

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys: The cold weather I am sure is bringing thoughts to your mind of the joyful times you are going to have when the snow comes.

Your loving, AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky: Our little corner is very interesting this week. Isn't it nice to see such nice letters from the little cousins.

WINIFRED D. Frampton, Oct. 20, 1905.

(I do not particularly like the idea of setting traps for rabbits, or in fact, for any animal. It is a pity to take liberty and life away from the poor little things.)

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have been reading the letters of the True Witness and did not see any from Farnham I thought I would write one. I am 13 years old. I go to the convent. I have one brother and one sister.

LINA McN. Farnham, Que.

(I am glad to see Lina's name in our column this week. I hope she will be a regular contributor.)

JACK'S KNIGHTHOOD.

"Promise me one thing and I'll give it to you," said Uncle Boswell. "What?" hesitated Jack. "That you will perform a deed of chivalry every day this week."

"There are plenty of people in distress and, although they may not look it, some are, nevertheless, princesses in disguise," said the uncle.

Jack walked away with the set expression about his mouth which meant that he would do or die. For some time he had longed for Malory's tales of knight-hood.

"You're a sight better than a cane, youngster," a thin old voice replied. "How did you come to think of it?" "I'm discovering princesses, and you're my seventh," Jack said.

"Come in!" said Uncle Boswell, a few minutes later. "I overheard one grateful princess's thanks."

"There was Miss Bell, the very first day," began Jack, settling himself in his favorite easy chair.

"And what did you do?" asked the uncle, shaking with amusement. "Oh, I hollered, and the cow stopped to look at me; and by then Miss Bell had got into the road, and she thanked me in words just like real princesses used."

"Another was the fruit woman," went on Jack. "She was very much disguised, of course; but she was in such terrible distress that I helped her out, never thinking, and from the way she spoke afterward I saw that she was a real princess."

"In these days," said the uncle, "when there are no castle windows to lean out of, and when cloth of gold is seldom seen, we have to judge by the heart and the manners."

"And then you pranced up on your cream white steed, with lance set, puff in Uncle Boswell."

"And the other quests, sweet knight?" said the uncle. "In the others I'm not always sure that I have discovered the princess, because they weren't all women, but they all had the right manners."

"One was a yellow cat," said Jack "with a tin tied to her tail." "Golden hand again," murmured Uncle Boswell.

it up. Do those count? I'm not sure but what the Miller baby is a boy, and all he could do was to smile his thanks.

"Of course they count," said Uncle Boswell. "I dub thee knight, Sir Jack; and here is the book. Remember to continue your quests; for, if you turn a deaf ear to cries of distress, you may find that the book has mysteriously disappeared."

And soon Jack was far back in the enchanted days of knight-hood, while his uncle, as he watched him, thought that his stubbed little heels were well worthy golden spurs.

A MOTHER BIRD'S HEROISM.

A sad story, and a brave one, was told by a lady in the eastern district to Mr. Dudley Le Scouff, who has charge of the Zoological Gardens at Melbourne. A pair of black-and-white fantails, which we know better as wagtails, built their nest upon the branch of a willow tree.

But one day—while the little wagtails were yet mere infants, half-covered with down and snuggling up together in the nest to keep each other warm—it began to rain. The floodwaters came down, and the pool under the willow rose higher, until the water soaked through the bottom of the wagtails' nest, and the little ones, unused to that strange chill, crawled about the nest and clung to the sides of it.

"Dave, how do you get your lesson so well now?" asked his master. "I learn every word in the lesson, and get mother to hear them at night. Then I go over them every morning before I come to school. And I go over them at my seat before the class is called up."

When the waters went down there still was the sodden nest, the drowned bird mother and her little ones. Their tiny heads were raised to her, their mother's wings were still spread over them, her tiny claws with a grip that the fear of death could not loosen still clung to the side of the nest.

"When we human beings do a brave thing we do it sometimes with a sense of duty. Our sense of duty that each owes to his neighbor tells us that in a great crisis, however much we may love life, however much we may fear death, we must put all the thoughts that make us cowards to one side, and at all risks must do our duty."

THE BOYS OF CHINA.

A stranger in China is struck with

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the number of children that he sees wearing earrings. On investigation he finds that most of the children are boys. As the grown boys and the men do not wear earrings the stranger inquires why the little boys wear them.

