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Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 31

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1910

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

THE YEAR'S CATHOLIC POETS.

Catholic Writers of the Year Reviewed by Charles J. Phillips.

The close of the year brings a notable addition to the season's Catholic poetry, a volume from the pen of Louise Imogen Guiney, one of the world's best known writers. Miss Guiney has been living in England for some years past, a willing exile, but now she returns to her native land with new harvests garnered, her undeniably great gifts ripened to still greater fulfillment. "Happy Endings," is the title that Miss Guiney happily gives. Her new book of poems. It contains her "best poems," say her publishers. But this Catholic poet of true distinction has never produced anything that could not rank with the best. Sustained dramatic powers is hers; she individualizes words and gives to them a tone, a harmony, that no other has given. The play and gleam of light and color, the subtle shades of thought and emotion, the divine radiance of pure passion, the rapture and enthusiasm of faith and devotion are all within her range. Her new book confirms every word of this. No wonder Louise Imogen Guiney has an international fame! She is Catholic always, highly and devotedly so.

"The Prison Ships and Other Poems," by Thomas Walsh is, I believe, the first collection made of this poet's work. Yet his name has been known for years, he has contributed to the best periodicals of the country. His work is a stride ahead of the common purring poetry of the day. It possesses not only beauty, but strength. There are force and attack in his music, but it is even and harmonious. The characteristics of Thomas Walsh's poetry are a certain cosmopolitan scope of thought and expression—like sinners in the snows of Russia and in the sunshine of Spain, and is so small at home, a very fine and somewhat fragile delicacy of imagery, and an undertone of terror that even the universal poet's gift of softness and tenderness does not wholly remove.

One who need not be told that Thomas Walsh is a Catholic. He shows his faith in his poems, in his appreciation of the world's beauties hallowed by religion, and most of all in his spiritual optimism. And when he sings of Christmas time, of Bethlehem and Nazareth, he wins the heart with the childlike simplicity of his love. A most sweet thought is expressed in the story of the lamb which the shepherds bore to Bethlehem the first Christmas morn; and "At Nazareth," picturing the Divine Child on His seventh birthday, reminding His Mother of the gifts the kings once had brought Him, is thrilling and deeply pathetic.

If we have not yet, in this country, adopted a Catholic Poetry Cult, we have, beyond a doubt, a Francis Thompson Cult. No need to say more of that unhappy genius here than to remark that some do not fancy his poetry, mystic and strange, while others have over him—hence a cult. But Charles Hanson Towne, one of our best-known Catholic poets, has done something far more valuable than raving over Francis Thompson; he has sung of him, and sung worthily. Mr. Towne's contribution to the year's Catholic poetry is "The Quiet Singer; and other poems"—the "quiet singer" being Thompson. Mr. Towne does not rave; he sings. And the title poem of his book is a good measure by which to gauge his powers. The same Catholic spirit that we look for in all Catholic poets' work beautifies these poems. There is one alone that is unforgettablely beautiful, telling the story of a dream dreamed by the Blessed Virgin, a dream wherein she sees the Divine Babe dead; and the waking of our Lady from that dream is pictured with such a thrill of happiness that one's heart is filled.

William Winter, one of America's ablest critics—and one whose poems, as well as critical writings, reveal a deep appreciation of the Catholic spirit—said this of John S. McGroarty's Wander Songs: "No one will read these poems without an emotion of mingled sadness and pleasure, or without a feeling that the author is a genuine singer of beauty, tenderness, sentiment and grace." Mr. Winter is right. Mr. McGroarty's poems are all that the venerable critic says. They are simple songs; their beauty lies in their simplicity. This poet's voice is not so much commanding as appealing, with a tenderness that is touching. His poems are the kind that some love to keep in old scrap-books, and to read over and over again.

There is not much of the "old-fashioned" simple poetry written nowadays. There are too few "people's poems." But A Round of Rimes, by Denis A. McCarthy, is

a book of people's poems. Mr. McCarthy strikes at the heart-chord in many of his verses, and his lines sing and swing like the good old songs of "other days." There is the lilt of Celtic music in his songs, and also "the tear and the smile." His American poems are not so appealing, though they have a militant air that one cannot miss. However, in none of them, so matter how ringing the strain of "A Song for the Flag," "The Veterans," "The ChildWorkers," "Give Them a Place to Play," and others of like thought—in none of these does the author seem quite himself; or, rather, so wholly himself as in the Irish songs.

Taken all in all, A Round of Rimes is one of the year's best books of poetry. True, it does not voice the high, far cry of the stars, the echoing beauty of these illimitable spaces wherein some poets find sole utterance; but it possesses a sweet and endearing beauty, for it strikes the heart-chord; and is not this the first province of poetry?

Thomas A. Daly will be remembered for his Canzoni, which made the author famous. Mr. Daly enjoys the distinction of having invented something new in poetry; that is, he has voiced, in living song, a heart that had not found utterance until he came to give it freedom—the Italian in America, "The Dagoman." Canzoni struck a responsive note, for it ran into several editions, and now comes Canzoni, inimitable songs, this author's latest and best work. The volume is divided thus: "Italics," the Italian dialect songs; "Hibernics," Irish poems; "Anglics," songs in plain English; and "Songs of the Months." The Italian dialect poems are full of fun and fire, and they voice a plaintive cry.

Canada is building up a literature of her own, and Catholic writers are taking their place in the first ranks of that literature. Of course, this is not news, for since the days when Mrs. Sadler wrote, and Montreal was a centre of letters, the Catholic pen has been busy in Canada. But to-day that pen is producing work that daily grows more national, more distinctly Canadian. We need not mention the names of Dr. O'Hagan, Father Dollard ("Sivnamon"), Dr. Roche, Dr. Fischer, Margaret Lillis Hart, and others. From the pen of one of these, Dr. William J. Fischer, who edits "The Bookworm" in The Register, comes a volume of tasteful poems entitled: "The Toiler."

They are all of the sweet and simple things of earth, of the beauties of friendship, the loveliness of nature, the joys and sorrows of life as we live it every day. Dr. Fischer is at his best in country lanes and meadows, be it June or January. Dr. Fischer is a poet of whom Canada may be proud. It is gratifying to see his work, infused with the true Catholic spirit, receiving wide recognition in his own land.

This is some of the Catholic poetry of the year 1909. It can be taken as representative, and not without pride, even though there be no great epics, no immortal dramas, in the little catalogue. Much of this poetry by Catholic poets in the year 1909 sings sweetly, ever so warily at times. But what we want are larger things and a deeper utterance. Let us embody some of our Catholic philosophy in our poetry to strengthen and infuse it with the element of solidity, with sanity and optimism, and we will bring forth the larger things, the deeper utterance. It is not "the philosophy that would clip an angel's wings;" it is the philosophy that will make our poetry transcendently great and beautiful. If we can strike so deep and thoughtful a chord as Charles J. O'Malley does in these lines:

"Spade that shall dig my grave,
Outside the door of life art thou waiting!
And art thou sharpened now by some knave
While I hear the birds of spring-time mating?"

—if we can strike so deep a note, so also can we make the soul reverberate with Louise Imogen Guiney's triumphant

"How blessed are the dead!"

These words have a poignant meaning to-day, in writing of the Catholic poets of the year; for one of their most gifted leaders has passed, since the writing of this little review began, to that bourne where in truth is known "how blessed are the dead!" In the death of Father Tabb—John Banister Tabb—America's literature has suffered a heavy loss. His work was ever of the exquisite order, the dry-point etching of poetry; and it was witty; he was pre-eminently an epigrammatist. He was a poet, for he sang; and he sang because he was a poet. His literary production during 1909 was, judging at a glance, the most prolific of any single year of his career. And this, despite the fact that for over a year he was totally blind. He was a priest, and a Catholic poet; yet he wrote comparatively little so-called "devotional" poetry, although he was really at his best in expressing religious devotion, especially devotion to the Blessed Vir-

Archbishop Issues Letter Anent Municipal Elections.

Electors Advised to Conscientiously Exercise Their Franchise, to Frustrate Secret Societies and Support Anti-Alcoholic Crusade.

Archbishop's House, Montreal, 21st January, 1910
Dearly Beloved Brethren,
In a few days you shall be called upon to discharge one of the most important of your civic duties, the election of the Administrators of the city's affairs. The purport of this letter is to urge upon you the necessity of doing your duty as conscience and honor dictate.

The occurrences of the past few months prompt us to give special directions as to how you should act under the circumstances. The International Eucharistic Congress about which I have often spoken to you of late will be held here next September. The enthusiasm it has aroused on all sides is most consoling indeed. From a national and religious point of view the demonstrations will be an incalculable boon. In Faith and charity should we all be united. It is not for us to interfere in the choice of candidates. As the Eucharistic Congress, however, is apparently one of the planks of the coming elections—non-Catholics themselves have proved that such is the case by an act which does them honor—we declare that it would grieve us very much were the Majority to be contested on racial or national grounds. We trust that candidates and electors alike shall view the matter from a loftier standpoint.

The members of the Board of Control and of the Municipal Council should be upright citizens, gentlemen whose honesty and moral lives are above suspicion. We want disinterested men, proof against all corrupt practices, men of courage who will see that the laws of public morality are enforced.

It is useless to deny the fact that there are amongst us followers of sects condemned by the Church. If they do not come out boldly and assert their principles they are far from being idle. Their writings and speeches as well as their tactics are an indication of their spirit and aims.

Their ambition is to transplant over here, amidst our God-fearing people, the scandals and religious dissensions of Europe. Numerically they are not strong, thank God. They are persistent in their energetic efforts and are leaving nothing undone in order to attain their ends. They are dangerous enemies, and we warn you to be on your guard against them.

If such citizens, Free-Masons or supporters of the adepts of any lodge

solicit your vote you are bound in conscience as Catholics to mercifully answer no.

The anti-alcoholic crusade is doing good work in our cities and rural districts. You are aware of the happy results we have achieved so far. The bulk of the people is with us. Thousands of families are thanking us for our efforts to have economy, health and happiness reign amongst them.

A league of public spirited citizens is working harmoniously with the clergy in furthering this patriotic, moral cause. You know of the reform measures which we have demanded in the best interests of the people, and we are confident that those measures have your fullest sympathy. We had a proof of it last December on the occasion of the ever memorable demonstration that took place in the Monument National.

Now, dearly beloved brethren, set to work and help us and show that you really love your city and your country. Now is the time to exert your best influences on all sides. Let the candidates know what your feelings, views and formal wishes are on the subject. They will be your representatives in the City Council. Elect men of principle exclusively, men whose attitude in the past is an earnest that they will be fearless champions of the cause of temperance.

