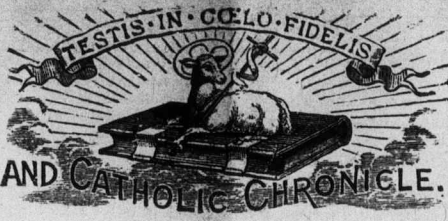


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# The *Evening* Witness



Vol. LIX., No. 30 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, JANUARY 20, 1910 PRICE, FIVE CENTS

## HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

### An Irish Protestant Tory's Views on the Question.

The following letter appeared in the Dublin Weekly Freeman: To the Editor of Weekly Freeman:

Dear Sir,—As an Irish Protestant I am allowed to express my views on "Home Rule" through the medium of your valuable paper. England and Ireland are approaching an important crisis in the history of their respective countries. Two great and momentous questions affecting the welfare and prosperity of both will have to be decided at the next general election, namely, "Tariff Reform," and Home Rule for Ireland. Tariff Reform I will leave for the present to able pens. I will start by asking "What has England to lose by granting self-government to Ireland?" My answer is absolutely nothing, but, on the contrary, she has a great deal to gain. The cost of governing Ireland against the will of the people is so great that after a balance is struck the margin of profit is so small that it is not worth the trouble, and especially as it helps to make Irishmen not only discontented but to a certain extent disloyal. History will prove that Ireland has produced some of the finest men of letters, brilliant orators, brave soldiers and great generals. Then, I ask, why should she not be given Home Rule? Is she not capable of self-government, the heterogeneous races of Canada, the mixed races of Australia, New Zealand, or the latest infant colony, South Africa, with her rough, illiterate, uncultured Boer population? Ireland, although a separate country, is a vital part of the British Empire, and it would only be an act of justice to restore her the Parliament which was filched away from her in 1802, the taking of which wrung drops of blood from noble, patriotic Irish hearts, broke and crushed their spirit of independence, and embittered them against England. True, there are a few narrow-minded, bigoted men who say that if there was a Parliament in College Green three-fourths of it would be Roman Catholics, and that they would tyrannise and crush the small Protestant portion of their fellow-countrymen. Bah! This is all moonshine, for it is well known that a more warm-hearted, candid, generous than the Irish, and it matters not whether Whigs or Tories, Catholic or Protestant, there is a brotherly love existing between them that is not to be found in any other race of people. The granting of Home Rule does not mean the disruption of the unity of the Empire, nor yet separation. All that Irishmen want is self-government—the power to make their own laws for the internal management and government of their own country and affairs. And who knows better than Irishmen the needs and wants of their country and people and the way to make them prosperous, happy and contented? This is the time for Irishmen to take to heart the words of our illustrious countryman, Tom Moore:

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief To similes, sage and reasoning fools; This moment's a flower too fair and brief To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools. Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue, But while they are filled from the same bright bowl The fool who would quarrel over difference of hue Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

With a united Ireland their demand for Home Rule must be granted. Why should not Irishmen be able to govern themselves and succeed in business at home as they have done abroad? There is no earthly reason why they should not. In England at the present moment there are hundreds of Catholics who are staunch Conservatives, and it is for the United Irish League to approach them with a view to their extracting a promise to support Home Rule from the various Conservative candidates at the general election.

Should we be unsuccessful at the next election, our cry must still be "Nil desperandum." Defeat will not kill a noble cause, nor will it dispel patriotic and noble men.—I am, etc., AN IRISH PROTESTANT "TORY," Suffield Park, Cromer, Norfolk.

Adelaide, Dowager Duchess of Braganza, who died a few days ago at the Benedictine Convent of St. Cecilia, Ryde, Isle of Wight, had been a nun since 1897. She was the grandmother of Prince Miguel of Braganza, who recently married Miss Anita Stewart.

## Catholic Authors and Their Press.

### Some Good Advice Anent the Fostering of that Same Press.

These pages eschew all controversy, unless championship of Catholic truth be technically termed controversial. When brethren of the faith have amongst themselves divergent opinions on non-essentials, they are not permitted to make *The Magnificat* the tilting-ground of their jousts; however interesting and even valuable these bloodless battles may be. Sound reason for the veto is surely not far to seek. If the excellent Mr. X. and the wise Mr. Y. were encouraged to trounce each other's views on (say) ecclesiastical music month by month in a magazine bearing the Cross of peace and the motto of Mercy on its cover, there would be a certain incongruity, there would be an instance of one of those lawful things which the Apostle assures us "are not expedient."

While controversy is one thing, however, reference to its results as achieved elsewhere is another. It is no breach of the rule of abstention to publish such comment. Outsiders proverbially see most of the game. There are often vital facts and principles completely ignored by both parties to a controversy throughout all their cry and counter-cry. It is the reverse of disputations. It is more truly the peacemaker's part to say a word on these higher aspects of the case, and thus be of service to readers who are puzzled if not pained by the wordy war; and of interest to others who (like the child in Southey's poem) are naively ignorant of "what they killed each other for."

Without entering the lists either on behalf of those who have lately seemed to maintain that Barabbas was a Catholic editor, or of others who dissent from this and much similar pessimism, it seems very desirable to say a few words that have not been said, and (in our humble judgment) ought to be said if we would not relegate the Pope's express directions to the shadowy realm of private opinion. The main result of what was so onerously as to be rather a cause than a controversy is to establish beyond peradventure the fact that prominent literary men who are Catholics, with few exceptions, will not write in the Catholic press.

#### WHY THIS BOYCOTT?

It is well that attention should have been called to this. It is a pity a remedy should not have been essayed by a public appeal at the time to the Catholic spirit of boycotting authors. Space could readily have been found for this if some of the criticisms of the Catholic press had been abbreviated.

The apathy of English-speaking Catholics to their press is undoubtedly with their press's humble origin in penal days. There are three ways by any one of which the chain of disastrous tradition might be snapped, to the glory of His Church: First, all practising Catholics who do not buy Catholic papers and magazines could reform the distinct error of their ways and become regular subscribers, pass on the copies they have bought, when read, to friendly Protestant or indifferent Catholic neighbors, and thus in a most drastic and effectual manner withdraw the bad name they now give the Catholic editorial dog, which is really all that ails that hardworking and deserving animal. Yet, on the line of the proverb, it is just those who give him the bad name who fain would hang him for their own donation.

This first and best means of aiding and thus strengthening the Catholic press has proved a triumph in France. Its adoption there came late in the day, certainly, but the pugnacious ability of the new French Catholic press proves that in journalism, of all vocations, it is never too late to mend. French ladies have done especially splendid service in working up the circulation of "la bonne presse" to high figures. "Cherchez la femme" has an exalted instead of a cynical significance in that Christian France of which none need begin to despair for quite a while.

#### CATHOLICS SHOULD ENDOW.

The second means of obliterating the calumniated dog's bad name, and thus enabling him to keep watch and ward in all highways and byways unimpeded, is by way of heavy donations and bequests from rich Catholics. This is a method which commends itself strongly to the Holy Father, much as the Church needs money in these days for a thousand other calls. In Pope Pius's eyes, the stability of a local and intellectual Catholic press is the most crying need of all. And a great Spanish

bishop was only re-echoing His Holiness's views when he said in his cathedral that, of a monastery or a newspaper, he would nowadays advise a pious benefactor to found the latter. Indeed, on merely prudential grounds, the choice is wise. Modern governments can readily sequestrate religious houses by the score, whereas one live newspaper is about as easy as Arsenius Ward's unaged young panther to "confiscate." Witness the futile attempts of the French government's official liquidator to get hold of *La Croix* as being the property of the Assumptionist Fathers. Smelling the battle from afar, they had sold the paper, lock, stock and barrel, to a devout and extremely wealthy Catholic layman—a Belgian banker. The government took this gentleman to court, and lost the day. It was an absurd procedure, of course, and a wicked waste of public money. For if they had won the case, of what earthly value would *La Croix* have been to its new and atheistic proprietors? The circulation would drop to zero next morning, and nothing could prevent the old staff, with the new capital behind them, and a vast ready-made army of loyal readers in eager expectation, from issuing the paper at other offices with a slightly changed title—say "Le Crucifix." As it is, *La Croix* sells by hundreds of thousands throughout all the French departments, and is now more prosperous and better informed than ever, and much more ably written.

The second plan of fostering our Catholic press by the aid of Catholic capital (as the good Belgian financier indubitably did when he found a huge sum for the Assumptionists at short notice, and paid it over in a land where French war-rants do not run) has worked beneficent wonders with the Austro-Hungarian Catholic press. Ten years ago the Catholic journals of the Dual Monarchy were in a moribund, or it may be fairer to say a dead-and-alive condition. To-day they are splendid, and so full of fight that they are frankly admitted by Jewish and other opponents to be a power to be reckoned with, being authoritative expositors and guides of Catholic principles and policy. The assistance given them, by the collective efforts of thousands rather than the heavy donations of the few, leaves each paper perfectly free in matters of domestic politics, which are split up into many conflicting sections in Austro-Hungary, that "pudding-stone of a state" as it has been called in geological phrase, from the great numbers of loosely-welded nationalities stuffed together in it by the once formidable pressure of the Ottoman Empire. Their diversity of purely political opinion sets off the magnificent unanimity of the Austro-Hungarian Catholic papers as the girls of the foil enhance the radiance of the gem.

Very vigorous personal effort, as in France, has also been employed in Austria to extend old circulations or build up new ones. The two methods of helping Catholic press-work that we have been mentioning are, of course, far from mutually exclusive. On the contrary, they are complementary, and when utilized together, irresistible.

#### TOO MUCH IS EXPECTED.

The third best way of helping our Catholic press is to awaken competent Catholic authors of recognized position, who at present will not write in Catholic columns either for love or money, to a sense of the selfishness of their attitude, and of a shortsightedness which is seriously hindering the double beneficence of the Catholic rich and of the Catholic community at large. Dull people are not likely to show generosity and activity while brilliant folks remain selfish and apathetic, with only a few notable exceptions, and these (to their great honor be it spoken) almost all women writers. May these have part with those of their sex "who also when He was in Galilee followed Him, and ministered to Him, and many other women that came up with Him to Jerusalem." (St. Mark, 10: 8, 41). We are dealing, of course, with professional lay writers. Our press could not endure a month but for the virile literary aid of the clergy. Words of measured and reasoned reproof to neglectful Catholic readers have lately been given prominence in the English Month and the Scottish Guth na Bliadhna. From the latter we take a passage which, address of our nonchalant male Catholic literateurs as ungraciously as it reaches that of the aristocratic folks for whom it was expressly intended:

"Perhaps the reason why the Catholic upper classes," says the writer of an excellent article in the Anglo-Gaelic Catholic review, "do not support Catholic periodicals more numerous and generously than they do is that either they are out of touch with the political principles, or that they expect too much of them. By which last I do not mean to affirm that they expect from the Catholic periodical a higher standard of literary excellence than they are expected to look for in the Protestant publications which they read—for that would be expecting too much of the upper-class Catholic reader—but that they are usually more exigent, because the publication is Catholic. This may seem odd, but despite its absurdity—I say nothing here as to its obvious unfairness—I know that this standard in many cases prevails. Because the journal is Catholic and the reader Catholic, the latter takes upon himself to wage a kind of warfare against—to keep up a kind of running fire of criticism upon—the literary page of the ubiquitous Daily Mail, with a flourish of the editorial trumpet. It need not be insisted upon that the good work of well-known authors, especially when signed, is invaluable to a journal, magazine or review. John Bull dearly loves, not only a lord, but a name, and in the latter respect the most democratic of his world-wide host of relatives resemble him. He paid through the nose to hear Mario, and at a later period Sims Reeves, long years after the great singers' voices had faded. This was not John's touching fidelity to the past, still less commiseration in the present. Compassion in England, as elsewhere, will not double prices for a concert seat throughout a score of years. One farewell matinee exhausts it as a rule, the exception being the popular favorite with the glimmer of a name known to all. The British audiences who followed poor Mario and Reeves quite literally to the end, thought honestly they liked the noise, and really enjoyed themselves immensely. More signatures of well-known names would double many of our circulations in a year. They might also achieve some missionary work by coaxing Catholic papers into the homes of our separated brethren.