"To keep the spirits from carrying them off," say the Chinese philosopher. The stranger asks how earrings will keep the spirits from carrying the children off, and he hears this:

"The boy is the greatest blessing that heaven can send. The spirits like boy babies. It is natural that they should; everybody likes them, very often if the boy babies are not watched closely the spirits who are constantly around grab up the unwatched boy baby and carry him off to their home."

TEN RULES OF POLITENESS.

To be polite is to have a kind regard for the feelings and rights of others. Be as polite to your parents, brothers, sisters and schoolmates as you are to strangers.

Do not bluntly contradict any one. It is not discourteous to refuse to do wrong. Whispering, laughing, chewing gum, or eating at lectures, in school or at places of amusement, is rude and vulgar.

TO HOLD IT.

Thirty years ago in a poor school-house in a back district a boy at the foot of the class unexpectedly spelled a word that had passed down the entire class.

"Go up ahead," said the master, "and see that you stay there. You can if you work hard." The boy looked down his nose and made no answer.

"Good boy, Dave," said the master. "That's the way to have success. Always work that way and you'll do." Dave is to-day manager of a big lumber company, and he attributes his start to the words:

WORK HONESTLY.

When at work, don't forget to work. You are paid for it. When you idle your time, or work only when your employer is near and sees you, then you are a thief and a hypocrite.

It is surely a mistake to think that the memory of past delights makes present pain sharper. If not, why do we all so universally strive to make the lives of children happy?—Edna Lyall.

A vase of flowers, a lamp, a burning candle before the statue of a saint, is a prayer whose silence is more eloquent than all the sounds that ever came from the lips of man. It is love that puts it there, love that tells it to dispense its sweet perfume or shed its mellow rays, and love that speaks by this touching symbolism to God through a favorite saint.

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NOT ACCORDING TO SAMPLE.

We were scattered about the smoking room of the liner in various postures of restless negligence. We had a big passenger list and there were some odd fish aboard, so we fell to talking about the peculiarities of some of our fellow travellers.

"I differ with you, Prentice," said McGregor, a sun-tanned Scotswoman who managed the affairs of a fruit company in the Caribbean and who had taken a flying trip to his native land.

"I was a mix of supercargo, purser and fruit buyer when we reached port. That voyage was a memorable one, for, besides five passengers in the cabin, I had five tons of gunpowder in the forehold, and the powder paid a better freight than the passengers."

"There were two Mexicans who, when they were not eating or sleeping, were rolling and smoking cigarettes, a pompous old Englishman was trying to get to Demerara and who had an opinion about everything and wanted everybody to chuck their own ideas overboard and adopt his."

"He seemed afraid to assert himself even in defense of his Church, for the old Englishman was a bigoted low churchman and several times had criticized the Catholic Church in the padre's presence without eliciting a word from Padre Ambrose."

"I come of good old Covenant stock myself, but I've no prejudice against the Roman priesthood. I've been most of my life in countries where they are as thick as bananas, and I've learned to respect them hugely. There's a strange paradoxical mixture of submission to authority and possession of authority among them that is wonderful."

This world is a world of men, and these men are our brothers. We must not banish from us the divine breath, —we must love. Evil must be conquered by good; and before all things one must keep a pure conscience. —Amiel's Journal.

was a priest, but because he seemed an unworthy one for such a high calling.

"It's all on account of the blooming fasting these priests do," said our captain, pointing to the padre. "I suppose that poor beggar has had nothing to eat but bananas and garlic all his life till his spirit is killed. If he'd eaten a pound or two of good English roast beef every day he'd be a different man."

"We were half way to Colombia when, one sultry morning, one of the steam pipes blew off with a bang and killed the stoker. We didn't mind this so much, as stokers are cheap and plentiful, but we were disabled. The engineer tinkered at the machinery, which was fit for scrap iron, and gave it up. Then some one yelled that the boat was afire and the engineer and stokers came flying on deck, for they all knew about the powder in the forehold. It was get away from that volcano quickly as possible or be blown up and the boats went over with a will. No one tried to put out the fire; there was no time for that. The old tub was insured and the freight on the powder was prepaid, so it was get away everybody. We had the passengers in the boats and then the crew. I looked around the deck and saw Padre Ambrose moving toward the hatch.

"Padre," I shouted, "to the boat, quick, there's not a minute to waste." "Amigo," he said quietly, "there's a man in the stockhold who was reported killed. I am informed that while he is dying, he is not yet dead."

"He can't be saved," I shouted; "too late. Come, get in the boat." "If I have the time," continued the padre, "I will administer the last rites of the Church to this man. I trust God will allow me time to do so."