We trust, dearly beloved brethren, that when you go to the polls you will act as free independent citizens, free from conviction, and that you will realize that it is a shame for any man to sell his vote, as is too often done, we are sorry to say, at election time. By all means vote! Abstention and indifference are not allowable when the justice and honesty of necessary reforms and of great social virtues are at stake.

Thousands of ladies in the city have a right to vote at municipal elections. They, better than many others, know of the ravages of intemperance in many a family circle. Let them too lend us a helping hand by going to the polls and casting their vote in favor of the true friends of temperance.

We beg you all, dearly beloved brethren, to act, as every loyal citizen and every zealous Catholic should act, for, be assured, at the approaching elections it is your duty to protect religious and moral as well as pecuniary interests.

PAUL, Arch of Montreal.

FATHER TIM'S PORT OF CALL

Large Hearted Priest Holds Out a Helping Hand to the Perishing Ones and Becomes Their Idol.

It is almost three years now since Father Tim began his work of caring as best he could for the unfortunate and needy, says the St. Louis Republic. Every bed was taken during the nights of bitter cold, and scores of unfortunates were glad to roll up on the floor in the corridors and the big sitting-rooms, glad to be out of the piercing blasts that were sweeping up and down the streets and rattling at the shutters. Not a man was turned away from the warmth and cheer of the wanderer's hotel. All who could not pay for a meal were kept from laying themselves down to rest hungry.

Father Timothy Dempsey, big-bodied, big-hearted, gray-eyed Irishman from Tipperary, is the man these exiles of the "Lost Legion" have to thank for shelter, food and warmth. Father Tim, as they call him, is their idol, the man to whom they go in their time of trouble. Never was a man better fitted for his work or more in love with it. It is a case of the round peg in the round hole. Every man's cap is lifted when he passes them in the corridors of the big sitting-room. The instant he sets foot inside the doorway he is besieged with questions and requests. They crowd around his big frame like children, and he has a word of cheer and advice and it may be a bit of caution for every man among them.

HIS DOOR ALWAYS OPEN.

Clad in a long black coat, and a big fur cap on his blonde head, he stalks through the rooms of the queerest lodging-house of all the lodging-houses ever created. He is the personification of hope to these broken men who have lived so many known how, and have heaven only knows what stories back of their presence there. From them Father Dempsey knows no rest. There is never a moment that he can really call his own, as they come to his house at all hours of the daylight and early evening. He is at the call of the "Lost Legion" who darken his door a hundred times a day to tell him their troubles, that all go to swell the aggregate of human misery. His door bell rings, the door is opened, and some shell of a man tells his story, his restless hands twisting his cap and his eyes wistful as a little child's on the priest's face.

Father Tim is not so much concerned with what a man has been as what he is. Is he hungry? Has he any shoes? What can he do if work is found for him? These are the questions in whose answers he is most interested. The man talks on brookingly, haltingly, but he tries to tell the truth. The most convincing and carefully polished falsehoods clear gaze of those gray eyes. So he takes them in; he feeds them and cheers them and gives them a place to sleep. Then he hunts them a job and sees that they stay with it just as long as possible.

A COSMOPOLITAN GATHERING.

In spite of the heat and light, the cleanliness and comparative comfort of the hostelry, it is a place of sadness. It is a place where men prefer to sit apart from each other and commune with their own thoughts. The faces of the majority seem to be turned backward along the paths of memory, and many of them ate in fancy in the scenes and among the faces of their youth or their young manhood. All the types of all the races of Europe and America may be picked out in the crowded corridors as they wait their turn to pay their dime for a clean bed for a night's rest. They are the strangest band of lodgers that ever have been once. Whatever they may have been once, they are now men who are glad to work with their hands at any job that will hold body and soul in company. The chill winds of the early evening and the late afternoon begin to drive them in front of their wanderings about the wintry streets. They are a pathetic sight as they painfully drag themselves up the

publish a new book. Sohamel Iris, a gifted Florentine-Chicagoan, whose work is genuinely beautiful, has not yet appeared 'twixt covers. Agnes Tobin, who gave Petrarch his truest and most sympathetic interpretation in English, has fled to London again and has published nothing for two or three years, although we are promised Phedre from her; while her English friend, Alice Meynell, has published only essays lately; but one short poem of hers, "The Watershed," appeared in America during the year. We want more Catholic poetry. The possibilities are vast, beyond computation.

steps and stumble in at the door. On the faces of many of them the infirmities of advancing age and a life of exposure and hardship have etched the record of their troubles. Many of them are old men in whom the fires of life are burning low. One after another they file in at the door and anxiously watch the clerk as he hands out the locker keys from behind his little wicket.

But the name Dempsey is a constant lure for the sons of Erin who are in straits. They come to "Father Tim" in their troubles, as straight as a homing pigeon for its loft. Many of them are railroad laborers, who have grown old on the construction gangs of the Western roads. They have tamped ties and swung spike mauls on roads without number since they were straight-backed young men. They know the country from one end to the other and have a disposition to rove that keeps them continually moving here and there during the summer season.

It is this disposition that Father Dempsey is trying so hard to cure. He bends all his energies to getting them into a place where they can settle down from one year's end to another. Very rarely does he consent to send any of his men out on the construction jobs that are always waiting for them. Nearly every occupation of civilized hands that is found among the crowd that comes in after 6 o'clock in the evening. From cobblers to trip-hammer operators, all the trades are represented.

NEVER TURNS A DEAF EAR.

Here and there is a mere shell of a professional man. No matter who they are or what they have been, they all get a hearing from Father Dempsey. The Kellys, the Schmidts, the Janssens, Browns and Victorios are all his guests, his exiles, the wanderers whom he believes it is his life work to assist.

From 5 till 7 o'clock in the evening is the busiest time in the hotel of the exiles. In the intervals of listening to the stories of the men whom he has sent out to look after possible jobs Father Tim gives ear to the account that some workman gives of himself. The regular lodgers, of whom there are many, are coming in after their day's work, and the scent of cooking and the rattle of crockery and spoons drift up from the restaurant in the basement. The big, bare sitting-room is filling up with quiet men, who sit in the straight-backed chairs and smoke and dream. There is less noise in the corridors and waiting-rooms than in the lobby of the Planters or any other of the big hotels. Now and again a man wanders in slightly intoxicated, a little uncertain in his walk, but never reverberating, never loud in his speech. There is nothing of the aesthetic about the place, and the air is laden at all times with tobacco smoke, and the steam of the drying of dampened garments.

It is not the place where the soul of a settlement worker would be really delighted. The handling of an organization such as this, is work for a man and a clever one. There are pipes and pipes, clay, cob and a combination of the two. There are no "No Smoking" signs posted by the ultra-good who have their own theories and insist that all who partake of their charity shall obey their whims. The men are treated as men, and they are not reminded of the nature of the institution at every step they make. One of the most striking things in the management of this strange lodging-house is the absence of the soulless card index and the multifarious swaths of red tape and bookkeeping with which so many of the charitable institutions of the country surround themselves. There is too much machinery and not enough of warm humanity in evidence for the men, who are helped by such places to have any real sense of gratitude.

HIS BRAIN HIS GUIDE.

All the card index that Father Dempsey ever uses is his tenacious Irish brain. He has a memory that would be the fortune of a politician and a handsake that would be worth 500 votes to any Alderman in a close ward. His hotel register contains all the statistics he ever has any use for. He is in the work to help men, not to collect sociological data. Now and then he has someone of his lodgers who can run a typewriter go over to his house and help him catch up on his back correspondence. Letters come in from all points of the compass, asking for news of such and such a man or boy who was last heard of it may be a half dozen years ago. If he has ever come into the notice of Father Dempsey he will remember all about him.

"My memory is my greatest asset in this business," he said. "If I see them once I have the gift of remembering them always. They like it that I can remember them well enough to call them by name. Sometimes they are gone for months but I never have any trouble in recalling their names, their nativity and their circumstances."

(Continued on page 8.)



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ANY even numbered section of Domains
Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending homestead-
er.
The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected 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 homo-
steader 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 personal
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
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W. W. CORY,
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"Fuit!" ---The Doctor's Epitaph.

Some years ago, while on the staff
of a nursing home, I was sent to
fill temporarily the position of night
nurse in a provincial Poor-law infir-
mary. It was not a large place, but
extremely well managed, as so many
of these places are.
The matron was a splendid wo-
man, whom I shall always consider
it a privilege to have known and
worked under. The resident doctor
was usually a young man who was
glad to hold that position for six
months in order to gain experience.
It was pretty hard work. The ward
contained ten, and a small ward
adjoining, two beds; and at that
time each bed was occupied. It was
winter, and winter usually drives
into the infirmary cases of chronic
bronchitis and pneumonia. In the
small ward we had two pneumonia
cases, one that had been complicat-
ed with delirium tremens. These
two cases required continual watch-
ing.
In the larger ward-eight of the
cases were not very serious, but the
man in No. 7 had been a source of
much anxiety to us. He was on the
mend then, but had been very ill. We
were all greatly interested in him.
His card stated that his name was
John Blank, his trade, sewing ma-
chine canvasser, his age, thirty-five.
Nobody believed that John Blank
was his real name. He was a very
gentle, refined person, spoke like an
educated man, had delicate, beauti-
fully shaped hands that had evi-
dently never done any manual work.
His face was very pleasant in spite
of the traces of dissipation which it
bore, and the evident weakness of
mouth and chin. "Poor John Blank,"
I used to think as I looked at him
sleeping. "You've gone too far and
too fast to make the best of your
life. I wonder what the future holds
for you if you go safely out of here."
We all liked him, he was such a
good patient, and grateful for the
smallest kindness.
The man in the bed next to him,
No. 6, was a road engine driver
who had had his hand torn off by
some of the machinery of his en-
gine.
Poor fellow, he was in an awful
condition when he was brought in by
the vicar of the parish he was work-
ing in. He was shouting wildly,
"What shall I do? I'll lose my
work. What will the missis and the
kids do?"
The "missis" was the bravest lit-
tle woman, who cheered him up
every time she came.
His employer came to see him, and
told him he was sure it would be all
right—that they would employ him
in some capacity.
It seemed odd, but that man really
had an affection for his engine,
and talked of it as though it was a
living thing. John Blank was a
great help to him in his quiet way,
and the two men so widely different
in every way developed quite a
friendship.
At last it was decided that No.
6 must have his arm amputated.
His employer had visited him the
day before the operation, and told
him he would be quite able to drive
with only one arm he believed. His
wife told him she'd rather have him
with one arm than any other man
in the world with twenty arms (a
statement we quite believed). With
all this encouragement, he prepared
himself bravely for the ordeal.
On the night after No. 6's op-
eration, when I went on duty, matron
said: "Well, nurse, I'm afraid you
are going to have a heavy night.
The D.T. man is very restless again
and you'll have to keep a sharp look-
out on No. 6 for hemorrhage; the
rest are as usual. If you need me
you must ring for me, but I hope
you won't—I'm frightfully tired."
Then the doctor paid us a final
visit. He was a very quiet, shy
man, as shy as I am, I believe; so
we always said what we had to say
in as few words as possible. That
night he said:
"Don't hesitate to ring for me,
nurse, if you need help; matron is
very tired. I would rather you called
me up—I have some work to do
anyhow, and I shall be sitting up
pretty late."
In the ward kitchen we had an
electric bell which communicated
with the night porter's quarters and
he roused the doctor when necessary.
All went fairly well till two
o'clock in the morning. The D.T.
man was restless and rambled a
good deal, so I walked from one
ward to the other keeping an eye
on him and also on No. 6.
At two o'clock he began to sit up
in bed and try to get up, so I pour-
ed out a dose of medicine, gave it
to him, and watched him till he
dozed again. As I entered the
door of the large ward, to my hor-
ror, I saw a figure standing by the
bedside of No. 6. I hastened for-
ward—John Blank was gripping firm-
ly the arm of No. 6.
"Quick, nurse," he said in a busi-
nesslike tone, "a bandage and some-
thing for a tourniquet—your forceps
—spatula—anything." He deftly ap-
plied the bandage and twisted it
tightly. "Now some wool and band-
ages to cover this up and watch if
it comes through. O, I forgot, you
had better send for the doctor."
I obeyed him meekly, even saying
"air" to him.
When he had applied the new
dressing I hurried from the ward to
ring the porter's bell, and returned
quickly to No. 6. John Blank was
shivering and his teeth were chatter-
ing—he had got back into bed. Then
I realized what a risky thing he had
done.
The porter came immediately and
hurried for the doctor. When the
doctor arrived he examined the

