

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"The older I grow," said the mother, looking up from the dishes she was washing, "the more I am convinced that one of the greatest mistakes in my life is to suppose that if we were something else we would be happier."

She had just received a long letter from a young daughter who had gone out from home to earn her living. "Ella was never satisfied here with us," continued the speaker. "She fancied that happiness was to be found outside in the great world; that all she needed was a chance to be free. Now she realizes how many blessings she had at home that she can never hope to find among strangers."

The mother was right. There is no situation in life that one may not quarrel with. It is the part of the uncultivated nature to overlook the advantages at hand, and continually imagine what might be. If we are wise we shall adjust ourselves to our conditions and get the greatest possible good out of them; make a little boundary around to-day and look not beyond it.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

Warm water always should be chosen for cleansing the teeth.

Clean the hairpins and combs before putting them into clean hair.

"Don't have outstanding ears when you can wear an ear harness at night," said the beauty doctor, advising all the ladies who wanted to be pretty.

An excellent preparation to keep the hands soft and white is made this way: One-third glycerin, two-thirds rose water, and five drops of pure carbolic acid to a half-pint mixture.

If you are in the least inclined to be flat-footed, to have the instep drop, a most painful minor complaint, a good plan is to be often raising yourself on your toes, keeping the latter well pointed.

If the throat and neck be treated with a friction aided by a mixture of equal parts of linseed oil and rose water to which a few drops of tincture of benzoin have been added, plumpness will ensue.

HOW TO REVIVE WILTED ROSES.

Wilted roses seemingly fit only for the rubbish heap may be completely revived and freshened as follows, says the Philadelphia Press: Put the stems of the roses in a tumbler of water and then place the tumbler and roses in a vessel of sufficient size to allow the entire bouquet to be covered; cover the vessel tightly and leave undisturbed for twenty-four hours. By that time the roses will be found all fresh and invigorated, as if just plucked from the bushes, with every petal covered with artificial dew.

CUSHIONS AND PILLOWS.

One must agree with a writer in the House Beautiful that the popularity of tomahawks and war paint as sofa pillow decorations is difficult to understand. "A pillow," remarks this sensible writer, "is, or should be, a comfortable, homelike and rather cozy object. A savage bristling with paint and feathers does not invite companionship. The Gibson pillow is almost as atrocious as the Indian pillow, and with it should be classed the portrait pillow and the pillow etched with the potter. A plain pillow, 20 by 20, made of linen or some other washable material, is a joy to the eye after the fussy, dressed-up pillows of the shops. Against a brown or green wall pillows in plain lines, the colors ranging through the natural shades, make an extremely agreeable color effect. When decoration is desired excellent results are obtained by cross stitch. Canvas makes a good foundation of pillows of this sort."

Jeans prints, Indian calicoes, Japanese printed crepe and many other inexpensive cottons are to be had and make very attractive pillows. For a bedroom flowered chintz cushions are delightful. If handsomer fabrics are desired, there are plenty of soft-toned liberty silks, by which any color scheme can be secured. Any of these are to be preferred to the Indian, Gibson and college atrocities one sees only too often.

CATHOLIC ACTRESSES.

Catholic women, says the Northwest Review, have for long been the consolation of the Church and the admiration of America in a particular branch of society. Since the American stage first attained a reputable position Catholic actresses have been most conspicuous among the prominent artists who have honored their vocation by their exemplary Christian lives. This reflection is prompted by the announcement of a new movement for the social protection of actresses, to be known as the "Mary Anderson Guild." The influence for good exerted by this peerless Christian tragedienne is still active. She was more than is embraced in the term "a respectable lady of society"; she was a genuinely pious Catholic woman, who would not, for instance, perform during Holy Week. And it is a cause for congratulation among Catholics that the foundress of the new guild is a daughter of the Church—Miss Marie Cahill, the popular comedienne, whose sister, we believe, is a nun in the States.

The scope of the guild is outlined briefly by Miss Cahill as follows: "It is the purpose of this society to improve the associations of the women of the stage by furnishing them with pleasant homes during both the season and out of season periods, and especially during the summer. The problem is to take advantage of the existing conditions in such a way as to render the substitute attractive and therefore efficient."

Catholic newspaper women and leading social workers among Catholic gentlemen of the eastern states are among Miss Cahill's most valuable supporters in the movement. Miss Cahill has been known before this as a guardian of young actresses under her immediate influence. Among the oft-quoted rules that must prevail in her companies is the strict order that letters and telegrams sent to the actresses of the company at the theatre are to be opened and withheld if found to come from objectionable young men who are given to hanging about stage entrances.

Madame Modjeska, who was recently tendered a grand farewell reception in New York, was a Catholic woman who during her conquests on the stage also elevated the social position of actresses by the example of her edifying character. Just as the curtain is rung down on the final scene of her career, we find before us another daughter of the Church, who, if critics are to be believed, gives promise of ascending to the eminence attained by the great Polish queen of tragedy. Miss Margaret Anglin of Toronto, who was seen in "Zire" in Winnipeg last season, has been pronounced the star of the year in that play by the most conservative critics in New York. Another Canadian actress who apparently displays great possibilities is Miss Nora O'Brien, also of Toronto, while Mrs. Charles Peters, formerly of the Ontario capital, is rounding out a long career as one of the most valuable character artists in America. Miss Rose Congdon, who is all that her name would indicate, is another actress just coming into her own. The list could be prolonged, but it is not necessary. Catholic actresses, as Catholics in every phase of modern activity, show to the world that earthly success is attainable by Christians properly practising a strict faith and, secondarily, they are living witnesses to the truth that the Catholic Church fosters rather than hinders the development of genuine art.—Pittsburg Observer.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean white silk handkerchiefs wash with a lather made of boiled soap and warm water and rinse thoroughly, adding a little methylated spirit to the last rinsing water. This will give brightness to the silk, which should be ironed while it is slightly damp.

Loose knife handles are quite easily mended. Take the handle off, mix together three parts resin and one of bath brick. Nearly fill the handle with this, heat the steel beyond the blade till nearly red-hot, insert the handle and press down into place. It will be as firm as when new.

To save space in a bachelor girl's bedroom the sewing machine was turned into a dressing table. Fortunately it had a flat top, and over this was placed a good-sized board. This was covered and draped with a pretty pink linen, which was in keeping with the color scheme of the room.

China with gilt designs or edges should not be wiped after washing, but should be placed on one side to drain until dry. In this way the gilt is preserved, and is not rubbed

and worn away. Borax, ammonia and soap should not be used to wash china of this description. Bleeding from the nose may be stopped by snuffing lemon juice into the nostril from which the blood issues. It has long been known to physicians that lemon juice is a most powerful styptic.

Moths will work havoc in carpets in rooms that are kept dark and warm in winter as well as in summer. Before laying down a carpet, wash the floor with strong alum water and occasionally sprinkle the carpet with dry salt before sweeping it.

Fingers stained with fresh fruit, walnuts, etc., should be dipped in strong tea, rubbed with a nail-brush and then washed in warm water.

If jelly bags are wet in water before they are used, the fruit will strain through much better and with less loss.

RECIPES.

Escaloped Cabbage—Boil till very tender, drain well and cut into small pieces, put it in layers with fine chopped egg and the following dressing: half a pint of milk thickened over boiling water, with two tablespoonfuls of flour and seasoned with two teaspoonfuls of salt, one of white pepper and two ounces of butter; put grated bread over the top and bits of butter, place in the oven to brown.

Cheese Balls—The whites of two eggs well beaten, one cupful of dry cheese, grated, a pinch of salt, and three drops of Worcestershire sauce; mold into tiny balls, roll in fine bread crumbs, lay in a wire basket and fry in hot, deep fat until brown. These balls are very palatable served with crisp buttered toast.

Macaroni with Brown Sauce—Boil one-quarter of a pound of macaroni in plenty of stock fifteen or twenty minutes, or until tender. Drain in a colander. Melt and brown two tablespoonfuls of butter; add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix until smooth and brown; then add a pint of stock drained from the macaroni. Stir continually until it thickens add one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup and the macaroni; stir until it is heated through; season and serve.

Disque of Crabs—Pick into shreds the white meat from the claws of one large hard shell crab and set in the refrigerator until ready to use. Take the body of the crab with the white meat from the shell, mince and add to it three tablespoonfuls of cooked rice. Now add a quart of white stock, season with paprika, add the shredded claw meat, heat thoroughly and serve at once.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A LUCKY DISCOVERY.

"I believe," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that what a boy is depends largely upon his environment." "I know it," replied her hostess, as she carelessly toyed with her jewel box. "There was my cousin Ebenezer's boy. He never knew what it was to have a well day till the doctors found out that it was his environment and cut it out."

"Run Down System"

The solid parts of our bodies are continually wasting away, and require to be repaired by medical substances, that restore the lost vitality. There are only two methods of building up the run down system. You can consult the physician, or commence treatment with Dr. Slocum's famous remedy, "PSYCHINE." In all probability "PSYCHINE" will be the best doctor, and the cheapest in the end. Scores of medical men advise its use in the worst cases of decline and weakness. It is an invaluable tonic, pleasant to the stomach, builds up the run down system, strengthens the nerves, sets the liver right, cures dizziness and headache, creates appetite, and is an all round family medicine, used by thousands of men, women and children in every part of the Dominion. Ask druggist about it.

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SE-KINE)

ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—FREE TRIAL. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, 179 King St. W., Toronto, Canada.

MISSED THE FUN.

"What are you crying for, my poor little boy?" "Boo, hoo! I fell down stairs." "Don't take on so, my pet. He'll get better soon." "Sister saw him fall—all the way. I never saw nuffen-boo, hoo!"—Sporting Times.

THOROUGHLY CURED.

Doctor—When can you pay me my bill for curing you of insomnia? Patient—I don't know, doctor; I sleep so soundly now that my wife goes through my pockets every night and takes everything.—Judy.

Mr. Hittenup—What shall I take, doctor, to remove this redness of the nose? Physician—Take nothing—for several months.

LITTLE JOHNNY KNEW.

Teacher—Johnnie, write on the blackboard the sentence: "Two heads are better than one." Now, Johnnie, do you believe that? Johnnie—Yes'm. 'Cause you kin get a job in a dime museum and make lots of money.

"My dear Miss Kempton," remarked Mr. Cliftonville, meeting the young lady by chance, "your new hat is simply divine. I crossed the street especially to get a better view. However, I shouldn't like to sit behind it at the concert."

"But, then, you needn't," retorted Miss Kempton, with an arch smile, "for you are welcome to sit beside it." "What could the poor boy do?"

BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Meets the mother's needs in caring for the health of her little ones as no other medicine in the world can. The Tablets cure constipation, indigestion, colic, simple fever, diarrhoea, teething troubles, and expel worms. They break up colds and prevent croup. They make children sleep naturally and healthily, because they remove the cause of sleeplessness. And they are the only medicine that gives the mother a solemn guarantee that it contains no opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. They are good for children from birth onward; they always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Mrs. Geo. Turner, Barry's Bay, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for the troubles that come to little ones with perfect satisfaction. I think there is no medicine can equal the Tablets." Every mother ought to keep a box of these Tablets in the house as a safeguard for her little ones. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE HOLY SEE AND FRANCE.

The Rome correspondent of the London Times says: The object and main argument of the White Book to be published by the Holy See, under the title of "The Separation of the Church and State in France," are best given in the actual words of the preface:

The law of separation of Church and State in France, which brings with it the rupture of the Concordat of 1801, was promulgated in The Journal Officiel of the French Republic, Dec. 11, 1905. Politicians who have desired separation at any cost have never tired of repeating both in speech and writing, in Parliament and without, that this law was rendered inevitable by the attitude of the Holy See.

Their reason for spreading this idea is evident. France did not desire separation; separation, especially when in practice it takes the simple form of persecution, will bring with it consequences no less serious for France than for the Church. For this reason it is expedient for them to throw the responsibility before public opinion upon the Holy See.

But, by the evidence of documents and actual facts, it will not be difficult to show to whom this responsibility belongs; and that it is the aim of this work.

The first three chapters will lay bare, in its general outline, the anti-religious policy followed by the last French Cabinet; the chapters following will discuss the accusations brought against the Holy See; an appendix will treat of the French protectorate of Catholics in the East and Far East.

