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French Catholics Fighting Battle of all Christendom.

(Archbishop Farley, in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

"The clergy of France are fighting the battle of Christendom," says Archbishop Farley, "and should have the sympathy of every Christian church, no matter what its denomination, which owns property and endowments to be used for divine worship and for the dispensation of charity according to its own lights. Here in America, where no attempt is made by the State to interfere with the various religious denominations, the people at large are naturally disposed to condemn clergymen who, by declining to comply with the behests of the Government, expose themselves to a charge of rebellion against the authority of the land. But in order to understand the refusal of the Catholic clergy of France to fulfill the requirements of the new law of separation, it must be explained that the provisions of the statute in question demand the consent of the church, and of its ministers to the alienation of all the property that has been bequeathed and donated to be held in trust for religious and philanthropic purposes. It is property which they do not derive from the Government, but from the munificence of the pious and of which they are merely the trustees.

"The situation created by the new Law of Separation, which is the cause of the present crisis in France, is as if, for instance, the Legislature of New York were to enact laws compelling the trustees of the Trinity Church Corporation, under the penalty of confiscation, to give their consent to the alienation of all its vast property to other uses than those for which it was intended, and to transfer its administration and control to people who might either belong to rival denominations or even profess atheism. It is as if the Legislature of New York were to enact a statute requiring the Catholic Church, under the penalty of confiscation of its property of one kind or another, to consent to the transfer of the management and control of its sacred edifices, seminaries, rectories, hospitals, protectories and other educational and charitable institutions to associations in which not merely avowed foes of Catholicism among the Protestant denominations, but also agnostics and scheming politicians, indifferent to any kind of religious belief, were in the majority.

"Were such laws to be enacted by the State, of New York the clergy and trustees administering the great property of the Trinity Church Corporation and the clergy and trustees invested with the direction of the property of the Catholic Church would be prompted to refuse obedience, not only on religious grounds but also by reason of their conviction that compliance would involve a flagrant disregard of their moral and material obligations as trustees. They would look upon the law in question as iniquitous, as unconstitutional, and would therefore consider themselves justified in doing nothing to express their submission thereto.

"It is inconceivable to the American people that the Legislature of New York, or indeed of any other State of this great and free Republic, should enact any such laws of virtual spoliation. Yet that is precisely what the French Government has done. Article 4 of the new law of separation provides for the forming of lay associations to take title to the ecclesiastical property in France.

"Now if these associations of laymen were intended solely for administering the temporalities of the church, and if the law provided that

they should be composed of Catholics there might be no objection to them, though it is unreasonable to exclude, as the law does, bishops and priests from membership and from a controlling voice in them. In America Catholic laymen are represented on all the boards of trustees invested with the management of the funds and property of the various churches. But the new French law renders it possible for people of rival denominations and foes to the church in question to secure a place on these associations and actually converts the clergy into their docile instrument as regards the administering of their ecclesiastical office. Moreover, it is provided by the law that in cases where rival associations are formed claiming the churches and the church property of any particular parish, it is the Council of State (that is to say, a purely lay body, and a creature of the executive for the time being) which shall determine their respective pretensions.

"In one word, the new law requires of the church the alienation of all its property to boards of laymen in the selection of which it has virtually no voice, this board to have full and perfect control not only over the funds, but even over the religious edifices and over the exercise of divine worship itself, independent of Pope, bishops and canon law.

"The property at stake consists of about 30,000 churches (of which less than three hundred have been built with the aid of the State or municipality) and the property accumulated by means of endowments and legacies during the last hundred years, since the last confiscation of church property at the time of the great revolution, and amounting to considerably over \$100,000,000. Only a portion of this vast property is destined for purely ecclesiastical purposes, the great majority of the funds being designed and used for purposes of charity and philanthropy. Of this property the clergy are the trustees, by virtue of the conditions under which it was donated and bequeathed. Their acceptance of the new law and their transfer of this property of the trust to the 'associations cultuelles' would alienate forever the estate of the church in deference to an iniquitous law which may be repealed by another Parliament.

