid Papal Altar in the "Confession," rich with marbles and precious stones, is the shrine where the relic of the crib is usually preserved, but the day before Christmas eve the relic is removed and carried by the chapter of the Basilica to the sacristy, where, on an altar specially prepared for it, and enclosed in a magnificent silver and crystal casket, it is publicly exposed for the veneration of the faithful until early on Christmas morning, when it is brought back and placed on the Papal Altar for the whole day, only to be taken down when it is carried in solemn procession around the church after Vespers.

A FAMOUS IRISH OFFICIAL.

The retirement of Master Pigot from the position in the Four Courts Dublin, which he has held for upwards of forty years, will remove a link with an historic past. Master Pigot has been so long known as a Master of the Court that it is almost forgotten that his career at the Bar, first on the Connaught and subsequently on the North-East Circuit, was highly distinguished, and that he at a time when County Court Judges were allowed to practice, filled with success the office of County Court Judge in two counties before he compounded in accepting the post of Master of the Court of Exchequer, of which his father was Lord Chief Baron from 1846 till 1873.

Lord Chief Baron Pigot was O'Connell's bosom friend, and one of his most enthusiastic admirers. So far back as 1834 O'Connell recommended Pigot for the post of Attorney-General. Pigot was one of O'Connell's counsel in 1835 on the petition against his return to the House of Commons. Some old briefs of Pigot's lately turned up at a waste paper store, and in the folds of one was an unpaid, because unrepresented, cheque for a hundred guineas in settlement of Pigot's professional services at this time. Pigot became at last Attorney-General, but resigned on the fall of the Melbourne Government in 1841. On the return of the Whigs to power he was not re-appointed, but he was shortly afterwards, by the influence of O'Connell, made Lord-Chief Baron on the promotion of Sir Maziere Brady to the Lord Chancellorship.

Pigot's eldest son, Mr. John Edward Pigot, was one of the foremost members of the Young Ireland Party, but owing to family ties which he regarded as inseparable, he retired from public life, left Ireland, and practised at the Indian Bar, where he made a large fortune, coming home in the prime of life to Ireland to die. It fell to the lot of his father to try and sentence to long periods of transportation John Mitchell and John Martin his son's intimate political and personal friends, for public conduct which he knew had his son's sympathy, and would but for a father's entreaties have had his co-operation.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC
A VALUABLE FREE BOOK on NERVOUS Diseases and a sample bottle to any address. For free this medicine FREE!
KNOX MED. CO., 100 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.
Sold by Druggists at 25c per bottle, 50c for 2.

Newfoundland Correspondence.

The Mount Cashel School of Industry seems to have had a very prosperous year. The large list of donations given during the year, and especially at Christmas is a proof that the good people of the whole island are supporting it nobly, and the work of the Christian Brothers for the cause of the orphans is appreciated. Under the direction of Rev. Brother Slattery, the school has accomplished a great deal of work, but during the coming summer it will be enlarged.

The Benevolent Irish Society building Committee recommended to the Society the tender of Harris and Fhippard for an addition to St. Patrick's Hall. The building will be fronted with Don Valley brick at a cost of \$17,553. The new wing will be known as "The O'Donel Wing."

Bell Island parish is building up rapidly. A new church now adorns the place, also a large hall and fine school. A bazaar is now being held in aid of the church fund. Rev. Father James McGrath has accomplished a great amount of work since being appointed pastor of the historic little island.

The winter so far has been a severe one. Snow storms of unusual severity prevailed at the beginning and now intense frost with the thermometer down to thirty degrees below zero is on the programme. The bays and ports around the coast are frozen over and navigation is a thing of difficulty.

His Grace Archbishop Howley was invested with the Pallium at Rome last month. His Grace will not return to St. John's before March.

The herring fishery in many parts of the Island has been a great success during the year. American vessels have taken large supplies to Gloucester and other places.

LEARNED WHAT MADE HER FAT.

Of a young doctor who had just opened an office—his first one—in the vicinity of Rittenhouse square, and who is fond of using the largest words he can find while practicing his profession, his friends tell a little story. He was visited recently by a woman who is wealthier than she is wise, but whose patronage he was anxious to secure and retain.

"The trouble is not serious," he said, after examining the patient, "and due principally, I think, to an excess of adipose tissue."