Every Hour Delayed IN CURING A COLD IS DANGEROUS.

You have often heard people say: "It's only a cold, a trifling cough," but many a life history would read differently if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

It is a pleasant, safe and effective remedy that may be confidently relied upon as a specific for Coughs and Colds of all kinds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Pains in Chest, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. Mrs. Stephen E. Strong, Barwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for Asthma, and have found it to be a grand medicine, always giving quick relief. We would not be without a bottle of it in the house." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper. Three Pine Trees is the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers. Before substituting, demand Dr. Wood's and get it.

The Church. It is intended solely to enlighten public opinion, especially in France, and to prevent the distortion of historical truth in an event of so great an importance.

The first chapter shows how, in spite of a policy of concession and conciliation pushed to its extreme limits by the Holy See, the French Government has steadily shaped its policy with a view to separation, and, when directed by M. Combes, made no secret of its intentions.

The next two chapters record the principal facts and incidents of the open war made upon the Church. M. Combes, has, according to this account, broken all pledges made by his predecessors, and converted, in both cases, what was intended to be a law of control into one of proscription.

The charges brought against the Holy See are rebutted one by one in the following six chapters. It is shown on the evidence of actual declarations by Portalis, Talleyrand, Caprara and Consalvi that the Holy See never acquiesced nor collaborated, in the addition to the Concordat of the Organic Articles, that it could not, therefore, be accused of violating agreements which it had never recognized.

Against the accusation that the Holy See had supported a campaign against the Republic, the fifth chapter recounts all that the Holy See has done in the past for the good of the French Republic, and all that it is even now continuing to do.

The sixth chapter and the seventh treat of the questions relating to the nominations of bishops and place the blame of all difficulties upon the abandonment by France of the "entente préalable."

The eighth chapter explains what is known as the Roman question, and the protest made by the Holy See on the occasion of M. Loubet's visit to Rome.

The ninth and last chapter reproduces the correspondence already published, relating to the case of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon.

TRAVELERS' JOY.

Silver and dew In the hedgerows height Where the robin sings with a lone delight

To the empty fields and the fading view; Silver and dew— Where the dog-rose blew.

Silver and dew— 'Tis the pilgrim's dower; For his tired eyes are refreshed anew By a gleam that greets him in sun and shower.

Silver and dew Where the fox-glove grows. Silver and dew. Are your thoughts, my friend, On a road where blessings are far and few!

And their light shall guide to my journey's end— Silver and dew Of your soul's own hue. —Elsie Higginbotham, in Pall Mall Magazine.

DUBLIN'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

Joseph Patrick Nennett, member of Parliament in the Nationalist interest for the College Division of Dublin, and chief composer of the Freeman's Journal, has been elected Lord Mayor of Dublin.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. It will be found that no pains belovoked on it is too high. It does all that is claimed for it, and does it thoroughly. Do not take any substitute for Bickle's Syrup, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

The Poet's Corner.

TO WINTER. (Written for True Witness.) The golden days of summer have departed, The dowy eves of autumn's faded too, And now, we turn our hearts with fond affection, Stern winter, dear, and warmly welcome you.

We welcome back the cold north blast of winter That makes our hearts and steps so light and free, As with joy we tread the frozen moorland. And count the thousand charms that come with thee.

We love thy snow clad hills and frozen rivers, Thy tempests dark and snow-drifts piled on high, We love to hear the jingling of the sleigh bells That we can only hear when thou art nigh.

We love thy moon that sheds on us its brightness, Thy thousand, thousand stars sprinkling the sky, Nothing so fair as thy bright nights, O Winter, With thrilling hearts we view the scene and sigh.

Thy coming brings the holy Advent season, A time of self-denial, fast and prayer, By which we gain the love of our Creator, And holier grow with every passing year.

And oh! the joys of thy bright Christmas morning, Dear to our hearts in spite of frost and snow, To our hearts is born again the Saviour, That Bethlehem saw two thousand years ago.

We hasten to adore with humble hearts and lowly The One Who came to free us from sin's snare, And promised us the lasting joys of heaven If we but only love and serve Him here.

Oh, winter, you're the fairest of the seasons, We gladly hail your coming year by year, Most gladly would we keep your beauty with us, But nature's fairest scenes are transient here. —M. J. M.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY'S FAVORITE POEM.

He'd nothing but his violin, I'd nothing but my song, But we were wed when skies were blue And summer days were long. And, when we rested by the hedge The robins came and told How they had dared to woo and win When, early spring was cold.

We sometimes supped on dewberries, Or slept among the hay, But oft the farmers' wives at eve Came out to hear us play. The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes— We could not starve for long While my man had his violin And I my sweet old song.

The world has aye gone well with us, Old man, since we were one; Our homeless wandering down the lanes It long ago was done. But those who wait for gold or gear, For houses and for kine, 'Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and sore, And love and beauty pine, Will never know the joy of hearts That met without a fear. When you had but your violin And I, my song, my dear. —Mary Kyle Dallas.

THE TOILER.

All work well done is prayer; and if thou be A laborer, the scorn of gentle birth, Remember that to wear thy livery The Lord of heaven walked upon this earth. Christ toiled Himself; He was a toiler's Son; Know that, poor heart, by man's care oppressed, He feels for thee, and when thy day is done Will call thee to the house of our less, rest. —Emily R. Logue.

In reality history is of no small moment. It is caught every day with traps that have served before.—John Simon.

OUR EYES

Dear Girls and Boys: We are getting a taste of it at last. So much the more there was nearly being and what a disappointment would be to the boys whom Santa Claus brought for Christmas. Two old heard from this week. I knew what a pleasure it gave your letters you write at least every week. Your loving Aunt

Dear Aunt Becky: It is a long time since you, so I thought I would day. We have lovely weather here, there is hardly any fields and roads are all bawgagos and sleighs are gathered; we have no coast this winter. It is raining my sister and brother and school and my father had after us. We have a long go to school. My father is shoeing horses all the time rest only on Sundays as I think I will stop for this will write soon again. So Aunt Becky, from Your sincere friend JOHAN Sturgeon, P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Becky: It is quite a long time I wrote to the Corner. We True Witness all the time joy the boys' and girls' lives are having a fine time here in Newfoundland. I am at the Council examinations, six others from our school for the primary exam. great fun skating and riding all the boys and girls spend Xmas and received lots from Santa Claus. We have lonely here, for our priest, another parish about a week Xmas, and we had not days ago. With love to main, dear Aunt Becky, Your loving niece TERES

A TALE OF TAILS Everybody knows that dogs to say "I'm glad," And that tabby, near the her's to say "I'm mad" Strange to say, the monkey to help him climb a tree While the peacock seems just to show his vanity Squirrels hopping through tops have their show; Fishes in the purring brook theirs just to make the Brindle also has one, and keep the flies away; Bobby put one on his kite fly the other day.

Scores of animals possess a lion to a mouse— Or a heaver, strange to uses his to build a house Still, 'tis puzzling, look at is small, very, very sm Then consider why a bull one at all, at all. So it seems almost a riddle girls, little man, Why these tails are all so guess and tell us, if you

THE RESCUE OF THE TWINS. They set on the edge of stretching out their chubby that the rain from the e fall on them. It had steadily all morning. Sn fox terrier, made spanned from one side to the other at the drops—sniffing when one splashed on his The Brown boys—and co had made them literally—were twins and seven Theodore and Edward they christened, but no one ev of calling them anything and Eddy. Their faces were decidedly they gazed out across the to where the creek flows torrent swelled to twice size. Presently Teddy

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

We are getting a taste of real winter at last. So much the better, for there was nearly being no skating, and what a disappointment that would be to the boys and girls to whom Santa Claus brought skates for Christmas. Two old friends are heard from this week. If you all knew what a pleasure it is to receive your letters you would all write at least every week.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a long time since I wrote to you, so I thought I would write today. We have lovely weather down here, there is hardly any snow. The fields and roads are all bare and the waggon and sleighs are going together; we have no coasting at all this winter. It is raining to-day. My sister and brother and I were in school and my father had to come after us. We have a long piece to go to school. My father is kept busy shoeing horses all the time, he has no rest only on Sundays and holidays. I think I will stop for this time. I will write soon again. So good-bye, Aunt Becky, from

Your sincere friend,

JOHANNA McU.

Sturgeon, P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is quite a long time since I wrote to the Corner. We get the True Witness all the time, and I enjoy the boys' and girls' letters. We are having a fine mild winter down here in Newfoundland. I go to school every day. I am studying for the Council examinations. There are six others from our school preparing for the primary exam. We have great fun skating and riding. I hope all the boys and girls spent a happy Xmas and received lots of presents from Santa Claus. We had it very lonely here, for our priest removed to another parish about a week from Xmas, and we had not one until a few days ago. With love to all, I remain, dear Aunt Becky,

Your loving niece,

TERESA M. W.

Jan 26th, 1906.

A TALE OF TAILS.

Everybody knows that doggy uses his tail to say "I'm glad," and that tabby, near the doggy, uses her's to say "I'm mad."

Strange to say, the monkey uses his tail to help him climb a tree, while the peacock seems to have his tail just to show his vanity.

Squirrels hopping through the tree-tops have theirs simply for a show; Fishes in the purring brooklet need theirs just to make them go.

Birds also has one, and it serves to keep the flies away; Bobby put one on his kite to make it fly the other day.

Scores of animals possess them, from a lion to a mouse—Or a beaver, strange to say, who uses his to build a house.

Still, 'tis puzzling, look at buffy his is small, very, very small.

Then consider why a bullfrog hasn't one at all, at all.

So it seems almost a riddle, little girls, little men, Why these tails are all so different, guess and tell us, if you can.

THE RESCUE OF THE BROWN TWINS.

They sat on the edge of the porch, stretching out their chubby bare legs that the rain from the eaves might fall on them. It had been raining steadily all morning. Snapper, the fox terrier, made spasmodic dashes from one side to the other, barking at the drops—sniffing and sneezing when one splashed on his snout.

The Brown boys—and country life had made them literally brown boys—were twins, and seven years old. Theodore and Edward they had been christened, but no one ever thought of calling them anything but Teddy and Eddy.

Their faces were decidedly moody as they gazed out across the misty fields to where the creek flowed—a yellow torrent swelled to twice its usual size. Presently Teddy spoke.

"Mother won't let us go swimmin' while the creek's so high, and I just know it won't go down for long enough, after all this rain."

Eddy nodded his head. He had been thinking deeply for three solid minutes. Now he dropped back on the floor, waving his dripping limbs in the air.

"Believe I'll go swimmin' now," he remarked, with an assumed air of carelessness.

"You'll what?—where?" gasped Teddy, in surprise. His brother rolled over on his side, that Teddy might observe what was intended to be a knowing wink. As he opened his mouth to reply, Snapper—in the course of his gambols—scrambled unceremoniously over the lad's head, causing him to sit suddenly erect, spluttering.

"Where?" repeated Teddy. But he was not to learn too easily—

"I went into the house," drawled the other twin; "what did I see?—nawthin! I went up one flight of stairs; what did I see—nawthin! I went up two flights of stairs; what did I see? A door! I opened the door; what did I see? A tank!"

Teddy understood. "The water-tank!" he exclaimed. "Go swimmin' in the water-tank upstairs—do you mean it?"

"Course I mean it, but don't yell so mother and Aunt Debbie and everybody can hear you!"

"Aunt Debbie took some herbs down to old Miss Hughes for her rheumatiz and mother is back in the kitchen. But dare we do it?"

"Come along!" was the reply. Eddy was always the leader in their escapades. The two entered the house—or rather the three—for Snapper just managed to squeeze through the screen door after them, wagging his stump of a tail. He seemed to say, "That was a close shave. I had no idea you were going in till I heard the door creak. Why couldn't you tell a fellow?"

Cautiously the trio mounted to the top floor, after they had stopped at their bedroom to don bathing suits. Soon they arrived at the room containing the cistern which supplied the house with water. This was a huge cask, eight or nine feet high and perhaps as wide. A wind-mill pumped water to it from the stream, but rain-water from the roof was also emptied into it, so that now it was filled to the brim. The boys knew very well that even if the tank were considered a safe natorium there would be serious objections to its use as such, for it was this tank that supplied the water for the bath room below. Of course, it could hardly be called clean water after two little grimy urchins had immersed themselves in it.

