

ADIAN PACIFIC... MONTREAL TO... Temiskaming and

The Globe AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE. Witness

Vol. LIX., No. 22 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909 PRICE, FIVE CENTS

FATHER TYRRELL'S LETTER. SETTLES MANY DOUBTS

His Own Words Sweep Away All Hope of Repentance.

It was not without deep pain that we read Father Tyrrell's letter to Bishop Herzig... The letter is a masterpiece of logic and clarity...

"I have long desired to write to you, to thank you for the Lenten Pastoralis... I feel it my duty to remain in my present very disagreeable position..."

"But, on the other hand, I see that Old Catholicism has been practically a failure; that, at the time, Romanists were too ignorant and unprepared for the movement..."

"However, un auspicious and unfortunate in its first beginnings, I think that Bishop Mathew's enterprise will now be fruitful of much good. Naturally the Anglican Bishops were at first alienated..."

"I need not say that I am a Modernist... I believe that Catholicism both can and must assimilate all that is best in the scientific and democratic tendencies of the age..."

and that the Greek and Old Catholic Churches are still amenable and fundamentally sympathetic to the forces of modern life... The Church of England, while holding to the principles of Catholicism...

"And now, in conclusion, may I ask you to pray for me? The position I occupy is one of great spiritual danger and difficulty; but, so far, it seems imposed upon me in the interest of others..."

Eucharistic Congress of 1910. Over Two Hundred Appointed as a Committee.

The following is a list of the financial committee for the coming Eucharistic Congress: President, Canon Martin; Vice-presidents, Rev. L. J. Forget, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy...

This means that parents are to be silenced in the face of attempts which are being made in the schools to tamper with the faith of their children...

How will this cry be met by M. Briand in his role of pacifier? Whilst promising and offering peace, he told of what was to be done in the matter of school legislation...

Symphony Choir of Montreal.

What promises to be the event of the season will be the charity concert Monday, Dec. 6, at 8.15 o'clock, at the Monument National, given by the Symphony Choir of Montreal...

Conciliation or Repression?

French Chamber Resumes Duties--Anti-Clerical Measures Still the Cry of Combes' Followers.

The French Chamber has got back to work for its final session before the elections, and is already engaged upon a discussion of the vexed question of electoral reform... The French Chamber has got back to work for its final session before the elections...

PARENTS HANDICAPPED.

The circumstances under which one has to say Mass in a Parish village out here in India are not very favorable towards devotion and recollection... The circumstances under which one has to say Mass in a Parish village out here in India are not very favorable towards devotion and recollection...

MASS IN A PARISH VILLAGE.

Here then we have clearly indicated not only a very strong objection to the Government's proceeding with these Doumergue bills, which must bring conflict in place of peace, but also a way out of the difficulty which really offers a peaceable solution... Here then we have clearly indicated not only a very strong objection to the Government's proceeding with these Doumergue bills...

MEANING OF GREAT UPROAR.

SOCIALISTS AND FREEMASONS Sought To Form Socialistic Republic in Barcelona and Failed.

The riots in Barcelona were stirred up by the Freemasons, radicals, socialists and anarchists, says Rev. William P. Cantwell in the Newark, N.J., Monitor... The riots in Barcelona were stirred up by the Freemasons, radicals, socialists and anarchists, says Rev. William P. Cantwell in the Newark, N.J., Monitor...

SOME INTERESTING FIGURES.

The private elementary schools have some 1,122,375 scholars, and to provide public schools for these would cost 304,500,000 francs... The private elementary schools have some 1,122,375 scholars, and to provide public schools for these would cost 304,500,000 francs...

SEVERE MEASURES URGED.

And yet the followers of M. Combes are declaring anti-clerical measures to be again urgently necessary, and calling not only for the Doumergue bills, but for the repeal of the Falloux law and the establishment of a complete and absolute State monopoly of education... And yet the followers of M. Combes are declaring anti-clerical measures to be again urgently necessary, and calling not only for the Doumergue bills, but for the repeal of the Falloux law and the establishment of a complete and absolute State monopoly of education...

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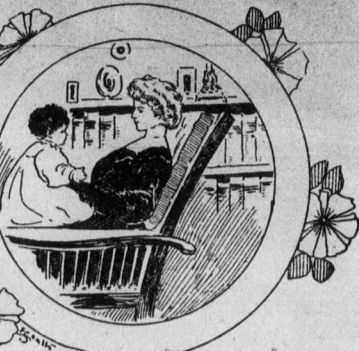
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ADIAN PACIFIC... MONTREAL TO... Temiskaming and... SAILORS' CLUB... COMMON STREETS... BELLS... BELL COMPANY

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HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



He only is advancing in life, whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace.

Rusk.

Wisdom of the Masters.

The world's ideal of woman is—Mother and Child! Strange, when man plays so vital a part in the heart and life of woman that none the less the masters who wrought—painted mother and child! And they were right, for in spite of all the talk of equality, helpmeet, mutual burden-bearer, etc., deep down in her heart a woman knows her relation to man. And this relationship to man in all his strength all his superiority, has in it much that is maternal.

Some one has asked if married women as they advance in years do not all come to have a feeling of maternal patience toward the men they have married. It would be rather wonderful if they did not. Men rarely outgrow the child nature that distinguished them as boys or the outward manifestation of it. Take them at any stage along the road of life and the eternal boy crops out. If troubled in mind, they go about slamming doors, swearing at the cook, the weather and the way the house faces and fails to catch the breeze. And the wise woman says in her heart "Poor boy, that \$5,000 deal is off," and pours oil, as best she can, on troubled waters. If a man is sick, the eternal boy in him savagely resents sympathy and blazes into wrath at the mere hint of a doctor—and the wise woman knows to telephone without loss of an hour for the family physician and to hang around herself with all the little arts of ministry of which she is mistress. And when he pours the brimming vials of his secret and accumulated troubles upon her defenceless head it finds finding and misconception of all she has said or done for a month past she goes off—if she can—and sheds her tears in secret. And when his joyous days come and his spirit is again serene she accepts a whispered "I love you," in place of the apologies that are her due and which her pride would demand from any other offender.

Oh yes, the old masters knew men, knew woman, knew their business, when they painted a mother and child to represent woman's relation to the universe.—Baltimore Sun.

The Heart of a Child.

There is nothing theatrical about Maude Adams. A thousand persons might meet her in the street and not one would think of her as an actress. She rarely walks about. To and from the theatre she always travels in a cab. She is intensely American. Everything she wears must be of American make. Never did she wear hat or gown made in Paris. She would rather have the applause and the love of children than of grown ups. Once during the height of the run of "Peter Pan," when seats could not be had for love or money, a woman friend who has two children and whose means are limited, wrote to her asking if, later on, when the rush was not so great and the opportunity offered, two seats could be spared she would be overjoyed to have the children see the play.

By the next mail three tickets came from Miss Adams. With it was a note asking that the children read the accompanying story of "Peter Pan," explanatory of the play, before going on to the theatre.

The children and the mother saw the play and after the performance Mr. Myers was waiting for them at the door.

"Miss Adams asks if you will please have the children write to her their opinion of the play," she said. Strange woman. Those who know her best say she is Peter Pan to the life, a child that never grew up. When she goes abroad she lives in a convent near Paris. That she is a woman of high ideals and tries to live up to them there is no doubt. While not a Catholic, she goes to Mass.

The First Aeroplane Built by a Woman.

Typewriter, secretary, lawyer, aeromat—Miss Lilian Todd has been all these, and she tells about it in the Woman's Home Companion for November. She is the first woman who has built an aeroplane—and she designed it herself.

From earliest childhood she has been interested in machines and has patented a number of inventions. Like the Wrights, she has worked very quietly and perfected her machine without fuss or feathers. Her

description of the machine has a feminine touch. "The outline of the machine is original, though very recently approximated abroad it is based on a minute study of the wings of an albatross in the Museum of Natural History. The full length of the machine is forty feet, and the three planes are parallel in the curves. I have gone on the principle that if two planes are good, three are better, to support a heavy engine, when the weight is not materially increased. The framework is specially-selected, straight-grained spruce. The wires holding the planes are of the finest unbleached muslin; the lower, which sustains most of the strain, is of seven-ounce army duck. These coverings are substantially sewed on—structure from a man-made machine."

Right Kind of Girl.

There is a type of girl that everybody likes. Nobody can tell exactly why, but after you have met her you turn away to some other woman and say: "Don't you like Miss Grosvenor?" Now the reason you like her is a subtle one, without knowing all about her you feel just the sort of girl she is.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she cannot always have the first choice of everything in the world.

She is the girl who is not fussy in her aggressiveness and does not find joy in inciting aggressive people.

She is the girl who has tact enough not to say the very thing that will cause the skeleton in her friend's closet to rattle his bones.

She is the girl who, whether it is warm or cold, clear or stormy, finds no fault with the weather.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant herself.

And by-and-by, when you come to think of it, isn't she the girl who makes you feel she likes you, and therefore you like her?

To Clean White Net.

Mix three quarts of flour with a pint of salt. Set in the oven until it is warmed throughout. Then rub it into every mesh of the net with a complexion brush. Having gone over the waist in this way, shake out the salted flour and work in a fresh supply. Leave this on, covering the waist with paper or putting it into a box to exclude the dust, and let it alone for three days. Then shake and beat out the flour. The grime should come with it.

Useful Hints.

Sweet milk will clean piano keys beautifully and will also take discolorations from gilt mirror and picture frames.

Plaster figures in hard or alabaster finish are easily cleaned by dipping a stiff toothbrush in gasoline and scrubbing into all the crevices. Garments that are to be hung out to air can be put on hangers rather than pinned to the line. This prevents sagging or marking with clothespins.

Celery may be kept for several days if it is placed in a glass jar and sealed and kept in a cool place. When wanted it should be soaked in ice water.

After washing the lamp chimney polish it with dry salt. It makes the glass bright and will prevent its breaking.

Ivory knife handles that have become yellow from constant washing may usually be whitened by a rubbing with emery paper and a polishing with chamois.

When running brass rods through window curtains put an old glove finger over the end that is being pushed through the hem. Unless this is done the material is apt to tear.