#### JUST BEFORE GENEROUS.

"But I have a wife and family to support," some may say, "and I cannot afford to be generous." Of course, if a man can't, he can't, and there's an end on't. Necessity knows no law. We must be just before we are generous. Charity begins at home, though, by the way, it expires if it ends there. There must be such exceptions, perhaps, but they cannot be considered the general rule, even in seasons such as that from which America trusts she is now emerging.

#### WRITERS' GENEROSITY.

Men of letters, of all men, should need no reminding that sooner or later a little self-sacrifice heals every wound in the twin worlds of body and spirit. If the man of the people should sacrifice his penny, and give up the mean pleasure of throwing cold water about after the manner described above, the poet of the people ought to endure a guerdon of silver instead of gold from time to time, and take with equanimity the silence of the low-grade, log-rolling cliques on the literary merit of his distinctly Catholic output. Writers know how to be most generous to the best fruits of their minds to human friends who have embarked on publishing schemes that prove losing ventures. They will refuse to take a penny fee for their best work from a struggling comrade in secular work, who cannot afford to pay. Would that more of them—would that all would in like manner remember at fitting and frequent seasons the claims of their best and only unflinching friend. And they are not asked by Him to give. They are merely besought to sell back some of His free gifts to the Sacred Heart, at what commerce would call "a special reduction."

Doubtless as things are, this reduction will in cases be substantial. Its surrender, however, can assuredly never fail of the rich reward promised to the gift of so much as a cup of water in the name of Christ. It is claimed that there is loss of fame as well as of money in writing for our Catholic press. The right kind of literature is printed in the right kind of Catholic medium—that is to say one with "audience fit though few." Strong examples uphold the statement. Cardinal Newman's immortal "Dream of Gerontius" first appeared in the Month, conducted by the English Jesuits. Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven" saw the light in *Merric England*, a Catholic magazine. Dom Adam Hamilton's distinguished historical researches first set scholars thinking from the devout pages of the *Poor Soul's Advocate*. A whole group of fine writers gave the first fruits of their genius a generation back to the Irish Monthly, and the survivors, long after achieving high secular success elsewhere, continue to pay affectionate tribute of prose and verse to Father Russell's ever-welcome miscellany.

#### CATHOLICS APPRECIATE GOOD WORK.

Other instances might be adduced, but need not. Good work given to a first-class Catholic publication reaches not only all competent Catholic judges, but the leading non-Catholic critics as well. Indeed the materialism of the age is such that the day may very soon dawn when

the Church shall again be the sole harbor of true literature as she was in the hurly-burly of the mischievously mis-called "Dark Ages." How seldom do we find a page in the countless secular magazines even now that can fairly be called literature, or that so much as emits a sane note amid its gibbering environment of detective and anti-marital stories!

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, whom many consider the foremost British literary critic, showed himself once in private conversation with the present writer to know his Irish Monthly, and especially the early poems of Katherine Tynan and Father Russell's anthology of "Sonnets on the Sonnet," which first appeared in poignantly Catholic pages. On another occasion the author of "Aylwin" admitted that he had never seen, much less read a line of the late W. E. Henley's work, which was in some vogue at the time, and had been "displayed" on the literary page of the ubiquitous Daily Mail, with a flourish of the editorial trumpet.

It need not be insisted upon that the good work of well-known authors, especially when signed, is invaluable to a journal, magazine or review. John Bull dearly loves, not only a lord, but a name, and in the latter respect the most democratic of his world-wide host of relatives resemble him. He paid through the nose to hear Mario, and at a later period Sims Reeves, long years after the great singers' voices had faded. This was not John's touching fidelity to the past, still less commiseration in the present. Compassion in England, as elsewhere, will not double prices for a concert seat throughout a score of years. One farewell matinee exhausts it as a rule, the exception being the popular favorite with the glimmer of a name known to all. The British audiences who followed poor Mario and Reeves quite literally to the end, thought honestly they liked the noise, and really enjoyed themselves immensely.

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Leaving aside the man whose best endeavors cannot always make his income meet his expenditures, one wonders vaguely how certain seemingly prosperous middle-class Catholics who are ever moaning "non possumus" when the Church sends round the hat, would feel and fare in the ages of faith, when Canon Law would take measured toll of their possessions. The late Lord Acton, in an almost angry Rambler article, claimed that all rich English Catholics of his own (the land-owning) class should give annually to the Church the tithe of their incomes which she no longer claims by law, but as a right.

Probably half a tithe, or the one-twentieth part of the total annual output of our brilliant but estranged lay Catholic authors would suffice for the needs of the entire Catholic press of the English-speaking world, made up as it is for the most part of monthlies and weeklies. By the time our dailies come along, we may reasonably hope to be able to use nine-tenths of the work of all trained Catholic writers, and to pay market prices for its use.

#### EXALTED POSITION OF WRITERS

Let us draw to an end. Even in poverty-stricken days which might so readily be abbreviated if our press were supported as it merits by writers, readers, and the charitable rich, the reward of its collaborators is exceeding great. Their office, even, is far nobler than the world can imagine or some of the faithful con-

## HOLY NAME CELEBRATION.

### Hundreds Approach Holy Table—Eloquent Sermon by Franciscan at Evening Demonstration.

A most edifying sight was witnessed in St. Patrick's Church on Sunday morning last at 8 o'clock Mass, when some three hundred members of the Society of the Holy Name approached the Holy Table in a body. The lesson was not hard to read. The men were publicly acknowledging the benefit, the safeguard there was in belonging to an organization, such as theirs, the object of which is most important; for inasmuch as the Name which is the sweetest our lips can utter, yet too often is it used as a profane exclamation, and for the very reason of repairing the many outrages was the Holy Name Society conceived. Therefore, the members of that organization in St. Patrick's parish deserve felicitation upon their splendid showing; their chaplain, too, the Rev. F. J. Singleton, is to be congratulated upon such gratifying results. The earnestness and interest they displayed he has instilled, together with the supreme necessity of a society such as theirs, and the obligation of living up to the stringency of their rules.

In the evening at 7:30 o'clock, solemn vespers were sung, following which the Rev. Father Dunstan, O. F. M., delivered the sermon in which after alluding to the several societies having the material welfare alone for their object of existence, and which receive most popular patronage, he dwelt upon the nobler, higher aim in view when their society came into existence, its object being the honoring in a special manner the Holy Name of Jesus, and of suppressing under all conditions profanity. He congratulated the members for their hearty response to be present in such large numbers, and said that while one might feel a pride and satisfaction in belonging to such an organization he saw even more than that, and he would term it courage; for now, days, especially, it almost needed a superhuman effort to have the courage of one's convictions.

The magnanimity, too, of that Name, most terrible as well as most sweet, causing the angels and the ones of earth to bow down in adoration and the miserable ones in hell to tremble, was illustrated by the young, fragile girl who leaves home, and all that worldly happiness means, in answer to the call of the still small voice, and goes out to the far mission field, to a land entirely unknown to her, bringing with her, in that dear Name, comfort, consolation, and perchance healing to the sick and sorrowing, in hospital ward, battle field or plague stricken land. The preacher urged his hearers to a stronger devotion to the Holy Name, a more fervent belief in the efficacy of its supplication, so that having honored it in life, with it on their lips they would pass to the sublime realization of the eternal joys.

At the close Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament was imparted, the pastor, Rev. Gerald McShane, officiating, assisted by Fathers Elliott and Vaughan. The choir rendered a special programme under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea.

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

They are doorkeepers in the courts of God; they are hired servants in the Father's house. In our version of the Psalms, the rough Prophet declares that he would rather be "a castaway" in God's home than dwell in the tents of sinners. The office is higher than, alas! we who are permitted to hold it can always quite vividly perceive, when the miasma of the market-place dims slightly the eye of faith. But of the happiness of the estate one is never left in doubt.

Suppose that for tedious years the earthly hire of the Catholic laborer in the vineyard remains what it is, till a wave of wisdom (as in Austria) or of disaster (as in France) teaches all of us the grim peril of not helping our press as regularly as we frequent our Mass, what then? Surely this. It will remain a rich recompense, a profound consolation, to any man, to be able to reflect at nightfall that in the very nature of his day's long toil, every word his pen has traced, or his typewriter spelled, or his lips dictated to some lowlier worker in the same spacious and hallowed field, has been a true act in praise of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, to whom be honor and glory forever. "Tot tibi sint laudes, Jesu, quot grammata scribo."—John Hannon, S. The Magnificat.









HOWLERS

Howling is a selection from a collection of "howlers" submitted by a prize-contestant... "In Memoriam"...

Offered Prayer in Senate. Opening of the Senate took place on January 20th...

WOOD'S PEPPERMINT CURE. Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, All Affections of the Throat and LUNGS.

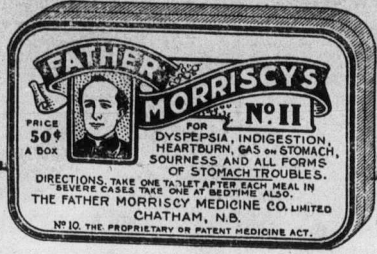
Religious Institutions. Having designs engraved on bone should apply to La Presse... EXPERT RESTORATION.

"Until Death Do Us Part."

By J. Wells.

The man studied the face of the woman opposite with a growing sense of uneasiness, not unmixed with a trace of satisfaction. His mind was busy with futile attempts to account for the strangeness of her manner.

which closed the entrance to his private study. With his hand on the curtain, he hesitated and then, shaking his head, he muttered: "What the use to call up the dead past?"



Each tablet of Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Prescription will digest 1 3/4 pounds of food. This means that though you are a martyr to Indigestion or Dyspepsia, you can eat a good meal and digest it, too, if you take a "No. 11" tablet afterward.

A Stinging Rebuke. One of the foremost artists of Paris has addressed a stinging rebuff to those who favor the spoliation of the religious orders.

CROSS, SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES. When little ones are sleepless and cross it is a sure sign that they are not well. Probably the little stomach or the bowels is out of order...

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Catholic weeklies of the land, lest the work of the devil may be hampered, and John Bull obliged to beg, "Hands Across the Sea"—yes, but look out for your hat!

OUR ROTTEN SYSTEM.

Whenever any emergency arises in Montreal, that is, whenever, like in the typhoid problem of the hour, a reason presents itself for public action on the part of the city, it is then we grow more particular aware of what a huge farce our City Hall business has been.

At all other work, such as criticizing the schools and the clergy, handing over blind contracts, pocketing thousands, tolerating dens of infamy, permitting Jews and Gentiles to make a market day of Sunday, etc., etc., our City Hall lords, as a body, are not surpassed, even in Constantinople or Toronto.

We heartily wish to believe that Montreal means to be a great city, but, as great as we are, or want to be, we do not seem to have had enough men with their head in the right place to make of our city a success. We have been the gentle prey of sharks and buzzards.

What qualifications have many of our aldermen to act as administrators of our public interests? None at all. There are not ten really thorough business men in the whole Council. It is hard to individualize, but we assure our readers that, if ever we may have given them an article to their liking, we should surpass ourselves in describing the City Council just as it is, and minus about a baker's dozen, perhaps, of its gods and billikens.

The first thing, for instance, some professional men in from the country want to do, before they really become acclimated to city life, is to run for an aldermanic seat. As a rule, they know no more about the proper working of either a city or a council, than a hen does about ice-yachts. Such men are always sure of a good supply of "greenies" to vote for them, while the fellows awaiting a job do not see why they should earn a dollar honestly, if only they may get it through "graft."

At the next election, there will be many a fool and many a knave to continue the work of the past. They will vote as they have always voted, but their candidates will not have recourse to either prayers or fasting. But others are going to vote, too, and we are going to sweep the thieves from office. The jail, in a few instances, should save the citizens all trouble. Judge Cannon was not half strong enough. It must be learned abroad that Montreal has ceased to be an El Dorado for Klondykers bent on staying at home, with their gold and silver and general finery.