Snapper sniffed around in the dark corners delightedly. It was a new field for him. A chair was placed close to the side of the tank, and Teddy standing upon it helped Eddy clamber upon his shoulders. "Here goes!" he whispered, and over he went with a faint splash that caused Snapper to cock one ear and look up in surprise.

In a few seconds his fingers appeared on the rim of the tank, followed by his dripping head. "Oh, Teddy!" he gasped, "it's great. Catch hold of my hands and climb up!" A stiff struggle ended by Teddy popping in head-first so suddenly that both went to the bottom. They rose to the surface puffing, but happy. Both were thoroughly at home in the water, and for ten or fifteen minutes they disappeared like a couple of seals. Finally, becoming rather tired, they perched themselves on the rim for a moment's rest. The rain had ceased or was falling so lightly that not any was flowing into the tank. Eddy's observing eye noted something else.

"Someone is taking a bath!" he said. "See how the water is lowering. They must be filling the bath-tub. Come on in again."

Over they flopped, much to Snapper's disgust. He was hoping this game in which he could not participate was about finished.

"But I can't tread water longer than you," challenged one; and they merrily entered upon the test.

They had about reached the limit of their strength when Teddy happened to glance up and saw that the surface of the water was nearly two feet below the top of the tank. "Oh, brother!" he shouted, "see how low we are! I can't reach the top. Oh, we'll be drowned!"

Try as they might, their efforts, single and combined, were of no avail. The water remained at that level—too high to stand on the bottom and too low for them to

reach the top. Some one had evidently drawn off not only a tub-full, but afterwards used the shower bath, which consumed as much more.

Of course the poor little fellows shouted with all their might, but their voices were muffled and they were in an unoccupied part of the house. But their shouting had one good effect; it started Snapper barking. He became wildly excited, seeming to know they were in trouble, and ran back and forth from the room to the head of the stairs, yelping his very loudest.

Down the lane trudged Aunt Debbie, returning from her visit to the sick (it took more than rain to interfere with her errands of mercy), her big umbrella with its crooked handle still dripping. As she entered the door the distant barking smote her ears.

"For goodness sake! if that dog can't in the house again, and tracking all our new crash with its muddy paws, I'll warrant." Bent upon vengeance, she mounted the stairs, grimly holding the umbrella, which she intended to use on the offending canine.

"Why, bless my soul! that sounds like the twins. You, Snapper, you! Where's them boys?"

"Auntie, Auntie, get us out quick!" "Merciful heavens, the tank!" She wasted no time in words, but standing on the chair peered over at the white, frightened faces of her nephews. The curved handle of her umbrella hauled them out, and it was none too soon. Their limp, dripping forms sank to the floor—too weak even to ward off the demonstrative Snapper.

No, they were not made ill by their experience; neither were they spanked or scolded. Aunt Debbie considered they had had their lesson and—loyal soul—never breathed a word about it. But she put them to bed for a nap from which they awoke perfectly well. They were, however, unusually subdued for at least two days.

EXPERIMENTING WITH A COIN.

An experiment which will be found extremely diverting is to place an inverted tumbler upon a plate and place a coin also upon the plate. You then proceed to pour a little water, enough to well cover the coin, upon it, and then assert to the onlookers that you will take up the coin without wetting your fingers.

This, unless they are in the secret, they will not consider possible, and, to prove the truth of your words, you place a slice of cork in the water. This, of course, will float on the surface, and you then place a piece of lighted paper on the cork, covering all quickly with the inverted glass.

As the burning paper consumes the oxygen in the air the pressure of the atmosphere outside the glass becomes greater than that within, and in this way the water is forced into the glass, and you are enabled to take up the coin without damping your fingers.

THE CHRIST-FLOWER.

In the black forest of Germany there once dwelt a poor man who had many children. The winter had been very cold and frequently there was not enough bread to feed all the hungry little mouths.

One evening as a man was returning from his work, he found a beautiful child shivering in the cold. He thought of the hard struggle to keep the wolf from his door; but the little one seemed to be lost and he could not leave it to perish in the forest. So he wrapped it in his rough coat and carried it to his home. The good wife was dismayed at the thought of another one to feed and clothe; but they would do their best for the Christ-child's sake; and they fed and warmed the little stranger and gave him their humble cheer. When lo!

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects; but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

AN IRISH ELECTION: OLD STYLE.

A lively account of an Irish election in the first half of the last century is given in "Further Recollections of Old Galway Life" in Blackwood's for January. One of the candidates was a Dublin barrister and the other a local man, Sir Valentine Black, of Menlo Castle, who was what was known as a "Sunday boy"—in other words, owing to financial embarrassments, he was unable to appear abroad except upon the Sunday, and had to spend the other six days of the week in close seclusion in his own dwelling. A member of Parliament could not be arrested for debt, which, among other reasons, made it exceedingly desirable that Sir Valentine should become member for Galway town. A local orator in supporting him did not try to conceal this motive: quite the reverse.

"Will you," he asked passionately, "leave Sir Valentine to pine in his seclusion at Menlo? Or will you bid the Councillor (his opponent) begone whence he came, and make Sir Valentine by your votes a free man this day?" This appeal succeeded, and Sir Valentine was elected. Sir Valentine himself awaited the result of the election in a boat on Loch Corrib, where he was safe from arrest, as a writ could only be executed on human control.

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a wonderful thing happened. The child raised his tiny hands in blessing and disappeared. And they know that the Christ-child had been among them, and they fell upon their knees to thank God for the favor.

The next morning, as the man returned to his work, he saw a beautiful white flower blooming in the snow where he had found the Child; and he called it Christ-flower or Chrysanthemum.

HOW SWALLOWS DRINK.

Of course, we know that swallows drink as they swim over the surface of the water. We have seen how here and there the water ripples on a pond when swallows are gracefully skimming to and fro.

One day I sat down beside a small pond where every evening many barn swallows came to bathe and drink on the surface of the glassy water. With sketch book and pencil in hand, I closely watched the birds, and you may imagine my delight to see just how they managed to touch and dip up the water as they came within a few steps of me.

You see, the swallow takes up water in its lower bill just as you would dip up a little water in a spoon or in the hollow of your hand while you glided over the surface in a boat. Only the under half of the open bill touches the water. If the upper half were to touch also, the water would be forced out or either side instead of being scooped up in the bill.

YOUR DUTY TO YOUR MOTHER.

It should be the daughter's joy, as well as duty, to bring a little recreation and pleasure into her mother's life.

Remember, girls, that all your lives your mothers have been sacrificing themselves for you. Your shoulders are young and strong; help lift the burden a little from the tired shoulders that have borne it so long.

Let her see that you appreciate all that she has done for you. Take the heaviest part of the housework off her hands. Make her stay in bed in the morning while you get breakfast.

Something pretty to wear will please her. She is a woman, you know, and likes pretty things as well as you do.

A little love and petting is always appreciated by mothers; try it with yours and see if she don't thrive under it.

The prettiest girl in the world is absolutely devoid of charm if she be impertinent to her mother.

THE EARS OF INSECTS AND ANIMALS.

It would be quite natural, of course to look on the side of the head of any living creature, provided he had a living, for the organs of hearing. Such investigation, however, no matter how thorough, would be void of results in many instances. In the clam it is found in the base of his "foot," or feeler. In most of the grasshoppers it is in the fore leg, while several species of insects have it in the wing. Lobsters and crabs all have the auditory sac at the base of the antennae, or feelers.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects; but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is safe, sure and effectual.

WHEN I'M BIG.

Some children were recently overheard discussing that interesting matter of "what we'll do when we get big." One, a very small boy from a Western village, outlined his dream of future power by stating that he would be a milkman, ride around in a wagon and ring a bell for folks to come out for their milk.

The second boy, a little older, explained how he wanted to be the man to ride on the freight cars and "make the round things go like this"—illustrating with his hands the brakeman's action.

The third, also a boy, still older than the others, laughing a little at their childish notions—stated that he could not decide whether to be a minister or a grocer. In the place where they were all spending the summer the grocer has candy to sell, and a young clergyman was the object of much feminine devotion.

The fourth child, a girl of 11, was seen to smile enigmatically. She did not care to tell what she would do, she said.

"Aw, yar!" contemptuously cried he for whom the ministry and confectionery had equal attraction. "Yur want to get married!" he said, with the traditional blindness of his sex.

When the boys with these ignoble aims had run off to play ball, the girl's ambition came out, confided to her favorite aunt.

"I wouldn't tell before them," she said, solemnly. "They couldn't understand. But, auntie, I want to be a justice of the Supreme Court, and—her voice became solemn—"beyond human control."

FIVE GOLDEN RULES.

First—Eat only 3 meals a day, 5 hours apart.

It requires 4 to 4 1/2 hours to digest a meal. This leaves 1/2 to 1 hour for the stomach to rest.

Second—Eat nothing between meals.

If anything is taken into the stomach while digestion is going on, digestion stops and may not start again for an hour.

Third—Eat slowly and chew food thoroughly.

This insures food being well mixed with saliva and partially digested before it reaches the stomach.

Fourth—Drink little fluid with meals.

The stomach gives out about a pint of gastric juice to digest each meal. If you take another pint of tea, wine or water, then the digestive juices are too diluted to properly digest the food.

Fifth—Take one "Fruit-a-tives" tablet about twenty minutes before meals. "Fruit-a-tives" tone up and sweeten the stomach—insure an abundant flow of digestive juices—and cure Dyspepsia. Follow these directions for a month and see how much better you are in every way.

See a box. At all druggists.

AN IRISHMAN'S REASON.

While a travelling man was making his trip through Ohio recently he met an Irishman at one of the small towns, whom he engaged to help carry his grips from the depot. The traveling man, being of a very jovial disposition, asked the Irishman a number of questions, and invariably received answers that made him smile. After they had traversed a couple of blocks from the station, and having passed a Catholic church, the traveling man noticed that his friend raised his hat when he passed the front of the edifice. He said nothing of the incident until a few minutes later, when they passed a Protestant church or the same kind of structure, the following conversation ensued:

"Pat, did you raise your hat when we passed that church back there, before we turned on this street?"

Pat, looking up in his face, answered: "Faith, and I did, sir."

His friend said: "Well, Pat, you jus' passed one here which was made of the same material. Why didn't you raise your hat when you passed it?"

The Irishman looked at him for several minutes as they walked along, and finally said:

"Say, Mister Man, are you married?"

To which the traveling man answered: "Yes."

"And I suppose you love your wife?"

To which he made a like reply, "Yes."

"And I suppose you kiss her sometimes?"

He also replied, "Yes."

"Well, where do you kiss her?"

"Why, I kiss her in the mouth, of course."

"Well, why in the devil don't you kiss the back of her neck? It is made out of the same material."

SOCIETY DIRECTOR.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. 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, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Malden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Hartenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and G. E. Delaney; Jack was cross; nothing pleased Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Herrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

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PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to incorporate "The Antonia Daughters of Our Lady of Good Help," as a charitable and religious institution.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

An anniversary service was chanted in the dear old Church of St. Columban on the 27th of January for the repose of the soul of Rev. Sister Mary St. Patrick, who by her life work and example was and is still, we hope, the angel of our parish. May her soul rest in peace.

CHAPEL OF BLESSED SACRAMENT TO BE RENOVATED.

To the many who daily frequent the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament the news of its renovation will be a pleasure. We are told that all that cleaning and painting will do to make the little oratory even more inviting than it was is being done.

ST. LAURENT COLLEGE AND CONVENT VISITED BY HIS GRACE.

On Tuesday morning His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi visited St. Laurent College. The distinguished prelate was received by the Father Superior, who conducted him to the reception hall. After an address of welcome had been read, the Archbishop spoke a few words to the students in his customary style, and then granted them a holiday. In the afternoon His Grace visited the convent in charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. After dinner a reception was tendered by the teachers and pupils. Canon Cousineau accompanied His Grace.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

On Tuesday evening a very successful concert was given in aid of St. Joseph's Home. This Home, which is under the direction of Father Holland, is doing a quiet noble work, and one which claims the sympathy of our people; but the good Father cannot accomplish much without funds, so those who have no matter how small a contribution could make as better use of it than to forward it to Father Holland, who will find immediate use for it in the urgent demands which are constantly made upon him. Tuesday night's entertainment was well patronized, every one being thoroughly satisfied with the result. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when St. Joseph's Home will be self-supporting, made so by the generosity of the people who in so doing expressed their appreciation of a work so dear to the heart of the devoted founder.