Woman's Home Companion for November.

The city of Pittsburgh, the life of an actress, the franchise for women in Denver, all these are most entertainingly discussed in the Woman's Home Companion for November.

Special investigators who have gone to live in Pittsburgh, and who have had rare opportunities to observe its social life, say that "Pittsburgh may be likened to a huge pie, with upper and lower crust a-plenty, but a noticeable lack of what the good housewife realizes is the chief feature—the filling."

As for the stage, the actress who tells her story here has found that twenty pounds of weight and a good diet are not but two of the things she need for her experience.

But women will no doubt still venture on the stage—just as wo-

men will still struggle for the ballot—in spite of the fact that in Denver (according to an article by a Denver woman politician in this issue) the much prized privilege has crumbled to dust in their hands.

These women especially will be interested in the story of a club-woman who resigned abruptly from all clubs and will never go near them again.

Yes, women will continue to venture—and successfully—as witness the experience of Lilian Todd, the first woman to build an aeroplane, who tells her remarkable story in this month's Woman's Home Companion.

A very different woman is Queen Elena, ideal mother, whose story is told by Kellogg Durland.

A new detective story by Anna Katharine Green in this issue begins well. There are stories also by Kate Douglas Wiggin, Alice Brown and many others. And there is another chapter of Edward Everett Hale's popular reminiscences.

So much for pure entertainment. For practical use there are sixteen regular departments. Especially interesting are the two for mothers. Fashions in furs, an article or hampered brass. "A Three-Thousand-Dollar House," are a few of the interesting, useful subjects covered.

How to Overcome Those Horrid Nerves.

"There goes a woman who insists that she has nervous prostration, when she is really suffering from improper food, self-indulgence, lack of exercise, late hours, and last, but not least, ungovernable temper."

The doctor indicated a handsomely gowned woman of middle age, with a cross, petulant face under her stunning autumn hat, who languidly crossed the pavement before his door and entered a waiting carriage.

"Certain forms of the diseases that come from overused and wrongly used nerves are always accompanied by fatness," he continued. "These people want to reduce weight, but they think the flesh can be taken off by magic and without changing their old habits."

"One of the habits is a physical laziness, which you cannot get them to admit, for the simple reason that they perform prescribed duties each day—travel, bathing, attendance on business or social matters. But they are never really active and mire out of ten of them admit under pressure that they breakfast in bed and loll about indoors until noon."

"To break those habits strenuous means are necessary. A complete change of the usual programme is the desired thing, and activity, moderate food of a simple kind, pure air and sufficient sleep are substituted for the routine of the average day."

There are far more women suffering from these nerve troubles than men, for the reason that their lives are less active and they coddle themselves too much. Their doctors do not tell them the truth, for it is one of the symptoms of the disease to imagine that every one—family doctor, friends, nurses, servants—is treating them cruelly and without sympathy.

"The moment women develop nerves they loiter about in negligence and send for the doctor. While no person is more wretched than the woman suffering from diseased nerves she wins little sympathy, for her disposition speedily becomes unbearable. She argues, finds fault, scolds the servants and children, and indulges generally in what old-fashioned persons used to call "tantrums." Doctors with very bad cases of this sort instruct nurses to leave the hysterical woman alone until she recovers her temper, and if there is no one to witness the performance they will speedily come to her senses.

"I have on patient, a well-educated person, alas—who will not permit a statement to go uncontradicted, and who does not hesitate to speak with the greatest rudeness to the devoted people about her.

"I have seen neurotic patients, young, happily married, with children and beautiful homes, with plenty of wealth to command diversion of any sort desired, who remain in an absolutely miserable condition for months, unable to mind themselves from a state of mind bordering on mild insanity—an inverted mental view, exaggerated self-pity and imaginary troubles of various kinds.

"Many women are waking. I think, to the fact that this matter of nerves is one that, as a rule, depends largely on their self-control and the conquering of various moods of despondency and irritability."—New York Tribune.

To Keep Young.

It is every woman's duty to keep young as long as possible, but unfortunately, she not always knows the best way to live up to that duty.

Avoid worry, hurry and getting

flustered. Learn self-control. Anger is a rapid wrinkle-bringer. Be temperate. Moderation does not only refer to the stomach. Overdoing in any way makes for premature age. Love the open air. Fresh air is not a fad, it is a necessity if one would keep young. Get plenty of sleep. Nothing lins the face like nights of wakefulness. Keep mentally alert. An intellectual back number adds years to her seeming age. Nothing makes for youth like a young mind, save, perhaps, a young heart.

Don't let yourself get sluggish and indifferent. Here is where the benefit of massage, physical culture and vital interest in life comes in.

Bed Time For Children.

Sunset should be bed time for every child under eight years of age. When the chickens go to roost and twilight begins to deepen, the country baby's head begins to droop and he is ready for his cot. The more nervous town baby, who has nothing for an example except the sun, and who, at any rate on rainy days, is used to twilight atmosphere at midday, seldom wishes to go to bed with the chickens. If he lives in an apartment, he must hear drifting down the hall the tantalizing voices of his elders at dinner, and the smell of savory things from the kitchen greets his nostrils. But, hard as it may seem, the city mother must have some more rigid rules about bed time than the country mother. Her child is at a greater disadvantage in the first place in not living where he can breathe the purest air, in the midst of healthy country sights and sounds. The distractions of city life are so numerous and so varied, from the clanging of the scissors sharpener's bell to the mad dashing past of the fire engine, that city-bred children need more repose than children in smaller towns or the country. And between six and six-thirty they should be undressed and put to bed.

In order to insure restful sleep, no romping or other excitement should be permitted for at least an hour before a child retires.

An hour should elapse, also, between a light supper and bed time. A famous children's physician suggests that there be a gradual transition between supper and bed time from waking to sleeping, and when the child begins to fight sleep, and his eyelids seem heavy, he may be undressed.

It is usually considered by child-experts that the digestive apparatus should not be working during sleep, but often a cup of milk will overcome a fit of uncontrollable wakefulness.

Restlessness, fretfulness, and otherwise broken slumber are entirely unnatural and the mother should look into the cause immediately the trouble is noticeable. Children should never be permitted to sleep with their mouths open. If they acquire the habit of breathing through their mouths, there must be some obstruction or growth in the nose which should be removed. They may be cured of the habit of mouth-breathing by tying their jaws with a very soft silk handkerchief.

What is Worn in London.

Ninon de Soie, Charmeuse Satin, Moire Chiffon, and Silk, Rose-Garlanded, Some of the Confections for Simple Debutante Frocks.

London, Nov. 16, 1909.

To design frocks, especially evening ones, for debutantes, must be one of the compensations in the life of a dressmaker. There is so much of the young life, the bud just opening into the perfect blossom, which can be expressed therein; the daintiness of simplicity, the freshness of youth, the tenderness of color, all combine to give a young girl's first evening dress a poetic touch which means much to the true artist in clothes. A dancing frock seen at a leading modiste's expressed all these ideas in its harmony of rose and white, silver and crystal. It was Empire in shape, for no other style is so suitable or becoming to a young girl; the under dress was of white Ninon de soie over white Liberty or charmeuse satin, the skirt being short and round, which must add considerably to the debutante's enjoyment of her first dance. The hem was adorned with three rows of graduated size in silver tulle ribbon shot with rose, above which were garlands of tiny roses fashioned in rose silk. Over this white robe is a tunic of rose chiffon made corselet fashion and showered with crystal drops. The tunic was cut away at either side of the centre panel and was edged all round with a passementerie of silver, rose and crystal. While the centre panel, which was longer than the sides of the tunic and had rather a stole effect, was finished with double-crêped bands of crystal passementerie ending in a deep fringe of crystals. A similar draped band and fringe of crystals adorned the upper end of the centre panel on the bodice, which was made of folds of white tulle relieved over the shoulders by bretelles of the rose, silver and crystal passementerie which bordered the tunic. The dainty little sleeves were simply folds of white tulle edged with a fine of the lovely little roses in rose silk. A ribbon of rose and silver tissue was worn in the hair and completed an ideal dress for a debutante.

The tiny silk roses which figured on this dress are one of the novel-

Childs Play or Wash-day

Surprise Soap

cleanses so easily that wash day is like child's play. There is nothing in it but pure Soap. It cannot injure the clothes and gives the sweetest clearest results. To wash the Surprise way. Read the directions on the wrapper. You can see Surprise in every soap.

ties of the moment, and are exquisitely delicate and pretty; and nothing could be more suitable for trimming a young girl's dress. Their tiny sister roses in silver and gold tissue are also much used and are most fascinating, but they have been out some time and are not so new though quite as decorative and effective, as the little soft silk flowers. These tiny blossoms in silk or tissue have also a very great advantage when adorning dancing dresses, and that is that they do not crumple and look shabby and dilapidated after one evening's wear, as ordinary artificial flowers on a dress always do. The materials suitable for dancing frocks for debutantes are lovelier than ever this year. Among the loveliest are the shot chiffons and Nions, and even more attractive are the moiré chiffons, which have the most enchanting effects whether in color or white, in color over color, or in white over color. The rippling effect of the watering on the transparent material is one of those things which fill the eye with a rare sense of complete satisfaction as do certain combinations of color in a dress or picture, or as certain passages and chords of music satisfy the ear. That stiff and unapproachable material, the moiré antique of our grandmothers, has been born again in so altered and softened a form that it has become as ductile and malleable as chiffon; and this new version of moiré is one of the most exquisite fabrics ever turned out by the silk mills of Lyons. A most charming frock for a debutante should be fashioned in white moiré silk, veiled with draperies of white moiré chiffon, caught and festooned with garlands of tiny silver roses, the chiffon being powdered with crystal dewdrops and the bodice rippling with long crystal fringe. The dress would be like a vision of falling water, of crystal purity made manifest; and it would have its best effect if kept entirely free from color, except for the prismatic iridescence of the falling crystals, which recall the rainbow one often sees over a mountain cascade.

Heartse

Funny Sayings.

BEST OF THE ARGUMENT.

Patrick Malone was having an argument with a friend who was well posted in history.