The vote is what is going to call a halt! Vote in the good man, and unmercifully vote out the wrong. We hope Montreal will look something like a Waterloo for many of our aldermen, when the elections are over. We sincerely trust that English-speaking Catholics will show all Montreal that we have consciences. Let there be a good, strong hearty, heavy vote—and to the Greek Kalandars with two-thirds of our aldermen.

THE CABIN-HUNTERS.

Good old Irish fathers and mothers often used the word "cabin-hunter." But what is a cabin-hunter? What? The man or woman who trots around the parish, from house to house, carrying and getting news. As sure as a neighbor has a toothache, the cabin-hunter hears it, and, at the next neighbor's it is heard that what was in fact a toothache is now something worse, etc. The cabin-hunter never dreams of confessing his or her sins of the tongue. He or she bothers much about the children of other people, and yet his or her own generally turn out the worst of the parish. The safest way to cure a cabin-hunter is to shut one's door on his or her face unmercifully. Jail is what they mostly need, and the scaffold what they deserve.

It is safe to say that the most morally corrupt men or person in general in any parish is the chief maligner of priests therein and thereof. There is no exception to that rule. The maligner is so foul a bird and so mean a piece of crime-winged carrion that he has to cover what is best and brightest with the slime that naturally distills from his soul and heart.

There is little mercy left for a "priest-eater" very often, either with God or with men. No man can trust such a slanderer, for, as he is ready to attack the priest, he is surely prepared and disposed to attack anybody else in the parish. Lust and impurity are at the bottom of all his deeds. If he is a "priest-eat-

er" it is because he is no friend of the Sixth Commandment.

A POOR WAY!

A poor way to begin the year, or the first part of the year, is to begin it with mortal sin on one's conscience. Why does the sinner not go to Confession? Why are we not all honest with ourselves? Some of us will die suddenly in the course of the year. Shall we be ready to meet God, when called to give an account of our stewardship? Why put off all until to-morrow, when Heaven may depend upon to-day? There is no trucking with sin and perdition. The Dark Angel would have us live in sin, for we die just as we live. God is calling to us, and His angels are spending the warning of their love on us. It is still time, soon it will be too late. If the unfortunate souls in Hell had our chances and opportunities, Hell would be emptied of its prey. Confession and repentance are what the sinner needs most.

A SHAME.

There is nothing much more praiseworthy in a man than strict adherence to principle. Unfortunately, as things go here in Montreal, we are being given all kinds of lessons to the contrary.

A little while ago a poor deluded doctor was buried, though a Catholic, without any religious ceremony; in fact, his body was cremated in the fashionable Mount Royal incinerator or crematorium. Some little fellows, with more impet than sense followed the hearse, but we were not surprised. They have grown too self-important to need either confession or heaven. But others attended, men, too, who are supposed to represent Catholic life and citizenship. Were they ordinary, like the penny journalists and litterateurs of the first group, we should not bother much with their doings or findings. The devil saves himself the trouble of doing that, and so may we spare ourselves and our effects. But in the case of some others, we refuse to be silent. We English-Speaking Catholics, together with our French brethren, want no half-Catholics at the head of our Catholic departments of work and endeavor. We thoroughly respect an honest Protestant, but, as taxpayers for our Catholic schools, we want the interests of Catholic education in the hands of safe and sound Catholics. Can we not protest against what is calculated to endanger our schools and the education of our children receive? We want no freethinkers, or anything like a free-thinker, to teach us doctrine or practice. It is our duty as Catholics to protest firmly and everlastingly against any attempt on the part of free-thought to rule either us or our children. We want no controller of Catholic school money at the sad funeral of an infidel.

THE CHRISTIAN AGE'S NEED.

British Ambassador James Bryce was one of the chief speakers at the convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, held in Rochester, N.Y. He proved a fair success, too. He, in his speech, characterized the present time as a critical and also auspicious one for Christianity. To-day he recalled, nine-tenths of the habitable earth is under the control of the so-called Christian powers. He did well to use the word "so-called," for some of the Christian nations are, through their rulers and governors, teaching refined paganism to pagans of the old school, France in the sacrilegious road, but with her zealous missionaries, too, at work to undo the nefarious influence of their governmental brethren.

Mr. Bryce says the world needs "a new and better faith." What the world most needs is more of the good old kind of faith, and less of the semi-infidelity that is being preached from many a non-Catholic pulpit. The ambassador did well, we should think, to dwell on the harm done among un-Christian peoples by "members of the Christian nations who disregard the teaching of their religion." Some of them, many of them, are supposed to swear by creeds of small bearing, and yet they deny the little itself. Mr. Bryce then described the present age among English-speaking peoples as unprecedented in its power to draw men to the pursuit of wealth and enjoyment. The address closed with an exhortation to live lives "in the true Gospel spirit," whether at home or in the foreign fields. Example is a good sermon all will listen to, if not be guided by. It is preached without saying a word, and there is little excuse for sleep.

CATHOLIC AUTHORSHIP AND THE PRESS.

In another part of our paper we

are publishing a remarkably well written article on "Catholic Authors and Their Press," from the evidently trained pen of John Hannon. It first appeared in The Magnificat, and we have been favored with a copy of the same directly from the publishers themselves.

Mr. Hannon argues with ease and effect. Whether our readers will see eye to eye with him in all details is hardly probable. At any rate, we personally, like the article very much, and we feel sure it will elicit favorable comment generally. Mr. Hannon is handling a delicate subject, a pressing problem of the hour. It is with work like he is doing that results in the field of Catholic authorship will become all the more real and lasting.

"FAITH AND REASON."

Father Saurasaitis, of New York archdiocese, has set us a very good booklet of fifty pages, in which he deals—in a very pleasing manner—with the ever-present topic of "Faith and Reason." Too much cannot be written, in the right way, on such a subject. We like Father Saurasaitis's booklet, or pamphlet, if you wish, very much. The author is evidently well versed in philosophic lore. What is more—and important—his pamphlet bears his Archbishop's imprimatur. It is for sale at the Christian Press Association Publishing Company's headquarters in New York City. It costs only twenty cents, but is worth much more. We hope many of our readers will buy copies.

A SAD END.

The French papers from across the sea tell us of Mme. Hyacinthe Loyson's sad death. Years ago she enticed the priest (her unlawful husband) Father Hyacinthe, from the sacred keeping of his vows and was thus the cause of a terrible scandal in France and throughout the world. Hyacinthe had won fame and glory for himself as one of France's greatest pulpit orators, but his deceased wife led him to shame and sacrifice. She was buried, the other day, from the Alma avenue American Protestant Church in Paris, the unfortunate Hyacinthe and his son following the remains to the graveyard. Among the other pious mourners were the excommunicated Abbé Loisy, Mme. Emile Zola, ex-Abbé Houtin (in cassock, if you please), Rabbi Levy, Pastor Roberty, and others too notorious to mention. Lutheran deaconesses acted as pallbearers. Let us hope poor old Hyacinthe's sense of the crude and ridiculous will awaken. Let us hope, too, that he, in no wise, helped his poor life-companion to die as she did, if, indeed, she was ever thoroughly convinced of Catholic truth. Hyacinthe has time as yet to undo his pride of purpose. God has spared him through many a day, but there is an end to defiance and presumption. While he was a faithful priest of God's Church the world admired and cherished him. At present he is old junk. As was the case with Chiniquy even non-Catholics have but little use for him. If he could only now die an infidel—which may God prevent!—the proselytizers would rejoice. They would faint see all Catholics of any note die cursing the Pope and all revealing religion.

PUT DOWN HATRED.

Now is the time to put down hatred. Hatred never did any man or woman a particle of good. We must love all men. Life is too short for petty quarrels and childish dreams of revenge. Let us have stout hearts and broad minds. We ought to be able to love everybody—even our enemies. Is it not more agreeable to religion to practice mildness and charity towards our fellow-Christians of all denominations, even towards willing vampires, and if we suppose any one is in error or directly bent on ruining us, is it not a boon to win them by kindness and long-suffering. Let us remember the story of Jesus and Calvary.

TORONTO IS CHANGING.

It is now old news that the editor of the Orange Sentinel, the pious Mr. Hocken, failed to reach the mayor's chair in Toronto. He was submerged and overwhelmingly drowned. Is Toronto changing? Let us hope so. At any rate, the Orangemen there are beginning to suffer from the effects of civilization. We hardly think they could succeed in disgracing the big village if King Edward were to visit it for a second time. Hocken must admit by now that the methods of his organ do not appeal to any but the cad's who stood by him. True, he had the support of the bigots among the Methodists; and is he not welcome to such lieutenants and volunteers? Who would want to reach power

Now is the Time

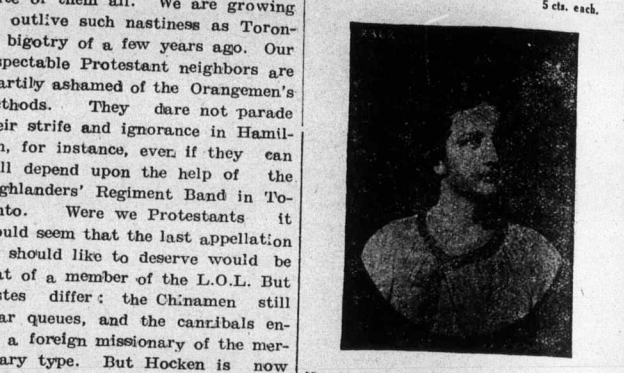
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THE AFTER-DAY OF MODERNISM

Every phenomenon in history, says a writer has a reason for its existence. Modernism, which spread so rapidly among certain squads of Catholic scholars, must also have had its reason. It generally happens that the persecutors of the Church do not understand the hidden purpose which God pursues in permitting their existence. They are too much intoxicated with their own doings to see anything beyond the limited horizon of their immediate environment. It so happened to the Modernists, now dead and buried. They flattered themselves that the Eternal Law called them to reform Catholic doctrine by their theories; but therein they blundered and blundered piteously, even mournfully. Their theories were irrelevant and short-lived, even if their existence was the symptom of a critical state of the Church; it served as the indication of a strong undecurrent of irreligion in society; it foreboded the coming of an epoch of religious indifference and want of belief—the "religio depopulation" of the olden Prophet. The anti-religious spirit will diffuse itself through the lower classes of society; more difficulties between the Church and the different states will arise; sensual indulgence will be the ethical ideal of the multitudes. One of the greatest persecutions that ever swept over the Church is preparing in Europe. The Church, with our glorious Pontiff, Pius X., is getting ready to meet it. Therefore, God has forewarned it by the appearance of Modernism, the harbinger of irreligion. This persecution may last until the passing of materialism. After the storm has abated, the Church will be hailed as the welcome ally of a new, young, and vigorous idealism.

CARDINAL SATOLLI.

In the death of Cardinal Satolli the Church has lost one of her best theologians; the world, one of its foremost men. When Leo XIII. set his eyes on the future Cardinal, then a professor, and judged he had found a rare man among rare men, he was not mistaken. America, all America, knows the name of Cardinal Satolli, he having acted as Apostolic Delegate to the United States, with thrilling success, at a time and under circumstances that were very trying. His mission was one of tremendous import for the Church of God, but Cardinal Satolli was equal to the task. One of the peers among theologians, if not the very leader, he, as professor in the Propaganda, formed brilliant professors for many seminaries in divers lands and countries. Mgr. L. A. Paquet, of Laval, Quebec, and Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, B.

Leo XIII selected him, over fifty years ago, as a brilliant young student in Perugia, and truly had the illustrious Pontiff an instinct for merit and genius as might be seen by the great churchmen, whom he placed in prominent and responsible posts, both as professor of philosophy and Theology, and in the diplomatic service.