LECTURE IN AID OF O'CONNELL MEMORIAL CHURCH.

Rev. Father Harty, of Killarney, Ireland, is at present in the city and intends to lecture at the new Stanley Hall, 96 Stanley street, on Thursday evening, March 8, on the life and times of Daniel O'Connell. The proceeds of the lecture will be devoted to the completion of the O'Connell Memorial Church at Cahirciveen, Ireland, the birthplace of the Liberator.

Pastoral Visit of Archbishop Bruchesi to the Town of St. Paul.

On Sunday last His Grace the Archbishop paid his first pastoral visit to the flourishing municipality of the town of St. Paul. The rubrics for such occasions were followed out to the letter. His Grace was received at the main entrance of the church by the pastor, Rev. H. Brisset, assisted by many members of the clergy. On arriving in the centre of the sanctuary His Grace, after a few minutes of silent prayer, explained in a few words the object of his visit and gave out the programme to be followed. The customary prayers for the deceased former pastors and members of the congregation were recited. His Grace next visited the relics deposited in the five altars of the Church. This was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The musical portion of the service was in strict accordance with the wishes lately expressed by His Grace, the Roman pronunciation being used for the Latin hymns. After Benediction His Grace mounted the throne and spoke most eloquently in both French and English. He paid a gracious compliment to the rev. pastor for the able manner in which the parish was administered. He referred to the trials to which the parish had been subjected during the past six years, but owing to the zeal of the pastor and the generosity of the faithful they could now boast of a beautiful church. His Grace assured those present that they would not suffer by the recent dismemberment of their parish. St. Paul's Church had already grown beyond all proportions, so that in recent years it had given a large portion to St. Elizabeth Church, then the parish of Our Lady of the Sacred Dolours at Verdun, and finally two weeks ago,

TEMPERANCE CAMPAIGN OPENED.

Before a large gathering at Laval University, comprising leading members of the Bar and clergy, Rev. Father Sullivan, of St. Albans, on Tuesday night delivered an address on the subject of temperance. The speaker was introduced by Mr. Eugene Lafontaine, K.C. At the opening of his remarks he observed that men could not be rendered sober by the sheer strength of the law, no more than they could be made virtuous by being deprived of their independence and responsibilities. Temperance, he said, was a moral virtue and it was along the lines of moral reform that drunkenness could be made to disappear. He then outlined the operation of the prohibition law as it had existed for a period of twenty years in the State of Vermont. The application

of this law by ill-disposed persons had led to one of the greatest public disgraces ever known in the country. The sale of liquor went on as before. Father Sullivan quoted the instance of a town numbering 900 inhabitants where forty saloons had dispensed intoxicants in violation of the law. This was due to the fact that officials appointed to supervise the liquor traffic allowed themselves to be bribed. Some of those even depended on those who carried on this illicit trade for their appointment. Thus prohibition far from effecting its purpose, had served to induce perjury and bribery in addition to inebriety, and soon became the laughing stock of everybody.

Such was the deplorable state of affairs in Vermont when the Legislature decided to inaugurate reforms, which led to the establishment of the present licensing system, which had produced better results. Father Sullivan related how he had been requested to take part in the framing of these laws. He said that when he found himself in the Legislature for the first time he felt much like a phenomenon, but he had, nevertheless, done his share of the work. The present licensing law was submitted each year to the citizens for approval, and was not enforced unless a majority of votes was returned. According to the law, the barroom had to occupy the ground floor. It was forbidden to provide seats and private apartments inside or make use of screens or decorations in the doors and windows. Everything had to be done openly.

In conclusion Father Sullivan observed it was not the purpose of civil laws to make men perfectly sober, but they, nevertheless, served to diminish the number of misdemeanors. Drunkards, he said, were not always the most vicious kind of people, and he recommended that they be dealt with charitably.

Among those present were: Archbishop Bruchesi, Bishop Racicot, Canon Lapaille, Hon. F. L. Belque, Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Hon. Alphonse Desjardins, J. G. H. Bergeron, Senator Dandurand, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Judge Taschereau, Judge Scott, Judge Lafontaine, L. O. David, Judge Mathieu, C. H. Catell, J. A. Beaubien, and A. Desrosiers.

The Toilers in the Vatican.

Pius X. has from the beginning of his Pontificate continued the splendid policy inaugurated by Leo XIII. over twenty years ago of allowing scholars from all nations free access to the treasury of historical documents which the Vatican contains. England, Germany, Austria, Spain, Switzerland, Portugal, have each a select body of workers engaged on the Bulls, Briefs, Apostolic Constitutions, State documents, etc., which serve to throw light on the history of those countries. The labors of the Prussian delegation alone already amount to seventeen octavo volumes of 500 pages each. The Gorres-Gesellschaft has published the first two volumes of its monumental work for the Council of Trent. The French School of Rome has issued fourteen quarto volumes of the "Acts of the Popes." The French priests attached to San Luigi dei Francesi are working hard on the Nunciature of France. England is represented officially in the Archives by Mr. Bliss and Mr. Twemlow, while Mr. Rushforth, of Oriel College, Oxford, has published his first volume of Papers of the British School at Rome, on behalf of the society founded in 1901 to study the historical relations between the Holy See and England.

There is a Belgian commission working the Archives under Dom Berliet; Holland has Dr. Bronn and Prof. Orban; Norway and Sweden are represented by Dr. Bergstrand; Finland by Drs. Baudet and Thorne; Poland by Ptasek and Zahrewski; Russia by Pierling and Schrowilo. Mr. Fraknoi, titular Bishop of Apha, is at the head of a Hungarian commission appointed to study the "Monumenta Hungarica Vaticana." Last year one of the most assiduous of the workers was Horvat, who was engaged on the relations of the Croats with the Holy See. Profs. Krofta and Kravcik were studying Bohemian history. Even Japan was represented by Jaefiro Murakami, and Turkey sent Chakh Farid el Kazan to study the relations of the Ottoman Empire with the Grand Duchy of Tuscany in the seventeenth century. Pastor, the German historian, and Duchene, President of the French School, might be seen sitting side by side together in the archives any morning. Other well known names of laborers in the Vatican this year are Prof. Dangel, of the University of Innsbruck; Dr. Kehr, of the Prussian Institute; Dr. Chabot and the Abbe Constans, Mgr. Ehes, head of the Goerresian Society; Father Costello, Sub-Prior of San Clemente; Dr. William J. D. Croke, Father Ebel, and the Marquis MacSwiney of Mashonaglass. Besides these, many of the religious orders—Benedictines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Jesuits—have some of their picked men engaged in ferreting out historical documents and date about their own institutions. Italy is the only one of the great European powers which is not represented in the Vatican archives.

new parish of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. He had divided the revenues of his diocese, and he assured them that the diocese of Montreal did not suffer. As with a diocese, so with a parish. Souls had to be cared for and so the labor had to be divided.

His Grace made an eloquent appeal to the men to live up to all the teachings of our holy faith, to educate their children. He dwelt considerably upon the importance of giving higher education to the children who showed aptitude for the more serious studies. He felt the need of priests of both languages. The city gave few, so few that they were easily counted.

His Grace then spoke upon the temperance campaign and outlined it in detail. He spoke of a parish where \$50,000 had been spent in a year for liquor, and still these people were discouraged when a \$30,000 church was proposed. The austere wooden cross was to be placed in every house. He had already placed it in the parlor of the Palace. He afterwards spoke at length in English. He received all the parishioners at the balustrade and gave to each a special blessing. The churchwardens, ancient and acting, accompanied him to the presbytery.

There were present Rev. H. Brisset, parish priest of St. Paul; Rev. Fathers Richard, cure at Verdun, Our Lady of Seven Dolours; Jolicœur, cure of Our Lady of Perpetual Help; James S. McCrory, curate Ville St. Paul; F. M. Elliott, curate at Verdun, and Rev. Father Demers, secretary to His Grace, who afterwards accompanied His Grace on a visit to the convent and Brothers' school.

The convent has seventy-boarders and fifty day scholars; the teachers number fourteen. In the Brothers' School there are six teachers.

THE POOL ROOM EVIL.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Sir,—Now that the temperance crusade inaugurated by the Archbishop is about to be vigorously pushed forward, it will not be amiss to say a few words of another increasing evil which is the very stepping stone to intemperance and almost invariably leads the young man who follows it into the deeper abyss of inebriety and its kindred vices—I mean the pool-room evil.

How many of the criminals who to-day occupy a felon's cell in our jails and penitentiaries could trace their downward course to the pool room which they frequented in their youth and where they imbibed the germs of vice which grew with their growth and wrought havoc with their after life in both body and soul. It is a fact not to be questioned that the pool room evil is on the increase in Montreal. We have to-day

a vast number of such places where young men of tender years congregate nightly and there, in an atmosphere which is anything but wholesome for either soul or body, are their characters and morals formed. Those places are also to be found open from early morning to late every Sunday of the year and always have a "filled house." In all large cities where we are constantly thrown in contact with every shade and class of society, from the saint who strives to follow in the steps of the Master even to the human brute who glories in his violence and shame, it behooves the Christian soul to be ever on guard, knowing the cunning ways of the enemy and how he thirsts for man's destruction.

But how often is the innocent and unwary youth caught within the toils set for him, and even before he fully recognizes his position and the extent of his danger, he is bound with the cords of passion which he finds so hard to break. In the face of this, it becomes the duty of parents to be ever vigilant and know where their children resort and with whom they associate. Moreover, it is the duty of fathers and tax payers to demand protection for their children from the civil law authorities and see that all places of sinful or questionable character, which are nothing less than schools of vice where the heart of youth is being poisoned, be driven from our city.

THE TOILERS IN THE VATICAN.

It is our duty as Catholics to do all in our power to assist our Archbishop in his noble work of temperance and one way of doing so is to start a crusade against the vice of inebriety as well as against the many sinful occasions which lead to it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Sir,—Now that the campaign is over and the just cause of the Irish Catholic population of Montreal has been turned down and frowned upon by the majority of our fellow-citizens both Protestant and French-Canadian, it is time to ask ourselves just where we stand. When the municipal campaign of 1900 was being waged by Mr. Doran, and the "equal rights" question was then, as it was last week, such a prominent factor of his platform, he had the support of many who refused him that support last week. Mr. Doran was deemed worthy of nomination in 1900 to contest the mayoral office against the late B. Prefontaine by the Montreal Daily Star and a vast portion of our Protestant fellow-citizens. But times have changed, and so had Mr. Doran's opponent. Last week it was not a Prefontaine but an Ekers who saw fit to challenge the right of the English Catholic minority to representation in the office of Chief Magistrate, and his challenge met with the approbation of the Daily Star as well as of the majority of the Protestant and French-Canadian people of our city. Now this is certainly a lesson which, though severe and humiliating, must nevertheless prove salutary. We can to-day readily understand our position in this, the metropolis of the Dominion.

That the Irish Catholics have done much to promote the interests of Montreal during the past sixty years no one will deny. Yet, because we are in the minority, we are treated at times in what I must declare to be an unjust and dishonorable manner.

Many were the excuses put forth by those who opposed the election of our candidate. But all were flimsy and unworthy of an honest and far-sighted man. What was good enough in 1900 was certainly not inferior five years later.

It is now the duty of every English-speaking Catholic of Montreal to stop to ask himself if he is not deserving of a certain amount of blame which attaches itself to a large portion of our people who refuse to acknowledge the need of an English Catholic paper in Montreal, which would be a tower of strength in safeguarding our interests. We must now begin to understand the absurdity of being a silent partner in everything in this town. The time is now opportune for our people to unite in a common cause and better their position by employing every honest effort to obtain justice and equality in municipal and other affairs amongst which might be mentioned educational matters.

It is a fact which cannot be questioned that our school affairs leave much to be desired and demand immediate and stringent attention. The dual system of languages in so many of our schools is a serious drawback, proving itself a nuisance, as many of our people can to-day bear witness.