Want a Catholic Day in England.

The Catholic press of England is
agitating the discontinuance of Cath-
olic conferences as heretofore held
in that country, and the substitu-
tion of general Catholic gatherings
patterned after the great "Katholikentag"
of Germany. The Arch-
bishop of Westminster in a recent
address to the Catholic Truth So-
ciety strongly advised Catholic
unions and societies to select a
number of their best men and send
them to Germany to study the meth-
ods of their great meetings. The
Bishop of Southwark in a pastoral
letter also urges the formation of
Catholic societies and the upbuilding
of those already existing in order to
prepare for general Catholic mass
meetings patterned after the German
in order to discuss religio-political
questions as for instance the school
question and to bring pressure to
bear upon public opinion by these
demonstrations.

K.C.'s Support Missionary.

On the initiative of Mr. P. H.
Rice, State Deputy of Georgia, the
Knights of Columbus of that state
have undertaken to maintain one
missionary priest who shall visit
the outlying and unprovided dis-
tricts of the Savannah diocese. Rt.
Rev. Bishop Kelley has approved the
plan, and to prepare for its proper
execution, is now going over the di-
ocese, giving missions of two and
three days, until every town, and
hamlet shall be reached. August,
Mr. Rice's home council, has guar-
anteed more than half the required
amount annually to the missionary
fund, and the zealous State Deputy
has further arranged that the mem-
bers of each council shall send what
Catholic books, newspapers and ma-
gazines they can spare to the Sec-
retary, who shall forward them to
the Chancellor of the diocese for
transmission to Catholics in isolat-
ed districts.

Great Franciscan Church.

St. Anthony's Church, in St. Louis
a majestic temple 226 feet long and
94 feet wide, with a seating capac-
ity, exclusive of the gallery, of
1400, will be dedicated on January
16th. The edifice was erected by
the Franciscans, and the entire plans
and specifications of the church and
of the altars and adornments of its
interior are by Brother Anselm, O.
F.M., who is the architect. Under
his superintendence the contracts
were let to firms, companies or in-
dividuals who did the work, there
being no general contractor, and
under his direction, and subject to
his approval, the erection of the
church has proceeded. The style of
architecture is strictly Romanesque.

Spanish Bishops and Godless
Schools.

The Spanish Bishops, seeing the
ruin which godless education is
bringing on France and the disaster
for which anti-Christian teaching
was responsible at Barcelona, are on
the alert against the danger that
threatens their country. They have
addressed to the Government a joint
letter, in which they point out that
the so-called neutral schools at Bar-
celona laid the seeds of the revolu-
tionary outbreak in that city, and in
view of the report that the Premier
intends to allow M. Lerroix and his
friends to reopen those schools, they
call upon the Ministers to see that
the provisions of the Concordat be-

Laid Up Five Years

Until Half a Bottle of Father Morri-
son's Liniment Cured His Shoulder.
Mr. Jos. J. Roy, a prominent tinsmith
of Bathurst, N.B., July 16, 1909:
"I cannot let this opportunity pass
without letting you know what benefit
I received from your Liniment. For
five years I had a sore shoulder, which
prevented me from working or from
sleeping at night. I had tried everything
possible and still could find no relief,
until I was advised to try a bottle of
your liniment, which I purchased with-
out delay. I only used one half of the
bottle when I was completely cured,
and now I feel as if I never had a sore
shoulder. I would advise anyone suffer-
ing from Rheumatic pains to give your
liniment a trial, for I cannot praise it
too highly."
A liniment that will do that is the
liniment you want. It is equally good
for sore throat or chest, backache, tooth-
ache, ear ache, sprains, sore muscles,
cuts, bruises, burns, frost-bites, chapped
hands or chilblains. Rub it in, and the
pain comes out. 25c per bottle at your
dealer's, or from Father Morrison's
Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

Death of Bishop Brady of Boston.

Rt. Rev. John Brady, auxiliary
Bishop of the archdiocese of Boston,
and titular Bishop of Alabanda,
died in his home in South Boston,
on Thursday last, following a paralytic
shock.
Bishop Brady was born in County
Cavan, Ireland, in 1842. He was
educated at All Hallows college,
Dublin, and was ordained priest in
1864. He immediately came to
America, and the same year was
appointed assistant pastor at Newbur-
ryport. Four years later he was
transferred to the pastorate at St.
Joseph's church, Amesbury.
To relieve the late Archbishop
Williams of many episcopal labors,
Father Brady in 1891 was appointed
auxiliary Bishop of Boston, and was
consecrated titular Bishop of Alaban-
da.

Tabernacle Uncovered.

An important discovery was made
by accident in the Church of Santa
Maria di Maggiore, at Florence, in
the side chapel dedicated to the Vir-
gin of Mount Carmel. Monks at-
tempted to enlarge two small niches
in the wall where holy oil was kept.
While removing the plaster they
discovered concealed underneath two
marble tabernacles representing the
figure of Christ surrounded by an-
gels and flanked by two columns
supporting a cornice bearing a grace-
ful floral decoration.
The workmanship is described as
exquisite. It is unhesitatingly at-
tributed to Mino da Fiesole. Several
of the figures are damaged, having
been broken by a chisel. When the
superimposed wall was raised, the
tabernacles were plastered
over, but the masterpieces are
sufficiently well preserved not to
diminish their artistic value.

The Hall of Fame.

With characteristic generosity and
fine feeling the Jesuits are about to
give expression in a very impressive
manner to a long-felt want. The
President of the Boston College, Rev.
Thomas J. Gasson, S.J., is going to
erect a Hall of Fame in the univer-
sity grounds of the New Boston Col-
lege in Newton, and to dedicate it
to the Irish people and to the me-
mory of the great Emancipator, Dan-
iel O'Connell.
It is to be a magnificent polygonal
building with the lines so softly

brought together as to give the
whole an appearance similar to the
famous Dublin Rotunda in the metro-
polis of Ireland. It will have a
spacious ornamental vestibule,
through which one may pass to a
hall which will hold from two to
three thousand people. In this is to
be an arcade composed of lofty Go-
thic arches. The hall will lack no-
thing that will lend power and dig-
nity to its great purpose, which is
to commemorate the name and fame
of the men of Irish birth and de-
scent who have done so much meri-
torious work in the interests of the
Irish race, that the name of Ireland
is a hallowed one on the lips of hu-
manity.
Father Gasson wants to have the
memorial building and Irish Hall of
Fame amongst the earliest construc-
tions of the new Boston College and
the architects, Messrs. Maginnis and
Walsh, have completed the drawings
and have estimated that approxi-
mately the sum required for the erec-
tion will be \$300,000. The two
buildings are so designed as to form
a single architectural composition,
and yet so as to permit each a most
interesting individuality.
Although the Hall of Fame in the
ground plan is of a round type, the
structure is of a polygonal outline.
On entering the hall through the
vestibule, with triple doors, you find
yourself in a circular space surround-
ed by massive stone piers, which
form the background for the series
of marble portrait busts, which will
adorn the place. Surrounding this
arcade are two corridors, one above
the other, which communicate with a
series of thirty-two minor apart-
ments, symbolizing the thirty-two
counties of Ireland. These are to
be furnished as museums of Celtic
antiquities illustrating the particu-
lar genius and history of each coun-
ty in Ireland. The central spaces
rise to a height of sixty feet, so
that the effect of the apartment,
with the light from above throwing
the statuary into bold relief, pro-
mises to be in the highest degree im-
pressive and dignified.—Sydney Cat-
holic Sun.

Countless have been the
worked by Holloway's Corn Cure. It
has a power of its own not found
other preparations.

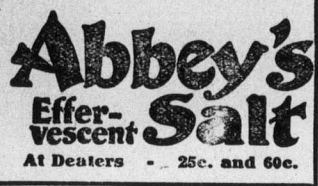
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Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation. **Abbey's Effervescent**

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines. Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood. Good in all seasons for all people.



have provided funds for it, including the splendid donation of Lord Strathcona.

The British Treasury has come in for no less than \$20,000,000 dollars, through the death of three members of one family of millionaires, within the past seven months. Charles Morrison, dying seven months ago, practically an unknown man, left an estate valued at \$60,000,000, on which there was at once paid, on account of death duties, \$5,500,000, while the succession duties brought the total contributions to the treasury up to \$6,250,000, with a further vast sum of death duties yet to come. Morrison's sister-in-law died some days ago, and the state came in for a large share of some millions of pounds sterling left her by Morrison. Following this came the death, a few days ago, of Morrison's sister, Ellen, to whom he had left \$10,000,000. The death and succession duties on this will aggregate \$3,200,000. If England continues she will drive her capital into Germany or the United States.

The Catholic Church.

A Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.

(Continued from last week.)

III. Church. In our first paper we explained what we mean by the word "Church." Now, we can prove from (a) the sayings and doings of Christ and of His Apostles the truth of our assertion as contained in the enunciation of our thesis, drawing upon the witness of Holy Scripture, of course. (b) Tradition tells the same truth; while (c) Theological Reason is with us as well.