"Aristide Briand, the Minister of Education in France and the author and executor of this iniquitous law, has solemnly declared that without the written consent of the clergy to the establishment of these boards or 'associations cultuelles,' and without the transfer by the clergy of the property of the church to these bodies, there could not only be no public exercise of divine worship, but there would follow the confiscation of the sacred edifices, the rectories and other ecclesiastical properties by the State. This Minister, Aristide Briand, is the statesman who, addressing a congress of teachers at Amiens the other day, told them that the time had come to root out from the minds of French children the ancient faith, which had served its time, and to replace it with the light of free thought, winking up his discourse with the words: 'We must do away with all Christian ideas.'

"There is no question, therefore, of differences between the various religious denominations. The Pope and the Roman Catholic Church in France to-day are fighting with far better justification and much greater moderation the very war that Chalmers and other founders of the Free Kirk waged in Scotland sixty years ago for 'The Crown Rights' of Christ."

to the Irish Bible that the following authentic facts may be of more than passing interest:

The first Irish translation of the whole Bible was by Richard Fitz-Ralph, of Dundalk; Archbishop of Armagh, who died at Avignon on

December 16th, 1380, and whose remains were brought, in 1870, to his native town of Dundalk, where they still lie. His relics are honored by the faithful, and he himself was reputed as a saint. In 1885, Pope Urban VI. issued a commission to inquire into the virtues of Primate Fitz-Ralph, and another commission was appointed in 1899.

Although the first Protestant Irish version of the New Testament—grossly corrupt—was issued in 1602, Bedell's Irish Bible did not appear till 1686. But it is an undeniable fact that Bedell's Bible is defective in matter—the so-called Apocrypha being omitted—while the version is incorrect, and suffered considerably from the ignorant and malicious editing of a half-dozen persons. Bedell himself was the merest tyro at the Irish language—the study of which he only commenced at the age of sixty—and his Old Testament was really translated by Murtagh O'King, who was incompetent for the task.

In 1684 the Protestant Convocation at Dublin, under Primate Bramhall, opposed the publication of Bedell's Bible as "dangerous to the State," and the work was opposed by Laud, Wentworth and even Usher. The manuscript, after Bedell's death, fell into the hands of Jones, Protestant Bishop of Meath, and was got to press by Boyle and Marsh, being again tampered with in the re-editing. Finally it was published in London in 1686. This is the Bible which has ever since been used, as it was intended by Boyle and Marsh, "for the conversion of the Popish natives."

At length, in 1806, just a hundred years ago, the Hibernian Bible Society was started "for the circulation of the Holy Scriptures at a reduced price." It is particularly well noted that "by a fundamental rule" (see prospectus of 1830), "all copies in the English language are to be of Authorized Version only."

In 1810 the British and Foreign Bible Society prepared a New Testament in Irish, in Roman character; and in 1817 an edition of Bedell's Bible, also in Roman type, was issued. Both of these editions were simply a reprint of Daniel and Bedell, edited (!) by Mr. A. Shackwell, and a Rev. Mr. McQuigge. It was not, however, until 1827 that the complete Irish Bible, in Irish type, was published, under the editorship of McQuigge, whose qualifications for the task were of the slenderest.

So corrupt was this edition that, in the years 1885-1889, Rev. Professor Goodman, of Trinity College, Dublin, undertook to revise it, but he only got through St. Luke's Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles. A few years ago Professor Murphy, of Trinity College, was engaged by the Hibernian Bible Society to re-edit the Irish New Testament.

Such is the history of the Irish Bible. Neither the version used nor the translators can all be regarded as trustworthy. On this account the gift of Irish Bibles to the Dublin Libraries is rather of a dubious value, especially coming from such a tainted source as the Hibernian Bible Society.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.

A Solemn Anniversary Service will take place at St. Ann's Church on Thursday, January 3rd, 1907, at 8 a.m., for the happy repose of the soul of the late Mrs. John Kane, who died on December 31st, 1904. Friends and relations are respectfully invited. May her soul rest in peace.

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Ancient English Abbey and its Traditions.

The rumor that the Austin family were about to dispose of Glastonbury Abbey to an American has, says "H.G.D." in the Manchester Guardian, proved untrue, but the Abbey is still for sale. This is no new thing in its history. Once at least the abbacy was purchased, and after the Dissolution the house and lands changed hands by sale over and over again.