I shall not trespass on your kindness further, Mr. Editor, to enter into any detail of our educational disadvantages, but in some future issue of your paper I hope to treat of this important question at some length, besides pointing out the many other drawbacks with which the Irish Catholic people of Montreal are at present obliged to contend, which seem to run down the whole line of both our private and public life. That a remedy must soon be applied is becoming daily more apparent. Mr. Ekers is now Mayor, and it remains to be seen what he will do to rid our city of a curse that is ever on the increase and making of the Sabbath a day of sinful carousing instead of a day of quiet and peace.

FAIR PLAY.

THE POOL ROOM EVIL.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Sir,—Now that the temperance crusade inaugurated by the Archbishop is about to be vigorously pushed forward, it will not be amiss to say a few words of another increasing evil which is the very stepping stone to intemperance and almost invariably leads the young man who follows it into the deeper abyss of inebriety and its kindred vices—I mean the pool-room evil. How many of the criminals who to-day occupy a felon's cell in our jails and penitentiaries could trace their downward course to the pool room which they frequented in their youth and where they imbibed the germs of vice which grew with their growth and wrought havoc with their after life in both body and soul. It is a fact not to be questioned that the pool room evil is on the increase in Montreal. We have to-day

a vast number of such places where young men of tender years congregate nightly and there, in an atmosphere which is anything but wholesome for either soul or body, are their characters and morals formed. Those places are also to be found open from early morning to late every Sunday of the year and always have a "filled house." In all large cities where we are constantly thrown in contact with every shade and class of society, from the saint who strives to follow in the steps of the Master even to the human brute who glories in his violence and shame, it behooves the Christian soul to be ever on guard, knowing the cunning ways of the enemy and how he thirsts for man's destruction.

But how often is the innocent and unwary youth caught within the toils set for him, and even before he fully recognizes his position and the extent of his danger, he is bound with the cords of passion which he finds so hard to break. In the face of this, it becomes the duty of parents to be ever vigilant and know where their children resort and with whom they associate. Moreover, it is the duty of fathers and tax payers to demand protection for their children from the civil law authorities and see that all places of sinful or questionable character, which are nothing less than schools of vice where the heart of youth is being poisoned, be driven from our city.

It is our duty as Catholics to do all in our power to assist our Archbishop in his noble work of temperance and one way of doing so is to start a crusade against the vice of inebriety as well as against the many sinful occasions which lead to it.

THAT ENDLESS CHAIN PRAYER.

To the Editor of the True Witness: I am in receipt of a prayer sent me by some unknown, but, I suppose, good-intentioned friend, who takes the pains to inform me of the dire consequences that will result from my omission to make three copies of same and mail them to three of my acquaintances deserving of such consideration. I am, in my turn, to make known to them the awful calamities that will befall them if they neglect to do likewise, etc. etc. Now this fad is becoming a little stale, and I consider has done evil enough during the past few years and it is high time to put a stop to all such frauds, the work of avicious and unscrupulous firms who consider nothing too sacred for their thieving and fraudulent practices.

The prayer in question, which is known by the novel name of "Endless Chain," is the composition of some unauthorized person, and on the face bears deception. It is a notorious fact that the author of such so-called prayers, who try to impose upon the faith of Christians, are, in nine cases out of ten, themselves infidels, and their only desire in flooding the country with these bits of paper is to reap a rich harvest in shillings and pence.

I advise all who chance to read these lines to burn, without a moment's hesitation, all such unauthorized forms of prayer, which happens to come into their hands.

All prayers not bearing the "Imprimatur" of a Catholic Bishop are, to say the least, suspicious, and should be treated accordingly.

CORONATION OATH.

To the Editor of the True Witness:

Dear Sir,—Will you kindly state through the columns of your valuable paper if any other reigning European monarch, with the exception of Edward Seventh of England, takes any oath at his coronation and accession to power, derogatory, offensive or insulting to any class or section of his subjects. Also please give the particulars, if any, of the coronation oath and declaration at accession of power of Alfonso Thirteenth of Spain. Is it not a fact that no other European sovereign, with the exception of the British King, not even the Czar of Russia, at their coronation, takes any oath, or utters any declaration insulting to their Catholic subjects, or to their subjects of any other denomination. I understand that the King of Spain takes no oath at his accession to power, but does he, in any declaration, other religious or civil, swear or affirm anything that would be offensive to any class of his subjects. I have contended that it is only the Catholics of the British empire that are especially singled out for gratuitous insult by their sovereign. Does any Catholic monarch take any oath offensive to his Protestant subjects?

By deciding the above, you would greatly oblige. Yours truly, DEFENSOR. Buckingham, Jan. 30, 1906. ("Defensor" is entirely correct—Ed. T. W.)

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for the week ending Sunday, 4th Feb., 1906: The following people had a night's lodging and breakfast: Irish, 108; French, 48; English, 7 other nationalities, 10. Total, 198.

AN IRISH PEARL.

One of the last things one might expect Ireland to produce are pearls, but the truth is Irish pearls have come greatly into vogue within a year or so in England, being of rare purity and coloring, so it is said. Queen Alexandra wears a pearl from the oyster beds at Commemara set as a brooch in great enamel, which was given her by Lady Dudley.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM.

Bishop Bernard's Consecration AT ST. HYACINTHE, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1906.

FARE FROM MONTREAL \$1.20 GOING DATES—All trains February 14 and 15. RETURN LIMIT—February 16, 1906. SPECIAL TRAIN will leave Montreal at 7.15 a.m. Thursday, February 15. Returning leave St. Hyacinthe after the close of the ceremony.

Reduced Fares.

Feb. 15 to April 7, inclusive. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER and PORTLAND \$48.30 ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, ROBBO, SPOKANE \$46.40 ANACONDA, BUTTE, Helena, SALT LAKE \$45.90 COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO \$45.90 SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES \$49.00 Low Rates to many other points.

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Leave Montreal Mondays and Wednesdays at 10.30 a.m. for the accommodation of passengers holding first or second class tickets to Chicago and West (there as far as the Pacific Coast)—nominal charge is made for berths which may be reserved in advance.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP RATES.

Second class from Montreal commencing February 15th and daily until April 7th, 1906. \$48.90—Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. \$46.40—Spokane, Wash.; Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C. \$45.90—Missoula, Mont.; Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda. \$49.00—San Francisco, Los Angeles; Chicago only. Proportionately low rates to other points.

Daily Tourist Car to North West and Pacific Coast.

Leaves Montreal on Sunday, Monday and Thursday, at 9.40 a.m. and from North Bay, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Cars are fully equipped with bedding, cooking range, etc. Moderate berth rate.

TOURIST CAR

For the accommodation of passengers Chicago and West leave Windsor Station every Tuesday at 10.30 p.m. TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

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, 1906, 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 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1002 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

REVOLUTION IN RUSSIA.

(Copyrighted, 1906, by the Catholic Associated Press.)

Socialism is only one phase of a widespread discontent—I had almost said disease. In its lowest plane it is despair. In Russia we find it taking the lowest form because of local conditions. There it is nihilism because it has to meet an autocracy or what it considers a despotism. Restrained by nothing, not even religion, it is rushing on to destruction—either the destruction of itself or the destruction of the empire. It is not an inconsistent nor even an incongruous or blind fury. It is organized and intelligent. Because it is turning its bridges behind it or flinging away its scabbard after drawing its blade is no good reason why it should be regarded as blind. It is not blind. It is being led by the thoughts of Balmain, Kropotkin, Tolstol and Gorky, and as intellectual a group of men as ever led a people. Of course Tolstol's and Gorky's friends may resent the imputation involved in the foregoing, but resentment will not change the fact. Tolstol, unconsciously, perhaps, but surely, has done as much to tear down the empire as Luther did to separate Germany from the Church. The great novelist is as much the victim of environmental forces as is the humblest moujik in the remotest Siberian mir. The part he has played was not chosen voluntarily. He may have thought it was; but it was not. It was forced upon him by the facts of Russian life and by that mysterious force called Fates by the people who believe in the weird sisters, Destiny by others, Divine Providence by those who see God back of the affairs of men. In looking at this, the lowest phase of the great world problem, of discontent, it is worth while to pause long enough to get a good idea of the underlying causes. Is Russia rash? Is she in the hands of some fiftful, frenzied Destiny like the Nereids of a Greek tragedy? Not at all. Her condition is the inevitable result of causes neither remote nor deep.

In the first place, it is a land of perennial poverty. It has hunger inside its gates all the time. As in Ireland, so in many parts of Russia, the people were not allowed to reap where they sowed. They saw the wheat go to Odessa and from Odessa to all parts of the world while they and their little ones had to go back to the fields and feed on the food of cattle. Many starved. The economic efforts of the empire have been earnest, honest perhaps; but against them were the wonderfully organized nations. Too much attention was given to taxation, to display. Had the money gathered for the army and navy gone into the navy and army, the wretched record on land and sea in the East would never have been made. It is hard to see how anything else could have come out of the last hundred years. Because a volcano has long been silent, its sides covered with vineyards and peaceful cities, is no reason for assurance. The record is to be written in blood and tears because the seed was bathed in tears and blood.

Nearly ninety per cent of the masses of Russia are unable to read and write. Her religion has been influenced by all that was bad as well as all that was good in the Greek Church, particularly that phase of it that went in to her by way of Constantinople. She has never been able to shake off the heritage of the Byzantine Church. That accounts for her superstitions. Deeper than that, far more dangerous than that, for her peace of mind, were the influences of Greek thought. Greek is the language of the Church. Greek philosophy fills their lives. Her priests marry, but may marry only once. To guard against widowhood, they pick, when they marry, wives from the healthiest families. The children of these marriages are wonderful products. They are intellectual beyond all other children in the empire; physically they are, as a rule, superb creatures. Such a system of selection could hardly fail to secure a striking result. Had at their father's table on Greek thought, they soon imbibe a fondness for study. The boys go abroad earning a livelihood as tutors, they study in Germany, in France, in England. When they go back Muscovy, the empire of one man, is too small for them. They have been and are now the leaven of discontent. They are the "intellectuals" or at least a large part of them. Add to these the Jews—intellectuals also—add to these the city boys who have begun to read, add to these the exiles

who send back, by way of Siberia sometimes, the story of western progress and prosperity, and you have the main factors for one side of the vast problem that Russia is trying to solve. Opposed to them are the Czar, the princes and princesses, Pobiedonostoff and the adherents of the house of Romanof. It is a heterogeneous mass. Into the witch's caldron of Machoth went no more curious creatures than are rushing into the seething caldron of Russia's revolution.

Behind the Czar, in the very shadow of his throne, for nearly forty years Pobiedonostoff, the Machiavelli of Muscovy, has stood. Who is this man to whose hands the destiny of so vast an empire was entrusted? How is it that he and not men like Witte has held the reins and yielded the scepter of power? He is next to the Czar the head of the Greek or Russian Church, president of the Holy Synod. He is part of the past. He is the result of Russian environmental forces that became irresistible the day they were allowed to take root. The part played by Pobiedonostoff was as natural and normal, all things considered, as anything in human history. If we let lying and thieving thrive at home, the Equitable, Mutual and other insurance scandals are as natural and normal as springtime and harvest. If we bring in millions to work in our factories, forcing them for one cause or another to be segregated in certain sections of a city or community, political corruption, the padrone system, indifference to the welfare of the republic are inevitable. Russia is reaping where and what she sowed. Let us learn a lesson. Let us look to it that we are not sowing dragons' teeth to have armed men in our streets later. It looks at times as if we were.

WHAT IS TO HAPPEN.