"How can you contend that the ancient Irish were more advanced than the old Egyptians?" said his friend. "Why, the Egyptians must have even understood electricity, as wires corresponding to our own telegraph wires have been found in archaeological excavations there."

"That may be," answered Pat, "but the fact that no wires have been found in Ireland simply makes it clear to my mind that the Irish were in the habit of using wireless telegraphy."

"You'll have to send for another doctor," said the one who had been called, after a glance at the patient.

HE GLUED THEM IN.

A newly appointed Scottish minister, on his first Sunday in office, had reason to complain of the poor-ness of the collection. "Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—very close. But"—confidentially—"the auld meenister he put three or four sixpences into the plate hissel' just to gie them a start. Of course, he took sixpences awa' with him afterward."

The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to report a dismal failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own sixpences were missing.

"Ye may be a better preacher than the auld meenister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, an' o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd hae done what he did an' glued the sixpences to the plate."

PRACTICING WHAT HE PREACH-ED.

A young preacher, who was staying at a clergy house, was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Philippe Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth. "Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D.—practicing what he preaches."

NO MORE MOON GAZING.

An Atchison young thing had a heart that ached, her honey boy having taken his affections elsewhere, and her father recently shut himself up with her to reason with her. "That honey boy averaged spending 50 cents a week on you," he said. "Here's a dollar a week to take its place. Every time he called he cleaned out the refrigerator; your mother will see to it that your brothers do this in future. He kept you up late nights. Your baby sister is cross, and hereafter you will let the baby do this for you. He took possession of the most comfortable rocker on the porch when you look at that rocker in future it will not be empty, bringing the pang to your heart that your silly novels tell you about for it will be occupied by the man who paid for it, and that's me. Your mother and I stayed with you through colic and teething, and are going to get you through this if we have to take turns spanking you. Now take your eyes off the moon and look at the dust around you."—Atchison Globe.

"Ah, sir, we do enjoy your sermons," remarked an old lady to a new curate. "They are so instructive. We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish!"

One day a dentist had occasion to punish his five-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the red little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"

Soft corns are difficult to eradicate, but Holloway's Corn Cure will draw them out painlessly.

AN OPTIMIST.

There had been a serious railway accident. One by one the injured passengers were being removed from among the wreckage. One of these was an old farmer.

Suddenly the victim, who had been unconscious, opened his eyes. A sympathetic silence met his gaze and he slowly swept the circle and attempted to take in the situation. They told him that one leg would have to come off, but fortunately they believed that otherwise he was all right.

For several moments he studied the remaining sound limb, and then turned to the surgeon.

"Well," he said resignedly, "it might have been worse. It's the one wi' the rheumatism."—Straw Stories.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS

A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE.

Smiling, happy, healthy little ones are found in every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used. An occasional dose regulates the stomach and bowels and keeps little ones well, or will speedily restore health if sickness comes unexpected. Ask any mother who has used this medicine for her children and she will tell you there is nothing close—very close. But—confidentially—"the auld meenister he put three or four sixpences into the plate hissel' just to gie them a start. Of course, he took sixpences awa' with him afterward."

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1909.

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Practical Plumbers,
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N.B.—Twenty this advertisement for.

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Clean the coat
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Suffered
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Play day surprise soap uses so easily is like child's play. nothing in pure Soap...

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YOUNG MRS. RICHARD.

There are few people who can look unmoved at a bride on her wedding day. But Richard Hazelton stood grimly by while his favorite grand-

When congratulations became necessary he marched slowly up to the young pair, standing flushed and smiling among flowers, bowed stiffly to the new Mrs. Richard Hazelton and looking coldly over his head.

Richard Hazelton, his smooth cheek glowing in an indignant red, looked down at his bride with a tender light in his eyes. "Never mind, dear," he whispered; "you'll win him yet."

She smiled back, with the least suspicion of wet lashes to intensify the beauty of her violet eyes. The look said: "I will," and Richard beamed at it and stood straight again, with a lift of the head singularly like that of Mr. Hazelton.

For it mattered much what Granfather Hazelton thought of Richard's marriage. The boy had lost both father and mother at an early age, and he and his brother Archer had been brought up by their paternal grandfather.

When, at 26, Richard on a successful footing of his own in the world, had announced to his grandfather his intention to marry the fair-haired girl with the eyes like blue violets, who had grown up in the house next door, and whose father was Mr. Hazelton's special aversion, the old gentleman had been excessively displeased.

But he had not been able to advance a reason for his displeasure, beyond the insufficient one of his dislike to his neighbor and political rival, so the marriage had proceeded.

to our splendid fire." And somehow there was no greeting necessary.

Judge Hazelton did not offer to shake hands with young Mrs. Richard, but nobody appeared to notice that, and the two had him out of his overcoat and into a big easy chair in front of the fire before he had time to object or to know what he was about.

They did not try to make him talk. Richard was all about the room saying gay things, first, from this corner, then from that. Evelyn fitted in and out, half-covered with a big white apron with a most fetching ruffled bib.

Savory odors floated in each time she opened the dining-room door, and the Judge's nostrils detected the delicious fragrance of—was it roast duck? There was a suspicion of spiciness in the air, too, which might or might not mean mince pies.

There were a few moments when Evelyn called Richard out to assist her with something. Then the Judge sat up straight in his chair, turned and glanced sharply about the room. His first impression, then, had been correct.

He heard them coming laughing back, and sank into his chair again, his lips set tightly. His eyes fixed themselves on the fire, and Richard had to say twice, "Grandfather, our little dinner is served. Will you come out, sir?" before the guest pulled himself together and, with the necessary aid of his grand-

Such a dinner. And such a table—for that was what first demanded the grudging attention of the guest. Surely he recognized those thin white plates and cups and saucers with the delicate green sprigs.

He heard them coming laughing back, and sank into his chair again, his lips set tightly. His eyes fixed themselves on the fire, and Richard had to say twice, "Grandfather, our little dinner is served. Will you come out, sir?"

RETURNED TO WORK IN A WEEK

Mr. P. M. Shannon Cured of Catarrh by one Single Treatment of "Father Morrissy's No. 26."

Dalhousie, N.B., Nov. 23, 1908. FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD. For three years I had suffered from Catarrh in the head until March, 1903, when I had to leave my work...

Catholic Negroes. A new work of Christianizing the negroes of Cincinnati has been started by Rev. Edward C. Casey, who was made pastor of a new church recently erected for the negroes.

Centenary of Mother Seton's Foundation. Under the auspices of Archbishop Farley and his council, arrangements are in progress for the worthy celebration of a centenary that will be of peculiar interest to the citizens of New York.

Rev. Prince Max, Doing Good Work. A good deal of interest, says the Catholic Times, has been aroused in Catholic circles regarding the travels which the Rev. Prince Max of Saxony has entered upon in connection with his Biblical studies.

Monument to Christ the Redeemer. Senora Angela Oliveira Cesar de Costa, who it will be remembered, secured the erection of a monument to Christ the Redeemer as a pledge of peace between Argentina and Chile, recently visited the Palace of Peace at The Hague.

Oshawa. You can gain by buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Fireproof Buildings and Interiors.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Homestead Regulations

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

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS. Stimulate the Sluggish Liver. Clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, clear away all waste and poisonous material from the system in Nature's easy manner, and prevent as well as cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Heartburn, Catarrh of the Stomach, Sour Stomach, Water Brash, and all troubles arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Backache, Kidney Pain

There's no mistaking this sign of kidney trouble. Other indications are frequent urination, pain or smarting when passing water, deposits in the urine, headache and loss of sleep. Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills overcome kidney derangements more promptly and thoroughly than any treatment you can obtain, because of their combined and direct action on the liver and kidneys.

NOT FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

Would He be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills. They Cured His Lumbago of Twenty Years Standing, and Made Him Feel Twenty Years Younger. Fortune Harbor, Nfld., Nov. 22, (Special).—Sixty years of age but hale and hearty and with all the vigor of a young man, Mr. Quirk, well known and highly respected here, gives all the credit for his good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The True Witness

is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co.

Subscription Price: Canada (City Excepted) and Newfoundland \$1.00; United States and Foreign \$1.50

NOTICE

When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and the NEW address.

Remittances by P. O. order or credit letter.

Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS

Once again will the Irish people, the world over, be called upon to cherish, in a particular way, the hallowed anniversary of our Manchester Martyrs.

Through our long years of struggle, the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, the God of Job and of the Youths in the Fiery Furnace, has stood by our countrymen.

God has been with us, for we have remained faithful to our altar, and the Queen of those who suffer for justice' sake is now wiping the sweat from our brow and drying the tear that falls from our eye.

While, then, we recall and celebrate the hallowed natal day of our country's martyrs, let us not forget that ours is the duty to cherish their ideals; ours to stand by our country, and ours to be undyingly faithful to the God of our fathers and the Church of our nation.

The Celt may pardon, but he can never forget. What we have to-day we have fought for, and had we not fought for it, we should be without it.

Never till the latest day shall the memory pass away of those gallant lives thus given for our land;

In her struggles we have loved our country, and our very souls thrive upon her story. If to-morrow we assist at her full and glorious resurrection, yet she will not even then be dearer to us than when she was the Niobe of the Isles.

Wort thou all that I wish thee, bright, glorious and free, First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,

God Save Ireland!

THE NEXT MAYOR.

We do not care to make a national fight over the coming contest for the Mayorality, and that for more than one reason.

tholic need apply in Toronto for the honors of chief city magistrate; but we are not ready to have Montreal walk in the footsteps of that bigotted city.

It is useless to force our claims under the circumstances, since common sense is with us, or should be, on all sides. So, then, let Montreal be able to show the thousands gathered in Congress that we have, at least, one fitting, thoroughly educated and unquestionably distinguished first lay citizen of our belief to represent us.

"THE CRY OF THE DAY."

Our old friend, Rev. C. E. Amaron, who, for a long time, was spiritual adviser to Chiniquy's congregation on St. Catherine street, wrote the following letter to our contemporary, the Daily Witness:

Sir,—The Witness needs no defenders. It is quite capable of defending itself. However, one is tempted to call attention to the lame reasoning of a writer who signs himself "Habitant," in a recent letter to the Gazette.