"I snatched at his soutane but it was so old that it tore, and the padre hastened down the ladder into the stockhold. "I shouted to him and then he looked me straight in the eyes and his eyes were glowing and bright. I shall never forget that glance. Then he disappeared."

"There was a dull, heavy explosion and the old fruit steamer rose amidships as if in agony and then the two halves sank beneath the waves. "Where is the padre?" asked the captain, looking around at the boats. "I told him what had happened. "He was a man after all," said he, and then he lifted his hat, and stood bareheaded in the boat for a few moments; "he was a man after all," he repeated.

PRUDENT MOTHERS. The prudent mother will never give her child a sleeping draught, soothing medicine or opiate of any kind except by order of a competent doctor who has seen the child. All soothing medicines and sleeping draughts contain deadly poison, an overdose will kill a child, and they never do good, as they only stupefy and do not cure. Sleeplessness in little ones usually comes from teething troubles or derangements of the stomach or bowels, that can be speedily cured by Baby's Own Tablets. And the mother should remember that this is the only medicine for children that gives a solemn guarantee that there is not a particle of opiate or harmful drug in its composition. Mrs. A. Scott, Bradwardine, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for diarrhoea, teething troubles and constipation, and find them just the thing to make little ones well and keep them well." Sold by all druggists or by mail at 25 cents by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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And Catholic Chronicle

The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co., 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada.

P. O. Box 1138.

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Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00 City and Foreign, \$1.50

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NOTICE.

Subscribers will please take notice that when their year is due, and should they wish to discontinue their paper, they are requested to notify this office, otherwise we will understand they wish to renew, in which case they will be liable for entire year.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1906.

FORWARD, QUEBEC!

Four years ago when the citizens of Montreal tendered a complimentary banquet to Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, the guest of the evening delivered an address that was quite prophetic of the volume of Canadian progress recorded in the interval.

AUSTRALIA AND HOME RULE.

The certainty of a Liberal triumph in the next elections in Great Britain has started a clamorous discussion of the Home Rule issue. The Rosebery Liberals, and the Irish devolutionists as well as the Nationalists are trying to extract from the Liberal leaders an advance declaration of their Irish policy.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Many Bishops have visited Rome within the past year, and to one and all the Supreme Pontiff appears to have found occasion for urging encouragement and support of the Catholic press.

It has been remarked that Pius X. is always highly pleased with the accounts American Bishops are able to render of their subjects. They have long since wakened up to the fact that thorough organization and

vigorous press are the two greatest instruments in their power for good. When the Pope had received all the information necessary regarding the former from one of the prelates mentioned above, he inquired about the condition of the latter. The number of Catholic newspapers, their circulation, their influence, etc., every detail was welcome to him concerning that weapon that is but too often turned against his fold.

CONTROVERSY.

Religious controversy upon occasion is not only justifiable but necessary. At the same time the exercise is seldom indulged in without leaving effects more or less regrettable from the standpoint of public sentiment.

The recent incidents of the interruption of a Salvation Army meeting near this city, the attack made by Baptist evangelizing societies upon the religion of the French-Catholic people, and reports of the Paulist mission to non-Catholics at Sydney have given rise to widespread and naturally varied comment.

The Toronto Globe rebukes the Baptists in excellent terms and declares that if the French-Catholics had the temerity to go into Ontario and cast similar aspersions upon the religion of the majority of the people up there, the thing would not be tolerated for one half-hour. But a correspondent of the Witness of this city takes a different view, and says that Protestants attend Catholic missions determined to behave themselves, whereas Judge Sicotte and Canon Lepailleur instruct Catholics not to go to Protestant meetings at all.

The mission of the Paulist Fathers furnishes no instances parallel either with the Salvation Army incident or the Baptist meetings. Missions to non-Catholics, as conducted by the Paulist Fathers, are confined to the exposition of Catholic doctrine. The missionaries place themselves entirely in the hands of those who attend their meetings, to answer all questions that may be propounded. There is nothing illogical in anyone

attending these meetings who wishes to put himself right in his understanding of his Catholic neighbor's attitude. There is no intention or possibility of offences being given to the most sensitive Protestant who is a seeker after truth at these meetings.

The question therefore resolves itself into this: The mission of the Catholic people is to promote public harmony, whereas the mission of such people as engage themselves in the Baptist proselytizing enterprise is to create discord and division. The distinction is important.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AND AGRICULTURE.