Our contemporary, the New Freeman, under the pen of another brilliant pupil of the late Cardinal, at the Propaganda, says: "Perhaps under no title could we better refer to the recent death of Cardinal Satolli than that of Theologian. Not merely was he a master of Theology, but a Doctor of Doctors. He was a Doctor or Teacher in the most literal sense of the word. Theological study was the great aim of his life. To it he dedicated his years, and if any one man could be called a signal success in his noble field of Christian education that man was Cardinal Satolli. To understand the genius of a Napoleon or a Nelson, we must see them in spirit, either on the field of Marengo or Jena, or on the deck of the Victory at Trafalgar. To understand the genius of Cardinal Satolli as a professor of Theology, we should see him in the professor's chair in the Theological classroom of Propaganda, with an audience of ecclesiastical students from every quarter of the globe. In that hall every empire and government had its citizens. The room was representative of the whole world, and the great professor, whose burning eloquence fell on so many minds, was in himself a typical leader of men; one, who in the great battlefield of truth, inspired such a passion of enthusiasm as of itself made his hearers life-long students of that vast and wondrous subject of Theology. From Laval to Washington, there is to-day scarcely a Catholic college or university, but has benefited directly or remotely by the inspiring zeal of Cardinal Satolli in the great crusade of Catholic theology.

Leo XIII selected him, over fifty years ago, as a brilliant young student in Perugia, and truly had the illustrious Pontiff an instinct for merit and genius as might be seen by the great churchmen, whom he placed in prominent and responsible posts, both as professor of philosophy and Theology, and in the diplomatic service.

Are Poisons Yours

THE bow move fr day, to ins health. If th the waste is a the system an a self blood Poor dige of bile in the or weak r contraction bowels, ma Constipation. Abbey's Eff

Echoes and

Are you going to parish societies this

It is just as well at least, to know th died before this date

If ever we are pleat principles of the time, it is when we withdrawing peo and Zelaya from the world.

The Socialists of B republic. Europe is governments like that States. The trouble gian and all other S they never say a Pr cently for an hour.

One of our Catholi coming a general fav marked degree, is the Catholic. The paper bright editor, and is being able to count among its contributo is a man of deep ser

Lonesomeness cause bashfulness prompted a young man in Oh caused by an abnorma bride may explain r too. What intending is a hearty confessor

The Herald says th Paris recently ran up \$30,000 for false hair e column relates that trealer's wedding was misplaced switch. W women learn to wea crop?

The dog that bit a people at Galt was r to the finding of the dogists. We hope th toting to do with t ever, the dog was s same plea put forth of the murderers.

A fireman recentl Court House to leave b a new helmet; thoug City Hall. Supposed reading the papers gi count of the Royal Co thought the Palace of proper place to find haul was.

Some of the assista eral of the unfortunat to assert that at the not consider the event a nature as to creat in the religious world, hear a sermon occasi the Catholic papers, at of what they contain.

Why is there not a s ment among us for tion? The best way t fill the colleges we ha speaking Catholics in ambition. Very few Canadians were bo spout in their mouth can do, and do easil, have succeeded in doin boy to college, if you

Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C address in Toronto which, the despatches posed church union in the worthy King's Cou have saved his hot air coal is at writer rates, no union among Prot except the no popery of

Captain Poulin found "Temperance" sign the der St., and seized abou of rye, gin, beer, etc. hear of a zealous offic



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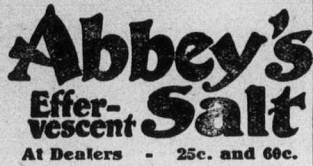
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the House. The King is worth the nine-tenths of them added together and then squared.

Again we ask, when is the Government going to put the ban on the Protestant Alliance leaflets now swarming into Canada? Have we no Catholic representatives at Ottawa to press the case? Is Canada a happy-hunting ground for liars and slanderers? If our postal laws mean anything, may the leaflets in question be stopped at the mails, and through the mails, malign and slanderously assail half of our population? Why not get up a petition throughout Canada, with thousands of signatures, and force the Government to act? Only a part of the Catholic press seems to mind however.

Any Catholic young man who, after a good early training, loses the faith is, in nineteen-twentieths of the cases of victims of impure habits. His soul forfeits its cleanness, and his mind its health, through carnal indulgence together with bad books. One could not poison a rat on the strength of the word of any one of Montreal's little contingent of free-thinking upstarts. It is well known in police circles that such fellows spend their happiest hours in richly furnished haunts of vice. They all look what they are. A cannibal would say his prayers before attempting to eat one of them.

DR. YATES AND THE MAYORALTY.

Doctor Yates has withdrawn his candidature for the mayoralty. We are not surprised. Dr. Yates had not foreseen the question of propriety as effecting the coming Eucharistic Congress. As he is a gentleman, every inch of it, and a man of sound common sense, he retired from the field. We hope our readers will be mindful of the fact, especially if ever the good doctor seeks their votes for the chair of chief city magistrate. We referred to the matter in question some time ago, but men like Dr. Yates do not need the advice of any second party to make them take a proper view of matters delicately important or important-ly delicate. The True Witness will show the good practitioner later on that it fully means what it now says.

AN OLD SURPRISE.

Good Protestant people have often wondered how the Catholic Church manages to hold on so strongly and successfully to her children, and have often, too, expressed their admiration at Catholic being so earnest about attending Mass, in spite of rain, hail, or storm of any kind. They fail to grasp the significance of God's awful Presence in the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar; they do not know what Holy Mass is. Hence the surprise, and thence the wonderment. But, in spite of "foreign sparrows," that is, notwithstanding the mouthings of Ken-sitites who use their pulpits for slander work, good Protestants are growing to understand us and our priests. Souls are being thus won to the truth day after day. Bigotry on the part of the "foreign sparrows," in Protestant pulpits no longer pays as it did. Our respectable non-Catholic clergymen here in Canada are, as a rule, above the methods of fifty years ago. And yet the following from a contemporary makes interesting reading. Says our brother:

The attendance at the Catholic churches was more rarely normal, thousands leaving their homes at an early hour and fighting their way through deep snowdrifts to attend the Mass. With the foregoing brief reference, which formed the concluding paragraph of an article describing the inroads made upon church attendance by the Christmas Day blizzard, a daily paper dismissed the extraordinary example of devotion to duty given by countless thousands of Catholics of this community.

With reference to the Protestant churches we are told that many were "practically without worshippers." "In Old Christ Church, the Rev. Dr. Louis C. Washburn conducted service for a dozen people. Ordinarily on Sunday morning he preaches to more than 150. "Only twenty persons gathered in the Central Congregational Church in the morning. "Less than fifty people attended the morning service in the Baptist Temple. Under ordinary conditions there are 300 or 400. "Many small congregations had less than a half dozen worshippers, and some of the suburban churches were not opened."

How fared the Catholic churches? All over the city the first tracks in the virgin snow, in exposed places piled four or five feet high, were made by hardy Catholics on their

way to early Mass. As the hours passed their numbers increased. As early as 7.30 o'clock even the large edifices were comfortably filled, and in many of them the congregations at the 10.30 o'clock Mass were larger than usual, thousands of persons who ordinarily go to an earlier improved.

For non-Catholics viewing from the shelter of their homes the snow-choked thoroughfares, the spectacle presented by the throngs of the faithful—men and women, and even children—laboring through the drifts to fulfil their obligation, was truly inspiring, and in many instances the priests referred to this circumstance when congratulating their people upon their self-sacrifice.

A parish which is as yet sparsely built up was typical of many others. Though some of its people reside at least a mile from the church, and open spaces gave full play to the wind and the blinding snow, there were more worshippers than usual at the late Mass. Some of those attending had fallen several times on the way. The pastor, realizing the great hardships undergone by those who came, complimented them on their display of faith and told of the effect such evidences of earnestness have on those outside the fold, quoting a non-Catholic physician as saying that if he joined any church he would, as a result of what he had witnessed, unite with the Catholic Church.

There were exceptional experiences even in this one congregation. A curate who celebrated an early Mass at a charitable institution a few blocks away had to abandon the drifts in the roadway and take to the porches of the houses, climbing

over the rails separating them. The organist of the church, a young lady of slight build, though residing between four and five miles from the church, walked from her home to the late Mass and back.

The experience of the choir director was even more thrilling. He had left the city with his wife immediately after the late Mass Christmas day to dine with her family up the state on the occasion of what was in the nature of a reunion. Being a physician and having an important case to attend, and also his engagement with the choir, he hurried home on the midnight train. Part of the way down he was detained several hours; further on his train was again stalled in a cut about thirty miles from the city, where the drifted snow held him prisoner for seventeen hours. With no food and the drinking water soon exhausted, he and his fellow travellers were compelled to have recourse to snow to assuage their thirst. The cars were alternately too hot or too cold. During their enforced stay a brakeman fell into a snowbank, where he was temporarily lost to view, and when brought out he was found to have dislocated his shoulder. The physician attended him as best he could with the appliances at hand. The doctor, who expected to be home Sunday morning by six o'clock, did not get there until Monday morning at 5 o'clock.

Another evidence of the fervor of Catholic faith was given on Monday morning at the same church, when a man bent with years and who has to use a cane as he hobbles along, attended Mass, as is his daily custom, though he lives at least half a mile away.

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

(Continued from last week.)

II.

In our first paper we dealt with preliminaries, and we are yet in the setting stage of our work and study. In this second paper we shall deal with the bodies that call themselves Christian but merely from an informative point of view for the time being.

All the believers in Christ are not of one household; there are numerous beliefs and churches that claim Christ as their leader, even though they be opposed to each other; however, as they stand today, they may be classed as, the Roman Catholics, the Greek Orthodox, and the Protestants.

(A) Roman Catholics are so called not because their church is particularly ascribed to Rome (as bigots and simpletons say), but because they are all under the rule and jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiff; they are distinctly known as Catholics, too, because their Church is bounded by the limits of no one empire or kingdom but is for all men, irrespective of land and nationality.

(B) The Greek Orthodox communion generally embraces all the Oriental Christians who declared against the Primacy of the Pope. Its first founder was Photus, a man of genius, if you wish, but a slave of fraud, ambition, and trickery. He assumed the see of Constantinople, in 857, having obviously driven out its legitimate patriarch, St. Ignatius. A kind of peace followed the expulsion of Photus himself; but seeds of discord prepared the field for Michael Cerularius, who, in the eleventh century, entirely broke away from Rome, with the awful result that the very vast majority of the Greeks soon followed him in his rebellion. True, attempts were made at reconciliation, especially at the second Council of Lyons (A.D. 1274), and at the Council of Florence (A.D. 1439), with Bessarion the leader for peace among the Greeks. The bad faith and the ugly wiles of others, however, finally won out in the sequel. Shortly after the plight, the city of Constantinople, and with it the richest belongings of the Greeks were forced to go under the yoke of the Ottoman Empire (A. D. 1453).

Closely akin to the Greek Orthodox schism is that of the Russians or Muscovites. In the tenth century, the faith was brought by Oriental missionaries, to the Russians, and, at a time, when Rome ruled; so the Russians first came under the rule of the Pope. Later a multitude submitted to Constantinople; even if, at the time of the Council of Florence, there were as many Catholics in Russia as there were schismatics. In the middle of the fifteenth century, however, another Photus, archbishop of Kiev, spread the schism broadcast. Furthermore, towards the end of the sixteenth century (A. D. 1588), with the consent of even Jeremias, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the see of Moscow became the schismatical patriarchate of the Russians. A hundred years afterwards Nikon, the muscovite Patriarch, fairly rent Russia from Constantinople, laying the final stroke for Peter the Great. At the outset the Schismatics held what Rome teaches except the doctrine of the Procession from the Holy Ghost, their pretext. Even in the famous ecclesiastical code of Peter the Great, all the Church's teachings are upheld, save the Primacy of Rome and the pretext of the Greeks.

(C) The Protestants are so-called because of their opposition to the teachings of the Church, under the

early leadership of Luther, Calvin, Zwingli, Henry VIII., John Knox, and others. They are known as the Reformers, even if they never did turn their efforts toward chastening their own lives. History is there, and only the ignorant can conscientiously deny.

The Fundamental Principle of Protestantism is the negation—the denial of authority. Luther and his kind refused to submit to the Pope, declaring that Holy Writ was the only judge, form and rule he knew, and to which all dogmas must be submitted.