One may disapprove of the radical and non-religious views of a Prof. Ferrer, but be fully in sympathy with the aims he had in view. He was not at war with the state, but with the dominant, grinding ecclesiasticism, which has kept the Spaniards so long under the yoke of ignorance, and has driven so many to the extreme measures which all right-minded men deplore.

From all over the world comes the cry: "Give us freedom, give us popular education." A most legitimate cry. Canada is hearing it, and it shall become louder and louder as years go by.

C. E. AMARON. "One may disapprove of the radical and non-religious views of a Prof. Ferrer, but be fully in sympathy with the aims he had in view!"

WHY THE BISHOPS CONDEMN THE SCHOOLS.

For the benefit of those blockheads who cannot understand (or will not) why the Bishops of France condemn the Government schools of that country, we shall give a few of the reasons why the selfsame holy prelates do:

(a) The French Governmental school-teachers must not even use God's Holy Name, except in derision.

(c) Our Saviour Jesus Christ may be, and is, openly blasphemed in the schoolroom, especially by the teacher;

(d) The Sacred Word of God, the Bible, is held up as a whole piece of nonsense, a gigantic lie;

(e) The child is, and must be, taught to cast religion aside as unworthy of the Great Republic (between us!);

(f) The Ten Commandments are scoffed at;

(g) Teachers inculcate, and must, the grossest immorality;

(h) Everything that is sacred to the Christian mind and heart is despised, contemned, and spat upon.

OUR NEW CHIEF JUSTICE.

It is with pleasure we learned that Sir Louis Jetté, former Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, had been named Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, for he is, in all respects, worthy of the honor and appointment.

MR. JOSEPH BÉGIN.

Whatever our little differences on one or two heads with Mr. Joseph Bégin, editor of "La Croix," yet we are glad to agree with him in nine-tenths of the cases.

WELCOME TO THE FOLD.

It was gratifying news for all Catholics to learn that good and pious "Father" Paul, of the Episcopalian Society of the Atonement, had, at last, come into the Church.

It was plain for a long time that "Father" Paul, editor of The Lamp, was being chastened into a full belief and entire submission. It was, likewise, plain that he was playing no mean part, but gradually following the Light, gradually reaching the Way, gradually assuming the Life.

We do not wish to examine "Father" Paul's conscience for him, but may we not say and believe that the Most Blessed Virgin had interested herself in the man and his brethren who had always honored her and sought to preach her greatness and her prerogatives.

AS USUAL

We are selling more underwear this year than ever before. "Penman's" "Ellis" "Turnbull's" "Wolsey's"

In all grades and prices. Stock up, it's time now. BRENNAN BROS. Hatters and Men's Furnishers

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Religious Pictures For Framing.



No. 252, Head of Christ at Twelve Years. Holman Plate Size 5 x 3. These subjects are printed in black only.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. 13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

ANOTHER PHASE OF SUFFRAGETISM.

The world had thought that the "Suffragettes" in general, and the English band in particular, could always be relied upon to make themselves thoroughly ridiculous, but now, it appears, their warfare is to assume another side altogether.

POOR MCCABE AGAIN.

We were not surprised to read a very tender appreciation of McCabe's latest book in the Daily Witness. A book with such a name as "The Deceit of the Church of Rome" must needs be welcome in some offices.

THE NEW BOARD OF MORALITY.

The Police Committee has inaugurated a new department in connection with its work—a board of morality. That is old news.

Archbishop Harty's Six Years' Work

Few if any can realize what the past six years have fully meant and entailed in the history of our Church in these islands. They have been a time fraught with all that can try a stout heart and tax the resources of a prudent mind to the utmost.

The Limerick Corporation Committee sends forward a recommendation for the next meeting of the Borough Council that two hundred trees be purchased and planted, some in each yard of the city.

THURSDAY, NOV... "T... Abh... Effer-vescent... malady and... A morning gla... you will not reg... All... Echoes and... There are gentle... treat, too, who e... the same kind of... so" Hill, of Fall... Why is there no... law or other to... off St. Lawrence... 8.30 o'clock. It... the many respect... that street might... It... We wonder if... the Waldensian pe... the Canadian field... harvest. And is it... that the Italians... take him more se... afraid they are v... people to bother... Archbishop Ryan... of football as it... When he was at... kicked the ball, I... the men. All joki... it is pretty near... rican schools shou... elective study, as... the most impo... the programme... The Jesuits ar... the world what... through the succes... stations they hav... different points... by themselves. I... and in schools o... descend below... could be drawn... not establish Isl... under some hereti... land?... There is a preac... the world Provinc... "Gunpowder Plot"... delivered for peop... read a word of h... why he succeeds... ther sense or bra... welcome. The... ly, has no love o... with books or a... truth is his great... cation his real bi... a little sense is a... While Vesuvius... tor Sproule, Colo... other volcanoes a... nowadays, Reverer... still in active cr... know. The "Suff... feating all effor... even damaging ev... the world. The S... best in the case... latest reports. R... not to be ranked... of the more seri... even if Kensis, J... tint... In the course o... rial dealing with... Labor's battle,"... says: "The very... a banner of destr... who confounds th... calism with th... must be a fool or... As long as the w... a Christian he car... common with Soc... becomes a Social... a Christian. T... Socialist is a poo... ing better, to cov... of Socialism." To... say Amen... "It appears" s... that the French... utterly impotent... derly citizen of P... Apeches. The P... street bandits wh... ate flower and fr... schools where Go... 'fired.' The resp... forming themselves... social protection... form an armed p... tect its members... berty. This is... France. It is... that France refus... greatest country... And now we ar... at the head of...

"TYPHOID"

Abbey's Efferescent Salt

This preparation puts the whole system in the best possible condition to avoid the above very prevalent malady and resist its enervating effects.

A morning glass—a dessertspoonful in a tumbler of tepid water—you will not regret.

All Druggists, 25c and 60c bottle.

Echoes and Remarks.

There are gentlemen here in Montreal, too, who earn a living doing the same kind of work as "Professor" Hill, of Fall, River, Mass.

Why is there not some kind of law or other to keep young girls off St. Lawrence Main street after 8.30 o'clock. It would seem that the many respectable merchants on that street might do something for it.

We wonder if "Professor" Klot, the Waldensian pastor, has found the Canadian field rich for a good harvest. And is it not strange, too, that the Italians in Canada do not take him more seriously? We are afraid they are too intelligent a people to bother with heresy.

Archbishop Ryan is no advocate of football as it is now played. When he was at college the players kicked the ball, he says, and not the men. All jokes aside, however, it is pretty near time the big American schools should make murder an elective study, and cease to have it the most important matter on the programme.

The Jesuits are again showing the world what they are worth, through the successful seismographic stations they have established at different points on the continent, by themselves. If they could only and in schools owned and directed descend below their level bigots could be drawn closer. But why not establish seismographic stations under some heretical pulpits in the land?

There is a preacher in the Maritime Provinces who has made of the "Gunpowder Plot" a lecture to be delivered for people who have never read a word of history; and that is why he succeeds. No man with either sense or brains is supposed to be welcome. The preacher, seemingly, has no love or desire to deal with books or scholars. Historic truth is his greatest foe, and education his real bugbear. But, then, a little sense is a dangerous thing!

While Vesuvius, Mount Pelée, Doctor Sproule, Colonel Hughes, and other volcanoes are rather quiescent nowadays, Reverend Graham may be still in active eruption, for all we know. The "Suffragettes" are defeating all efforts at registration, even damaging every seismograph in the world. The Steam Theory holds best in the case, according to the latest reports. Reverend Klot is not to be ranked with the volcanoes of the more serious kind, however, even if Kensis, Jr., is not yet extinct.

In the course of a brilliant editorial dealing with false concepts of Labor's battle, the New Freeman says: "The very word Socialism is a banner of destruction. The man who confounds the ravings of Socialism with the rights of Labor must be a fool or a knave, or both. As long as the workingman remains a Christian he can have nothing in common with Socialism. When he becomes a Socialist he ceases to be a Christian. The name Christian Socialist is a poor mask, and nothing better, to cover the pagan face of Socialism." To all of which we say Amen.

"It appears," says the Casket, "that the French Government is utterly impotent to protect the orderly citizen of Paris against the Apaches. The latter are simply street bandits who are the legitimate flower and fruit of the legalized schools where God is wholly ignored." The respectable citizens are forming themselves into a league for social protection. This league will form an armed police force to protect its members and their property. This looks ominous for France. It is too bad to think that France refuses to be Europe's greatest country.

And now we are told the friends at the head of the French Govern-

ment have decided to close Lourdes and confiscate all its belongings. Hitherto they have hesitated; but as surely as they lay sacrilegious hands on Mary's privileged shrine and sanctuary, so surely will they remember the day. Politicians may try to reckon without God; the arm of the Almighty may be stayed for a while; but, when once the cup is full to the brim, then comes the end of all. France will lose its truest friend and protectress, when the Most Blessed Virgin will cease to care for the country.

"Evidently Mr. Hearst and his satellites," says the Irish World, "learned a much needed lesson, as it will be noted that in the other cartoon which appeared in a recent issue of the Journal, the figure which Catholics deemed an insult has been replaced by a different one wearing—not a mitre, but something like a battered garbage can, which probably hold the slime Mr. Hearst made so much use of in his campaign for the mayoralty, in which he was defeated by a large proportion of Catholic votes." The day is long gone by now when any candidate for public honors in New York may afford to slight the Church.

A selection from the writings and correspondence of Charlotte Grace O'Brien, edited, with a memoir, by Stephen Gwynn, M.P., will soon be published in Dublin, Miss O'Brien daughter of William Smith O'Brien, the only one of his children who shared his National opinions, was the authoress of the novel "Light and Shade," dealing with the Fenian movement, and of two volumes of verse, as well as many scattered contributions through English and Irish periodicals. She possessed remarkable gifts as a writer, but to the public at large she was chiefly known by her work in connection with emigration. In '81 and '83, when the rush was most widespread, she set herself to reform the conditions of steerage passengers and of the accommodations for the emigrants both in Queenstown and New York, opening a common lodging house in Queenstown, and herself crossing the Atlantic as a steerage passenger.