If the course of a lengthy address upon the "Practical Application of Christianity to the Lives of the People," delivered by the Bishop of Ross at the annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland, the speaker (Dr. Kelly) gave a most interesting account of the progress of the modern agricultural movement in many of the countries of Europe, especially in Belgium. When our present Holy Father, Pius X., was a country parish priest in North Italy, he was an ardent worker in this new field of labor.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Monsignor Howlett, D.D., Rector of Kingsland, has the distinction of being the first Irish priest invited to preach a course of sermons in the Westminster Cathedral. He has accepted the invitation and has chosen as his subject "The Blessed Virgin Mary."

Forty-three Benedictine Nuns were recently expelled from their convent at Mantes, near Paris. Of these eleven are old and feeble. One of them, who is 80 years of age, cried out

that she was being driven from her home when she was on the brink of the tomb.

If a recent Parliamentary paper there is given a list of religious and charitable institutions in Great Britain and Ireland in which laundries are carried on by way of trade or for purposes of gain. There are 280 of these institutions in all, of which some 65 are in Ireland. In 161 cases the authorities of the institutions have accepted inspection in response to the Home Office Circular, or they since have been visited by one or more of the lady inspectors, while the remaining 69 either have not accepted inspection or have not given a definite answer to the Circular.

Too little has been written concerning the Catholic Sporting Congress recently held at the Vatican. Six hundred young athletes, in picturesque costume, with banners flying, and headed by bands, proceeded to the Riding School of the Papal Guards. Above the entrance was an inscription to the following effect: "Here, where the greatest moral power has obtained the most glorious victories, the Italian Catholic youth proves that he who has a pure mind has a healthy body."

Articles attacking Lourdes and those who proclaim and believe in its efficacy as a sacred place have been appearing in the Paris Petite Republique. The writer is M. Jean de Bonnefon, a nominal Catholic, who is occasionally patronized and even befriended by some prelates and priests. His attacks on Lourdes are probably paid for by the Combitists, who were savage because the place could not be closed owing to the opposition of the people of the district, who, of course, benefit by the pilgrimages.

PETITION FOR IRISH HOME RULE.

Australian Parliament Adopt a Motion in Favor After a Heated Debate.

Melbourne, Victoria, Oct. 19.—The Federal House of Representatives today adopted by 31 to 21 votes a motion to petition King Edward to grant home rule to Ireland. This success of the home rulers is attributed in large measure to Mr. William Redmond's recent campaign in Australia. The motion had been hotly debated and the labor party and Liberals supported the home rulers.

The Senate, by a vote of 16 to 11, adopted a motion to the effect that home rule should be granted to Ireland.

There are few happy souls, because there are so few who pray.

QUEBEC AND THE TRANSCONTINENTAL.

Speaking at the banquet to Hon. Mr. Parent in the Chateau Frontenac on the 19th, Hon. Charles Fitzpatrick, Minister of Justice, said that few subjects in recent times had been more fully discussed than that of Canada and the Canadians. Men of all shades of thought had dwelt upon her resources and her political future. It was eminently fitting that these should be discussed by the descendants of the early discoverers of the country, by those who have given to us the real Canadian Anthem, "O Canada, Mon Pays et Mes Amours."

And this language had reference only to the present conditions resulting from the output from five millions of acres of northwestern lands, while there is to develop the 85,000,000 acres of land in Alberta, all declared suitable for cultivation, together with the 90,000,000 acres in Saskatchewan and the millions in Manitoba as well. Canada has to prepare not for the output of millions of bushels, but of the five hundred millions of bushels. Of what avail will this output be to the farmers, who measure the furrows of the plough by miles, if they cannot put their produce on the market?

It was most fitting that Mayor Parent should have been selected for the chairmanship of the commission to give a new outlet for the grain crop of the Northwest. Perhaps it was not that he should testify to all the qualifications for this important office of him who had been for many years his closest friend. "We entered," he said, "the City Council of Quebec together. He went on and I was put out. We entered the Legis-

lature together. Again he went on, while I was put out. He is not a rhetorician, it is true. He does not make speeches, but he is a man who does things. There is a great future in store for Canada, and in store also for Quebec. Let none of us lose hope. It has been said that hope springs eternal in the human breast. No man is good for anything who gives way in the face of reverses. There is but one royal road to success, and that is marked with the mile-stones of perseverance."