"My goodness," said the woman, awed and alarmed "perhaps it's that that makes me so awfully fat!" and the doctor was hard put to explain without giving offense.

THE IRISH IN LONDON.

Apropos of the National ceremony in connection with the feast of St. Patrick, which is to be held at the Westminster Cathedral on March 19, the Rev. Michael Moloney, who is actively concerned in its organization, writes that the Archbishop of Westminster has kindly consented to officiate on the occasion, and that the musical director of the Cathedral has taken charge of the musical arrangements. The Bishop of Raphoe will preach the sermon. It is intended to have original Irish hymns of great beauty sung to their traditional airs, and both from the national and artistic points of view the function promises to be one of great interest. Father Moloney adds—"There is now but one difficulty. The committee needs a considerable working fund before it can commit itself to the final preparation, and it is for this fund that I appeal. I submit that the appeal should have special claims on the Irish people in London, who are better off and better educated. Are there not among the many Irish lawyers, doctors and merchants of London fifty persons who will give a sovereign each towards the holding of a service so well suited to the feast of their national apostle, and so honorable to themselves and Ireland? If we do not during the next few weeks find that there are, then I fear the project will have to be abandoned. Probably such an opportunity as this will never again recur of establishing in London the tradition of an annual service, by which the general world, as well as the Irish people themselves, could be made aware of the dignity and value of the intellectual inheritance of Gaelic Ireland. I have hope that fifty such can yet be found and I beg them without delay to rally to the project and save it."

26, 1905.
DIRECOTRY.
SOCIETY—Established 1856
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A SCHOOL ANOMALY.

[Montreal Daily Witness, Jan. 19.]

A recent correspondent, 'Questant,' under the heading 'Is this true?' asked if the Roman Catholic School Board had been relieved by the increase of Protestant taxes of the need of increasing the Roman Catholic school tax.

him. Such was the late William Cavanagh, of the parish of Richmond, near Ottawa, who died at the home of his son, Rev. Father Cavanagh, in Mayo, Que. The deceased was seventy-nine years of age.

OBITUARY.

On Sunday, January 22nd, there passed away Mrs. Mary Shea, wife of Mr. Peter Shea, of the Canada Sugar Refinery, at her home, 54 Coleraine street.

DEATH OF MR. W. CAVANAGH

On Sunday, the eighth instant, there passed to his reward the soul of an aged man who, though unassuming in every aspect, nevertheless was one who filled his humble place here below in a manner which reflected credit on himself and gave good example to those he has left after

Liquor Habit

PERMANENTLY CURED.

GOOD NEWS.—To all men and women who have become enslaved by the soul destroying vice of drinking, here is indeed Good News. A REMEDY will quickly and permanently destroy all taste for liquor.

THE VICTOR MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Can.

Paul Beauregard called for an immediate discussion on the measure taken by M. Chamie against M. Brunetiere, but without any better results than a promise that the interpellation should be taken in its turn.

Retirement of Noted Professor Dr. Sullivan has retired from the Medical Faculty of Queen's College, Kingston, after fifty years connection with the institution as student and professor.

THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT AND M. BRUNETIERE. Says the Paris correspondent of the London Tablet: M. Chamie, Minister of Public Instruction, has caused no small amount of surprise and indignation, which has found utterance in strong protests in the newspapers.

Mr. Cavanagh leaves a brother, Walter, two years older than he, and two sisters, Mrs. Weathers and Mrs. Fitzgerald, both of Richmond. Another sister, Mrs. Mears, lives in North Dakota, and a younger brother, Peter, died in the autumn of 1893.

MEDALS FOR SISTERS. At the church parade on the 'Wanderers' Ground, Johannesburg, South Africa, recently, five sisters of Nazareth House, Johannesburg, with other religious and secular nurses, received medals from Lord Roberts in recognition of their services to the sick and wounded during the late war.

JANUARY DISCOUNT SALE Carries with it all Carpets, Rugs, Hall Strips, Hall Squares and Rugs. Hundreds of Ready Made Carpets all sizes, Richly Bordered, a large variety of New Designs and Harmonious effects.