(1) Holy Scripture, that is, the sayings and doings of Christ and of His Apostles. (a) From Christ's witness.—Our Saviour, indeed, both in formal words and in parables, spoke of the Church He was to institute. Thus (St. Matt., xvi., 18): "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I shall build my church;" and (Ibid., xviii., 16 and 17), dealing with the duty of brotherly correction, He says: "But if he will not hear thee, take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may stand. And if he will not hear them, tell the Church. And if he will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." These words plainly mark a social multitude with men at the head supposed to rule. This truth is further brought out in the following verse from the same chapter (v. 18), "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed in heaven." In various parables, He, likewise, bears out the truth, inasmuch as He compares His Church to a city, a kingdom, a family; which similitudes established the social nature of His institution, namely a multitude of men and women living under a common rule with a common end in view.

And, indeed, there may be found a society where there is a gathering of many under the same rule, with one and the same end in view. Now, Christ instituted a rule, to which all His faithful should be subject, that all might reach a common end; in other words, He formed a body of pastors with the power both to teach unto the consummation of ages (St. Matt., xxviii., 18, etc.), and of binding and loosing on earth (St. Matt., xviii., 18), that He might bring all His disciples under one faith, with communion in the same Sacraments, and obedient to the same Precepts. Furthermore, He placed a Head on the pastoral body, to whom, in the person of Peter, He gave the power of strengthening His brethren in the faith (St. Luke, xxii., 32), of feeding His whole flock, both the lambs and the sheep (John xxi., 15, 17), and of establishing what laws they saw fit (St. Matt., xvi., 19). In such a manner as to compel obedience from all the faithful, at least. Thus it is plain Christ's Church is truly a society.

(2) The second class of Protestants declare that while Christ instituted a Church, that Church is practically invisible, inasmuch as it is made up of the just alone, the elect. Lutherans and Calvinists, with the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Methodists, find this explanation very serviceable, especially when asked where the Church of Christ was before Luther broke his vows and Calvin buried Servetus. In the early ages, the Donatists and the Pelagians, and centuries later, the followers of Wyclif and John Huss spoke a similar language.

(3) The third class of Protestants such as the Socinians and the Arminians (not the Armenians) expect a new economy, a new state of religious society, under the Holy Ghost; they admit the defectibility of Christ's Church, and, in fact, they claim the Church has failed. Christian Scientists, Hornerites, and other fakirs, find a comfortable dwelling-place in this third class.

The Catholic doctrine concerning the building of the Church is directly opposed to the three systems above, and to all other foolish notions on the subject. We claim (with the Church) that the Church is (a) a religious society of her children; (b) an essentially visible society as such; (c) an indefectible society, that is, one to last, not for a time, but forever. In these three theses, we shall establish the truths we proclaim.

Thesis I, Christ gathered His disciples into a society properly so called, that is, He instituted a

where brings disaster. The university exists to teach the best known way of life to young people whose principle business is to live. The university does not exist to supply government jobs to every man whose crooked theory or lopsided mind is held up as the embodiment of freedom of thought. We do not send young men and women to the university to be tampered with by dubious cranks, any more than we send sick folk to the university to be at the mercy of every irresponsible medical man with a 'theory,' and who believes that the protection of the patient involves an abridgment of his 'rights' of free investigation. Students are sent to school to learn how to live life, not how to lose it. Some people will disagree with professors who claim that divorce is as human and divine an institution as marriage; that divorce is as essential to a happy useful moral life as marriage, that divorce is the necessary foundation of domestic integrity. Neither will they agree with the professors who teach that irreverence is a good and useful substitute for reverence, or shriveling doubt the superior of expansive and sunny faith.

"You know, there is bottom somewhere. In spite of what philosophers say, we do know something—at least the race has always behaved as if it knew something. We know something about the foundation of the family, about the pressure of the moral law on the soul, about the conditions under which young men and women are led into rich and satisfactory life. We know that purity is above question, and loyalty above cavil, and duty above doubt. We know the conditions under which society is possible. We know that the standards which hedge our conduct about are not theories, because they work. We know that, though there are many elements of perfection doubtless beyond our ken, that what we do not know of perfection is not alien to the thing itself. What we call goodness has been tested in the fires of centuries and tried in the deep places of billions of lives. Thank heaven, we are not at the mercy of every professor with a crocheted toward the licentious.

"Still there is no objection to our friend thinking his special 'ism,' or even teaching it; but he cannot teach our daughters his theories of the social evil and glorify the ancient profession of Rahab, nor can

Echoes and Remarks.

Please find one reason why you should be ashamed of your religion—and tell us.

It is a good thing for some people to "put on airs." There is nothing like hiding the shortcomings of one's ancestry. False dignity is as cheap as old boots.

A little girl died of scarlet fever in Hamilton because her mother, a Christian Scientist, prescribed a sleigh drive for the disease. It is time this worthy lady stopped reading her bible.

The ministers of our Montreal Protestant churches are men, more than a rule, far above the average. They do not preach tomfoolery, as do some so-called pulpit orators in the United States. Lunatics would be out of place among Protestant clergymen here.

It is never too late to make your neighbor a present of a snow shovel decorated with a dainty blue ribbon as a hint that he needs exercise. It would be well, too, to present some aldermanic candidates with a ticket to Tokio or Hong Kong, as a reminder that we do not take them seriously.

Four students were expelled from the Woodstock Baptist College at the opening of the classes this year. This was the result, we presume, of hard study on the quality of water necessary for an immersion, but they should not have used fire water, and the baptizing should have been done on the outside.

A woman in London, Ont., calling herself Princess Danadenah, was fined \$50 at the Police Court for telling fortunes. She had better move to Montreal and advertise in the daily papers, as others of her ilk are doing. Pity she did not think of telling her own fortune, or misfortune, together with the amount of the fine.

Lord Aberdeen, the viceroy of Ireland, may have a Catholic as successor, in the person of the Earl of Granard. The Granards are one of the titled families of Ireland, who remained true to the old faith of their fathers. The Protestant Alliance has been developing measles since it heard of Earl Granard's chances.

Under the heading "Franco-American News," Le Devoir published last week an account of the arrest of Thomas Reilly on the charge of having stolen a letter and publishing it. The complainant is George B. Nickerson and Reilly is a protégé of a government councillor named Stimson. We can understand Reilly's being a Frenchman but Nickerson and Stimson!!!

If some of the money now being expended on a "Joy" navy for Canada, were devoted to the making of good roads and improving inland waterways, fewer of our young men would leave this country for the United States. We are getting American citizens, we know, but we are losing the young men of the country, the born and bred of the soil. Less talk of navy and more of sense!

The Syndic of Rome, Nathan, says that the alterations on the Capitol and in the Piazza Colonna shall be carried out in spite of the Higher Council of Fine Arts. He justified his presence at the Royal banquet at Racconigi on the occasion of the Czar's visit, by a proverb: he had to take the soup or jump out of the window. Both utterances are al-

most universally condemned.

It has taken a considerable time to discover a philosopher who has been able to furnish a really sound reason why a man should not marry his deceased wife's sister. He is the clerk of the Presbytery of Stranraer, and when the matter was before that body last week he asked: "Why should a man marry his deceased wife's sister, when there are plenty of young ladies about the country?"

"The non-Christian population of the world was converted at the rate of 377 souls a day during the past year, according to statistics of workers from virtually every mission field on the globe, says a New York despatch. A number of well known business men advocated placing missionary and church work on a business basis, instead of resorting to undignified appeals to charity."

While those business persons are advocating, the workers will please pass around the hat and work the already converted.

It is sad to see that the main prop and support of the claims of Anglicanism to truth and apostolicity is falling with the decision of the English courts in the case of Mr. Bannister. Henry VIII. established his church on his false allegations for separation from Catherine of Arragon. His action has acted as the ruling of a General Council subversive of Jerusalem, Nice and Chalcedon. Any religion built on divorce will eventually grow as weak as the Anglican.

The Sixth Reader in the De La Salle series of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, is one of the best and most up-to-date collections we have seen, whether regarded from a literary or Catholic standpoint. The choicest of the old examples in prose and verse are included, but along with them are placed selections from Veilliot, Thurston, Canon Sheehan, Cardinals Morar, and Gibbons, Archbishops Ryan, Ireland and Spalding, Coppée, Pasteur, Horgan, etc.

It is a well-established fact that no other teachers can excel the Christian Brothers in teaching a boy how to read. Whenever you hear a man in any profession read a document clearly and intelligently, you may be sure that, ten chances to one, he was drilled by the Brothers of the Christian Schools. We once heard a lawyer read a half-column barbarously and murderously, and we were not surprised when later told he was no friend of religious orders.

Father Canning, editor of the "Question Box" in the Register-Extension, can strike a nail squarely on the head, even if he is ever mindful of charity. A correspondent had asked his opinion regarding the "Higher Crickets" of Toronto. Father Canning revealed their true value, when he said they are not worth their porridge as scholars. They are simply past masters at copying English translations of Harnack. There is as much scholarship to them as to the editor of the Orange Sentinel, and a man could not get a free ride behind a mule on the strength of that plea. Their complacent critics are one of a class with them.

The Citizens' Committee—says a contemporary—in charge of the Emergency Typhoid Hospital, have administered a stinging rebuke to civic incompetency. They have thrown back in the teeth of the aldermen the grant of a dollar a day per patient, for which an appeal was urgently made to the Council, by an angust deputation, including leading physicians and clergymen. That those promoting the Emergency Hospital are in a position to do that is due to the abundant generosity with which they

WHERE IS THE STANDARD?

It is growing to be a habit with professors, especially in American universities, to parade as twopenny pagans; at least, is this true of lecturers on psychology. Many of them have young women in their classes, and they are sufficiently conversant with human nature to know that funny views on man, life, and creation are calculated to arouse curiosity and give rise to interviews. Deep learning is not required of such professors: all they want is sufficient cheek for their abnormal jawbones. As a rule, the infidelistic professor is himself a freak of nature, mentally, morally and physically. Young men and women listen to him, and he proves a good influence towards keeping his pupils from church. A secular editor, in an American paper wants to know where universities are going to draw the line, even if the executive's "line" or cord should be drawn around the neck of some of the professors. Following is the editor's pertinent query:

"When a certain professor presented himself as candidate for the professorship of sociology in the University of Pennsylvania, it was learned that he believed that divorce should be an institution, such as marriage is, but his candidacy was successful in spite of his strange opinion—an opinion which must necessarily color his class-room teaching."