What is going to happen? The world is intensely interested in the game going on in Russia. Is it possible for the Empire to keep Vladivostok, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Riga and Warsaw together? Who will answer that question? Before the fall of Port Arthur it was possible; with the fall of that city went all hopes of holding the old empire together. Why? This calls up a curious condition, the lack of homogeneity of any kind, either racial or religious. No one even thinks of a Russian as likely to remain a Russian. Nobody ever sees in a Russian the embodiment of Russia. Pobiedonostoff wanted that, worked for that, and tried to bring it about. He was the soul of pan-Slavism. But there was no Slav behind him big enough to help him. What was wanted, what is wanted, is a Russian Bismarck, but from the Baltic to the Behring Sea no Bismarck is forthcoming. The world was hoping that Witte was to be the Bismarck. Much in his life at Tiflis and later had given promise of constructive statesmanship. When the hour came he was at the helm; but it and the rudder were a bunch of reeds. But it would be unfair to blame Witte for what Fate has forced upon Russia. The race, if race one can call it, was anything but united and homogeneous. Facts are showing how very true that is every day. Not only Poland and Finland, but the Baltic provinces, the Black Sea provinces and the far East are falling away. They never felt themselves bound to Moscow or to St. Petersburg by a common bond. The cohesion was like that of large lumps of clay. It was not a vital force holding a people together; there was no patriotism, for there was no patria. What is going to happen? It is hard to say. It looks as if Germany would have to take a hand. Self-protection may compel her to do so. Once the Baltic provinces begin to build republics the fever of it all may enter provinces to the south. Russia entered Austria to suppress Hungary. All Europe tried to hold Louis XVI on the throne of France. I would not be surprised to see the Kaiser give to the Czar's relief; not that he loves Russia or the Czar or anything in Russian history, but purely in self-defence. Left to itself, to work out its own destiny, it begins to look as if the frazzled ends of the empire would be lopped off, as if the Baltic provinces, Finland, possibly Poland, were lost. A new map of Europe is in the making. What it may all mean later only God knows. But bad as it is, the despairing millions behind Tolstol believe it must be better for it can be no worse than it has been for hundreds of years.

L. M. MAKOVSKI.

Priest's Touching Experience at the Deathbed of an Actress.

(Rev. Richard W. Alexander, in the Missionary.)

"Talking about apostolates," said a Massachusetts priest to me some time ago, "let me tell you of an experience of mine. I was called out one night at ten o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty-two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark hair, disordered on the pillow, framed a singularly sweet, innocent face. One of the hotel maids was busy about her and it was not hard to know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes. Stepping reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were in the small room: "It's the priest."

"Every one made way, and I stooped over the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile. "Are you a priest?" she asked. "Yes, my child," I answered. "Am I very bad? I am in awful pain, but maybe I'll get better." Then she suddenly fainted.

"The maid I spoke of gave her restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was the matter. "Why, Burtie was performing her great trapeze act to-day and missed her count, father; she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He only gave her twelve hours to live, perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up, father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the company," said another young woman.

"Is she an actress?" "Oh, yes, father. We have refined vaudeville. But we are a very select organization," said the woman with emphasis. Burtie is very correct. Not a breath of gossip ever touched her! She kept us all straight, Poor Burtie!

"Just then Burtie's eyes opened. "The priest," she said, faintly. "I made a sign to them. You had better all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes."

"Yes, father," they said obediently, and I was alone with the dying girl.

"I AM NOT A CATHOLIC."

"Father, I want to make a general confession," she said, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her. I said a few words and gave her as penance one Hail Mary. She began to say it aloud slowly. "My child," I said, "make a fervent act of contrition first. I am going to give you absolution."

"Oh, no, father," she said; "you must first give me the sacrament of baptism."

"Baptism!" I said, amazed. "Surely you are baptized!"

"No, father, I am not a Catholic. I was never baptized. In belief I am and always have been a Catholic, but I never received any sacrament. I go to Mass every Sunday I can and say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so roving that I could only do that much I never had much chance, you see. I was wild and self-willed, and when grandma died I left school; and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the convent, although I did not think about it for a long time."

"Where did you go to school, my child?"

"To boarding school—to St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania."

"I knew the convent well. I paused, amazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident.

"Won't you baptize me, father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough I know, but I want it."

"She folded her hands and looked steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death.

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE

"Indeed I will, child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her table, I exhorted her to perfect contrition, and fervently baptized her.

"Thank God," she whispered, and closed her eyes.

"It seemed to me, after a few moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more life-like color. I waited.

"ASKS FOR LAST SACRAMENTS. "Father," she said, "I'm suffering terribly, and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to give me Holy Viaticum and Extreme Unction."

"I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized; how did I know whether she was sufficiently instructed? She read my thoughts.

"You don't think I am instructed, father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is our Lord Himself, His true body and blood, which I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Extreme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her Judge! Father, I remember it all. I used to listen to Sister Varonica telling the class. Her instructions could never be forgotten. Father, won't you give me the last sacraments?"

"Here was an apostolate fulfilled! That good Sister, whoever she was, had saved this soul! Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring our Lord to you." And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catholic maid, who was nearest me, I said, "I am going to the church for the Blessed Sacrament; I will be back inside of fifteen minutes," and I hurried out.

"In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Burtie's bedside. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered my instructions to the maid. A little table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared, and I laid the pyx upon it. As I lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it, and I heard her say, "My Lord and my God!" I could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last communion. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil, and when I read the final prayers and gave her the last absolution a little sigh of content broke from her lips.

"Thank, God," she said, again, but it was in a whisper.

"TELL SISTER VERONICA I DIED A GOOD CATHOLIC."

"There was silence in the room. It was full of hotel people and the young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very reverent.

"The doctor came, made a short examination. "Any hope?" I whispered.

"She may last an hour," and he left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to my heart. She lay very still, fingering her rosary. She opened her soft, dark eyes and her lips formed some words. I bent over her, and she said, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly:

"Father—write to St. X.—won't you?—Tell Sister Veronica—I died a good Catholic; that I made my first communion—on my deathbed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first communion! I know now. She used to say, "My Lord and my God." It was engraved on her silver ring—yes. "My Lord and my God!" I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide, distressed eyes. I began the prayers for the dying, and gave her plenary indulgence. The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvellous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow or death sobbed out, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" I made the sign of the cross over the lifeless remains and left.

"When I got home I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence; and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I wrote a letter to Sister Veronica, St. X. Academy, Pennsylvania, and told her all I had witnessed. Several days passed by. The company carried away the remains of poor Burtie to her home city. I heard no more about the episode. I had forgotten to inquire the correct name of the poor child for registry, and felt I had been rather negligent in an important matter; but at the end of the week a letter came from the superior of the academy.

SISTER VERONICA.

"It read as follows: "Dear Rev. Father: Your letter was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Burtie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and every body liked her. Knowing she was never baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction, after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Burtie would try to fix her attention, as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her heavenly home, young in years, but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherman, S. J. She is sleeping in our little cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ransomed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers after many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and recommending myself to your prayers. I remain with respect, yours in Christ,

"SISTER STANISLAUS, Superior.

"I folded the letter and thought, "What a history, and how many more are unwritten!" Then I said aloud, "Oh, ye good Sisters, who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an apostolate in your cloisters?"

SLEEPLESSNESS.—When the nerves are unstrung and the whole body given up to wretchedness, when the mind is filled with gloom and dismal forebodings, the result of derangement of the digestive organs, sleeplessness comes to add to the distress. If only the subject could sleep, there would be oblivion for a while and temporary relief. Parneece's Vegetable Pills will not only induce sleep, but will act so beneficially that the subject will wake refreshed and restored to happiness.

DONAHOE'S FOR FEBRUARY.

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The Angle Lamp advertisement with an illustration of the lamp and text describing its features and benefits.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

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

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

GEO. W. O'RY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1906. SOLI By RE CHAPTER VII-C But it was too late. sized and threw the cr rough water. There be ger, the snare raged an fane. The girls bob shallow water and were laughing and yet a lit by Florian and the wh was cast down withi "The house is open Scott, "and you youn better light a good fire clothes or you'll ketch tall cold. And when y agin jes' look out wh boat." "It never happened t tered Florian, "and I'd hand if it had never h "There it is," said Sc big pay for so little va hurt the girls, I'm sur "I'm not," said the as he looked apprehensi climbing the rock in he However, they appear with clothes dried com none the worse, appar ducking. Florian had self in proper shape an taining the admiring s account of New York ables. "Ah! Florian," said where you should be, a spirits among the high "If I were a young i said. "But you aren't—you When you were you did own opinions; so what them on the young doesn't care a button tary way of living?" s "I don't want the la tary, Pen! ton," said S stubble up, if he want him stick to Clayburg a He'll go wrong sure, if into these dizzy conve Resn't got the right— know what to name it, place for him to thrive. "Theory, theory!" Sc ed to you for what you if I could make you a I'd do it; but I can't, s me and Ruth—she's sw when you feel like it— —home, home to the government." He ran d to the boat after a h shake with the hermit, poured her gratitude u tary. "It's all right, miss." content, and I hope you me that I may never t happy, than I am now. I'll call to see ye som He stood on the rock his house long after th "It makes me lonely him," said Linda—"w cheerful homes, he to hi "He is like a man de rian; "the world leave what kind of loneliness face to face with God? "Thenext morning Lind a high fever and a sligh effects of her wetting it and Florian felt a severa grief as he saw the exte her countenance and ill. She had taken a chill night, but a little addi bed-clothing had banis alarm was felt. In h these little irregulariti Pass away, and so it v Linda. Mrs. Winifred, anxious. The girl was she said; a doctor c summoned; and then n what might happen. Youth laughed at th until pain came to add, pain in the lungs, sharp ful—and the cough gro with every hour. T it grew serious. They old-house-remedies and treat her illness as a c cold, which youth and throw off so easily. Linda grew more feveri her breath more frequ banished at last to bed for called in. There is his knock a Every one looks cheeri it and the physician, s enters, gruffy desire to people have been doing this fine weather. Why are full of silly thought this year's rheumatism? these with her brow co pain! Pshaw! nouse the lungs? How do y lungs, you—you female?

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

But it was too late. The boat capsized and threw the crew into the rough water. There being no danger, the squire raged and became profane. The girls both swam into shallow water and were helped ashore laughing and yet a little frightened, by Florian and the hermit. Florian was cast down with shame. "The house is open to ye," said Scott, "and your young ladies had better light a good fire and dry your clothes or you'll catch an almighty agin' cold. And when you go a-shakin' agin' look out who runs the boat."

men know about the lungs? Lungs indeed! Pains when you breathe, hey? Ah, where have you caught cold? Duck'd in this weather? Yacht upset? Who upset it? Never mind who? But I will mind, and I'll call him a donkey, an ass, a mule, to upset a yacht with a woman in it! Why not have drowned at once instead of coming home to take pain in the lungs, and get a fever and a pulse at one hundred and ten? Why go out on the water in stormy weather? "Why do anything naughty and nice?" says Linda between two frowns of pain. "There's Eve over again," says the doctor, writing out prescriptions with a laugh. Mrs. Winifred is laughing, and Billy also, and even Florian tries to persuade himself that the laugh is unprofessional. Directions are given, medicines are bought and administered; there is running and courting through the house for a long time; the night-lamp is brought to Linda's room and arrangements are made for watchers. "I'll call at two o'clock in the morning," says the physician. "I'm going out ten miles in the country, and I'll call coming back; have the door open for me. Good-night, Miss Linda. You had the 'nice' yesterday; you are having the 'naughty' today."

room, and she was unable to control her tears even under Florian's reproach. She remained a great part of the time in self-banishment, as he dwelt alone in the sacred silence of a sick-room. Linda was fond of white and light colors, and her chamber was fitted up accordingly. The dim light it looked like a dream. Her pale forehead and flushed cheeks on the pillow were more an outlet than reality. It scared him when he thought how short the time was they might be on another pillow in the graveyard. "Linda!" he called suddenly in an overflow of anguish. She awoke with a start, and at the same instant he heard a carriage at the door. "The doctor has come again, dear," he said. "Did I frighten you?" "No," looking around in amazement, and then, with a sigh, realizing her sad position. Mrs. Winifred brought in the doctor, who was tired and grumbled very much, with healthy sense of slight discomfort which brought a new atmosphere into the sick-room, and certainly banished the presence of death. He was busy for a long time with remedial quite-exhausting Linda's patience, and even Mrs. Winifred's tears, but looked so hopeful while he announced his intention of calling in the morning that all were reassured. The marks outside the door were: "I can tell better later on whether she will recover or not."