Mayor of Johannesburg and others, the cheering and applause from the tens of thousands assembled were beyond description.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

QUEBEC DIRECT DIRECT LINE running trains into QUEBEC CITY. Leave Place Viger Station 8.45 a.m., 2.00 p.m., 8.30 p.m. Sunday, Parler car.

OTTAWA SLEEPER

Leave Windsor Station daily at 10.10 p.m. Passengers may remain in car until 9 a.m. Price of berth \$1.50. Lv. Windsor Stn. 8.45 a.m., 7.40 a.m., 1.10 a.m., 4.00 p.m., 10.10 p.m. Lv. Place Viger 5.20 a.m., 9.35 p.m. Daily, Sundays included. 5 Sundays only. Other trains week days only.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leave Bonaventure Station 'INTERNATIONAL LIMITED.' Daily at 9 a.m., 11.30 p.m., Hamilton 5.30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 7.05 p.m., Buffalo 9.22 p.m., London 7.40 p.m., Detroit 9.30 p.m., Chicago 7.20 a.m.

The John Murphy Co. LIMITED

Great Reorganization Cash Clearing Sale!

Unprecedented Bargains in All Lines of Departmental Store Goods.

LADIES' READY-TO-WEAR COSTUMES

We entered this stock with the pruning knife, intent on cutting down to the lowest figure—the result is as follows: LADIES' BLACK ETON SUITS, made of broadcloth, and elegantly trimmed.

Clearing Price of All \$8.00 And 5 Per Cent Extra for Cash

THE JOHN MURPHY COMPANY, Ltd. 2341 & 2343 St. Catherine St. Corner Metcalfe. Terms Cash Tel. Up 2740

THE BIG STORE WILL CLOSE AT 5.30 P.M. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.

S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED

Sale of Ladies' Coats.

The faster the selling, the more quickly odd lots accumulate. Among our stock of Ladies' Coats, there are many handsome, new garments in

Hundreds of Stylish Coats AT HALF-PRICE!

\$18.75 Coats for \$6.85 A PARTICULARLY CHOICE GROUP OF LADIES' AND MISSES' COATS, in heavy Reversible Cloth, long shoulder effect, pleated sleeves, epaulettes of plain cloth, loose belted back.

\$9.00 Coats for \$2.98 THERE'S JUST 75 LADIES' AND MISSES' COATS in this group. They come in Black, Green, Brown and Cardinal Beaver Cloth, in a wonderful diversity of styles.

Household Linens At Reduced Prices

Impossible to select a better time than now to secure the year's supply of Household Linens. All are reduced. Table linens, Bed linens, Toilet linens, Fancy linens. And these are fabrics noted for their snowy beauty and worth and wear.

- TABLE LINENS Unbleached Table Linen Damask, various handsome patterns, 70 inches wide, Sale Price per yd. 36c. Unbleached Handloom Table Linen, 72 inches wide, extra heavy. Sale Price, per yard 54c.
- PILLOW CASES Bleached Cotton Pillow Cases, hemmed ready for use, Regular value, 15c. Sale Price, each 11 1/2c.
- SHEETING SPECIAL 20 Pieces of Plain Bleached Sheet-ing, 73 inches wide, worth 20c. Sale Price, per yard 16 1/2c.
- ROLLER TOWELLING Pure Linen Roller Towelling, 16 inches wide, red and white border. Worth 9c yard. January Sale Price, per yard 6 1/2c.
- LINEN LENGTHS Pure Handloom Linen, in 3 1/2 yard lengths. Worth 90c a piece. Reduced Sale Price, per piece 45c.

The Pure Food Fair Opens!

This, the Ninth Annual, held under the auspices of The 'Big Store,' is certain to eclipse any similar event of the kind.

THE FAIR WILL BE A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION. The purpose of these Food Fairs is to acquaint ladies with the numerous good foods procurable, and to demonstrate the many palatable ways in which each may be prepared.

EXHIBITORS WILL DISTRIBUTE FREE SAMPLES Throughout the Food Fair's duration. Ladies should not fail to include a visit in their list of engagements.

S. CARSLEY CO. LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

SALVE SANCTE JOSEPH

MANUFACTURED AT ST. JOSEPH'S HOME

Cor. Wellington and St. Etienne Streets, MONTREAL.

The following testimonials speak for themselves: Mr. James Ennis, Government Employee, Shannon street: I used the Sancte Joseph Salve for my legs and feet and found it extra good.