Dr. Elliot's plea for more stringent laws regulating the private appropriation of coal lands is inspired by a wise and far-reaching foresight. The development of water power has already received the attention of the President, and it is a matter of local public concern. But in the meantime, while new methods of creating power for industrial purposes are in process of establishment, the chief reliance must remain upon the heat from the bowels of the earth is the most important. The present law is manifestly inadequate. The coal lands of Alaska to which this part of the world looks for the great part of its future supply, may be taken up at the maximum charge of \$10 an acre, and the temptation to consolidate takings and create a monopoly is very strong.

The control of these and other sources of the fuel supply must not pass out of the hands of the people. No small fee or possession in perpetuity can be permitted. The needs of the country are rapidly and constantly increasing, and the conservation of natural resources is the first duty of the government.

WALSH HALL AND NOTRE DAME

The University of Notre Dame has added a new building to the number already existing, Walsh Hall, a dormitory, or residence, said to be the finest of any college in the country. Walsh Hall is so named in memory of one of the past presidents of the great Indiana school, the late Very Rev. Dr. Thomas Walsh, C.S.C., who in his lifetime shone as a great man among great men, a scholar and a saint. And, then, Notre Dame itself is an institution of which the whole Catholic world may justly feel proud. Knowing men who have visited it compare it with Oxford, and yet

in several respects, it even surpasses the renowned English school. Notre Dame has had truly great presidents, and, among these, no one worked more strenuously in her best interests than Father Walsh.

In the exordium of his address to the Faculty and students, on "The Function of the Religious College," Very Rev. Dr. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., the present head of Notre Dame, says:

"Three score years and more have passed since a priest and six immortal Brothers of the Holy Cross first looked in hope and affection upon the wilderness where now blooms this beautiful garden. Father Sorin, Brothers Vincent, Joachim, Marie, Lawrence, Gatién and Anselm—forever honored be their names in the history of education in America."

"We do compete with other colleges in staff and equipment; but how do we manage it," continues the distinguished president. "Since the founding of Notre Dame not so much as one hundred thousand dollars altogether has been bestowed on the University in any form whatever. How, then, is it able to subsist and to compete with the richly endowed colleges which expend more than one hundred thousand dollars on a winning football team in a single season? . . . All this is possible because priests and Brothers are willing to live in self-sacrifice, without lands or possessions, or home or relations; because they regard their work as an apostolate among young men. . . . We, indeed, believe that we do our work as effectively as other colleges. Where they have an endowment of gold and silver, we have an endowment of flesh and blood."

Notre Dame is a town in itself, so to speak, with a faculty of over a hundred professors and one thousand students. Indeed, it is safe to say that it is the greatest Catholic school in the world. Near it stands America's leading convent and college for ladies, under the direction of the Holy Cross Sisters, with its living quota of a thousand.

What is more interesting to Mortalists is to know that Father Walsh was born in our archdiocese and educated at St. Laurent College. His relatives in our city have all reason to rejoice in the fact that Notre Dame has been mindful of him who worked so hard to make her illustrious. And thus, while the worlding dreams but of earthly honor, there are men, as Doctor Cavanaugh again says, whose "sole worldly reward is the simple food that keeps body and soul together, the plain vesture that clothes them from wind and sun. Life for them is a perpetual oblation." Such Father Walsh, such all the men who have made Notre Dame what it is.

FALSE NOTIONS OF THE THEATRE.

No man with a grain of common sense will deny that we have in our midst, here in Montreal, extremely immoral plays at times. Hundreds attend them, but not one of them comes away from them without a few mortal sins more on his or her conscience, unless, indeed, he or she happen to be morally irresponsible, through idiocy, lunacy, or crass ignorance. We need not dwell at length on the specifically different sins committed by the frequenter of immoral plays; some of them could not bear exposition or explanation.

But some will say they go to see some foul so-called lighted plays, for the sake of art and literature. In return, we shall ask if it is necessary to catch leprosy or small-pox to become a proficient practitioner in medicine? Are jewels and silk and satin, with immoral caperings, English literature? Are the foulest principles of the divorce court, art? If they are, then no art or literature for us.

It is all an excuse. The nineteen-twentieths of those who attend immoral plays have no time to bother with either art or literature. The plea is simply a lie, a cloak covering the real motives. Let us say it frankly and fully; people go to questionable plays simply to gratify their passions. The proof that art or literature bothers them very little lies in the fact that they have so much time for theatre-going.

Such people never read a piece of serious literature, and they would die if they had to spend ten minutes studying the intrinsic value of a great painting. Does any serious man want a young girl for wife who is not ashamed to be seen at some plays? And then, the great patrons of sinful art have little time to bother with either the beauties of language or the refinement of gesture, when in the theatre; they simply chatter, whimper or purr. They may tell you that questionable histrionics do them no harm. Do not believe them. The plays do them so much harm that they do not even know they are being fatally affected. Not one of them, however, would want to appear be-

fore God, immediately after having assisted at the like.

Are the great writers fervent theatre-goers? No! Are the best artists, sculptors, and painters? No! No! Who are? Well, he had better leave that question unanswered. Will commerce suffer because bad plays are denounced, or will industry, science, or general well-being? Theatres never built a great city yet. They have destroyed them. No! Canadians do not want, or, at least, should not want, any of the rot that has made Paris and New York famous. It is hardly worth while to earn eternal damnation, at the expense of encouraging dingy theatres. And, to tell the truth, if the patronizers of sinful plays thought they were going to witness honest acting, they would stay at home. The honest classical theatre is their surest enemy. Is sin or vulgarity, virtue or propriety, just because it is clothed in choice phrase, and draped in silk from the East. The so-called dishonest high-toned plays are far from giving anything like Dante's "description of the birds beginning their morning songs in the pine forests of Chiassi, of the dawning light trembling on the distant seas, of the goatherd watching his flocks among the hills, and of the flowery meadow illuminated by a sudden 'ray of sunlight darting through the broken clouds.'" No! No! The audience is averse to being educated. They do not want Corneille, Racine, or Shakespeare. Others pay to see such plays; while, if some of the first kind go, it is to talk and gawk. And then, "O happiest the souls that take The Cross of self-denial up, and bear It bravely to the end for Christ's sweet sake. Sail on, brave dragon-flies!— hum on, bright bees! We envy not your life of honeyed ease."

Nor has a good writer or a master artist been recruited from the ranks of fervent theatre-goers yet.

General News.

At Naini Tal, on one of the lofty peaks of the Himalaya mountains, a church was dedicated to St. Francis by the Archbishop of Agra. At the ceremony, Protestants, Buddhists and Mohammedans assisted in common with Catholics.

The General Synod of the Protestant state Church, Germany, has approved in principle the suggestion to fix by legislation an immovable date to be observed as Easter Sunday. This is proposed as a convenience to both the Church and the public.

It is said that the most recent and excellent biography of St. Francis of Assisi is the work of an eminent Danish poet, Johannes Joergensen. He compiled it after years of patient documentary research in the Vatican Archives, and after persistent search in Umbrian monasteries and out-of-the-way convents of Europe.

A beautiful monument has recently been erected in Creggan Graveyard by the Catholics of Faughanvale, Donegal, to the memory of the Rev. John McNamee, their late pastor. The monument consists of a Celtic cross in Irish limestone, with the pedestal in Newry granite.

When the Marquis of Ripon became a Catholic so strong was the prejudice his conversion aroused that both Protestants and Catholics thought his public career was at an end. Great is the change that has come to pass since then. At a recent meeting of the people of Ripon, to consider whether the city of which the late Marquis was a freeman should erect a memorial to him, the Anglican Bishop was the principal speaker in support of the proposal.

Particulars are to hand from Venice to the effect that a marvelous mosaic pavement has been discovered beneath the floor of the great cathedral at Gorizia, which is famous for its relics of Aquileia. During drainage operations the whole of the right aisle, one hundred and fifty-four feet by twenty-seven, was laid bare, resulting in the discovery at the depth of a meter (thirty-nine inches) of a beautiful and absolutely perfect mosaic floor of which not a single piece is missing.

Augustine E. Costello, one of the forty Fenians who sailed from the United States on a filibustering expedition in the "Erin's Hope" in 1867, is dead at his home in New York at the age of sixty. Costello was arrested when the ship arrived at Sligo Bay, Ireland, and tried for treason in England. His citizenship in the United States saved him. He later wrote several books on Ireland and the Fenian movement.

An order for a new Bibby liner Gloucestershire, has been given to Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Belfast. It will be a vessel of about 8000 tons.

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What Other Editors Say.

NOT THE MEN'S FAULT.

The Watchman (Baptist) asks the question: "What, in your opinion, is the reason why so few laboring men are found in the churches? Is the fault with the men or the churches?" The questioner may profitably turn to the Catholic churches. There he will find the workingman in full force. Out of 12,000,000 Catholic adults in the United States, 49.3 per cent. are men, and fully 90 per cent. of them workingmen. That means that the Catholic Church has within it the qualities that satisfy the appeal of the workingman. If the conditions are the reverse in the non-Catholic churches, it cannot thus be the fault of the laboring men. The cause must lie in the other direction.—Boston Pilot.

PARTIAL TO CATHOLIC GOVERNORS.

The sacred state of Rhode Island, where Roger Williams once preached Baptist faith, appears to be rather partial to Catholic governors. It had Governor Higgins twice, then elected Pothier, a Catholic French Canadian. Last Tuesday it re-elected Pothier, and is now rejoicing that it did so. It must be said to the credit of Catholic governors that usually they make good.—New World.

ALMOST A BORE.

Thousands of people can always find means to pay for secular papers which are placed in the hands of children with the daily grist of a nation's crime and the daily grist of editorial pronouncements upon matters religious and otherwise, but only about one of every five heads of families can spare the money to invest in a Catholic paper which will supply these children with the arguments which they will find absolutely necessary later on in life. The more we see of these things, the better we can understand present conditions in France. There are thousands of Catholic young men and women growing up nowadays in almost total ignorance of the Catholic position. They cannot answer the simplest questions bearing upon their religion. They cannot defend it when it is attacked and all because they have not had an opportunity to avail themselves of the information contained in the average Catholic newspaper. Pastors have talked about this matter until it has become in many instances a positive bore. We want some genius who can devise a plan for reaching the inert, apathetic Catholic majority who do not realize the importance of providing young people with the only antidote to the dangers and erroneous ideas which are so prevalent in secular literature.—Catholic Register and Extension.