Now, it is no easy matter to interpret the sense and meaning of the Written Word, nor is it any surprise Protestant sects promise to be as plentiful as leaves in Valhombrosa. It is possible in a way, to gather them into three classes, on the score of how they interpret, but not as to what is the result of their several interpretations.

(1) The first group embraces those who claim that the Holy Ghost assists each and every believer individually in interpreting Holy Writ beyond error, which assistance on His part affects, as they say, both intellect and will. The intellect is enlightened, and the will is given, an inward taste for what is good. The Quakers, Pietists, the Illuminati, Methodists, etc., etc., see matters in the light we describe.

(2) The second group believe that each one's private reasoning powers suffice for the work of interpreting God's Word; the Holy Ghost is allotted a small share of the work; but "free interpretation" is in fact, if not in words, deemed above and beyond what God can do. The Presbyterians, Baptists, etc., etc., believe in this.

(3) The third group completes those who admit of private interpretation and yet hold somewhat to the Catholic rule. They reject the authority of God's Church, but they appeal to the Fathers, mindless of the rules to be observed in so doing. The Anglicans are of that class. Ritualists among them admit the Church is infallible when dealing with fundamental truths only.

THE DARK DAYS OF STOMACH TROUBLE

Obstinate Indigestion Can be Cared by a Fair Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

No trouble causes more widespread suffering and discomfort than indigestion. The ailment takes various forms. Some victims are ravenous for food; others turn sick and faint at the sight of meals; but as a rule every meal is followed by intense pains in the chest, heartburn, sick headaches, dizziness and shortness of breath. Indigestion assumes an obstinate form because ordinary medicines only subdue its symptoms—but do not cure. So-called predigested foods only make the digestion more sluggish, and ultimately make the trouble take a chronic form.

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Application to the Legislature.

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

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

cure indigestion and the ailments that arise from it. This has been proved time after time in the published cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Blanche Wallace, Dartmouth, N.S., says: "I suffered greatly with my head and stomach, and often took fainting spells. I could not retain anything on my stomach and while I naturally craved food I really dreaded mealtime with the pain and discomfort that followed. I tried a number of remedies but got no relief. My mother was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the time with so much benefit that she induced me to try them. The result was that soon the trouble had passed away, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Cardinal Honored at Washington.

One day each year Cardinal Gibbons, the highest dignitary of the Catholic Church in America, visits St. Patrick's parish in Washington. The greeting given the Cardinal on Sunday last went far beyond a purely Catholic ceremony and became an official function at which prominent men of every faith did honor to the prelate, says the New York Times. Diplomats, statesmen and other men prominent in public life took part in the ceremonies, which consisted of early Mass, then high Mass at 11 o'clock, followed by a reception at the rectory and a luncheon. The throng outside the church outnumbered those able to get in. As the Cardinal entered the church the audience arose and continued standing until he was seated under a red canopy at the left of the altar, beside Father Russel, the rector. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Edward A. Page, professor of philosophy at the Catholic University. The musical programme was one of the most beautiful ever given in connection with a church ceremony in Washington.

At a reception held at the rectory at noon, several thousand shook hands with the Cardinal. Following the reception, which lasted for more than an hour, the aged prelate said he had not become in the least fatigued. The Cardinal never lost his characteristic smile as the people filed before him.

Lady Maud Barrett, says M.A.P., who has just joined one of the strictest Roman Catholic orders in Belgium, is not far off six feet in height; and is fair, with a pleasing expression and a taking manner. For years past, she rarely went into society, and her chief interest centered in working amongst girls employed in business. She has not hastily decided on the irrevocable step she took the other day, as it has been in her mind since she became a Roman Catholic.

Hard and soft corns both yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, which is entirely safe to use, and certain and satisfactory in its action.

Echoes and Remarks.

Are you going to join one of your parish societies this year?

It is just as well for some of us, at least, to know that we may be dead before this date next year.

If ever we are pleased with certain principles of the Monroe Doctrine, it is when we see it effective in withdrawing people like Castro and Zelaya from the map of the world.

The Socialists of Belgium want a republic. Europe is no field for governments like that of the United States. The trouble with the Belgian and all other Socialists is that they never say a prayer, or live decently for an hour.

One of our Catholic weeklies becoming a general favorite to a very marked degree, is the Intermountain Catholic. The paper has a very bright editor, and is fortunate in being able to count Dean Harris among its contributors. The Dean is a man of deep sense and sincerity.

Lonesomeness caused by abnormal bashfulness prompted the suicide of a young man in Ohio. Dishonesty caused by an abnormal gall and pride may explain many a suicide, too. What intending suicides need is a hearty confession.

The Herald says that a woman in Paris recently ran up a bill of over \$30,000 for false hair, and in another column relates that a young Montrealer's wedding was delayed by a misplaced switch. When will those women learn to wear their own crop?

The dog that bit a number of people at Galt was mad, according to the finding of the Ottawa pathologists. We hope that politics had nothing to do with the case. However, the dog was saved on the same plea put forth for nine-tenths of the murderers.

A fireman recently went to the Court House to leave his measure for a new helmet; thought it was the City Hall. Supposedly he had been reading the papers giving an account of the Royal Commission, and thought the Palace of Justice the proper place to find out where the haul was.

Some of the assistants at the funeral of the unfortunate Doctor Colet assert that at the time they did not consider the event to be of such a nature as to create any comment in the religious world. They should hear a sermon occasionally, read the Catholic papers, and retain some of what they contain.

Why is there not a stronger movement among us for higher education? The best way to begin is to fill the colleges we have. English-speaking Catholics in Canada lack ambition. Very few distinguished Canadians were born with silver spoons in their mouths. Our sons can do, and do easily, what others have succeeded in doing. Send your boy to college, if you can at all.

Mr. H. E. Irwin, K.C. delivered an address in Toronto recently, in which, the despatches say, he opposed church union in every sentence. The worthy King's Council ought to have saved his hot air, seeing that coal is at winter rates. There can be no union among Protestant churches except the no popery combine.

Captain Poulin found liquor in a "Temperance" sign the grocer might der St., and seized about 100 bottles of wine, gin, beer, etc. Next we will hear of a zealous officer breaking

into the post office with the same result. If it had not been for the "Temperance" sign the grocer might have continued the trade unmolested.

An example of "courage" is given in the Semaine Religieuse of Poitiers where a number of officers and subalterns of light cavalry on being asked if in case of sickness at the hospital, they would like to have a priest at their bedside, declared themselves Catholics. Religion must be at very low tide when such a declaration is enough to dub a soldier a hero. Poor France!

Major McBride, formerly of the Irish Brigade in the Transvaal, in a speech at Kilkenny, said an invading German army would be welcomed in Ireland. Now, as the editors of English papers beyond the seas have no sense of the ridiculous, such talk as Major McBride's does more harm to the Irish cause than even an article in the daily anti-Irish press from the pen of Seumas MacManus, the man of the "hullybeelwewow!"

It is very sad to see that the American Board of the A.O.H. cannot stop all nonsense by pitching the leaders of both big factions out the door. There are hundreds of good men and great men in the A.O.H. Their candidates for the presidency are not reducible to two. We know of many another Irishman who would join the ranks if the political machine were not in evidence. Personally we consider the A.O.H. our best society for Irishmen.

If English Catholics cannot see eye to eye with Irish Catholics in the British elections, it is because the former need the latter to fight their bat" for them. The Irish Nationalists are willing to fight for the rights of English Catholics, but when in the name of goodness, will the Tory Catholic Lords understand that they must do something for Ireland in return? The Irish re-established the Church in England, and so they are deserving of some gratitude, at least.

You can always count the Catholic men in a street car on passing a Catholic Church. See how the hats come off! Have you the pious habit? If not, get it. An indulgence of three hundred days is granted by the Holy Father each time, besides the pleasure of manifesting to your fellow passengers, the faith that is in you, and at the same time your love for the Prisoner of the tabernacle.

Some time ago Westmount would not hear of a hospital in its holy precincts, whilst to-day it is howling for one. There is not a case of typhoid in Griffintown. Why?

New York, Dec. 28—A white-bearded man of 80 winters crept appealingly into a lunch room on Seventh avenue yesterday, and asked for bread. A plate of hot soup was brought, but the stranger had barely picked up the spoon when he fell backward to the floor, dead from starvation. While Andrew Carnegie's men were out investigating hero cases, and the American navy were firing a broadside at an unsinkable target that cost \$15,000, destroying the toy.

The rising influence of such men of the Church of England as the Archbishop of York is going to do more to bring England back to sense and the Church than many other supposedly great factors. The people of England are heartily sick of being treated as puppets, and fed on blotting paper. The Lords have let their own action, or inaction, kill them. They have always looked upon the people as being hardly endowed with a soul. The Lords Spiritual have been the deaf mutes of





CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Said the Raggedy Man of a hot afternoon, My sakes! What a lot o' mistakes Some little folks make on the Man in the Moon!

temper, as though they were not things to be ashamed of, and fought against. God's word does not take your view of it, for it says expressly that "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty."

What the Book Said.

"Once upon a time," a library book was overheard talking to a little boy, who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

Amy's Occupation.

The small boy at the corner of the pier began to cry suddenly, digging his knuckles in his eyes, and swallowing his sobs as if he were ashamed of them.

Maria's Bluff

"Have you prepared the lesson in physics?" asked Lucy of Maria, as they walked together to school one morning.

A Quick Temper.

What did you say? That you had a quick temper but were soon over, and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes, but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?

AUNT KATE'S LETTER.

The omelet was excellent. So also was the white wine. The bread and butter said the last word of excellence. When he had finished the meal he found himself in good humor with all the world.

stuff through which one guessed her slenderness. Langrishe stared at them till they were out of sight. Then he turned to the little old woman at the adjoining window.

le thing had suggested to him the captive bird that had beaten its wings against the pane. He understood better now the implication of the gaze lifted to Heaven. Poor child, poor little thing!

one of the utmost dejection. "Mdlle. Suzanne," he said, coming up to her. She looked up at him with a terrified air. "Monsieur," she began.

He explained in fluent French—it was something he had acquired early from Aunt Kate, who loved the polite language; it was one of her little affectations to talk in French half the time—the reason of his appearance, extending to her at the same time the letter of introduction.

Mdlle. Suzanne took the letter and looked down at it shyly, a little color coming and going in her cheek. Madame de Lorme would return about five o'clock. After that hour she would welcome Monsieur.

There were two mortal hours to be got through before five o'clock. What on earth was he to do with them? However, plainly he could not ask to stay as he might have done with an English girl. He went away with a tender compassion aching in his breast for Mdlle. Suzanne.

He strolled about the village, making acquaintances as he went. He turned into the little graveyard on the cliff, and wondered over its bead wreaths and garish ornaments.

He had no intention of intruding again on Mdlle. Suzanne. In fact, he was rather overwhelmed when he came upon her standing by a new grave. It was covered with artificial wreaths, but in the midst of them lay a cross of seaweed which had apparently just been laid there.

When he was shown into the salon of the Chateau de Lorme he found Madame seated in a high-backed chair, her daughter by her side, her grand-daughter on a low tabouret, waiting to receive him. In her hand she held the letter of introduction.

Is there no way my life can save thine own a pain? Is the love of a mother no possible gain? No labor of Hercules—search for the grail— No way for this wonderful love to avail? God in Heaven, O, teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the pain thou must bear Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share. Thou art one with the world— though I love thee the best, And to save thee from pain, I must save all the rest, With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must love thee in them! Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy mother must stem The sin of the world. Thou wilt weep, and thy mother must dry The tears of the world lest her darling should cry. I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone, I will gather a band Of all loving mothers from land unto land; Our children are part of the world— do you hear? They are one with the world; we must hold them all dear, Love all for our child's sake.

For the sake of my own, I must hasten to save All the children of earth from the fall and the grave; For so, and so only, I lighten the share Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear. Even so, and so only. —Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

RENEWAL. She was old, the year, So bent with all that bows

came to Ravigot. It was late golden September when at last he spoke. And Mdlle. Suzanne was become a golden rose. There was a little significance in the air, in the way people looked at him. He read in the eyes of M. le Cure, of Madame Hefort, of all his friends of the village, what they knew was coming: the smiles were full of a roguish congratulation.