John Trainer, working in coal yard: It is with pleasure I sign my name to your certificate of Salve Sancte Joseph. I could not sleep at night with the scalding pain. It took pain away in 10 minutes.

H. Gillet: I had chapped hands so bad I could not get a pair of mitts on. I tried Sancte Joseph Salve, and my hands were perfectly cured in two applications. I highly recommend it to the public.

Mrs. Reardon, 16 Paris street city: I earnestly recommend the Sancte Joseph Salve to every household. I have used it on several occasions and found it excellent for burns, cuts, etc.

John Lynch, Corporation foreman: Having used Salve Sancte Joseph for my feet, which were very painful from walking, I got immediate relief after one application.

Mr. Thomas Demers, Butcher, cor. Young and William streets: I used your Salve Sancte Joseph for my nose, which was very sore and painful. I can recommend the salve to the public.

James Carroll, William street: I have great pleasure in recom-

mending Salve Sancte Joseph to the public, having used it myself, and my brother, for chapped hands, sore face, from the wind and weather.

Mr. Dan Doyle: Used Salve Sancte Joseph for a badly cut finger and it is now perfectly well. I also used it for chapped hands, and it is excellent.

Mr. Cook, Superintendent of the Maple Sugar Works, Grey Nun st: I used Salve Sancte Joseph for my little daughter who got burned, and also for a bruised foot. I can safely say it is marvellous, having cured so quickly.

Mrs. Milloy, Wellington street: I have used the Salve Sancte Joseph in my home on several occasions, and I can confidently recommend it to every family.

The above are only a few of the many testimonials received. A box of the Salve can be had at the Home for the asking. Don't ask your druggist for it.

HUMAN AND DIVINE LOVE.

If ever human love was tender and self-sacrificing and devoted; if ever it could bear and forbear; if ever it could suffer gladly for its loved ones; if ever it was willing to lavish itself for the comfort or pleasure of its objects; then infinitely more is divine love tender and self-sacrificing and devoted and glad to bear and forbear and to suffer and to lavish its best blessings upon the objects of its love. Put together all the tenderest love you know of, the deepest you have ever felt, and the strongest that has ever been poured out upon you and heap upon it all the loving hearts in the world, and then multiply it by infinity, and you will begin, perhaps, to have some faint glimpse of what the love of God is.



Vol. LIV.

IN "DAR"

(By Gilson Willets, I)

The gaunt spectre of famine stalks abroad in County Galway, and other parts of the West of Ireland, recently made a tour of inspection among the conditions among the tenants class. The year proved a failure, potatoes rotted in the ground, not even worth digging, starvation to the pitiable cottagers described in this article.

Irish leaders like John P. Keenan and John J. O'Connell have made public statements that the famine in Ireland, and that "without a speedy relief there is not a person but death."

In short, the past season has known since plague year, 1879. The fact that the government has not even worth digging, immediate relief the most winter will approximate a plague year. And now, with Ireland's distress ringing in the ears of the world, I will set down conditions that surround the uttering of the cry—conditions which have helped to make family conditions that make the green of existence lower than that of mere poverty.

No investigator could be but horrified by the awful scenes witnessed—scenes of wretchedness and suffering, of desolation. Neither of Finland nor of Poland, Russian Government, are as distressed as the Irish people. I have been—only a journey from the seat of government for poor people's "conquerors" but blindfolded "conquerors" Ireland is the only country that shows a steady population all during half century. Ireland has lost less inhabitants to death than any other country in the world.

Four million less inhabitants she had fifty years ago. Ireland has half a million less inhabitants than it had ten years ago, as big as Maine or had a population at one to that of New York State. This beautiful island has many people as Missouri. Present rate of diminution in Ireland the island will be late. The people who these facts abandoned their birth, emigrated to other countries. And the vast majority of these people and their offspring in the United States of America result is that the biggest in the world is New York. It has an Irish population that of the two biggest cities—Dublin and Belfast—altogether, namely, 725,000. Total number of Irish people in the United States—5,000,000—1,000,000 the total number of people in all Ireland. And for this I can only say, telling exactly what happened. I was looking and listening in Ireland from which came the America.

The Irishmen themselves blame for this condition. It is proven by the known fact that they reach America they die.