MORE PERSECUTION IN FRANCE

Arthur Loth, the veteran Catholic writer, sketches, in a leading article of the Univers of October 28, the new plans of the French parliamentary bloc against Catholic education. The chief question is the resumption of anti-clerical projects. Fresh blows are to be struck at the bishops and the clergy; there is talk of abolishing freedom in education, of imposing a State monopoly of schools, so as to impose atheism upon all the younger generation and to ruin for ever Catholic faith among the people. This question will take precedence of all social and financial reforms. The French public are once more to be hoodwinked into believing that the most urgent of all measures is that which will destroy, once for all, clericalism. It is all well to talk of clericalism, but the great danger for the Republic, and that, as clericalism is public, and that, as clericalism is rooted in the schools, the clerical school must be no longer any schools. There must be no longer any schools where pupils are taught to fear and where pupils are taught to observe God, to observe His commandments and to live on earth as to be able one day to enter heaven. "Such is the plan of the bloc." "Such is the plan of the bloc." It is, it ought still more to stimulate us. It is our last stand, the fight for freedom in education. This requires a supreme and unanimous effort.

THE BEST FLOUR

13

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fort. Let us prepare for it in view of the forthcoming elections.—America.

Cherished Their Name!

(In honor of our Manchester Martyrs.—November 27.) Ah! cherished their name and halloved their fame, Wherever the patriot roams; For true is their claim to the Gael heart's flame, Our martyrs for Altar and Home!

Though far from the strand of our thorn-becrowned land, E'en Liberty cheering we feel, Our Allan's demand and O'Brien's command, Be heard with brave Larkin's appeal!

For the country's best cause, they died under laws That aimed at our lifeblood, our all; They never could pause, and they've won our applause, For Justice, let's answer their call!

We own it from Right—let us spurn not the fight— That Ireland, our country, be free; Though the victims of Might, yet we're strangers to fright; In manhood we always agree!

Our brawn and our brains, yea, are stronger than chains; Our hearts are as true as the steel; If earnest our pains, we could scatter as Dances, The woes that our countrymen feel!

United let's be, with the strength of the sea— If Ireland our first aim and last, We might all live to see our Little Isle free; Our struggles though hallowed be past.

Unite! Call the braves from their martyr-dug graves; Unite! for the battle's still strong! The might that e'er saves and the flag that e'er waves In union must ever belong!

Ah! cherished their name and halloved their fame, Wherever the patriot roams; For true is their claim to the Gael heart's flame, Our martyrs for Altar and Home! (Rev) R. H. Fitz-Henry. God Save Ireland!

In the paper read by Rev. Ambrose Coleman, O.P., at the Irish section of the Eucharistic Congress in Cologne, on "Mass in Penal Times in Ireland," the fact was mentioned that Dr. McGettigan, who died Bishop of Raphoe in 1864, used to relate that in his childhood he was often placed on the summit of a high rock to signal the approach of the priest-hunters, while in the adjoining hollow the parishioners were assembled around the temporary altar on which the Holy Sacrifice was offered up. The "high rock" overlooks the town of Letterkenmy, and in view of it, Dr. O'Donnell, Bishop of Raphoe, laid on September 29, 1904, the foundation stone of St. Donan's Seminary.

Recalls the Great Famine.

Lord Lansdowne who gave advice to the House of Lords to mutilate the Irish Land Bill by wholly late amendments, was, as the representative of one of "England's governing families," placed by Gladstone of his life a desire to bring forward young men of the upper classes in his administration in 1869. So far back as 1869 Gladstone made him a Lord of the Treasury, and subsequently Under Secretary for War. When he came into power in 1880 Gladstone made him Under Secretary for India. The Commission for Disturbance Bill of 1884, which was rejected by the House of Lords, was the direct cause of the success and progress of the Land League, was too "revolutionary," or, as we would now say, "socialistic," for his support, and he left the government.

The Lansdowne estate, in Kerry, was the scene of the most awful tragedy of "Black '47." In his so-called "Realities of Irish Life," the late Stuart Trench, Lord Lansdowne's notorious agent, thus describes the state of things in Kerry: "At least five thousand people must have died from starvation within the Union of Kerry. They died on the roads, and they died in the fields, they died in the mountains, and they died in the glens; they died at the relief works, and they died in their villages; so that whole streets of villages were left almost without an inhabitant, and at last, some few, despairing of help from the country, crawled into the town and died at the doors of the residents and outside the Union walls."

Trench, as an improving agent, set on foot a clearance, so he pitifully exhorted the poor to "breathe more freely," "to breathe more freely." "In little more than a year three thousand five hundred paupers had left Kerry for America, all free emigrants, without any ejections having to be brought against them to enforce it, or the slightest pressure put upon them to go. Matters were now begun to right themselves. Only some fifty or sixty paupers remained in the House chargeable to the property of which I had the care, and Lord Lansdowne's estates at length breathed freely." The history of that emigration is still, as the late Lord Russell of Killowen, who visited the Lansdowne estates in 1882, remarked, told on the hillsides of Kerry, and the traditions of the place still keep alive the story of the Lansdowne Ward in New York Hospital, where many of these ill-starred emigrants fell victims to disease and death.

He Told His Beads Daily.

Preaching at a requiem Mass celebrated in Bombay, the Rev. A. Sathor, referring to the late Marquis of Ripon, exclaimed: "What do you think of a Viceroy saying his Rosary before entering the council-chamber, or serving Mass before setting out on a hunting expedition? Lord Ripon was a man of prayer, with his fixed hours for spiritual reading and meditation and a daily hearer of Holy Mass and a frequent communicant. Did he not bring with him to India his private chaplain, the saintly Father Kerr? Did he not tread the floor of this very cathedral and kneel before this very altar? And, my Catholic brethren of India, sons of St. Francis Xavier, can you forget that our only Catholic Viceroy, when he left Bombay, sailed for Goa, to hear his last Mass on Indian soil before the shrine of the Apostle of India? Were not those two hearts akin? There burned in both the same all-consuming love for the people of this country, and one benefactor of India knelt for a blessing from another."

Suppressed Facts.

From our Spanish namesake, the Catholic University, of Madrid, comes a statement that effectually disproves the canard that the Catholic Church demanded the execution of Ferrer, says the Cleveland Catholic University.

"The statement that the Church in Spain, or any Bishop of the Church, or any Jesuit, Dominican or Franciscan, or any layman authorized to represent the Church's interests, demanded or asked the death penalty upon Ferrer, is an absolute lie, one spread by the Anarchists and their encouragers, the Free Masons, for the purpose of injuring the Church in the eyes of the world. Ferrer was a self-confessed Anarchist whose infamous teachings had brought ruin to the Church in Barcelona, and caused the uproved murder of her priests and nuns, but, notwithstanding these crimes of the so-called 'teacher,' it is a fact suppressed by our enemies, that Cardinal Casanas, of Barcelona, wrote a letter to His Catholic Majesty the King asking that his life be spared. Ferrer was an Anarchist, was tried and found guilty as one, and only paid such penalty as he would in any civilized state in the world."

Sores Heal Quickly.—Have you a persistent sore that refuses to heal? Then try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the dressing. It will stop sloughing, carry away the proud flesh, draw out the pus and prepare a clean way for the new skin. It is recognized healer among oils and myriads of people can certify that it healed where other oils failed utterly.

POET'S CORNER

IN MEMORIAM.

At length unto our helpful one hath come the vesper call! Unto our anxious, earnest one, the peace surpassing all! The heart that bore the burdens of many with its own Hath laid them all obediently before the Great White Throne. No loving glance may follow now—no farewell word may reach; But what of earthly vision and what of human speech, While faith unerring charts the path those passing footsteps trod—O pure of heart! where could it vend but toward the Courts of God?

Surely to Him, All-Merciful, by herald Angels led, She came whose tender mercy was as mantle wide outspread—The human weaklings sought its shield, and ample room was there. For lesser brethren of the woods, the pasture and the air. Now tho' her lifelong efforts served to still the voice of praise, In deeds of love her memory lives who sought the hidden ways, The Master's ways! she leaned to them as blossom bends to sod. O white of soul! where should they lead but to the Courts of God?—Margaret M. Halvey.

A SONG.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear; There is ever something sings away; There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear, And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray, The sunshine showers across the grain, And the bluebird thrills in the orchard tree, And in and out when the eaves drip rain, The swallows are twittering ceaselessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear, Be the skies above dark or fair, There is ever a song that our hearts may hear, There is ever a song somewhere, my dear—

There is ever a song somewhere! There is ever a song where, my dear, In the midnight black, or the mid-day blue, The robin pipes when the sun is here, And the cricket chirrups the whole night through, The buds may blow and the fruit may grow, And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere; But whether the sun, or the rain, or the snow, There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.—James Whitcomb Riley.

DAWN'S RECOMPENSE.

He begged me for the little toys at night, That I had taken lest he play too long; The little broken toys—his sole delight, I held him close in wiser arms and strong, And sang with trembling voice the evening song. Reluctantly the drowsy lids dropped low, The while he pleaded for the boon denied, Then when he slept too dream-content to know, I mended them and laid them by his side; That he might find them in the early light, And wake the gladder for the ransomed sight.

So, Lord, like children at the evering fall, We weep for broken play-things, loath to part, While Thou, unmoved because Thou knowest all, Dost fold us from the treasures of our heart; And we shall find them at the morning tide, Awaiting us unbroke and beautified.—Selected.

THE NEWBORN.

White lamb, from a great Father's mighty fold, White star upon the year's stained, darkened blue, White lily 'mid life's rosemary and rue— White child, the sweetest treasure in love's gold! Ah, little soul! you do not know the cold Or fever of life's struggle, the light dew Lies fresh upon your flowered face, and, through Your silken tresses, sunbeams wade. Behold!