Madame made a fine stately little speech. She had known that Monsieur desired the hand of Mdlle. Suzanne since she had received the letter of her dear friend, Mdlle. Kate. Monsieur's family was ancient, of great consideration, like the De Lormes, and Monsieur himself had won her affection and esteem. She had the pleasure to consent to the marriage.

There was a word of Mdlle. Suzanne's dot, which was not a large one. Langrishe desired no dot with his beloved. Why, Mdlle. Suzanne was the treasure of all the world. In England, in Ireland, the dot was not necessary, certainly in his own case not desired—unwelcome. He waved away the question of the dot lightly.

And so Aunt Kate had helped to bring the marriage about after all. She had anticipated his desires. He smiled radiantly as he thought of Aunt Kate. People called the little old spinster crazy. Well, this special bit of craziness was the very height of wisdom.

As for M. le Comte d'Herault, he passes quite out of the story. Some few months later he married an American, which fact might or might not shed some light on his withdrawal from the affair.—Katharine Tynan (Abridged.)

POET'S CORNER

O DOUBTING HEART. Where are the swallows fled? Frozen and dead, Perchance, upon some bleak and stormy shore. O doubting heart! Far over purple seas, They wait in sunny ease, The balmy southern breeze To bring them to their northern homes once more.

Why must flowers die! Pruned they lie In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain. O doubting heart! They only sleep below The soft, white, ermine snow, While winter winds shall blow, To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

The sun had hid its rays These many days, Will dreary hours never leave the earth? O doubting heart! The stormy clouds on 'high Veil the same sunny sky That soon, for spring is nigh, Shall wash the summer into golden mirth.

Fair hope is dead, and light Is quenched in night: What sound can break the silence of despair? O doubting heart! The sky is overcast, Yet stars shall rise at last, Brighter for darkness past, And angels' silver voices stir the air. —Adelaide A. Proctor.

"MOTHER TO CHLD." Is there no way my life can save thine own a pain? Is the love of a mother no possible gain? No labor of Hercules—search for the grail— No way for this wonderful love to avail? God in Heaven, O, teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the pain thou must bear Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share. Thou art one with the world— though I love thee the best, And to save thee from pain, I must save all the rest, With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must love thee in them! Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy mother must stem The sin of the world. Thou wilt weep, and thy mother must dry The tears of the world lest her darling should cry. I will do it, God helping.

Advertisement for 'Lapo Cresolene' medicine, listing ailments like Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

more than days! The wind had swept her green military ways Where summer made sweet cheer; The snow had blinded her, Had choked her harp, whose rich and wanton song Had sent her pulses laughing for so long; Her blithe, young feet astir.

Now from the glistening blue A kindlier sunlight looks upon the earth, Now from the russet shell in joyous birth The living spring leaps now. Thro' all the throbbing air A million songs, a million blossoms break, O happy year! that only died to wake. More young, more wondrous fair!

Why must flowers die! Pruned they lie In the cold tomb, heedless of tears or rain. O doubting heart! They only sleep below The soft, white, ermine snow, While winter winds shall blow, To breathe and smile upon you soon again.

I do not pray that useless stores of golden treasure, Beloved or not, Nor yet that one unbroken round of earthly pleasure, May be your lot; But rather that your faith and love no cross possessing, As gold may shine, And all your path be lighted up with heavenly blessing And peace divine.

I cannot ask that naught of bitter pain or sorrow, Thy cup may hold, Or that you may not feel the shock to-day, to-morrow, Of conflict hold; But that the sanctifying power of furnace trial, Though burning hot, May leave your soul, as gain for every self-denial, Without a spot.

I would not seek to rescue you from grief's grim clutches, Nor cry to spare, When God, with His own loving, skillful master touches Thy heart lays bare; But I would wish to see the rich in heavenly treasure, Full well refined, Yea, rich as God alone His bounteous gifts doth measure, Nor fall behind.

I do not, cannot ask for you a lesser blessing Than God's own love; To dwell with Him and all His boundless wealth possessing, In heaven above, For you and I are only waiting here as strangers, Still bound for home, Abiding 'mid earth's' darkening shades and many dangers, Till God says come. —Frank Willoughby, in N.Y. Observer.

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and find that few medicines can give such relief in dyspepsia and stomach troubles. I was troubled for a number of years with dyspepsia and could get no relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took three bottles and became cured and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach trouble."

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble. The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc. Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine.



CONFESSIONS OF A MINISTER.

He Replies to Certain Criticisms— A Side Light on American Protestantism.

"Clericus" writes some "confessions of a second-rate sensitive preacher" in The Christian Worker and Evangelist (New York).

"There are types of clergymen for which many men can find very little admiration. One finds occasionally the ladylike minister who writes his sermons on tinted note-paper and ties them in pink ribbon, whose chief delight is a five-o'clock tea, and who would faint at a political caucus.

"I have known, too, the worldly-minded minister, who shows his unattractive qualities in various ways. He may be a denominational politician, whose main occupation is seeing the high seats in the sanctuary. He may be the mercenary, who prizes a high salary more than goodness. He may be a clerical loafer, who wastes his time in public places and carries favor with the vulgar.

On the whole the parson's lot is neither an unhappy nor a useless one and "Clericus" glories in the profession which he has chosen and gives this as his "main confession": "I am glad that I am a minister, so glad that not all the freedom from vexation which any other calling may seem to offer could induce me to leave it.

"The minister can not, of all men, afford to gain the reputation of intellectual slothfulness. Still, a man may be able to dazzle by brilliance and magnetize by oratory two congregations every Sunday and not be preaching. He is preaching only when he is telling in public what God has told him in secret.

Some Recent Converts.

The Rev. Lewis Thomas Wattson, B.D., son of the late Rev. Joseph Wattson; graduate of the General Theological Seminary, New York and St. Stephen's, Annapolis, founder and superior of the Society of the Atonement and editor of the Lamp, and one time rector of Holy Cross Church, Kingston, N.Y., and head of the Associate Mission Clergy, Omaha.

The Rev. Henry Rufus Sargent, B.D., of the Holy Cross Fathers, graduate of Harvard, and the General Theological Seminary, N.Y., founder of the Oblates of Mt. Calvary.

Brother Antony, of the Society of the Atonement, a Jew. Mother Lurana, Mary Francis White S.A., superior of the Sisters of the Atonement, editress of Rose Leaves, and her community.

The Rev. James Raker, of the diocese of Ford du Lac; graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, and the General Theological Seminary, New York, and member of the Companions of the Holy Savior.

The Rev. E. Howard, a Protestant minister in charge of a congregation in the Philippines, who with his flock was lately received.

The Hon. Boyd Winchester, Louisville, Ky. Hon. John C. Gibbons, one of the pioneers of Texas. Late Mayor of Paris, Texas, and descendant of St. William Gibbons, one of the first settlers of Virginia.

Ho Wing Lee, a nephew of the Chinese Minister, Dr. Wu Ting-Fang. Mrs. Dickerson, of Kansas City, wife of Dr. Dickerson, and aunt of Vice-President Sherman.

Mrs. Gertrude H. Lanman, Norwich, Conn., and New York, philanthropist; widow of the late William Camp Lanman (nephew of Commodore Lanman, U.S.N.), and sister-in-law of Charles R. Lanman, professor of Sanskrit in Harvard; late a member of Christ Episcopal Church, Norwich.

The late Frank H. Snow, assistant managing editor of the Detroit Journal, son of Judge Snow, Winona, Minn.

The Baroness de Charette, of Paris born Miss Susan Henning, New York. It is interesting to recall that the mother of the Baron de Charette is also a convert, and a niece of the late P. E. Bishop Leonidas Polk, general in the Confederate army.

Miss Mary Kloman, in religion Sister Marie Oblata, of the congregation of Notre Dame de Sion, Paris, formerly an Episcopalian.

Mrs. Kloman, her mother. James Montgomery, attorney-at-law, Elizabethtown, Ky.

The Lady Gifford, of Sussex, England.

English papers announce the coming reception into the Church of the Countess of Granard, wife of the Master of the Horse to King Edward. She was formerly Miss Beatrice Mills, of New York.

At the Catholic Mission for the Chinese, Park street, New York, five young Chinese were recently baptized, following a year's probation.

The German papers announce the reconciliation to the Church of the Rev. Julius Brenk, appointed by the state authorities as pastor of Kosten during the days of the Kulturkampf.

Thirty-eight converts in one year is the record for the little country parish of Sainte Marie, Ill.

Elever adult converts received confirmation at St. Peter's Church, Chillicothe, O., last November.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. McQuaid has resumed the Sunday School for Catholic Chinese which he opened some time ago in St. James' parish, Boston. There are twenty-five pupils in the class. Since it was opened fifty-six converts have been made among the Chinese.

The Bishop of Sacramento lately confirmed fifty converts at Eureka, Cal.

In our list of converts published from time to time we give only those names which have come under our personal observation; but how many hundreds, nay thousands of persons are every year received into the Church whose names never reach the columns of the newspapers. On the smallest missions there are anxious and earnest souls, who are willing to embrace the truth when convinced of it. They go to Mass, and pay attention to what is said there. They study and investigate what they have seen. They have, perhaps, never spoken to a priest and scarcely know how to break the subject when they come to him for instruction. In becoming Catholics they have no sinister motive, and so far as the world is concerned, have nothing to gain. They have found their way quietly to the very door of the Church and do not wish to have anything said about their change of heart. Such men and women make excellent converts and accomplish much good by their exemplary lives.—Catholic Universe.

Cowan's Cake Icings

If you had trouble with prepared cake icing, it was not Cowan's. Even a child can ice a cake perfectly, in three minutes, with Cowan's Icing. Right delicious flavors. Sold everywhere. The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

What Ireland Owe to German Philologists for its Revival.

When by stress of persecution and neglect the Gaelic tongue was almost in the throes of dissolution, German philologists like Windisch, Zimmer, Zeuss and Kuno Meyer saved the language from death and gave back to Ireland her native tongue, never again, please God, to reach such a low state of exhaustion. If anyone wants to see the real feeling between Germans and Irish, let them examine the marriage registers of the western states, where the fraternal tie is clinched in the holy bonds of matrimony. There in every Catholic parish you will find specimens of the Celto-Teutonic races. Attend the church fairs and the local entertainments, and on every program you will find Irish and German young ladies working together for some good object. In another century, especially among the Catholics, the Germans and the Irish will become as much intermarried as the Normans and the Irish in the old land. There are no two races in America to-day who are nearer to becoming one people than the Irish and the Germans. God bless the work, say we.

THIS WELL-KNOWN ADVOCATE STATES

His Doctor Advised Him to Take Dodd's Kidney Pills.

And He Found Them to be all They were Advertised—How and Why Dodd's Kidney Pills Cure.

Montreal, Que., Jan. 17.—(Special.)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills were recommended to me by our family physician, and I must say they have proved to be what they were advertised."

This statement, made by L. J. R. Hubert, the well-known advocate of 214 St. James street, is a double tribute to Dodd's Kidney Pills. It shows that they are recognized by reputable medical men as a peerless remedy for diseases of the kidneys and also that they are now looked upon as a standard medicine by the best people in Canada.

And the reason of this is that they do just what they are advertised to do. They cure diseased kidneys and put them in condition to clear all impurities out of the blood. They cure Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Backache, because these are Kidney diseases. They cure Rheumatism, Lumbago and Heart Disease, because these are caused by impurities in the blood that the kidneys would strain out of the blood if they were in good working order. If you haven't used them yourself, ask your neighbors about Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Solid Comfort" All the Way Through to Gowganda.

The Grand Trunk Railway Co. announce that they are placing in the hands of their agents the necessary instructions that will permit of through ticketing and checking of baggage to the Gowganda district. The service from Charlton to Elk Lake, Long Point and Gowganda will be performed by eight covered sleighs, accommodating eight passengers each, and containing foot-warmers. The sleighs are modern in every respect. The distance from Charlton to Gowganda is forty-nine miles, and the route will lie over the new road, upon which the Ontario Government has spent over \$50,000 within the past few months, making the road the finest in Northern Ontario. The route is undoubtedly the finest—good roads and regular service being afforded.