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ANCIENT IRISH SONG OF THANKSGIVING. (Boston Pilot.) I offer Thee Every flower that ever grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God.

ANCIENT IRISH SONG OF THANKSGIVING.

I offer Thee Every flower that ever grew, Every bird that ever flew, Every wind that ever blew, Good God.

Every thunder rolling, Every church bell tolling, Every leaf and sod! (Laudamus te!)

I offer Thee Every wave that ever moved, Every heart that ever loved, Thee, Thy Father's well beloved, Dear Lord!

Every river dashing, Every lightning flashing, Like an Angel's sword! (Benedicimus te!)

I offer Thee Every cloud that ever swept O'er the skies, and broke and wept In vain, and with the flowerets slopt, My King!

Each communicant praying, Every Angel staying, Before Thy throne to sing! (Adoremus te!)

I offer Thee Every flake of virgin snow, Every spring the earth below, Every human joy and woe— My Love!

O Lord, and all Thy glorious Self, e'er death victorious, Throned in Heaven above! (Glorificamus te!)

Take all of them, O darling Lord, In Thy Blessed Sacrament Loved—Adored!

Multiply each and every one; Make each of them into millions— Into gorgeous millions, Into gorgeous millions, Into golden millions—

O Glories, glorious Son! And then, O dear Lord, listen, Where the tabernacles glisten, To those praises, Holiest One!

Sorrows may take from life its delight, but, thank God, they can never take its duties. At the lowest ebb of dejection we still have much to do.

MARRIED. REARDON-WALSH—At St. Anicet, on Oct. 16th, by the Rev. Father Neppve, P.P., Mr. John W. Reardon, of Bombay, N.Y., to Miss Mattie, eldest daughter of Mr. M. C. Walsh, of St. Anicet, Que.

Advertisement for 'His Majesty's Mail' jewelry. Includes text: 'Why not make the mail do your shopping?—with the facilities in our Mail Order Department you are brought into almost personal touch with our store. An item of importance is—we are manufacturers—an essential point of saving to our patrons. A postal card from you will bring our fully illustrated catalogue with exact reproductions and descriptions of our goods. Write for it to-day and thus start buying jewelry from a house which will save you money. Jewelry by mail.'

Advertisement for 'The True Witness' subscription. Text: 'From now till Jan 1907, will be sent subscribers out of town FOR \$1.00 and in Montreal FOR \$1.50 Payable in advance. Write now.'

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The adjourned meeting of the wardens of St. Anthony's take place next Sunday after High Mass.

St. Anthony's Court celebrated the 16th anniversary of its foundation by holding a euchre and social at King's evening. The affair was successful.

ST. MICHAEL'S EUCHRE. On Nov. 9th St. Michael's will hold a grand euchre at the Town Hall, St. Denis.

ORDINATIONS AT THE CATHEDRAL. His Grace Archbishop Br. held ordination services at Cathedral on Oct. 28 and on Nov. 1.

ANOTHER AMBULANCE HOTEL DIEU. The Hotel Dieu is to have ambulance, which will be ready Dec. 1st. The ladies are for that purpose, and the

EVENING CLASSES WITHEDED. The evening classes in geometrical drawing, fruit wood carving, fancy sign and sculpture work are largely attended, there being nearly 400 pupils present each evening.

ST. ANTHONY'S EUCHRE. The ladies of St. Anthony's are making great preparation for the first euchre party of the year. The hall is being tastefully decorated for the occasion, and the success is to be the most successful kind ever held.

WILL CELEBRATE HIS 25th ANNIVERSARY. Rev. Father Auclair, P. Jean Baptiste Church, will his 25th anniversary as pastor of that church on Nov. 12th, and the parishioners are preparing to celebrate the event with many ceremonies. Solemn high mass in the morning, by a banquet and an entertainment by the school children.

BLESSED A NEW CEMETERY. On Sunday last His Lordship Racicot blessed the new chapel cemetery at Contrecoeur. High Mass the parishioners of Contrecoeur presented Mgr. with an address, it being his episcopal visit since his consecration. Rev. Abbe Ducharme recalled that Bishop Racicot's mother born at Contrecoeur, and that of the place had a special claim. The Bishop of Poggia replied with a happy reply.

BEAUTIFUL FLORAL GIFT. The handsome floral which was placed at the foot of the Nelson monument Saturday, was the joint gift of St. Patrick's Society and of Irish Protestant Benevolent Society. Mr. Frank J. Curran, president of St. Patrick's Society, and Mr. Henry, president of the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society, were sent at the commemorative dinner as representatives of the respective societies.