"One Walter George Smith, a member of the board choosing professors, resigned, claiming that the professor's opinion was immoral and dangerous. Smith's fellow-trustees exclaim loudly that it was not proper for them to abridge any professor's freedom of thought, nor to wield an academic gag. But Smith was firmly of the opinion that this was going a step too far, and pressed his resignation."

"Whereupon there comes to the fore again the question of the measure of freedom to be accorded instructors of youth. We are told that it is the best and most modern academic policy to let professors go their own gait, no matter where their conclusions lead; that the more able the man the more likely he is to break with tradition and orthodoxy; that 'all pathfinders are nonconformists.'"

"Very well. If this view be the true one, let the professor who believes divorce to be sacred an institution as marriage be admitted to teach sociology to the future fathers and mothers of the race. But hold on!—sacred, did we say? Abolish that word for the professor of sociology will object to it. Mar-

THE BEST FLOUR IS BRODIE'S Self Raising Flour Save the Bags for Premiums.

Application to the Legislature. Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Atimios Ofitah, Chabean Aboud, Essa Bousmar, Salim Bousmar, Najeb Fabah Fahed Tabah, Mansour Shatilla, Michael Zegayer and others, all of Montreal, to incorporate them as a religious congregation, under the name of "The Saint Nicholas Greek Syrian Orthodox Church," with power to acquire and possess movable and immovable property, to keep registers of acts of civil status, and to exercise all other rights incident to a religious corporation and for other purposes.

Montreal, 15th December, 1909.
BARNARD & BARRY,
Solicitors for Applicants.

NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given that a general and special meeting of the Members of the Mutual Fire Insurance Company "La Jacques-Cartier" will be held at its offices No. 118 St. James St., City of Montreal the 7th day of February 1910, at ten o'clock a.m., to take into consideration the liquidation of the said Company and to pass resolutions to this effect. By order of the Board,
N. H. THIBAUT,
Secretary and Manager.

he teach our sons the social desirability of divorce—or any other thing that might have arisen in his disordered brain. If he wants to teach let him go with the Sophists of Athens, to the market place or to a hired room and teach. No one will stop him, unless he becomes too vile or too lawless. But because we refuse to give him the indorsement of a state university chair and allow him a state salary for his work of corrupting our young men and women, let him not indulge in the sickening rant about "freedom of thought" and "all pathfinders are nonconformists." All nonconformists are not pathfinders, as the records of our insane asylums show, and universities should not be turned into playgrounds for men with brain lesions."

Modernism Utterly Routed, Says Ex-Abbe Loisy.

"What has become of all the modernists who two years ago occupied so much attention and excited such well-founded alarm?" asks "Rome." "Recently that audacious writer, Solomon Leitch announced that there are still fifteen thousand of them among the French clergy, and the statement has had the curious result of drawing the once famous ex-Abbe Loisy to the attention of a world that had half forgotten his existence. In the 'Revue Historique' for November-December, referring to this estimate of Reinach, he says: 'I would not give them fifteen hundred. . . All that the modernists could have hoped for was that the Church might tolerate them and orthodox mitigate its uncompromising attitude in their regard. We know what the answer of the Church has been. I am neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and I shall take care not to make any predictions, but what I think I do see at present is that it is utterly routed and that its annihilation does not seem to present any difficulty. Since the death of Tyrrell there is nobody among the clergy who claims to be a Catholic while refusing obedience to the Pope.' For once it is possible for Catholics to agree with Loisy."

The death took place of Miss Honor Fallon, Castlebar, in her 102d year. The deceased who retained all her faculties to the last week was a member of a family noted for longevity. Her father reached the patriarchal age of 106 years and her mother lived to be 104 years. Mr. Daniel Fallon, a brother of deceased, still enjoys excellent health although he is quite close on his centennial year.



The Sandman of Cuddledowntown.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville, Where the Sand Men pitch their tents, In Drowsyland, You understand, In the State of Innocence; 'Tis right, by the source of the River of Life Which the Grandma Storks watch over, While honey-bug bees, Neath funny-big trees, Croon lullabys in sweet clover.

Thought Jocko a Boy.

The little daughter of a distinguished French scientist had never seen a monkey, so when an organ grinder, accompanied by Jocko, in cap and jacket, appeared before the house, her father took her out on the sidewalk to view the creature's antics, expecting that she would be much amused.

What a Boy Can Do.

Be frank. Be polite. Be prompt. Be obliging. Obey his parents. Keep himself tidy. Keep out of bad company. Never laugh at a coarse joke. Be kind to his brothers and sisters.

Down Steep Slope.

The snow was just right for coasting on Round Hill. Quite early the big boys came and broke in Steep Slope. They played there only a short time. After they had gone no one slid down the Steep Slope.

The Steep Slope.

She waited to see what Ronald would say. "Oh, we never could!" cried he. "There are the briars on one side, and the apple tree on the other, and the two big rocks near the bottom with bumps between. Then you must steer through the fence, where the boys took down the rails."

Jim.

"I've lost my pepper-pot," said Deborah, looking sharply about the kitchen. "I wonder if you've been up to any of your tricks, Jim?" Jim gave no answer except a toss of the head, as he slowly walked across the kitchen, but Deborah's ears caught a little chuckle as he went out the door.

Why, it ain't so long since I read a story about one of them set-must-a-been first cousin to Jim, I reckon—that stole a elegant breastpin, and it was laid to a poor young girl that worked in the family.

She was disgraced and turned off, and ever so long after it was found out that that creature'd been the thief. I've no use for such! And so every member of the family could have declared, but no one would go. In the course of a long drive over the country roads, through a heavy storm, the farmer had found Jim drenched and half-starved.

Forty Cigarettes a Day.

The habitual consumption of cigarettes in large quantities has turned back the hands of time ten years in the mental life of Max Zillman, according to the Cincinnati City Hospital physicians who are observing his case, says a writer in The Homeless Boys Friend.

weak mind, and for three weeks he has been palpably unbalanced mentally. His ailment is diagnosed as juvenile dementia in medical parlance. Though 17 years old, almost grown physically, the boy's mentality has been reduced to that of a child of six or seven years old.

Max, according to his own statement, has smoked cigarettes for about five years. When he was sent to the hospital his parents said nothing about his smoking. Dr. Rodney H. Bunch, assistant superintendent, who has charge of the observation cases, noticed the tell-tale yellow stains on the boy's fingers. Max at first denied being a smoker, but later admitted it.

"I never kept track of the cigarettes I smoked," Max told Dr. Bunch, "but I smoked for four or five years, and I smoked cigarettes that came in packages of twenty. I usually smoked two packs a day."

On this basis the boy had consumed possibly 78,000 cigarettes, and certainly smoked not less than 50,000. It is not a certainty that cigarettes are wholly to blame for Zillman's present mental condition, but it is certain that smoking has not helped him any.

Habitual smoking could bring about such a mental condition as his. Cigarettes may cause almost any mental or physical ailment. The nerve centres control the organs, health and sanity. If the nerve centres are affected, everything may be affected.

How Gladstone Became a Home Ruler.

In a book just published, written by Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, son of the well known novelist, it is stated for the first time that Mr. Gladstone was won to support the Home Rule movement as a result of a visit to the Isle of Man, which enjoys the advantage of Home Rule.

A Beautiful Lesson.

There is an obvious lesson for all believers in the Real Presence contained in the following brief narrative, which we quote from Catholic Light.

The other day we happened to be in a neighboring city. On a street car were half a dozen men, one of them a priest, and one woman. The woman occupied the seat with the priest.

Had Weak Back.

World Often Lie in Bed For Days, Scarcely Able To Turn Herself. Mrs. Arch. Schnare, Black Point, N.B. writes: "For years I was troubled with weak back. Oftentimes I have lain in bed for days, being scarcely able to turn myself, and I have also been a great sufferer while trying to perform my household duties."

Doan's Kidney Pills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS are a purely vegetable medicine, realizing quick permanent relief, without any after effects. A medicine that will absolutely cure Backache and all forms of Kidney and Bladder Disease.

POET'S CORNER

FOREVER.

Those we love truly never die, Though year by year the sad memorial wreath, A ring and flowers, types of life and death, Are laid upon their graves. For death the pure life saves, And life all pure is love; and love can reach From heaven to earth, and nobler lessons teach Than those by mortals read.

WEST WIND.

Come in, wet wind of the West, Through the dusty streets of the town, With the scent of the new-mown hay, And a song of a bird by the nest, A breath of roses newblown, The laughter of children at play!

WHEN THE TIDE IS LOW.

Some time at eve, when the tide is low, I shall slip my mooring and sail away, With no response to a friendly hail Of kindred craft in a busy city, In the silent hush of the twilight pale.

Three Coming Centenaries.

Three noted Catholic centenaries are to be celebrated during the coming spring. March 2 will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the late Pope Leo XIII.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible. There is many a man and woman tossing night after night upon a sleepless bed. Their eyes do not close in the sweet and refreshing repose that comes to those whose hearts and nerves are right.

The Oil of the People.

The Oil of the People—Many oils have come and gone, but Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil continues to maintain its position and increase its sphere of usefulness each year. Its sterling qualities have brought it to the front and kept it there, and it can truly be called the oil of the people.

apo Cresolene. For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

THE LEEHING-MILES CO., Limited. Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

His Presents \$25,000.

Archbishop J. J. Glennon, who recently celebrated his silver jubilee in the Church, learned to-day that several unopened boxes sent him during the jubilee celebration contained pictures valued at approximately \$25,000.

HE IS THANKFUL HE HEARD OF THEM.

That's What Antoine Cottenoire says of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They Cured His Diabetes After the Doctors Had Failed to Give Him Relief—What Dodd's Kidney Pills Do and Why.

St. Pie de Guire, Yamaska Co., Que., Jan. 24.—(Special).—That Diabetes, and that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills is proved once more in the case of Mr. Antoine Cottenoire, a well known resident of this place.

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HEALTH TALKS

ANIMALS AND ALCOHOL.

Very Pertinent Article on the Effects of the Abuse of Alcohol.

(Reprinted by Request.)

Dr. Hodge is the professor of physiology in Clark University, Worcester, Mass. He is also a student of animals. For this reason, a few years ago, he was asked to find out whether alcohol does human beings any harm in certain directions. He was sure that the quickest and best way to go to work was to press various cats and dogs into this use-ful service, for he knew, as we do, that things that are unwholesome for people, and that food which nourishes animals will generally nourish men too; that is, poison that kills a dog will kill a man, and food that fattens a dog will probably fatten a man.

In this way, then, animals sometimes pass most useful lives. By being rather uncomfortable and not very energetic for a while they have secured the help of several young kittens. He picked out two that were happy and healthy, and tried to make them take milk that had a little alcohol in it. But the kittens would not touch it, and they acted as if they would rather starve first.