You Can Test the Kidneys

Then let Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills prove their power to cure.

Let urine stand for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that time there are deposits of a brick dust variety, or if the water becomes smoky and cloudy, you may be sure the kidneys are deranged.

Another very marked symptom of kidney disease is pain in the small of the back. The letter quoted below tells how these symptoms were overcome and kidney disease cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Because of their direct and combined action on both liver and bowels these pills cure the most complicated cases.

Capt. W. Smith, a veteran of the Crimean war, living at Revelstoke, B.C., writes: "I can testify that for years I was a sufferer from chronic kidney disease, which was the verdict after the doctor examined me and analyzed my urine. As his medicine did me no good I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was benefited so much that I kept on taking them until I can say doctor certifies."

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

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The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Phone Main 5072. 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.



St. George's Baking Powder has taken hold of my customers. "They say it makes lighter, tastier, finer-grained Biscuits and Cakes than any other they ever used!" Send for our new Cook-Book—free. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Found Every Sunday in Their Churches.

For several weeks the Sun (New York) has been publishing on its editorial page letters from despairing Protestants who see in the frankly admitted disintegration of their several sects the decline of Christianity. Now and again a more hopeful believer is heard from, but the general tone of the correspondence is pessimistic, with an occasional "it's all true, and I'm glad of it" from an agnostic lamp. A New Jersey priest, Rev. George F. Brown, of Rahway, directs the attention of the correspondents to the fact that there is a considerable body of Christians of whose existence the several parties to the discussion seem to be ignorant. In a letter to the Sun, Father Brown says: "With due regard for the point of view expressed by the ministers, ex-ministers and others in their recent letters to the Sun on the decline of Christianity, I have looked in vain for even a passing comment on the facts that there are no empty seats in any of the numerous Catholic churches and that the Catholic Church in America is doubling her membership each score of years. According to the last census report she has increased 93.5 per cent."

"That the tide of Catholic immigration in that period has been large and that she includes baptized infants in reckoning her members by no means explains this marvelous growth. It would be more honest to confess that she cares for the immigrant classes and that race suicide is rare in the Church when explaining the portion of her growth due to these two causes."

"Regarding attendance at church it is a marvel to non-Catholics every where the crowds that pour in and out of the Catholic churches on Sundays and holy days, even at what seems to them an unearthly hour of the morning. Rain or shine, summer or winter, it is the same."

"Why do they come? What brings them? It is not the priest, the nun, the monk, the ceremonies, the lights or the flowers. It is the Sacrifice of the Mass. It is the willing obedience that Catholics render the precept of the Church obliging them to hear Mass on Sundays and holy days of obligation."

"Upon those two points precisely Catholics and all others are poles apart—authority and the Mass. The former they think a usurpation, and the latter an abomination."

"Yet here is the answer to the question: 'How do you fill your churches?' Catholics acknowledge the authority of their church in matters of faith and morals; they believe the Mass to be the sacrifice of the body and blood of Christ."

"Of course, there are Catholics and Catholics. There are good, bad and indifferent Catholics. Even so, Christ has taught by His own word and example our duty to sinners. Witness the beautiful parables of the lost sheep and the prodigal son. But of the rank and file of Catholics and their fidelity to their Church we are justly proud."

"At all events, they are found every Sunday in their churches. The Mass is the magnet that draws them. They come to worship God, them. They come to worship God, them. They come to worship God, them. They come to worship God, them."

Map of Canada in Stained Glass.

An excellent specimen of the stained glassworkers' handicraft is afforded by a novel map that has been prepared for the west-end office of the Grand Trunk Railway System on Cockspar street, London, S.W. On a solid sheet of glass, 11-4 inches thick, measuring 12 feet in length and 6 feet broad, a faithful reproduction of the map of the Dominion of Canada has been executed. The names of places in great numbers, the rivers, the lakes and the mountains are clearly shown, while the distinctive colors for the various Provinces comprising the Dominion, and adjacent territories of the United States have been burned in to ensure fixity. Stretching across the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific may be easily followed the route of Canada's all-rail route, the Grand Trunk Pacific, by means of which millions of square miles of new grain-producing territory are being opened up to the settler. The work not only affords a graphic idea of the vastness of the great Dominion, but also gives an impressive idea of this 3600 miles of new road. The preparation of the map was a delicate task, since it is the largest piece of stained glass work that has ever been attempted. It required the combined services of eight expert operators continuously for five months, and it is one of the most costly reproductions of a map that has ever been undertaken. In its manufacture the great difficulty was to obtain a result which would be quite legible in daylight, and which would yet be sufficiently transparent to allow of illumination by means of twenty-four 25-candle power lamps at night. The delicate blending of the various tints, the definition of the finest hair-like lines, and the distinctness of the names renders it a work of artistic and educational value. Owing to its fragile character and large size, combined with its great weight of one ton three hundredweight, its transport from Birmingham, where it was manufactured, to London, had to be carried out by special means—"Canada," London, Dec. 4, 1909.

Geo. W. Reed & Co. Limited.

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Had a Bad Cough NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited.

FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS. WAS AFRAID IT WOULD TURN INTO Consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that when a person catches cold it must be attended to immediately or serious results may follow. Thousands have filled a consumptive grave through neglect. Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected. Mrs. A. E. Brown, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have had a very bad cough every winter for a number of years which I was afraid would turn into consumption. I tried a great many remedies but only received temporary relief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two bottles my cough was cured. I am never without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the foundation of all throat and lung complaints, relieving or curing all Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be imposed upon by taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup

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His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or Cure You I Will Stand The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rush, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no benefit. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried no many 'cure alls' that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help, or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is, they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for Liver Trouble there is to be found." Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail on receipt of price. The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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



Local and Diocesan News.

BELL TO BE BLESSED.—His Lordship Bishop Racicot will preside at the blessing of the new bell for St. Michael's Church on Sunday afternoon next at 8 o'clock.

ESTABLISHMENT OF SACRED HEART LEAGUE.—On Sunday evening next, at 7.30 o'clock, the Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., will preside at the ceremony of establishing the League of the Sacred Heart at St. Aloysius Church.

2ND ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.—A concert and social will be given on the evening of Wednesday, Feb. 2, at 8.30 o'clock, in the basement of St. Aloysius Church, commemorating the second anniversary of the erection of the parish. A very fine musical programme is being prepared under the direction of Mr. J. S. Shea.

SUCCESSFUL EUCHRE.—Quite a large number evincing much enthusiasm gathered at St. Michael's School Hall on Monday evening to take part in a euchre which was given in aid of the fund for the new school. The prizes, which were presented by friends of the parish, were won by the following: Ladies' Prizes—Miss H. Martin, Miss Kenny, Miss Arbett, Mrs. J. Gentlemen's Prizes—Messrs. W. Lawton, Fleming, Turner and Walsh. A special prize, for which every player had a chance—a box of butter—was won by Miss Murphy.

On Shrove Tuesday it is proposed to hold another euchre, for which a special prize has also been donated. Every player having a chance to win. This valuable prize is a barrel of flour.

DEATH OF FATHER LEONARDO.

A well known figure has just passed away in the person of Father Leonardo, who succumbed on Monday morning at the Hotel Dieu after only two days' illness.

Father Leonardo Mazziotto was born in Calabria, Italy, fifty-four years ago, making there his classical and theological studies. For twelve years he acted as chaplain to the Italian colony in this city, while they worshipped in Nazareth Chapel or until they obtained a church of their own on Dorchester street east. The funeral took place on Tuesday morning from the Hotel Dieu to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

A Liberal Leader.

The editor of the Catholic Herald, (England) having sent to the Liberal candidate at a Parliamentary bye-election queries as to Catholic educational and other rights, received replies as follows, from which the nature of the questions may be understood:

"I am opposed to penalizing Catholic schools, either (a) by lessening their efficiency on the secular side through depriving them of adequate financial aid or (b) on the religious side by interfering with the rights of the parents to have their children taught their own religious belief in such schools.

"I would, if elected, maintain the Protestant succession to the Throne but, apart from this, I favor the removal of all Catholic and other religious disabilities and the removal of words offensive to the Catholic religion from all official documents.

"I am opposed to enforcing the inspection of convents except in so far as may be necessary to carry out the provisions of the Factory Acts."

"If all the Liberals were as liberal as this candidate there would be no Catholic school question in English politics."

Cologne Cathedral.

The following extract from the Outlook gives an American non-Catholic impression of Cologne cathedral:

"We went inside and stood, perhaps, five minutes, spellbound by the great nave. The evening hour gave it the dim religious air a church interior needs. At last Baldwin found his voice, and this rather prosaic American broke into rapture which was prose only in words: 'I am a scientist, he said, 'a rationalist. But I never knew what religion was before. How these men must have believed in God when they dreamed this thing into existence! There was something in the old faith which has passed out of our life. With all the advantages of steam and engineering skill, we could not build a thing like this today. There was a great light shining in those days, which has long gone out. And yet we call them 'The Dark Ages.' 'Yes,' he went on 'the men who built this cathedral believed that God was watching them. They thought of Him personally, with great, kind, loving eyes, leaning over the battlements of His high heaven, smiling down on their labor—almost within reach of their endeavors. I suppose the men who put the cap-stones on the towers felt themselves consciously nearer God than the unfortunate ones who only worked down here on earth.'"

IRISH HIERARCHY AND IRISH PARTY.

Give Substantial Aid Together With Valuable Advice.

Following are extracts from letters of Irish Archbishops and Bishops in support of the Irish Party and the National Fund.

"In the present circumstances of the country it is vital to her highest interests, spiritual and temporal, that she should be represented in the House of Commons by a strobgy party, united, independent and efficient. It is clear that the Party cannot be efficient if the leaders be not furnished with resources which will enable them to secure a continued and complete attendance of all the members. I therefore enclose my subscription."

MICHAEL CARD. LOGUE.

"I cannot doubt that the country will recognize its duty in the matter and that it will honorably discharge that duty (sustaining the Party), as it has never yet failed to do. We expect, and rightly expect, from our representatives at Westminster a faithful discharge of the duty that we send them there to do. So long as we continue to send them there we are surely bound in honor to furnish them with the means of giving us the services we claim."

WILLIAM J. WALSH, Archbishop of Dublin.

"I feel it my duty to lend the Irish representatives such support as I can in my own small way. I enclose a check for ten pounds."

JOHN HEALY, Archbishop of Tuam.

"I believe I subscribed twice last year, but even so I gladly send ten pounds for the present year to stimulate a ready and generous response to the appeal of the standing committee of the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland to rally round our Parliamentary representatives, and give them the whole strength of the National support."

THOMAS FENNELLY, Archbishop of Cashel.

"I send my subscription that I may emphasize the more strongly my cordial endorsement of the resolution of the standing committee of the Episcopate, calling on the country, both clergy and laity, to give practical support to the Irish Parliamentary Party. It is manifest that without such support the members of the Party cannot give such regular attention to their Parliamentary duties as the interests of Ireland demand, and as the people expect from their representatives in the course of Commons."

J. CLANCY, Bishop of Elphin.

"The honor of our country, as well as our public interests both temporal and religious, appeal to us to support with heart and purse the devoted men whom Ireland has sent to work for her in the House of Commons. The Irish Parliamentary Party is the army and navy of Ireland."

M. FOGARTY, Bishop of Killaloe.

"I should be glad to see the collection for the Parliamentary Fund organized in every parish and district of our county. All Nationalists are rejoiced to know that we have a thoroughly united Parliamentary Party. In advocating in Parliament questions of vast importance to the nation they have no personal object to serve, no personal end to secure. In these circumstances it is obviously the duty of the people whom they serve to meet at least their out-of-pocket expenses while they are engaged in doing the work of the nation."

ROBERT BROWNE, Bishop of Cloyne.

"Next to winning Home Rule the best thing for a free people is a manly fight for it. And that is the reason why I am with your Party. It is the only way which I see open to us, with any hope of success, of achieving any measure of political freedom. You are keeping the flag flying, and that alone is no small service. You are doing the necessary work of the country, and are deserving of its support and encouragement."