When the news went out of her dangerous illness a number of friends called, but very few got farther than the parlor and Billy, whom Florian had established there as a guard. Ruth and Pere Rougevin alone were admitted along with the doctor, and, seeing them, Linda began to fear because of all the trouble in her behalf. Three visits from a doctor so short a time, one from the priest, and the distant sound of doors closed frequently, with many little circumstances to which she had hitherto paid no attention, were at last ominous; and even while they stood about her smiling cheerfully she closed her eyes to keep back the bitter tears that would fall in spite of her determination to be brave and hopeful. They understood the reasons of the grief, and could say nothing. Even the doctor felt it beyond him to be gruffly hopeful and garrulous for if she were to die, that better than the knowledge should come to her in this manner than to have a formal pronouncement of her doom. He had promised to tell that morning if there were chances for her recovery. The promise was premature. There were no graver tokens, no nearer approach of the dread angel, and he could but vaguely say "tomorrow" as he went away. Sara, coming in as her sister's tears were falling, was impressed, as only her shallow soul could be impressed, with a wild fright that prompted her to scream. Fortunately she restrained the inclination, since it was purely personal, and a little thought convinced her that it was another's, not her own, death-bed she was attending. Pere Rougevin prevented a scene by banishing the whole company, herself included, from the room, leaving Ruth to attend the patient. "Wait," said Linda feebly. "If I am going to die I must get the sacraments."

"I can do nothing more than hear your confession," said the priest; "you are not in sufficient danger for the reception of the others." The look in Linda's eyes was a very pleasant one at this precise, official declaration, and it said clearly that she regarded Pere Rougevin, stout, flushed, and short though he was, as an angel. "I thought I was dying," she stammered. "Nonsense, child! But you may die, and it's well to be prepared," he said. "You must be ready to live or die, as God wills." "Alas!" murmured Linda, with a fresh flood of tears, "I am only too willing to live." "There is no sin in that," was the sententious remark, and she proceeded with her confession. "I must be very bad," she said to Ruth afterwards when they were alone. "I am terribly afraid of dying." "Who is not?" said Ruth. "And then it is so near us always, I have tried to get used to the thought of it, but I can't. I suppose it does indicate a lack of some good religious feeling that we all ought to have." "I must ask Florian when he wakes, Ruth. He knows everything, I wonder would he be afraid if he was called on suddenly to die?" "Perhaps not so much afraid as grieved to leave his dear ambitions," Ruth replied, with a tone of gentle irony that escaped Linda. "But no more talking, please. You have every chance to live, but there is no use in being prodigal. I shall read to you."



otherwise since sickness first struck her down, and his first sensation of real grief was gnawing at his heart as he thought of what he should lose in losing her. And unconsciously, too, he was studying the course of feeling in her bosom, the gradual ripening certainty of death which, amid doubts and fears, was already blooming in the girl's heart and soul. Ambitious as he was, death had always appeared to him as a great monster who might at any time destroy his ambitions. He had never yet come in contact with it. But now it had seized most surely on Linda, and he watched its process with a sort of fascination that sickened soul and body, and crowded his dreams with terrors. He must come to this one day. How soon?

It filled his heart with a disgust for life and its ambitions that all his days he must walk under the threatening shadow of that greatest misfortune. Why live and work at all when death might shatter the handiwork of years at one blow? The reasoning was poor and foolish, but his melancholy had to find vent. When he started one mild afternoon—mild for that northern climate—to visit Scott he met Ruth on her way to call on Linda.

"I am going," said he, "and I want to speak with you. You know why I am going." "To fish and hunt, I believe," she answered absently. Linda's failing health was a drag on every one, and quiet Ruth was too saddened to feel interested in anything just then. "And to think," he added impressively, "matters are becoming muddled considerably, and I feel like one in a tempest. I must think. Sara's conduct annoys me. Linda—well, well, I won't speak about her. The angels are urging me towards New York, and you and I, Ruth, you and I, will need to talk calmly very soon." A deeper shade settled on Ruth's quiet face.

A WOMAN'S BACK IS THE MAINSPRING OF HER PHYSICAL SYSTEM.

The Slightest Back-ache, if Neglected, is Liable to Cause Years of Terrible Suffering.

No woman can be strong and healthy unless the kidneys are well, and regular in their action. When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to have filtered out of the blood are left in the system. The female constitution is naturally more subject to kidney disease than a man's; and what is more, a woman's work is never done—her whole life is one continuous strain. How many women have you heard say: "My, how my back aches!" Do you know that backache is one of the first signs of kidney trouble? It is, and should be attended to immediately. Other symptoms are frequent thirst, scanty, thick, cloudy or highly colored urine, burning sensation when urinating, frequent urination, puffing under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, floating specks before the eyes, etc. These symptoms if not taken in time and cured at once, will cause years of terrible kidney suffering. All these symptoms, and in fact, these diseases may be cured by the use of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

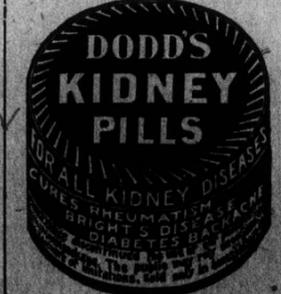
They act directly on the kidneys, and make them strong and healthy. Mrs. Mary Galley, Auburn, N.E., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with a lame back and was unable to turn in bed without help. I was induced by a friend to try Doan's Kidney Pills. After using two-thirds of a box my back was as well as ever. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25 at all druggists, or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont."

The next day was a very pleasant one for the whole family. At ten o'clock the doctor announced that Linda would recover from the present attack, and therefore the timid ventured to approach the sick-room with smiling faces. Billy himself came in advance of a distinguished and unexpected visitor, the hermit. In his solitude Scott looked picturesque with his rough ways and dress, and curly red hair; but in the dreary sick-room he was as much out of place as an Indian in full war-paint. All were startled, and Mrs. Winifred so much so as to lose her senses. Old habits are strong, however, and she offered him a foot-stool instead of a chair, vainly feeling for its absent back while her eyes stared rudely but helplessly on the apparition. "No, thank ye. I'll not come in," said the hermit, with his eyes fixed on Linda. "I jest heard the little girl was sick, and I thought it might have been the duckin'. I'm glad you're better, miss. Take care of yourself. Good morning."

He was off in an instant, but Florian seized him almost rudely and pushed him into his study. "You are very kind," said he, "and you must not go until you are thanked and hear all about Linda." "She's gettin' well," said the hermit. "I reckoned so from her eyes."

When she arrived at this stage of returning health, Florian made ready to visit the hermit for a week's hunting and fishing, as he had long intended to do, and was anxious to do before the bad weather came. "More for the purpose of studying the hermit," he explained to Linda, "and learning the secret of his happiness, if there is any." Linda took up a bunch of ferns, arrived that morning from the kindly solitary, and buried her face in it. "You but waste your time," she answered, "as far as he is concerned. Still he is a good mirror. You will certainly learn something about yourself."

She said this in the tone of a hint, which Florian received with a laugh that discovered him. "Your sickness has made you sharp," he said. "Well let me confess, I do go to study myself. What then, Cassandra?" "Cassandra, indeed!" she pouted, and then surprised him with a sob and a few tears. "I am so weak yet, Florian, and I know you are only going to ask his advice about leaving here. I want you to promise that you will tell me every word." "I am not so certain that he can or will advise me, Linda. Because he is solitary, he does not know everything. Nor would I be apt to follow his advice if it went against my own desires. But I promise you, my dear, and you are quite right. I am going on my retreat." He sat looking at her with troubled eyes. He never looked at her



(To be Continued.)

The Flagging Energies Revived.—Constant application to business is a tax upon the energies, and if there be not relaxation, lassitude and depression are sure to intervene. These come from stomachic troubles. The want of exercise brings on nervous irritability, and the stomach ceases to assimilate food properly. In this condition Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will be found a recuperative of rare power, restoring the organs to healthful action, dispelling depression, and reviving the flagging energies.

I have seldom seen a sky without some bit of rainbow in it. Sometimes I can make others see it, sometimes not, but I always like to try, and if I harbor no worse thought of them than that they have not had their eyes examined and fitted with glasses which would at least have helped their vision.

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W. CORY. the Interior.

FATHER RAYOUX

Oldest Catholic Priest in the Northwest

The venerable Mgr. Ravoux, the oldest Catholic priest in the northwest, the father of the Church in Minnesota, died on Jan. 17, at St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Paul.

Father Ravoux was the last of the race of priests who founded the Church in the northwest. He had lived the life of a saint, and full of years and honors, he has gone to his eternal rest.

His death removes the last link that binds the ancient days of the northwest with our own times. He saw St. Paul when it was a scattered Indian village, and he lived to see it a metropolitan city of 200,000 inhabitants.

Augustin Ravoux was born Jan. 11, 1815, at Langeac, in Auvergne, France. In his early youth he entered the theological seminary at Puy, France.

Then began the inspiring and most adventurous career of Father Ravoux. His first charge was at Prairie du Chien, Wis., where he exercised his ministry for about a year and a half.

After a short visit to Mendota with his friend, Father Galtier, he set out in a canoe to Traverse des Sioux where he intended to establish a mission for the French and Indians.

From settlement to settlement of Indians he made his way. He pursued his missionary labors at Point Douglas, Red Wing, Trempealeau and Prairie du Chien. He was greatly beloved by the Indians, who called him "Black Gown."

"This word," he says in his memoirs, "brings to my recollection a fine black cassock that I wore over fifty years ago."

Father Galtier, the first priest at Mendota, and St. Paul, being called to Kookuk, Ia., in 1844, Father

Ravoux took up his residence at Mendota, visiting from there the Catholics at St. Paul, St. Croix and Lake Pepin. For several years St. Paul was comparatively so small that he visited from Mendota only one Sunday in each month, preaching in both the French and English languages.

For many years Father Ravoux was connected with the cathedral under Bishop Graec, and later under Bishop Ireland. A greater portion of this time he was the vicar-general of the diocese.

In 1868 he was appointed by Pope Pius IX. Bishop of the territory of Montana, but owing to poor health, he was obliged to pray to have his resignation accepted. Some fifteen years ago, through the ministrations of Archbishop Ireland, Pope Leo XIII. conferred upon him the title of Monsignor.

For the past fifteen months Mgr. Ravoux has been incapacitated from performing his priestly functions. He has occupied special quarters during this period at St. Joseph's Hospital where he has been cared for with tender solicitude by the sisters.

AGONIZING NEURALGIA

Due to Poor, Weak Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Will Insure a Cure.

Neuralgia is the surest sign that your whole system is weak and unstrung. Those sharp, stabbing pains are caused by your jangled nerves. But your nerves would not be jangled if your blood was pure and strong. You can't cure neuralgia by liniments or ointments. They may relieve for a moment—but they can't possibly cure. You can never cure neuralgia until you enrich the blood and brace your starved nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When the blood is poor, the nerves are starved; then comes neuralgia, insomnia, St. Vitus dance, paralysis or locomotor ataxia. All these troubles are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because they actually make the rich, red blood that feeds and soothes the starved nerves and sends health and strength to every part of the body.

JOHN BURNS IN THE CABINET.

For the first time in English history a workingman, a man who labors with his hands, who all his life has been dependent upon his own exertions for his daily bread, has been named as a member of the British ministry and assigned to a place of honor which confers the highest of honors, that of an officer of the Cabinet.

This man, a leader of strikes, once on trial for his life, having served a term in prison because of his defiance of laws which curtailed freedom of speech, has, after years of conscientious striving, reached one of the most distinguished positions in the world.

Physically John Burns is a powerfully built man with muscles of iron and a will of the same material. He stands about five feet ten inches in height, is thick-set and broad-shouldered and strong-limbed. His complexion is dark, his hair like night, streaked with gray, and he wears a grizzled beard and mustache. His voice is of tremendous power, well adapted for open-air speaking. Well read and well informed, Burns is a convincing speaker, and his black eyes fairly glow when he is interested. He is

Be Sure

and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a

GOOD PAVING POSITION.

We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison.

Enter any time. No vacations.



W. H. SHAW, Principal.

athletic, and excels in boxing, skating, cricketing and rowing. In personal habits he is most conservative for he neither smokes nor drinks, and is called by his familiars "Coffee Pot John" because of his abstemious qualities.

In his newest volume, Justin McCarthy has this to say of Burns: "Some of the workmen who have seats in the house won for themselves a high reputation, and are regarded with respect and confidence by all parties. Mr. John Burns, for instance, was elected as a member of

London County Council as well as of the House of Commons. He was always much interested in public movements and public meetings, and he gradually became known at once as a powerful and a persuasive speaker. He took a part, and a leading part, in many important organizations of workmen, and even in great strikes, and in these his influence was two-fold—it promoted perseverance toward the attainment of the objects sought by his class, and at the same time moderation and fair play in the methods by which those objects were to be attained.