He therefore opened their mouths very carefully and fed the milk to them a little at a time. It did not please them, out they swallowed it. Dr. Hodge did this regularly for ten days, and day by day he noticed how it affected the kittens. The result was certainly not favorable, for although they did not suffer the slightest pain, still they were changed. They stopped playing, did not grow, and did not keep their fur clean and smooth as healthy kittens always do. They did not even care for mice, or feel the slightest interest in any dog. Indeed, they seemed to be dull and indifferent to everything.

All the other kittens acted as usual. They grew bigger every day, played and caught mice, bristled up their tails at any dog that came in sight, purred, and kept their fur in good order. The alcoholic kittens did not suffer, but they were dull and half asleep, and had no energy whatever. Finally, however, they were actually ill, and by this time Dr. Hodge concluded that they had taught him at least one great lesson. They had proved that alcohol prevents kittens from growing and robs them of their energy. Accordingly he stopped giving the stuff to them and turned his attention to dogs.

On Washington's birthday, February 22, 1895, four puppies were born to two different kennels. Two were brothers and the other two were sisters. They were fine, strong, healthy young animals, and that was one reason why Dr. Hodge specially noted their help in his important work. Two of the dogs were a trifle more energetic than the others, and he picked these out for his experiment. He wished to see whether a little alcohol every day would make them at all different from the other dogs who were not to take any.

Each pair of dogs was put in a separate kennel, and each kennel was in a large yard full of sunshine. These houses were kept clean and neat, while the dogs had all that the heart of a dog could wish—plenty of food, dog biscuit, fresh meat, eggs, and milk, with bones enough besides so that they could gnaw to their heart's content. Of course they also had fresh drinking water two or three times a day.

The four dogs were treated exactly alike, except in one important respect. Every day Dr. Hodge mixed a little alcohol into the food that went to one of the kennels. The dogs liked their food better without it, but they had good appetites and ate whatever was given them. On the other hand, not a drop of alcohol went to the second kennel. This did not seem to make much difference at first, for all four dogs grew equally fast, and all looked equally strong and healthy.

The dogs had to be named, and Dr. Hodge called one pair Bum and Topsy, because they took alcohol; the other pair, in the other kennel, he named Nig and Topsy. The first Topsy died soon after the experiment began, and Topsy number two took her place.

anything and he "had to drerch them with hot milk and eggs at frequent intervals" to keep them from starving.

Of course, without a moment's hesitation, Dr. Hodge stopped giving them alcohol while they were ill, and at the same time everything in the world was done to make them comfortable and to cure them as speedily as possible.

In spite of every care, however, they did certainly have a hard time. For several days both dogs were blind, and they grew exceedingly thin. Nevertheless they were so well cared for that little by little they recovered. From that time on, however, Topsy was blind in one eye.

Dr. Hodge says that both Bum and Topsy were just as ill as they could possibly be and live. On the other hand, the dogs that took no alcohol hardly seemed to have the disease at all. They did not feel as comfortable as usual for several days, but they did not lose their appetite, they did not suffer, and they did not grow thin; in fact, they were hardly disturbed enough to be called ill.

Naturally Dr. Hodge decided that dogs that have alcohol in their food get sick more easily, stay sick longer, and suffer more than dogs that do not have it.

This then was the first great lesson which Bum and Topsy taught the scientists. But this was not enough; there were other lessons to be learned. For this purpose Dr. Hodge now made some delicate little machines and strapped one of them to the collar of each dog. By this machine he could tell from day to day just how much exercise each dog took. He wished to find out which of them did the most running and jumping and playing, because this would show which dogs felt the most vigorous.

Some people think that alcohol makes men spry, but it turned out the other way with the dogs. These machines showed that although Bum and Topsy had now recovered from their illness, and although they were cheerful and had good appetites, still they were not so active as Nig and Topsy; in fact, the machines proved that they did only about half as much running around as the other two dogs.

Dr. Hodge then made another test in the same direction. While Bum and Topsy still continued to have a little alcohol in their food every day, he took all four dogs to the gymnasium of Clark University in Worcester and trained them to run after a rubber ball and bring it back to the starting point.

The room was three hundred feet long, and he threw the ball one hundred times for each game of practice. He threw it fast, made the dogs work hard, and kept careful count, for the sake of finding out which dog brought the ball back oftenest. The result was the same story over again. No matter how hard Bum and Topsy worked, Nig and Topsy beat them every time, for they brought the ball back twice as often. Yet even though they did not do so much, when the game was over Bum and Topsy were always more tired than Nig and Topsy. This showed that dogs that take alcohol every day are not so strong as other dogs.

Through all these days, and in these different experiments, Bum and Topsy were not suffering in any way. Indeed, they felt quite well and happy; but they made it very plain that when dogs take alcohol regularly they are not so vigorous as dogs that go without it.

While Dr. Hodge was studying this subject he noticed another great difference: Nig and Topsy always behaved like any other well-fed, healthy, jolly creatures. When any stranger spoke to them they were friendly, and wagged their tails cheerfully. When anything happened that they did not understand they were curious about it and bravely went to investigate. When whistles sounded and bells rang furiously they barked furiously too, but they did not act afraid. Just here, then, was the difference. Bum and Topsy were timid and frightened over everything and over nothing. When strangers came they went off to some corner of their kennel and crouched there. When whistles blew and bells rang they yelped as only frightened dogs can, and sometimes they seemed to be terribly frightened when nothing at all was in sight. Perhaps they were having a sort of dog delirium tremens, but nobody knows about that. All we do know is that Bum and Topsy always seemed timid and afraid while Nig and Topsy were brave and full of fun.

After Bum and Topsy had been taking alcohol for about three years Dr. Hodge decided to see whether they could recover and be vigorous again like other dogs. He therefore stopped the alcohol. Topsy died soon afterwards, but Bum lived on. He grew stronger every day until he was almost as strong as Nig, his brother. He played as much and could bring the rubber ball back almost as fast and often. Even yet, however, he was rather timid. He was not taking alcohol now, and everything was being done to increase his health and vigor. Yet during the winter of 1900 a sad thing happened: he began to have trouble with both eyes. They grew worse and worse, and by spring, Bum was totally blind.

Later came another calamity. He had a painful and terrible skin disease, which lasted a long time, and after that he looked like a poor old, blind, feeble dog, but Nig was strong and healthy and happy. He didn't seem old at all, though he was Bum's twin brother.

What difference do you suppose Dr. Hodge discovered in the puppies of the four dogs? During those four years Bum and Topsy had twenty-three puppy children, but so many of them were deformed, and so many were dead when they were born, that only four lived to grow up. During the same years Nig and Topsy had forty-five puppies. Four of them were deformed a very little, none were dead when they were born, and forty-one lived.

So this is the end of the story of Bum and Topsy.

Let us cherish their memories, for the lessons they taught may save thousands of lives.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

Work of the Irish Christian Brothers.

Since the advent of the Irish Christian Brothers in the Eternal City, nine years ago, their efforts towards the establishment and development of evening schools for foreign languages, in opposition to the proselytizing tactics of Protestant and Methodist emissaries, have been blessed with abundant and permanent success, says the Roman Correspondent of Catholic Standard and Times. This year their classes for German, French and English contain over four hundred students, whom the Brothers may almost be said to have saved from the soul hunter. All these young men are taught gratuitously, and get good positions for their knowledge of tongues.

It must be said that they are a strong factor in opposing the Godless schools which the Masons are trying to force on Italy, and which are manned, almost from the lowest to the highest rank by irreligious teachers. The percentage gained by the boys educated this year in their new schools was ninety-one per cent. despite all the obstacles placed in their way by the irreligious boards of examiners.

Many patent medicines have come and gone, but Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup continues to occupy a foremost place among remedies for coughs and colds, and as a preventive of decay of the lungs. It is a standard medicine that widens its sphere of usefulness year by year. If you are in need of something to rid yourself of a cough or cold, you cannot do better than try Bickle's Syrup.

"Solid Comfort" All the Way Through to Gowganda.

The Grand Trunk Railway Co. announce that they are placing in the hands of their agents the necessary instructions that will permit of through ticketing and checking of baggage to the Gowganda district. The service from Charlton to Elk Lake, Long Point and Gowganda will be performed by eight covered sleighs, accommodating eight passengers each, and containing foot-warmers. The sleighs are modern in every respect.

The distance from Charlton to Gowganda is forty-nine miles, and the route will lie over the new road, upon which the Ontario Government has spent over \$50,000 within the past few months, making the road the finest in Northern Ontario. Best-good roads and regular service being afforded.

No Pain with Red Blood

Get your blood right by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and Rheumatic pains will disappear.

Rheumatism and diseases of the nerves are closely allied—both are due to thin, watery and impure blood.

Have you ever noticed that it is when you are tired, weak, worn out and exhausted that the rheumatism gives you trouble.

Well, if your blood were analyzed at such times it would be found lacking just such elements as are contained in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Because this great restorative actually forms rich, healthy blood it positively cures rheumatism.

Mrs. M. A. Clock, Meaford, Ont., writes: "I was so weak and helpless that I required help to move in bed. Indigestion and rheumatism caused great suffering. By the use of eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been made strong and well."

Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box, 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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Send for our new Cook-Book—free.
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A Spanish Statesman's Impressions of Pius X.

"A Real Ruler With a Will"—The New Spanish Ministry.

One of the interesting Papal audiences of the last month of 1909 was that granted to His Excellency P. rez Caballero, who until a few days previously had been Spanish Ambassador to the Quirinal, and has now become Minister for Foreign Affairs under the new Liberal government. "I had long desired," he said, immediately after this audience, "to present my homage to His Holiness, and immediately my diplomatic mission to the Quirinal ended I begged for an audience in my capacity as Spanish minister of Foreign Affairs. Pius X. has made a deep impression on me as a real ruler with a strong, firm will of his own. There are some, even in my own country, who believe that His Holiness is isolated and that the real rulers are those who surround him. The truth is that it is Pius X. in his own person who governs. You have only to come into contact with him to realize in him a clear intelligence and a firm character, united with angelic goodness. Yes, it is the goodness of the Pope which has most struck me. His words, his voice, his whole bearing are wonderfully attractive. In one way I was very agreeably disappointed in him. I expected to see him, in view of his age and of the immense burden that has weighed on him, for many years, cast down and worn out. Instead, I saw at once that the Holy Father enjoys excellent health and that he is of a sound and robust constitution."