ST. AGNES PARISH BANQUET. A banquet will be held on November 21st, at the Br. College, corner of Sanguin Marie Anne streets, by the sisters of St. Agnes Church. It was the intention to have the opening of the new parish church take place in the church itself, corner of St. Denis street and Avenue. It was feared, but that this would delay the work of the interior of the sacred edifice. The desire of Father Curran, pastor, that the church should be ready for Christmas, and that the Brothers' College Hall was used. The people of the parish

THE HARDENED HEART.

Mr. Anthony Rourke frowned as he picked out the biggest and blackest cigar from the tray which the man had brought in.

"Coffee?" asked the man, re-entering. "Brandy? Chartreuse?" "You're awfully formal this evening," said John Clifford, smiling.

"That's an old story, and let's drop it," said Rourke, with a touch of irritation, as he brushed a speck of tobacco ashes from his expansive white shirt front.

"Now that you're going to be father-in-law to a British noble. But see here, Tony, those were good old times. And what chums we were!"

Clifford laughed; he was a tall, straight man of about fifty-three, with a crown of thick gray hair, and very kindly brown eyes.

"It's no laughing matter," said Rourke, frowning. "Lord Forest is a man of his word. I've a note from the hotel reiterating it. And Aileen is as obstinate as a mule. She says she'd rather die than change her religion even for a man she loves as much as young Arden.

"It's not that—not exactly, that," returned Rourke, his cheeks reddening. "The engagement has been announced, the papers are full of it, and all the Newport crowd—including old Osborne, who tried to ruin me in the Western Shore deal—are wild with envy.

"So that's the reason Aileen is sticking to her. He's a decent chap."

"But he can't. Nothing is entailed. Old Forest can will Bois Castle to the younger son, with the family jewels, and everything. I won't have her marry a penniless man, even if he has a title. She's got to give in!"

"Father!" A hapd brushed aside the leather curtain and Aileen Rourke, straight, lily-like, with pearls in her golden hair, stood before the two men. Clifford's face brightened.

"You heard?" he asked. "Yes," she answered; "some of it; I heard my name, father; I will not, even for Eveleth Arden be—"

"If he does," said Clifford, in a low voice, "you can be my daughter. If I had been a Catholic you would have been my god-child, anyhow."

"You'll make me a laughing stock," he said, furiously. "The devils are grinning at you now, old boy."

"You are an ungrateful girl!" began Rourke. "I've brought you up in luxury—" "Here, Rourke, you've got to be gentlemanly," said Clifford, shortly.

"I won't have Aileen insulted. If I had a child I shouldn't think that gave me the right to be a brute. I stopped at the New Willard on my way here, with a telegram that young Arden sent to me this afternoon. He knew that I am Aileen's best friend. I'll read it, Aileen."

Clifford drew a yellow slip from his pocket and read: "Dad says Aileen must be of my religion. Tell her I received his wire and that the Archbishop baptized me in the Catholic Church yesterday. I intended to wait, but didn't."

EVELETH ARDEN. "I showed this to old Forest. He growled. 'It's better than Ritualism, anyhow,' he said. 'And I don't believe in mixed marriages. Let the wedding go on.'"

POPULAR BELIEFS. Ignorance as to the Law in Everyday Occurrences.

It is an American predilection to believe the outlandish and freakish stories that are based solely on hearsay testimony and to reject often the commonplace matters of fact.

How often have you been indicted with the story of the man who was overpaid when cashing a cheque at the bank, and the cashier telling him that no mistakes would be corrected after the customer left the window?

Probably the most common error on the part of the public is the belief that when a dead body is found no one has a right to touch or move the remains "until the coroner comes."

There is also a prevalent belief that a note signed or contract entered into on Sunday is void, and that either party can plead the fact of the sacred day to get out of a bad bargain.



enters into a contract or signs a note on Sunday he is legally bound and can have no defences that he would not have if the transaction had occurred in the middle of the week.

"I had my back against my own house when I struck this man," says the defendant in the police court. He believes that his proximity to his castle gives him more rights than he would have if he were in the street.

Doctors agree that the public is wrong in the popular conception that burglars sometimes chloroform the inmates of a house before committing a robbery. The usual story is that the anaesthetic was squirted into the sleeping room through keyholes.