In your young heart are sleeping dreams, grown wise; On your red lips the flush of newborn day, And, in your soul, the peace, too deep for name, Clear mirrored in the sky-blue of your eyes, By cheerful hope, so richly starred, O may God take you back as pure, child, as you came!

SERVING AND SEEING.

It were not hard, we think, to serve Him, If we could only see! If He would stand with that gaze intense Burning into our bodily sense, If we might look on that face most tender, The brows where the scars are turned to splendor, Might catch the light of His smile so sweet, And view the marks on His hands and feet, How loyal we should be! It were not hard, we think, to serve Him, If we could only see!

It were not hard, He says, to see Him, If we would only serve; "He that doeth the will of heaven, To him shall knowledge and sight be given." While for His presence we sit re-pining; Never we see His countenance shining; They who toil where His reapers be The glow of His smile may always see, And their faith can never swerve. It were not hard, He says, to see Him, If we would only serve.

WOMEN WHO SUFFER

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Give Regularity and Good Health.

Every woman at some time needs a tonic. At special times unusual demands are made upon her strength. Where these are added to the worry and hard work which falls to her lot, weakness will result unless the blood is fortified to meet the strain. Weak women find in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the tonic exactly suited to their needs. Most of the ills with which they suffer are due to bloodlessness—a condition which the Pills readily cure. These pills save the girl who enters into womanhood in a bloodless condition from years of misery, and affords prompt and permanent relief to the woman who is bloodless, and therefore weak.

Mrs. R. Fisher, Coates Mills, N.B., says: "Some time ago my system was in a very anaemic condition as the result of an internal hemorrhage caused by an accident. Though I had the services of a skilled doctor for a time, I did not recover my strength, and gradually I grew so weak that I could not do any household work. As I seemed to grow steadily weaker I became much discouraged, for previous to my accident I had always been a healthy woman. About this time I received a pamphlet telling me of the strengthening powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I procured a box at once and began using them, when they were gone I got three boxes more, and by the time I had used these I found myself somewhat stronger and my appetite much better. Before I began the Pills I could scarcely walk upstairs, and could do no work at all. Now after taking three boxes I was able to walk out in the open air. I kept on with the Pills, and after using six boxes was delighted to find that I could again attend to my household affairs. I took two more boxes of the pills, and I felt that I was as well as ever I had been, and equal to any kind of exertion. I have since recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to friends with beneficial results."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

To the Point Every Word.

A luscious item of news which makes the yellow press artists roll it around their tongues in its elaboration, is the elopement and marriage of a Catholic priest and a young woman from Valley City, Washington. The flavor of "romance" which is imparted to the unholy tale is what the yellow press men depend on to make it a good thing for the newspapers. The romance in the ordinary run of cases of broken vows is nothing more fascinating than the allurements of the bottle or a surrender to the demon of sensuality. But here it is supplied in the shape of a series of lovely vision coming to the wretched priest in his dreams, and his accidental meeting with the charmer he saw in his dreams quite unexpected on a street car. "Love at first sight," the mauseous episode is called, and a Baptist minister's easily bought compliance tied the knot which broke the vow without any scruple. Now the happy lovers are running a moving picture show with vocal accompaniment. The name of the ex-priest is Saggese, a Neapolitan. He was stationed at the Mount Carmel Mission, Seattle, Washington. He says he will give out a statement of reasons for leaving the Church—a course entirely superfluous under the circumstances. The reasons are told in the papers which print the dreadful story.—Catholic Standard and Times

The efficacy of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all affections of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine vendors, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

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Catholic Publications Are Improving

The tone of our lesser American Catholic publications is coming up visibly, and with the tone, let us hope, the pay. The new reviews and other cognate enterprises and foundations are of the best. Secular magazines, notably those published in England, are more hospitable than ever before to our scholars and apologists. Most significant of all, those non-Catholics who are pleased to occupy themselves with the direct or indirect defence of Catholic ideals, are everywhere bought and read. Mr. Gardner is waging a mighty war, not against but for us, all along the historical horizon of the Reformation; Mr. Lang, in the grace of his skimming surmise and cutting insight, is emphatically our ally. Mr. Chesterton is engagingly presenting the Church to the world as the most romantically endearing of its paradoxes. Mr. Mallock (as nakedly logical a genius as his long-dead uncle, Newman's beloved Hurrell Froude), is taking care of our cause in the teeth of socialism and other fallacies; and Rev. Spencer Jones is putting in the best civic work of its kind ever planned by any man speaking our tongue, in building up what the Holy Father calls "a union of minds in truth, and of hearts in charity." Truly, Catholicism is being well-received, as we say—Louise Imogen Guiney, in the November Catholic World.

A More Made to Canonize Columbus.

A petition has been addressed by Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia and the Knights of Columbus to the Pope in favor of the canonization of Christopher Columbus.

A distinguished prelate of the Congregation of Rites is quoted as declaring the petitioners are unlikely to obtain satisfaction. "Too many weaknesses," he said, "marred the life of Columbus for canonization to be possible."

This view is not shared by all, says Rome, as from Spain and Italy, as well as many parts of the United States, have come requests of the same kind. The first step in the process of canonization has to be taken by the bishops of the diocese to which the possible saint belonged. Where was Columbus born? Who shall say whether it was at Genoa, Savona, Monferret or Cegeleto? Besides, there are other places which claim the honor of having given birth to the great discoverer.

One thing only seems to be sure, and that is that Columbus was an Italian. This is Italy's claim. Spain argues that as a saint he should be called Spanish, as had it not been for that country he would have died in obscurity.

America points out that he owes his lasting celebrity to the fact that America existed and that one only finds his cult there. That Archbishop Ryan should have expressed a hope that the national hero would be made a saint, has given a great fillip to the movement in Rome.

Catholic Writers Scarce.

Writing is more than a pastime or even a profession, says Louise Imogen Guiney in the November Catholic World; it is a terribly responsible vocation, and should have its dis-suasive or corroborative noviciates, slow, severe, with endless fasts, vigils, and penances, and confessions of faults in chapter. Much failure due to hopeless mediocrity has been looked upon, in parochial circles, as martyrdom imposed upon budding talent plus virtue. Many are our would-be celebrities, many the boasters which have buzzed around them. Perverse pens, and better, would perhaps cheer things along. We cannot blink the fact that we have hardly any trained, craftsmen, in prose, or verse, and not many learned specialists. Our highlands have no peaks; but, wait! We are only at the end of our glacial period; the peaks are already grumbling and rising.

The remedy for our too low intellectual status in this country lies in our own hands. One obvious way of inoculating the acknowledged sluggishness of our unawakened multitudes is even now quietly being tried in several high quarters, and is bound to have immense results. It is to amalgamate as closely as circumstances will permit, amalgamate organically and commercially, with those brethren of ours over sea, whose languages and laws we share; the Catholics of Great Britain. Doubtless it will require some humility on our part to perceive and admit how unconsciously far off of us they are, all along

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mrs. Fred. Biggs, Kingston, Ont., writes:—"I was completely run down, my blood was out of order, and I used to get so weak I would be compelled to stay in bed for weeks at a time. I could not eat, was pale and thin; every one thought I was going into consumption. I tried everything and different doctors until a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I did not have one bottle used when my appetite began to improve. I used six bottles. I gained ten pounds in two weeks. When I began to take it I only weighed 110 pounds. It just seemed to pull me from the grave as I never expected to be strong again. I will tell every sufferer of your wonderful medicine."

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the line. Very desirable for ourselves would it be to acquire such standards, such traditions, such leaderships, such general ethical intelligence. They also have another asset worth all these. No American priest or layman who has ever lived with them, know them at home, will gainsay it that they can teach us something of simplicity and loyalty, of fearless thoroughness in the practice of our common religion, and passionate enthusiasm for it. They write as they do because they live as they do. Their progress is greater than ours, because they are a more spiritual society. When will our men, especially our young men of the Universities and the professions, generate among our sixteen millions abroad a Catholic spirit equal to theirs in that day of subterfuge recommended by Father Smith to the "Young Worker," and imagined as sadly necessary.

Flowers vs. Prayers.

A commendable way of showing affection, gratitude and compassion for the dead has long been observed in the diocese of Paderborn, and doubtless also in other parts of Germany, says the Ave Maria. Instead of loading coffins with flowers, the relatives and friends of the deceased place in a receptacle, on the altar steps or near the corpse, an offering of money, one-half of which is given to the poor on behalf of the departed, the other half reserved for Masses. We hear that this custom is followed in some parts of the United States, on "Soul's Day." The offerings, whether of money or promises of Masses Holy Communions and prayers, are enclosed in an envelope and deposited in a basket on the altar steps.

There may be objections to this custom that do not occur to us; and it should not, of course, be introduced without episcopal approval. However, as we have many times observed, Masses, Holy Communions and prayers would be a fitting and blessed substitute for fading flowers. Our dead are too much honored on the day of burial and too much neglected ever afterward. Fulsome eulogies and floral exhibitions for men whose only claim to distinction consisted in wealth and social prominence, and whose daily walk and conversation were not especially redolent of sanctity, excite scorn and create scandal. Of course everyone recognizes the appropriateness of flowers at the funeral of children, but in the case of most men they are a mere mockery.

They Soothe Excited Nerves.—Nervous affections are usually attributable to defective digestion as the stomach dominates the nerve centres. A course of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills will still all disturbances of this character, and by restoring to the stomach to normal action relieve the nerves from irritation. There is no sedative like them, and in the correction of irregularities of the digestive processes, no preparation has done so effective work, as can be testified to by thousands.

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Mrs. W. C. Doerr, 13 Brighton St., London, Ont., writes:—"It is with pleasure that I thank you for the good your Doan's Kidney Pills have done me. Have been troubled with backache for years. Nothing helped me until a friend brought me a box of your Kidney Pills. I began to take them and took four boxes, and am glad to say that I am cured entirely and can do all my own work and feel as good as I used to before taken sick. I am positive Doan's Kidney Pills are all you claim them to be, and I advise all kidney sufferers to give them a fair trial." Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others. They cure all forms of kidney trouble and they cure to stay cured. Price, 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. When ordering specify "Doan's."