"He proved himself in the House of Commons a most effective debater. A man with the fluency of John Burns and with his love for public speaking might easily have been led to mar his influence in the House of Commons by speaking too often and at too great length. The very sincerity and intensity of the interest he took in so many public questions might naturally have led him to present himself too often in debate. But, unlike many other men gifted with an eloquent tongue and strong convictions, John Burns seems never to have felt any temptation toward unnecessary display of his eloquence, or if he ever did feel such temptation, appears to have been well able to resist it. He only took part in a debate when he had something to say which bore directly on the subject, and was suggested to him by his own practical acquaintance with the question under dispute. The house soon understood this peculiarity, and knew that if John Burns rose and claimed the attention of the speaker, it must be because he had information to impart and argument to put forward which other members of the house would not be likely to have at their command."

GRAIN MARKETS.

Roller oats are unchanged, and the market is easy and rather unsettled. Quotations are nominal at \$2.10 per bag. The market for mill feed holds steady and firm under a good demand. Dealers are asking \$18.50 to \$19 for choice fall wheat bran in bulk. Manitoba bran in bags is quoted at \$18.50 in mixed carlots. Shorts are firm and in good demand. A fairly active trade is being done on oats on this market, and prices are firm at 41c per bushel for No. 2 white extra, and 40c for No. 3. There is a good demand for baled hay from local dealers, and the market is fairly active and steady.

THE POSTMASTER TELLS HIS SECRET

His Health Mainly Due to the Use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Postmaster Lee Looks Ten Years Younger than His Seventy-Nix Years and He Gives the Credit to the Great Canadian Kidney Remedy.

Tebucintac, Cumberland Co., N. B., Feb. 5.—(Special).—Horatio J. Lee, postmaster here, is now in his seventy-sixth year but so bright and healthy does he look, and so energetic is he in his movements that he would easily pass for ten years younger.

"How do I keep young looking," the postmaster says. "Well I attribute it largely to my good health and my health is mainly due to the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I first learned the value of this Kidney Remedy some years ago. I was then suffering from Kidney Disease. My feet and legs swelled and I had to rise eight or ten times in the night because of urinary troubles. Six boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills restored my health at that time, and I have used them at intervals since."

"To anyone afflicted with Kidney Trouble I say 'Dodd's Kidney Pills are all right.' Try them and you will be sure to find a benefit."

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

February 7. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.60 to \$4.70; strong bakers, \$4.30 to \$4.30; winter wheat patents, \$4.25 to \$4.50, and straight rollers, \$4 to \$4.10 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$1.95. Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.25 per bag of 90 lbs. (nominal). Pearl Hominy—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs. Cornmeal—\$1.30 to \$1.40 for ordinary; \$1.50 for granulated. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bulk, \$18.50 to \$19; shorts, in bags, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran, in bags, \$18.50; shorts, \$19.50 to \$20. Hay—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on the track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$5.50 to \$6; clover mixed, \$6 to \$6.50. Oats—No. 2, 40c to 41c per bushel; No. 3, 39c to 40c. Beans—Choice primes, \$1.65 to \$1.70 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.80. Peas—Boiling, in car load lots, 90c to \$1.05 per bushel. Potatoes—In bags of 80 lbs., 65c to 70c. Honey—White clover in combs, 13c to 14c per one pound section; extract, 8c to 9c; buckwheat, 6c to 7c. Provisions—Heavy Canadian short cut pork, \$21; light short cut, \$20; American short cut, \$20; American cut, clear fat back, \$19 to \$20; constant, was elected as a member of pure lard, 11c to 12c; kettle rendered, 12c to 13c; hams, 12c to 13c, according to size; bacon, 14c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$10 to \$10.25; country dressed, \$8.75 to \$9.50; alive, \$7.25 to \$7.40, select and mixed lots. Eggs—New laid, 24c; select, 20c to 21c; No. 1 candled, 16c to 17c per doz. Butter—Choice, creamery, 22c under grades 21c; dairy, 19c to 20c. Cheese—Ontario, 13c to 13c; Quebec, 12c. Ashes—First pots, \$5.25; seconds, \$1.70; thirds, \$3.75; first pearls, \$1. There is no change in the situation on the local butter market, where an easy feeling prevails on account of a quiet demand from local and export dealers. To-day 22c to 22c is asked for fancy creamery, 21c to 21c for under-finest grades, and 19c to 20c for dairy. Cheese is steady but unchanged on the local market, and first western is quoted at 13c to 13c. Trade is quiet and very little new business is being worked.

Men give their measure by their admiration, and it is by their judgments that one may judge them. Manhood goes ahead but slowly, and it goes ahead mainly through each of us trying to do the best that is in him, and to do it in the sanest way.—Theodore Roosevelt. It is an Officer of the Law of Health—When called in to attend a disturbance it searches out the hiding place of pain, and like a guardian of the peace, lays hands upon it and says, "I arrest you." Resistance is useless, as the law of health imposes a sentence of perpetual banishment on pain, and Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was originated to enforce that sentence.

SMOKER'S CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.

GET THE BEST

LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE

THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD. Manufactured by G. J. LUNN & CO., CHATHAM WORKS, 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL, Que. MACHINISTS and BLACKSMITHS. THE REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

THE S. CARSLLEY Co. LIMITED

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1906. Store closes at 5:30 daily and 1 on Saturday during February.

DAINTY SHOWING OF NEW COTTON STUFFS

Displayed in the section adjoining the Fur Store, will be found scores and scores of cotton stuffs—prettier and more varied than have ever been seen here. The best patterns, the best colorings, the best weaves, that the world's best makers have been able to evolve. It's just a little foretaste of spring. A list of some.

ENGLISH PRINTS in a big variety of new shades and patterns. Exquisite shades of pink and white, white and pink, butcher's blue, navy blue, etc. A special display that will attract considerable attention. Yard 12-1-2c

SCOTCH GINGHAMS, in all the new seasons' effects, newest designs, plain and broken checks, and fancy stripes. In pink, pale blue, red, fawn, butcher's blue, navy blue, etc. A beautiful plain fabric. Special prices, yard 9-1-2c, 11-1-2c, 14c

HURRYING OUT DOUBLE QUICK—ENTIRE STOCK OF LADIES' COLD WEATHER COATS

Hundreds of garments are marked at half price—many at considerably less than half. It's the final general clearing out of the season.

With such a wide assortment, we can't go into details. Simply take a few groups to show you what to expect: \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00 BLANKET COATS FOR \$2.00

25 only Ladies' fine quality Blanket Coats, body lined with heavy cardinal flannel. Made with capot and deep storm collar. Regular \$5.00, \$6.00 and \$7.00. Sale price \$2.00

SWEEPING REDUCTIONS IN FUR-LINED CAPES

The balance of our stock of Ladies' Fur-lined Capes will be rushed out this month at reduction of 50 and 75 per cent. off regular prices.

For instance—Five only magnificent Broadcloth Capes, with gray squirrel lining, finished with sable collar and trimmings. Regularly \$60.00. Sale price \$30.00

Others included in this sale range in price from \$5 to \$50.00 \$15.00 and \$21.00 LADIES' WINTER COATS—\$4.95

300 only Ladies' fine Winter Coats, in Box Cloth, Beaver, Tweeds and Meltons; in dark gray, navy, fawn and brown. regular prices from \$15.00 to \$21.00. Sale price \$4.95

LOW PRICES ON FOOTWEAR.

Two strong Footwear items, each one telling you it stands at the head of its class in quality and value. Best to come early, because such quick moving prices will hurry them out in record short time.

MEN'S BLACK ENAMEL LACED BOOTS, with good heavy soles, sizes 6 to 10. Smart shapes, strongly made. Regularly \$4.00. Sale price \$2.50

LADIES' BLACK DONGOLA KID LACED BOOTS, with medium weight soles and military heels. Sizes 2 1/2 to 7. Regularly \$3.00. Sale price \$2.25

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

CATHOLIC FRANCE HAS AROUSED.

A few days ago Cardinal Richard of Paris addressed a circular letter to his clergy, in which he charged the latter not to open the tabernacles of the altars to inspectors appointed by the government to take inventory of all church property. They were instructed to declare on their honor as priests the number and value of the sacred vessels, but on no account must the tabernacles be opened. Nearly all the Bishops of France sent out similar letters of instruction. Mgr. Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, in the document issued by him, ordered his priests to, in future, omit the prayer for the welfare of the French Republic, and to substitute instead a special prayer for the Pope.

Everybody expected a clash to come as a result of this unexpected firmness of the French hierarchy, and now apparently it has come. On Wednesday Paris cable to the New York Sun says that attempts were made that day to take an inventory of the contents of twenty-eight Catholic churches, in accordance with the provisions of the new law separating Church and State. The reports thus far show that in most cases the agents of the Government failed. The churches were filled with the faithful, who threatened to use personal violence on the agents.

At the Church of the Madeleine, Abbe Chesnelong read a protest and the officers were conducted to the door amid the chanting of psalms. They did not attempt to carry out their duties. There were violent scenes at the Church of St. Roch. The cure read a formal protest, and as soon as the

officer attempted to begin his work he was assaulted with cries of "Judas," and "Renegade!" and thrust out of the church. After receiving some blows he jumped into a cab and fled. Some of the priests were struck by the police during the scuffle. Matters went calmly at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the agent being courteously received there by the archbishop, who aided the authorities in making the inventory. No attempt, however, was made to open the tabernacle. The statements of the clergy were accepted, and the agent was allowed to depart in quiet.

In Brittany always a centre of intense Catholicity, a later report says conditions assumed a more threatening aspect. In many of the cities and villages thousands of Catholic peasants, many of them armed, gathered around the churches and defied the Government authorities openly. Finding that attempts to inspect would be useless, the agents retired, although their return is expected.

Through France the greatest indignation prevails among the common people—much more, it is stated, than when armed gendarmes forcibly expelled the priests and nuns from their monasteries and convents. So far revolution is not mentioned, but the situation is beginning to appear serious.

SMOKER'S CANCER.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvelous.



The Senate, Jan 1 1907

Vol. LV., No. 32

RESULT ENGLAND

I venture to differ from opinions of some of the friends of Ireland who have expressed themselves regarding the means present Parliamentary Convention strongly that England, Scotland and Wales have pronounced Ireland's hopes and have given government an unqualified and unmistakable mandate for the United Kingdom. We know that there is no referendum yet adopted in the United Kingdom. But the of popular opinion is distributed by giving a large majority party that professes certain principles and defeating the party is opposed to them.

THE ISSUE OF THE C

The Liberal leaders all, less plainly, professed friends of Irish self-government, condemned the present autocratic bureaucracy of the Government if they had wished to shrink and minimize it, the strenuously forced it to the and made it their battle made the election turn on I or Home Rule for Ireland. lieve they regret their tact, but whether these were wish, the result is that the kingdom was forced to expression and its will, and that ment cannot fail to take them.

THE LIBERAL MAJORITY IS

whelming as to render the dependent of the three other. This will prevent any alleged made about trading of, for the Liberals can, at least, carry on the go without having to consider group that holds the balance power. Because they are the party in power will not round and abandon all the stions and principles and ac they were Tory Unionists. berals they will proceed to a Liberal policy and strive the abuses of the opposite party have been denouncing twenty years.

SCOTLAND FOR "HOME

ALL 'ROUND." It is a noticeable matter Premier and most of the members of the Liberal ministry are Scottish or else representatives in the or Commons of Scotland. This is a fact fraught with near for Ireland. The Scottish have always enjoyed a of Home Rule, and much prosperity and contentment on the circumstances that it not been exploited for the benefit of a predominant partner. British think she is entitled fuller measure of Home Rule now possesses, and she has pronounced for "Home Rule around."

BRITISH LEGISLATORS

SATISFIED IRELAND'S O LAST. We find that Wales is also for self-government, and the polis is anxious to have a autonomy for London. These are favorable to Ireland's cl are in line with them, but of Ireland is far stronger as urgent than those other Through the efforts and Ireland's representatives, and Jewish emancipation, of the franchise and local emment were secured. But high legislators always satisfied land's claims last, and post cal government reform in I nine years. It is possible th Rule may be offered to Eng Scotland before being conce Ireland if her representative insistent and alert. Such would be calamitous, b things have happened before agala.

THE REDISTRIBUTION S

The question of redistribution be taken up by the Liberal members would probably vote in principle, but also firm on the Treaty of Union ment to give Ireland one

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