After the fall of Maury's Cabinet, with which the Ferrer agitation had at least something to do, it was assumed that the new Liberal Ministry would be inclined to truckle to the anti-clericals and revolutionaries who have caused so much trouble in Spain recently. That, evidently, is not the view of Senor Caballero. "The Cabinet to which I belong," he has declared to the Home correspondent of the Momento, "is a Liberal one—but liberalism does not imply anti-clericalism. If by this word you mean a policy of persecution against the Church, we will have nothing to do with persecution. The Spanish ministry will study the various problems of ecclesiastical policy, co-ordinating them with the reasons on account of which it has been put into power, but whatever it does will be done in perfect harmony with the Holy See, with which the government will always maintain the best relations. We shall take good care not to enter into the field of dogma, in which the Church is the exclusive judge; but we shall have to face various reforms in such a way as to make the religious policy of Spain better adapted to the present requirements of the nation. Just because we are Liberals, we wish for liberty for all, and especially as regards the religious sentiment and conscience. Besides, we must bear in mind that Spain is profoundly Catholic, and that it would be absurd to adopt a policy in opposition to the religious belief of the whole nation."

The correspondent reminded him that there had been talk of the suppression of the religious orders and of other measures which would be called "You will understand," he replied, "that I cannot enter into details, but it is certain that if reforms are to be made they will not be inspired by hatred of the Church and of Catholics. The Spanish Government will endeavor to put into execution only those reforms which can be accepted by the Holy See and of which the Vatican will recog-

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In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results.
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Just as Canada is a great melting pot for the making of men, taking in the raw aliens, immigrants and moulding them into Canadian citizens, so have the big railway shops become training schools for boys. The boy just out of school, who becomes an apprentice in a railway shop, is, within a very short time, turned out an intelligent useful citizen, capable of earning good wages in any country.
By sending a postal card to the Superintendent of Motive Power, Grand Trunk Railway System, you can secure, free a handsome illustrated book on "Training Modern Mechanics."

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Any irregularity of the bowels is always dangerous to your health and should be corrected at once for if this is not done constipation and all sorts of diseases are liable to attack you.
Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and all Stomach, Liver and Bowel complaints.
Mr. Henry Pearce, 49 Standish Ave., Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—"Having been troubled for years with constipation, and trying various so-called remedies which did me no good whatever, I was persuaded to try Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I have found them most beneficial; they are, indeed, a splendid pill, and I can heartily recommend them to all those who suffer from constipation."
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at Antoine Cottenoire
Dodd's Kidney Pills.
His Diabetes After the Failed to Give Him Relief
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Guire, Yamaska Co., 24.—(Special).—That sure cure for steadily that cure is Dodd's proved once more in Mr. Antoine Cottenoire, resident of this place. I ever heard of "Pills." Mr. Cottenoire cured me of suffered with Backache, drowsy. I had severe and my limbs would a dizzy feeling and the region of the kid- dragging heavy sensa- ltns. I was cured by the doctors, but from them. Then I made by Dodd's Kid- made up my mind to look in all three dozen's Kidney Pills. To- from Kidney trouble.
ey Pills also cured trouble from which I five years."
ne of the most dead- idney Disease. But Pills cure any form Disease. They also by cures all those come from disordered Rheumatism, Lum- Disease.
ng Centenaries.
Catholic centenaries during the conch- 2 will be the anniversary of the Pope Leo XIII., e the centenary of Cardinal, and May three hundredth anni- vest Rev. Martin Archbishop of Louisville, Archbishop of Balti-

Not Sleep Dark.
Heart and Respiration
man and woman to- upon a sleepless bed- would lie down. I sleep in the dark, sit up and rub my become so numb, art and nerves were Milburn's Heart and and got a box to ease boxes and ease without the light. I can recon- all nervous and run box or \$ for \$1.55 direct on receipt from Co., Limited.

Local and Diocesan News.

A.O.H. DIV. NO. 7 ELECTS OFFICERS.—The following have been elected for the coming year as officers of Division No. 7, A.O.H.: Pres., Jos. Stewart; vice-pres., M. J. Scott; rec. sec., Jas. Fitzgerald; fin. sec., T. P. Altimas; treas. S. J. O'Neill.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE IN UNITED STATES.—His Grace is presently on a trip which will take in all the American dioceses, the object of which is to invite the high dignitaries of the United States to the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress, preparations for which being now well under way.

OPENING OF NEW PRESBYTERY.—The pastor of St. Thomas Aquinas, the Rev. T. F. Hoffmann, and his curate, the Rev. E. Polan, took possession of their new presbytery on Tuesday. In their new issue we will give some details of this very fine new house, which will certainly prove quite an ornament to the district of which it is the centre.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.—The following contributions, although too late to be classed as Christmas gifts were nevertheless most thankfully received during the past two weeks. The London Assurance Corporation, through Mr. Francis Collins, ten dollars; Chas. McCarthy, McCarthy, P. Q., five dollars; Miss Guineé, Montreal, two dollars; and Lieut. O'Donnell, Bernard McGuffan, Patrick Burns, Mrs. Gallagher, Mrs. Allan and Mrs. Mullins, one dollar each.

ST. ANN'S SCHOOL BOYS SUCCESS.—In the recent prize Essay Competition, offered by the Montreal Carnival Committee to the schools of Canada, in which 350 pupils took part, three boys of St. Ann's School T. Gavin, J. B. O'Brien, T. A. V. Hamill were among the prize winners. T. Gavin secured third prize in Class B, a handsome pair of snow shoes and moccasins donated by Messrs. Henry Morgan & Co., of Montreal.

RETURNS TO MONTREAL.—Mr. Edwin Cox, of this city, returned Thursday last from a nine months' stay at Revelstoke, B.C., having completed a large branch building for the Molson's Bank. The number of Revelstoke's prominent citizens, who waited at the train to bid their Montreal friend Bon Voyage testified in eloquent terms either to the golden hospitality of the people of that western town, or to the popularity of their new found acquaintance.

Mr. Cox speaks of Revelstoke as a lively and past growing town of some 5000 inhabitants, commanding a most picturesque site among the mountains.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES GALLERY.

After a somewhat lengthy illness Mrs. James Gallery, of the firm of Messrs. Gallery Bros., bakers, died on Monday morning at the Royal Victoria Hospital.

Mr. Gallery was born in Co. Clare in 1846, and came to Canada 46 years ago.

Mr. Gallery was the eldest son of the late Thomas Gallery, and is survived by four brothers, Messrs John Michal, and Daniel.

The funeral took place in Wednesday morning at St. Ann's Church, thence to Cote des Neiges cemetery. May his soul rest in peace.

The Fingers of Frost Point to Eternity.

So! it is winter. The beautiful frost foliage is on my windows in the morning—flowers and leaves, wrought out in all manners of such exquisite curves and interlacings that no human art could possibly approach it. No finest pencil, or sharpest chisel, can give anything at all approaching the exquisite tracery, the multitudinous lines, the sweeps and segments of circles wrought in a few hours by the invisible spirit of the air on a little moisture on the glass.

Alas! that it is evanescent, like all beautiful things. I breathe softly on the window pane, and lo! it is gone. The secret artist withdraws his handwork and departs. It is hint at perfection, a suggestion of the absolute, which Nature is forever giving us to remind us of "The Beauty, ever ancient, ever new," that lies beyond the visible, and shall be revealed when matter is no more, but only the Form, the Anchetypé, the Vision and the Spirit stand out against the background of eternity.—Rev. Dr. P. A. Sheehan, Paregga.

Worms in children, if they be not attended to, cause convulsions, and often death. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will protect the children from these distressing afflictions.

The local Government has decided to give £1,000 for immediate relief of distress, owing to unemployment, in Belfast, and the Corporation Finance Committee has been authorized to expend a sum not exceeding £2,000 for the purpose of the execution of work necessary, but not provided in this year's estimates. The Committee is applying for sanction for the borrowing of £20,000 for street improvements.

Cardinal Gibbons.

The Only Archbishop Who Has No Carriage of His Own.

Cardinal Gibbons is the subject of an interesting sketch by H. L. Menden in the American Magazine. He says:

"Baltimore is one of the few American cities still old-fashioned enough to have a fashionable promenade. It runs over the steep hills of ancient Charles street, from the big shops at Lexington street, past Old St. Paul's church, the Waters Art Gallery and the Washington Monument to the northern region of apartment houses and clubs. There the smart folks of the town show themselves every afternoon—pretty little debutantes with talcum on their noses, stout old ladies with dogs, smart young dandies with rolling eyes and men of money from South street on their way to the Maryland Club. And there, too between 4 and 5, rain or shine, winter or summer, you will see a spare, tall old gentleman in a straight-rimmed silk hat, with a touch of scarlet under its brim—to wit, James Cardinal Gibbons, the ranking churchman of the United States of the Holy Roman Empire of princes of the blood.

"To Cardinal Gibbons that daily walk is the most welcome, if not the most important, act of life. It is not a leisurely stroll, but a vigorous, swinging walk. It takes him some days far out Charles street to Mount Royal Avenue, with its string of monuments, and even to Druid Hill Park. The appalling grades of Charles street—it hasn't a foot of level ground in two miles—do not worry him. He takes them at a long easy stride, brushing idlers and dandies, and holding his pace steadily until his four or five miles have been accomplished. Now and then you will see a visiting Bishop at his side, panting breathlessly up the hills but more often he is alone. Publicans and sinners pass him the time of day; policemen salute; a friend drops into a step for a block or two. The greater the crowd the better he seems to like it.

"The Cardinal was 75 last July, but there is still many a hard day's work in him.

"Dinner time at the Cardinal's house comes shortly after noon. There is a good cook downstairs, and the chance guest enjoys the meal as well as the company, but the head of the house himself is no epicure. The delicacies of which Baltimore boasts—the terrapin, the wild duck, the soft crabs and so on—are seldom on his plate. Simple roasts content him, with baked apple to follow as dessert. In the matter of drinkables his choice is buttermilk. He drinks it daily, and he agrees with Professor Metchnikoff that it makes the old feel young. But the Cardinal is no rigid teetotaler. On occasion he is not averse to a glass of white wine.

"Walking is his tonic. Let him have his daily tramp and he is content. When he faces a city trip beyond walking distance he telephones to a livery stable for a public hackney coach. He is the only Archbishop in the world who has no carriage of his own."

Canon Sheehan's Latest Book.

Canon Sheehan's "My New Curate" was, and is still, so universally loved and praised, that many readers were not ready for either "Luke Delmege" or "The Blindness of Dr. Gray," not to speak of "Lisheen," with the pen pictures all three give of Irish life, in most of its phases, and the quaint clerical personages of the first two especially. Let us may be found too hard to please we here subjoin what the Catholic Record has to say on the subject. And to quote:

"Those who criticised 'Lisheen' will find fault with 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray,' and for the same reason. For Canon Sheehan's latest novel is a picture of the seamy side of Irish life—too highly colored, some will say, and I'm inclined to agree with them. Of course there are a few sinners even in the Island of Saints, but 'Dr. Gray' gives one the idea that the sinners are by far the major part of Ireland's population. I think it is Dante who consigns the invertebrates, who were neither good nor bad, to the first circle of hell.