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ing, Tickling Sensation in the Throat.

MacPhee, Chignecto Mines, "In Oct., 1908, I caught a cold in water, and had a high and that distressing cough in my throat so I went to bed at night, and my lungs were I had to give up work. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Peppermint Cure and it did me good. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Peppermint Cure and it did me good. I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Peppermint Cure and it did me good."

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Local and Diocesan News.

AT LAVAL UNIVERSITY.—Last evening took place the opening of the course in aesthetics and the history of art.

EUCHERE AND MUSICALES.—St. Mary's Hall was the scene of a happy gathering on Tuesday evening.

BAZAAR AT ST. GABRIEL'S.—A large attendance has marked the holding of the bazaar in aid of St. Gabriel Church and convent.

SUDDEN DEATH OF PILGRIM.—Very suddenly death came to Mrs. Godard, of Pittsburg, Pa., who was returning from St. Anne de Beupré.

FEAST OF ST. CECILIA.—The feast of St. Cecilia, patroness of musicians, was observed on Monday.

FUNERAL OF REV. P. BLAIS, C.S.C.—On Monday morning at the novitiate of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, St. Laurent, P.Q., the funeral took place of Rev. P. Z. Blais.

MANCHESTER MARTYRS.—A largely attended procession of the Ancient Order of Hibernians took place at St. Ann's Church last Sunday.

NEW CHIME FOR ST. JEAN BAPTISTE CHURCH.—A chime of five bells has just arrived from the foundry of Messrs. G. & F. Pacard.

UNVEILING CEREMONY.—The unveiling of a statue of St. Joseph took place on Sunday morning at the oratory of St. Joseph on the slope of Mount Royal.

DOMINICAN PRIOR.—The Rev. J. Dacon, up to the present pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, St. Hyacinthe, P.Q., has been named prior of the Dominican monastery at Ottawa.

FEAST OF THE PRESENTATION AT GRAND SEMINARY.—The students of the Grand Seminary celebrated on Sunday with great éclat the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin.

TRIDUUM AT ST. PATRICK'S.—Very edifying was the manifestation of piety and devotion, all through the solemn exercises of the triduum which were held last week at St.

Patrick's. Father O'Sullivan held the attention of vast congregations at each service, and his tender, earnest appeals went straight home to each individual heart.

ARCHBISHOP REFUSES CENSORSHIP.—The management of the Academy of Music, anxious to comply with the demands of His Grace, addressed to him the following letter, which we publish together with the telling reply.

Monsieur,—We regret profoundly that certain pieces presented at the Académie Théâtrale should have caused you to make the just remonstrances which you have addressed to us.

In response to this His Grace sent the following letter: I am happy to note the sentiments you express on behalf of the Théâtre de la Comédie Française de Montréal.

I have already told you that I cannot tolerate the presentation of plays amongst us which do not take account of Christian morals.

Give to the public the guarantee that your representations will be irreproachable, accept the censorship of competent and honorable men, who are worthy of general confidence.

OBITUARY.

MRS. MICHAEL GRIFFIN.

The death occurred on Sunday, the 21st inst., of Mrs. Griffin (Hannah O'Brien), wife of Mr. Michael Griffin, after a trying illness of some months.

NEWS BY THE IRISH MAIL.

The brass lands around the demesne at Lough Dawa, Monaghan, Colonel Tennison's property, is at present being broken up for tillage by the new owners of the soil—the former tenants.

A discussion arose at Derry Corporation over a proposal of the Most Rev. Dr. McHugh, Lord Bishop of Derry, to purchase a piece of ground known as "The Bishop's Garden Plot" for £17 0, and eventually it was decided to accept his Lordship's offer.

Mr. A. D. Price, Local Government Board Engineering Inspector, held an inquiry at Limerick into an application for a loan of £2000 under the Small Dwellings Acquisition Act, 1899.

The late Mrs. James Brennan, of Boley, Ballylinan, Queen's County, has bequeathed \$20,000 to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, for the benefit of four orphanages in the city, and \$5000 for the benefit of the orphanage at Stradbally, Queen county.

At the monthly meeting of the Adamstown, Co. Wexford, Branch of the United Irish League, a resolution was passed emphatically protesting against and condemning the House of Lords for mutilating the Land Bill, and eliminating from it the clauses that made it of any value to the tenant farmers of Ireland in general and to those of the congested districts in particular.

Over one hundred and fifty barrels of blackberries were exported from Millford in one week recently. This was the largest consignment of the season. The previous week 100 barrels had been shipped by the same steamer to Glasgow.

Another venerable priest, Rev. John J. Melvin, P.P., Templebury,

County Sligo, died on Oct. 26, having passed away at the Convalescent Home, Stillorgan, Dublin, after a long and painful illness supervening on paralysis.

Dr. Charles O'Neill, of Glasgow, was selected on Oct. 27 as the National candidate in succession to the late Mr. McKillop, M.P., by a convention called by the local executive of the U. I. League, Armagh.

Mr. Thomas M. Kettle, B.A., M.P., who has been appointed Professor of National Economics in the National University, is well known by his gifts as a writer, and has already won a reputation for himself in the field of Economics and Sociology.

How to Address Prelates

In turning over the pages of the first volume of the Catholic Encyclopedia, says the New York Freeman's Journal, we come upon an article entitled "Addresses," which deals with the correct manner in which to address ecclesiastics of high rank.

We are assured that none other than white paper is correct, in writing to a Catholic cleric, no matter what his degree, and that the ink should be black; colored ink is forbidden. The letter must be written as our fathers wrote, in inverse order to that of a book, first on the right hand sheet and then on the left.

In addressing a letter to the Pope the opening should be "Most Holy Father" and in the body of the letter "His Holiness," pronouns being taboo, and the custom being to address him in the third person.

A Cardinal in English-speaking countries, is addressed as "His Eminence Cardinal," or "Cardinal Archbishop," in beginning a letter. "Your Eminence," or "My Lord Cardinal."

An Archbishop is addressed as "The Lord Bishop," or "His Lordship the Bishop of," and spoken to as "My Lord," "My Lord Bishop."

A Cardinal is invariably addressed in France as "Eminence Reverendissime," not as "Monsieur le Cardinal," monsieur being below the cardinalatial dignity.

Bishops in France have the title "Grandeur," a letter addressed to one would therefore be "à sa Grandeur Monsieur le Cardinal, évêque de Caen." Benedictines have the title "Dom," so that a religious of that order would be addressed as "The Father, Dom X."

In Germany, a bishop has the title of "Episcopal Grace," and an archbishop of "Archiepiscopal Grace."

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Courtesy dictates that a man shall be given his full title; in the case of prelates, the withholding of their titles is more indefensible, owing to their sacred character.

In English society it is customary to give the English equivalent in title to American bishops of the Episcopalian creed. It is unkindly said that there is not a sweeter moment in the life of a Western Episcopal bishop than that in which he hears himself addressed as "My Lord."

In the official return for October the dismal tale increased emigration is continued. The emigrants who left Ireland last month numbered 2,799, or 403 above the figure for October last year.

MEANING OF GREAT UPROAR.

(Continued from Page 1.)

It is the Free Masons who are chiefly responsible for the bitter feelings against the Church and for the disturbances which have taken place. In fact, they have organized a propaganda against the Church with headquarters in Paris and will leave no stone unturned to malign and injure the Church.

NEWS DEBARRED BY CENSORS.

During the rioting in Rome attempts were made to burn many churches. The strict censorship prevented news of these attempts from leaving Italy. But the New York Sun correspondent now cables a list of the churches damaged.

S. Giovanni dei Genovesi, a small church in the Via Nica beyond the Tiber. Oil was thrown over the front door and set on fire. The door was partially burned before the blaze was put out.

S. Francesco a Ripa, built in 1231 and modernized in the seventeenth century, also situated in Trastevere. The front door was set on fire in a similar manner and partially burned.

Santi Quaranta in Trastevere, door burned as above; fire put out by a policeman.

Santa Margherita in Via Appollonia. It was set on fire in the usual manner, in addition cotton wool soaked in oil was thrown inside the church, which was soon enveloped in flames.

San Celso in Banco Santo Spirito. Front door burned and facade damaged.

death of Ferrer, the anarchist. He denounced the school for which the latter stood.

The Archbishop decried the spreading influence of Socialism, anarchy and Freemasonry, particularly their tenets regarding matrimony, and said the spirit of such teaching is rife in America.

"The Church did not direct a Spanish attack upon Morocco," he said. "It did not dictate an army draft to increase the forces of Spain. It was not the least consequence to the Church whether the Moors or the Spaniards were victorious."

DEFENCELESS ATTACKED.

"First, because the Latin races are extremists, whether for good or for evil. Mobs are always cowardly. Charged with frenzy they may, in an unguarded moment, perpetrate a seeming act of boldness, but invariably when you find the mob seeking an opportunity to exploit its energy, the attack is on the defenceless."

"But this is not the only nor the chief reason why the Catholic Church was dragged into the miserable affair and made the man's victim. The revolution in Barcelona was organized by Masons, anarchists and socialists. The Spanish Government had the courage to condemn to death one convicted of arson and murder and thereby astonished the socialists because they were representatives of the new thought and supposed themselves immune from punishment."

SOCIALISM OPPOSED TO THE CHURCH.

"Socialism, and I am speaking now of the socialism of Europe, and the Church are diametrically opposed, because socialism, particularly the socialism of Europe, is opposed to all the principles for which the Church stands."

"The American socialist considers only the economic planks in its written platform, but the spirit of the moral and religious features is there. It is especially to these latter features the Church is opposed."

"Concerning marriage, they hold it to be simply a matter of the pleasure of the two contracting individuals, and of no concern to anybody else. A sacrament? No. Home? No. There can be no home where there are no children, and socialists believe that the children should be cared for by the State."

"The Church, therefore, is opposed to a movement that destroys the basic foundation of society, the home and the family. And we must accept with a great deal of fear the offerings of economic and material welfare of a movement in which these nefarious principles are taught wherever there is an audience to hear."

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