The public has great confidence in the magic No. 3, and without any reasonable basis for the belief. It is commonly believed that if a drowning person sinks for the third time he is gone for good and all.

Then there is the third congestive chill, commonly believed to be fatal. Most people who die from this cause succumb to the first or second attack. If a man succeeds in weathering two of them the odds are in favor of his coming out victor in the third.

The medical fraternity has another false belief to combat in cases of "shingles." This disease consists of a skin eruption always following affected nerves and commonly appearing on the body.

Those are well guided whom God guides. Is it strange that we should find all in Him who is all?

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BRODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR, The Original and the Best.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal.

THE STR... The great palace at Montebello... brilliantly lighted, and the ball of the festive season... wealth and royalty together winter home of the Czar.

THE STROKE THAT SAVED.

The great palace at Moscow was brilliantly lighted, and the opening ball of the festive season had brought wealth and royalty together at the winter home of the Czar.

The rounds had been made. Everywhere he had been met with expressions of humble submission and those of rough good will; but his mind was not at all comforted.

Outside in the avenue all was different. Long lines of heavy carriages and graceful sleighs awaited the ending of the ball; horses stampeded impatiently on the crisp, hard snow; and weary drivers muffled in their great fur coats, huddled in the protecting shelter of their carriages.

Far off in the west wing of the palace there was but little sign of festivity. The great massive building loomed, a tower of black. One single window was lighted, and the slender rays that struggled forth seemed almost swallowed in the darkness.

Not a word was spoken, quietly the

little band started down the long, dark hall that had so lately echoed to the footfalls of the Czar. Up the stairs, and down another hall; up the stairs again, and still no sound.

But the fight is not ended. Scarcely has he raised his steel, when the hall is crowded with armed men. With his back against the door, he lunges once again with a grim determination to save the Czar from the hands of these furious men—and there is one less to fight.

Suddenly there is a signal from the room, it tells him that his master has escaped; and with a rapid thrust he clears a momentary passage through the circle of swords and is gone.

Down the deserted streets the death chase continues, the stricken bleeding man who colors the fresh white snow with his life-blood at every step, and the two furious pursuers. Through street after street he flies. He cannot last long; his eyes are growing dim, but with a final effort he dashes down a narrow side street and turns to meet his death.

The clock in the church in the great public square has struck three, and the city slumbers on, unconscious of the great tragedy that has been so narrowly averted.

In front of a plain, unimposing house in a quiet street of the city, a dark figure lies prone in the snow. It is the body of the Count of Bolkhov, captain of the royal guard; the firm hand still grasps the rusty sword; there is a crimson blot on the snow at his head, but he is alive.

And a dream comes to him as he lies there bleeding and unconscious. He is no longer the stern captain of the finest troop of warriors in Russia. He is a little curly-headed lad, hissing soft prayers at his mother's knee. It is Christmas eve, and he is imploring with innocent lips the sacred infant to watch and guide his steps through life.

The dream changes. Now in the vigor of early manhood, he kneels with downcast head before the throne of the great Czar. Peter is speaking: "Count Bolkhov, consider well what thou sayest. I offer thee the captaincy of my guards; accept, and it shall be thine on one condition; thou shalt renounce thy foolish fancies of Romanism forever."

Over him bends a gray-haired man who seems to recognize the handsome features. The officer is breathing more freely, and finally the large

dark eyes open to stare vacantly into the face above. "Quiet yourself, my son," says the old man. "You are safe, but can you recognize an old friend?"

The stricken man was silent for a long time. A great struggle was going on in his soul; grace was fighting for mastery. The old man saw it and said nothing.

Days passed, there was a great funeral, for all Moscow had turned out to honor the remains of the Count of Bolkhov, captain of the royal guard. Strange stories were told of his death; the people coupled it with the slaying of the Nihilist leaders who had been killed, but for political reasons Russia never knew the real story of his bravery.

A SYDNEY CENTENARIAN.

There is at present in the home conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, Randwick, Australia, a hale and hearty old man who has passed his 103rd birthday. He was born on St. Patrick's Day, in 1802. His name is Patrick McGann, a native of Galway, and he is in possession of all his faculties.

He has a most distinct recollection of Daniel O'Connell, and proudly refers to the fact that he attended several of his great meetings. McGann arrived in Australia thirty-seven years ago, and was one of the first who entered the home of the Little Sisters. He has been an inmate over nineteen years.