Well if Canon Sheehan's picture is true to life that precise place is certain to be very soon scheduled as a "congested district" for 99 per cent. of the Irish are booked for there.

Can it be that, like Dr. Gray, Canon Sheehan, too, is out of touch with the people? Has he dwelt so long on the empyrean heights that he expects in them angelic perfection? Politicians, the Gaelic League everything, gets a slap from the genial P. P. Donerale. Is it true; but had we not enough of caricatures without those of our household taking a hand in the game? A reviewer says "it is the most comprehensive picture of modern Irish life that has been written in the generation." One wonders if this reviewer was ever in Ireland! There can be no doubt but "Dr. Gray" is a good, interesting, strong book, but the brush has been applied a little too deeply in parts. Again, exception might be taken to the way Canon Sheehan spells some words such as "bhoy," "shpake." To most of us that style of orthography is symbolic of yellow rags from across the Channel. However, that is a minor point. Canon Sheehan, it will be remembered, was a supporter of the stormy petrel of Irish politics—William O'Brien. How strange then does this read. Reeves, a Unionist, was contesting an election against a local nationalist, whose father had been out in the "Risn'." He came to solicit Dr. Gray's vote. The doctor could not see his way to support him. I cannot desert my people, he said. To Reeves's suggestion that the classes should unite and work together for the common good, leaving aside all vain efforts after nationhood, Dr. Gray replies: "They can no more get rid of that idea of independent nationhood than they can level their mountains or drain their rivers dry." And yet Canon Sheehan joined the all-creeds-all-classes League! "Dr. Gray" is a good book, but if I know Ireland it is an exaggerated picture of present day conditions in the Green Isle.

Nor is "Columba" alone in the field of criticism. Much in the same strain of thought, the indefatigable editor of the Register-Extension remarks very truly and plainly what follows:

"T. P.'s Weekly for December 17th contains a very appreciative review of Canon Sheehan's latest novel, 'The Blindness of Dr. Gray.' Father Sheehan himself, the reviewer calls 'the most notable, the most distinctive, and the most intellectual story-teller, which Ireland has sent forth in latter years.' He regards his latest novel as his best, because it is not overburdened with these allusions, which only clerics can understand and because it is 'an absolutely true and convincing picture of Irish life.' There are many however, who will differ with the reviewer in his estimate of the Canon's latest book. Dr. Gray and Luke Delmege are of the abnormal type. Daddy Dan, the hero of 'My New Curate,' is the real Soggarth Aroon with all his gentleness, his sympathy with the people, his aversion to innovations, his unselfishness and thoughtfulness for the poor and his never failing fund of gentle humor. There is not one faint spark of Irish humor in Dr. Gray's whole make-up. It is possible, however, that the real Irish priest of to-day may be found in a combination of two types, Daddy Dan and Dr. Gray; but our own experience and observation incline us to the view that 'My New Curate' contains the truer picture of Irish life and sets before the reader a better portrait of Ireland's well-beloved Soggarth Aroon."

"The Cardinal was 75 last July, but there is still many a hard day's work in him.

"Dinner time at the Cardinal's house comes shortly after noon. There is a good cook downstairs, and the chance guest enjoys the meal as well as the company, but the head of the house himself is no epicure. The delicacies of which Baltimore boasts—the terrapin, the wild duck, the soft crabs and so on—are seldom on his plate. Simple roasts content him, with baked apple to follow as dessert. In the matter of drinkables his choice is buttermilk. He drinks it daily, and he agrees with Professor Metchnikoff that it makes the old feel young. But the Cardinal is no rigid teetotaler. On occasion he is not averse to a glass of white wine.

An Honorable Avowal.

The late Methodist Episcopal Bishop, Dr. Foster, says the Davenport Catholic Messenger, despite the narrow views of some of his colleagues of the episcopal rank, shortly before his demise speaking at the North End Boston church, asked the question: "To what church do these self-sacrificing communities (meaning nuns and Sisters) belong that toil from morning till night for the good of God's people?" and gave the answer which every well informed American citizen can give to the query, acquainted with the benevolent activities of our Sisterhoods in hospitals, asylums, homes for the aged and the erring and like institutions.

Bishop Foster declared that he had a great deal of respect for Roman Catholics and the Roman Catholic Church, and that the feeling became stronger as he grew older. He added: "I do not think we can afford to criticize Catholics until we display at least equal zeal in the service of the Master. Who are they whose feet go clattering by our houses these cold winter mornings? Who are they who fill their churches to worship God when we are in our beds? Who through our streets with reverent faces, with prayer book in hand, eye, and perhaps with as reverent heart as any of you here? They are zealous, faithful Catholics, who believe in the truth of their Church and feel that through it alone they can worship God, whom they fear and love. To what Church do these self-sacrificing communities belong, that toil from morning until night for the good of God's people? Who are these who come here from foreign lands, poor and strange, with nothing, but a spade, and have erected temples of worship that put us to shame? Isn't it the hard working man and the poor servant girl, who lay a tithe of their earnings on the altar of God, sincere in their belief, and will not find favor in God's eyes? There was a paragraph in the Christian Advocate the other day, which made me blush when I read it. It stated that in New York city the Catholics have a church property of more than \$11,000,000, a greater sum than the value of all other church property, except that owned by the Episcopal

church. These Catholics are the people who fill their churches every Sunday with three or four different congregations. These are the people who sixty years ago had but three churches in New York, and are now filling all our Protestant cities and towns. What right have we to complain that this is so? Why should we abuse them because their churches crown the noblest eminences of the land? Let us possess ourselves of those virtues and qualities which they have in a stronger degree than we, and those added to what we already possess may put us in a position when we have a right to criticize their actions."

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Father Tim's Port of Call.

(Continued from page 1.)

LARGE HEARTED HUMANITY. One of the coldest nights of the first week of the real winter Father Dempsey stood by the desk in the hallway and watched them coming in. Every man had the decency in him to touch his battered cap to the big priest, who gave every man a word and a smile, and sometimes a shake of the hand. A big, straight-backed blade of an Irish lad stepped out of the line and in a few blunt words told of an employer holding back his week's pay on some petty pretext. His eyes were hard with cold rage and determination, but nevertheless, he came to Father Tim for guidance. "Never mind, Kelly, my lad," said the big priest, when he had listened to the end. "You are giving me a straight story and to-morrow the little man will pay—he will pay."

A Priest For Mayor.

Tontown, being a few years ago a little hamlet of a few Italian families, who took refuge from Southern swampy regions to the healthy climate of Northwest Arkansas, in a short time became a thriving village with its own post office, telephone system, stores, evaporators, cider and cheese factories, lime kiln and other industries. At present Tontown is subject to another transformation; it is becoming a city, with streets and avenues (city lots being rapidly sold and houses built upon them) and a new railroad having Tontown as a terminal will make it one of the most lively and industrious cities on the "Apple Belt." Recently in preparation of the election of the Mayor and officers, the primaries took place. The electors unanimously and unopposedly proclaimed Rev. Father Dandini as the first Mayor of Tontown. The objections of the good Father, as to the incompatibility of the office with his calling, and the almost impossibility of attending to so many different duties were not of avail. The people could not be moved. "The people of Tontown must be its first Mayor; such was the clamor of the crowd. And Father pressed by every one was bound to submit, and when he, deeply affected, announced that owing to the special circumstances he did not know how to get out of it; that he would accept the nomination only on condition that his term would not last any longer than it was necessary for the framing of a number of city ordinances in order that the people may have a good government. His words were received by a general uproaring cheer and clapping of hands. The candidates named afterwards were all Italians, with the exception of the aspirants to the marshaling of the city. On this case the electors, without knowing it perhaps, fell in line with most of the cities of the Union, by giving the nomination to the Irish race—the almost traditional Irish policeman.

The 11th inst. will be a gala day for Tontown, being the election day appointed by the agent of the incorporation. It will be another glorious page for the history of an industrious people camped in the beautiful region of the Ozark Mountains.—Marco Frambolina, in Western Watchman.

Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Lord Bishop of Gloagher, opened the Cruden Orphanages, decorated for the occasion. Their erection is due to the philanthropy of the late Miss Sarah Cruden, who bequeathed by her will the sum of £50,000 for the Orphanage, which is to be for the benefit of the Catholic poor of the Diocese of Gloagher. Bunderan, we understand, was the site chosen by the deceased lady, the fame of that health resort having personally attracted her notice and convinced her of its suitability as a home and refuge for the poor little orphans of the diocese.

And so it came about that the good priest began to feed them and shelter them and find them work. It only remained for him to bury them decently and Christianly when they died. Father Dempsey is by nature a sentimentalist and he could not bear the thought of them being buried anywhere and anyhow. So he began to gather them together in death as they had gathered in life.

The lifeless bodies of his "Lost Legion," those who die under his care, are being buried in a plot of ground out in Calvary Cemetery. Under the shadow of the big Celtic cross erected last November the exiles from all the nameless little villages and hamlets, from the streets of the world's big cities, lie in peace, their wan-

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM Winter Race Meeting OTTAWA, Jan. 29 to Feb. 5, 1910 Round Trip Fare From Montreal \$4.50 Tickets on sale: January 31, Feb. 2, and 4. Return limit: Feb. 7, 1910. MONTREAL-OTTAWA TRAINS. Lve. Montreal—*8.30 a.m., *13.55 p.m. *8.00 p.m. Arr. Ottawa—*11.45 a.m., *7.10 p.m., *11.15 p.m. Daily (*). Week days only (†). Parlor Library-Buffer Cars on 8.30 a.m. and 7.10 p.m. trains. Parlor Car on 8 p.m. train. Note—Train leaving Montreal arrives Ottawa 11.15 p.m.—in time to admit of a night's rest at the Capital.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 116 Leguachette street west, Montreal, Can. S. Plunkett Magan.

dering over, Lester, Connamer Ipswich, Gloucester, and the raw towns of the new world are represented. The little cabins of the back streets of Northern New York, the canal fronts of Chicago, the "Five Points" and the Whitechapel districts will furnish their quota. The same stars that watched the riderless wanderer over the earth shine down upon them in Calvary. "The Exiles' Rest" is the inscription on the base of the big Celtic cross that marks the plot of ground in the plot there is room for the al resting places of 100 of the men, who comprise his ever-shifting "Lost Legion." To the battered bones of a man about to slip his shoes on for the Great Beyond it is so fortunate beyond measure to know that he will not be buried in unmarked graves in the potter's field.