EDWARD T. O'DWYER, Bishop of Limerick.

"Besides owing a deep debt of gratitude to our representatives for all they have done in the past, we expect them to help us still more during the coming session in Parliament. Surely it is our plain duty to supply them with the aid they require to do the work we ask them to do for our country and ourselves."

R. A. SHEEHAN, Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

"No thinking Irishman can doubt that Ireland needs a strong, well-organized Party in the House of Commons or that such a Party can render important services to the country. It is equally clear that in present circumstances the necessary regularity of attendance is an impossibility without a considerable Parliamentary Fund. In this conviction I send my annual contribution."

THOMAS O'DEA, Bishop of Clonfert.

"The duty of Irish Nationalists to rally round the Irish Parliamentary Party and support the Irish Parliamentary Fund was never more patent or pressing. In ready recognition of the claims of the Party I enclose my subscription for the current year."

E. J. MCCORMACK, Bishop of Anchnory.

"In contributing to the Irish party Fund we are serving ourselves by helping to maintain at their post the men who have fought strenuously, and often successfully, to regain those rights and privileges on which the well-being of the people in both town and country depends. That the Irish Party had been faithful to their trust, and that they deserved a wholehearted and generous support from both poor and rich, and perhaps more so from the poor than the rich, requires no proof. 'Please take charge of the enclosed check for £5.'"

CHARLES MCHUGH, Bishop of Derry.

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.

The World and the Cloister.

A Presbyterian clergyman of Trenton finds fault with the Sisters in Bordentown who consecrate their lives to God in the cloister.

"The Sisters enter the convent," he says; "the Bishop locks the door and throws the key away."

We are afraid, to begin with, that the Presbyterian is not correct as to who locks the door. It is the Sisters who of their own choice and volition lock the door of the convent. They take the vows that bind them to the life of self-denial and perfection.

But the key is never thrown away. It is placed in the keeping of the Church, and an appeal to the proper ecclesiastical authority will always produce the key and unlock the door when justified.

But is it not strange that in all this big and wicked world the good Trenton clergyman should not be able to select for condemnation nothing but the cloistered nuns? Error and corruption stalk through the land; infidelity and sin meet us whithersoever we turn, selfishness rules the world.

And here are some holy women, chastened by prayer and penance of all worldly affection, who yearn to give their life to religion and to God. Might we not have hoped that at least the minister of religion should have appreciated their sacrifice and consoled them on their way? For is not their life an acceptable antidote to the spirit of selfishness, to the lust of things material which now prevail around us?

And why should they not, if they choose, labor and pray and sacrifice the comforts of life? Why should they not shrink from contact with the world and live pure and holy lives before God, as the lilies which dazzle with their beauty and brightness and give forth perfume? To whom so fittingly is service due as to the God who made and redeemed us? Can the life be wasted which is consecrated to Him? The world has its devotees of pleasure, its butterflies of fashion, its seekers after divorce. Why should it be amiss that God have loving servants and faithful servitors?

The argument of a nun to an English reporter recently overwhelmed him, and is worth repeating: "There are dens of iniquity in the world, are there not? Then why should there not be temples of sweetness and purity."—The Monitor, Newark.

A Call From a Deathbed

When Rev. E. M. Culimane was pastor of Niles, Mich., he was called one night to the bedside of a commercial traveller, who was taken sick suddenly at one of the hotels. "I am a Protestant," was the first word of the sick man, "but I sent for you, Father, to receive me into the Catholic Church. I know the importance of the step I am about to take, for I attended several missions for non-Catholics, given by Father Kress in Ohio, where I live, and I had intended to ask to be received on my return to my home after this trip. However, I feel that I shall not reach Ohio alive."

It required little in the way of instruction, reports Father Culimane, for the man seemed to have made a thorough study of the books given him at the missions. "I offered to return the same night with Holy Communion," said the priest. "By all means," was the ready response. "I want to receive my Divine Lord." On the morrow the convert's soul passed to its reward and his body was claimed by his Protestant relatives.—Catholic Universe.

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VISIT OF BISHOP HEYLEN.

The President of the Permanent Committee of Eucharistic Congress Received With Distinguished Honors.

Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, arrived in the city on Sunday morning last, being met at the station by Canon Gauthier, Bishop Heylen and his secretary belong to the order of Premonstratians. At 1.30 the distinguished guest entered St. James Cathedral and was presented with an address by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, to which he replied in most eloquent terms. During the afternoon the Bishop visited the Seminary of St. Sulpice, Notre Dame Church, and Laval University.

At eight o'clock in the evening Bishop Heylen occupied the pulpit at the Cathedral. A very large congregation assembled to listen to an eloquent discourse upon the Eucharistic Congress. The object of these solemn assemblages was explained, that of honoring our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament and of making reparation for the outrages committed against Him. The speaker recommended his hearers to pray as a necessary means of preparation for the great event to take place in our midst next September.

Immediately after His Lordship officiated at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father O'Neil Makes New Pedestrian Records.

It is good to walk and to write—at least so Rev. Arthur Barry O'Neill, editor of the Ave Maria, thinks, who last year walked 4447 miles—just for exercise too—and wrote 6460 lines of verse. In this he exceeded his record for 1908, when he walked only 4355 miles, and wrote verses only occasionally. But last year he set himself the task of writing each day a bit of verse in honor of the Mother of God, and his last entry on December 31st rounded out a beautiful Diary of Marian Verse. They were not small bits of verse, either, but from sixteen to eighteen lines every day, as the average at the close of the year indicates.

Father O'Neill is a methodical walker, setting aside three hours a day for his pet exercise, and allowing no variation of heat or cold to interfere with the pastime, except to walk further on cold or bad days. Last week when the mercury hung around zero and other people lingered in warm quarters, Father O'Neill stretched his daily jaunt of four miles to five or six.

The devotion of this poet-priest to walking as an exercise began in 1906 and has more than justified his belief in its health-giving properties, as he has never had a day's illness since he began walking regularly. The practise may be commended to others of sedentary habits, who if they cannot also write verse as does Father O'Neill, they may vary the dull prose of every day existence by healthful glimpses of the great out-of-doors.

Not So Atrocious After All.

Archbishop Ireland made a strong statement at St. Paul on January 4, when he said: "As a plain matter of fact, there are no 'atrocities' in the Congo. This may not be taken as meaning that every minor official in the territory is guiltless of unjustifiable greed, or of blameworthy treatment of the natives, or that the Belgian operations, on the whole, are in a new and untried field of labor, were at all times free from abuses of any kind. But that the oft-proclaimed atrocities book place and were the results of a general administration, is entirely false.

"Official documents and reports of disinterested and unprejudiced travelers are now being listened to, and the bogey of 'atrocities' is being more or less put to rest. "The agitation had its origin in England among fanatical preachers and unscrupulous merchants. The preachers were irritated that a Catholic ruler should hold sway over such an immense territory." Archbishop Ireland blames Eng-

land, "ambitious for the sole ownership of the Dark Continent," for laying the charges of "atrocities" at Leopold's door.

A Power of Its Own.—Dr. Thomas Electric Oil has a subtle power of its own that other oils cannot pretend to, though there are many pretenders. All who have used it know this and keep it by them as the most valuable liniment available. Its uses are innumerable, and for many years it has been prized as the leading liniment for man and beast.

A Priceless Heritage.

In a recent sermon Cardinal Gibbons well said that "the Catholic school is the nursery of men, and it should be the delight of every true Catholic to have a monument of his faith in the parish in which he lives. The parochial school is a priceless heritage in which we should feel the greatest pride. I know of no blessing which could be more desired than to have a place in your parish where the word of God is taught daily along with the other requirements of a modern education. We are subject to a double tax in supporting state and Catholic schools, but the Lord will reward us in the end for all the sacrifices we make." The Messenger is pleased to be able to say in this connection that west of the Mississippi river the number of parochial schools is increasing rapidly, indicating that the Catholic laity are imbued with the proper ideas as to the necessity of Christian education.—The Catholic Messenger.

General News.

The great Vatican collection of church ornaments and vestments contains the famous dalmatic of Leo II worn at the coronation of Charlemagne, and which has kept its magnificent coloring now for eleven hundred years, and the Cruz Vaticanus given by Justinian Emperor of the East in the sixth century.

In Messina the foundation stone of the great church to be reared in memory of the hundred-thousand dead that perished in the earthquake was laid recently by the Archbishop of that See, Mgr. D'Arrigo, who was attended by almost all the clergy and municipal authorities of the ruined city.

The Sisters of the Visitation at Annesy, France, will have to vacate the mother house of the order. They have decided to emigrate to England, and Archbishop Bourne has blessed their undertaking by building a church and monastery in London. It is generally known that the French government confiscated all their property without a dollar of indemnity.

"With regards to the question of the French schools the Osservatore Romano points out that the defending of their rights by Christians cannot be reckoned disorderly. If there be disorder it must be attributed to the government that persecutes them. It points out that the timely stand of the bishops is more conducive to ultimate peace than a submission which could only be temporary.

An impressive and edifying sight was witnessed at Indian Island, Old Town, Me., on Christmas Eve, when the Pobocot Indians, true to the ancient faith and customs of the past, assembled to assist at midnight Mass. More edifying still was the fact that most of the congregation received Holy Communion.

To Tax Churches in Italy.

Official Italy is to enter a fresh chapter on its war on religion—it will tax all church property. From St. Peter's and the Vatican palace down to the humblest orphanage and the smallest convent, all ecclesiastical buildings will have to pay an annual tribute to the mercenary forces that are back of the Sardinian monarchy. The enormous sum of \$16,000,000 will be drained every year from the resources of the Church and be turned over to the secular power. "Only the need of having more revenue to support the public works

GRAND TRUNK

Live Stock Exhibition OTTAWA, January 17 to 21, 1910 Round Trip Fare From Montreal \$3.35 Tickets on sale: January 18 and 19, 1910. Return Limit: January 22, 1910.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA TRAINS. Lve. Montreal—\*8.30 a.m., 13.55 p.m. \*8.00 p.m. Arr. Ottawa—\*11.45 a.m., 7.10 p.m., 11.15 p.m. Daily (\*). Week days only (†). Parlor-Library-Buffer Cars on 8.30 a.m. and 3.55 p.m. trains. Parlor Car on 8 p.m. train. Note—Train leaving Montreal at 8.00 p.m.—after business hours—arrives Ottawa 11.15 p.m.—in time to admit of a night's rest at the Capital.

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EXPRESS 7.40 a.m. Except Sunday St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, and intermediate stations, making connections for Montmagny, Riviere du Loup, and intermediate stations.

MARITIME EXPRESS 12 noon Daily St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Riviere du Loup, Rimouski and St. Flavie.

12 noon Except Saturday For above-named Stations and for Little Metis, Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

NICOLET EXPRESS 4 p.m. Except Sun. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

N.B.—The parlor buffet car on Maritime Express, Montreal to St. Flavie, Saturdays only, has been discontinued.

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BELLS

I, the President of the "Equitable" Mutual Fire Insurance Company, as per paragraph 164 of the insurance law, call a meeting of the members of this Company on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1910, at the office of the Company, 160 St. James St., Montreal, in connection with the deposit to be made to the Government and in reference to the mutual system of this company.

S. T. WILLET, President. Chambly Canton, Que., Montreal, December 31st, 1909.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 316 Laguchetiers street west, Montreal, Can., by G. Fleishbush Magasin.

of the nation, compels this extreme step," says the "devil's advocate" put forward by the government to defend this imposition.

Who will pay these taxes? The Catholics of Italy. They already bear their full share of the burden of supporting "united Italy." Why should they be singled out for direct spoliation? Why should not the present common taxes be increased sufficiently to meet the growing expenditures of the nation? This taxation of God's property, so like sacrilege in a Catholic country, is only the first step to the seizure of all such property by the anti-Catholic forces, called the government. The savings, the ready money, of the parishes, colleges, monasteries and convents, will first be absorbed by the thieves, and then the buildings will be appropriated. The story of France is to be repeated in Italy.—Catholic Columbian.