He ascribes his longevity to a robust constitution and to his taking care of himself. His wife died seventeen years ago. They had a family of five children, two sons are now living, one in Forbes, and "my other boy is in Sydney," said the old man, "and is over eighty years of age."

There is nothing easier to acquire than a fretful, complaining spirit. It is a foolish habit to borrow trouble, or meet it half way. Cultivate a cheerful mind and heart, and much imaginary trouble can be avoided.

FURS! FURS! FURS!

YOU NEED FURS? NOW IS THE TIME TO THINK OF THEM. Our assortment is the most complete and varied possible to be seen. The selection of our Furs surpasses all that imagination can dream of.

MAGNIFICENT CHARITY.

(Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.) Philadelphia has her Mother Katharine—Miss Drexel—New York and Richmond their Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, and Buffalo has her Sister of Charity—Mary Rose—Sister Servant at the "Providence Retreat," who have started the money-grabby world by the colossal sums they have given to charity.

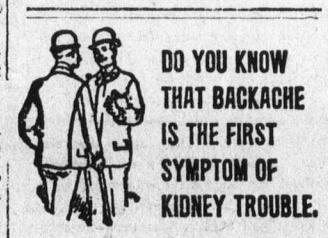
Banker Drexel's daughter—now known as Mother Katharine—is well known, is devoting her life and fortune to the education and care of the negroes and Indians; and even a heartless, callous world cannot withhold their wonder and admiration.

The noted ceremony that occurred at the "Providence Retreat" last Saturday afternoon, on the occasion of blessing and placing in position the corner-stone of the new and much enlarged building of that institution, was kept to the secret of how Sister Mary Rose intends to spend her fortune.

DEVOTION OR DEGRADATION. If the Rev. Dr. Mowatt, or the editor of the Presbyterian Witness had seen Prince Louis of Battenberg salute the Victoria Cross on the breast of a butler waiting on the table at

ONE OF THE FUNCTIONS WHICH HE ATTENDED.

neither one of them would have thought that His Serene Highness, nephew of the King of England and brother-in-law to the Czar of Russia, had demeaned himself by so doing. Not a word would they have said about degradation or idolatry.



DO YOU KNOW THAT BACKACHE IS THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF KIDNEY TROUBLE. It is! and you cannot be too careful about it.

A little backache let run will finally cause serious kidney trouble. Stop it in time.

TAKE DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. They cure where all others fail. As a specific for Backaches and Kidney Troubles they have no equal. Here is what

MR. GEO. H. SOMERVILLE, of Stewart, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with a sore back I could not get out of bed in the mornings for over a year. I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and before I had them half taken I could see I was deriving some benefit from them, and before I had taken them all my back was O.K. and I have not been troubled since."

A VETERAN PRIEST.

The correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, in his account of a round of the hospitals of San Diego after the horrible accident to the gunboat "Bennington," speaks feelingly of a man whom many visitors to Southern California have learned to admire and love, as do his parishioners—Father Ubach, pastor of St. Joseph's Church San Diego.

A man turned in at the driveway and walked quickly across the lawn. He wore a long beard of iron gray and his hair was flecked with white, yet the brown eyes were young, and the grasp of his hand had all the vigor of youth.

"He was here almost all last night," said the policeman. "There is not a language on earth that he don't speak, and he goes about in there comforting every man in his mother tongue. He'll do 'em good if any preacher can. I'm not a Catholic myself, but I know a good man when I see one, and Father Ubach will do for mine."

Father Ubach, despite his German name, is purely Spanish in every respect; in his bearing and manner, every inch the grandee and the soldier; in his character and goodness, every inch the minister of God's altar.

If the world despises you because you do not follow its ways, pay no heed to it. But be sure your way is right.

A man about town, who is fond of good corn-pone and honey, visited a neighboring town on the "Eastern Sho" recently, and at one of the hotels he was served with some delicious corn-bread and honey. He enjoyed it so much that he told his wife all about it when he returned home.

On his next trip to the country she accompanied him. They visited the same hotel, and when the noon meal was being served he said to his wife that he hoped they had some more of that honey. It did not appear, however, and the man therefore beckoned to a waiter and said:

"Say, Sambo, where is my honey?" He was almost paralyzed when that worthy grinned and replied: "She doan work here no mo', boss, she gone got a job at the silk mill." The wife received a handsome new Easter dress before they returned home, after making a solemn promise not to tell the story.

Various small advertisements on the far left edge of the page, including names like 'SOCIETY', 'ST. PATRICK', and 'MAGAZINE'.