Compared with their former greatness, of which the business-like inventories made at the Dissolution have provided exact evidence, the ruins of the Abbey are insignificant. Such as remains are being carefully preserved, having been rescued from further ruin by the care of the father of the present owner. They were worth preserving; those fragments that remain to tell of Glastonbury's vanished importance contain some singularly beautiful conceits of mediæval architecture, and enable the fanciful to reconstruct in mind what was one of the finest churches in England.

An adventure into the origin and antiquities of Glastonbury is a literary excursion that leads to curious things. The plainest and most trodden path leads to Jerusalem, and less frequented ones to misty origins of Asiatic monasticism. The former will suffice for the present. Legend declares that when Joseph of Arimathea was miraculously released from prison in Jerusalem, he, St. Mary Magdalen, St. Lazarus and St. Martha, were put into an open boat, turned adrift to the sea, and by God's providence were driven ashore at Marcellis. Another legend puts the number of persons on the vessel as considerably higher, but both bring St. Joseph across France to this country with eleven disciples, bringing with them the chalice that was used at the Last Supper. Wandering among the people of the West, the pilgrims rested on what is now called Weyrill Hill; St. Joseph stuck his staff in the ground, and, like that of Tannhauser or of St. Patrick in Brittany, it burst into flower. On Challice Hill they buried the cup; a healing well issued forth, and has continued to flow ever since. The twelve brethren accepted the signs and went no further; they made themselves cave dwellings, built an oratory of wood and wattles, and became the first religious community.

Various historians embroidered this simple story for the glory of the Abbey and to the obscuring of the truth. But it seems probable, from a sober account of the charters of the Abbey preserved at Oxford, that St. Patrick did spend some later years of his life at Glastonbury, that he re-ordered their rule, and that he caused the oratory to be more permanently established in stone. But who "they" were is a harder question to solve—monks from Bangor, perhaps, or pious Irishmen who before and after St. Columbanus felt the impetus of their faith to go abroad and preach it to others. And if St. Patrick, then St. Benignus, his successor in Ireland, and St. David, Bishop of Menevia, whose nephew Arthur is said to have been. In Glastonbury I have heard all three claimed as natives of the town itself. It rests on better evidence that King Ina made the community a grant of land, and it is history that after the Danes had spoiled the town and monastery King Edmund appointed Dunstan Abbot with a free hand to re-establish the Abbey, his charter bearing the date of 942. Exactly what Dunstan did towards this reformation, it is difficult to say. Glastonbury was already the first Abbey in the Kingdom, and would have remained so had not Pope Adrian passed that distinction to St. Alban's in memory of the proto-martyr of our land.

The church, a lofty Gothic building, was laid out in the plan of a cross, with a tower in the center, and St. Joseph's Chapel joined it at the west end. The nave was two hundred and twenty feet long, the tower forty-five feet across, and the choir was a hundred and fifty feet long, so that the entire length was

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four hundred and twenty feet. A cloister with sides two hundred and twenty feet long formed a square on the south side. To-day there is not a trace of it, but the curious can pace the church from the existing stones, and will find their reckoning to agree with the dimensions given by early writers. The chapel of St. Joseph, which is a hundred and ten feet long, moved Dugdale out of his musty cartularies to a piece of vivid description. It stands now, a thing of beauty. Beyond lay a great range of conventual buildings—dormitories, refectory, frater, infirmary—all having since provided a quarry for local building. Before the Dissolution Abbot after Abbot enriched the shrine or the house, built churches or schools, gave plate to the altar, and fed the poor on Wednesdays and Fridays. With stone at hand in the Mendips, a few miles away, they had no desire to destroy existing buildings when they wanted to build the tithe-barn, churches, or pilgrim-house, all of which, being already in private hands, were spared at the Reformation. To the suppression of the religious houses Abbot Richard Whiting, then at the head of Glastonbury, would be no party. He was chosen for the abbacy by Cardinal Wolsey, in whose hands the monks had placed the election, and he proved a stubborn man, resisting the King at law till the Crown suppressed the Abbey by suppressing its Abbot. In default of a better charge, he was accused of stealing the convent plate, stood a sort of drum-head trial at Wells Assizes, and was hanged on St. Michael's Tor, when the spoliation of the Abbey began. The buildings went to ruin and the revenues fell to the Crown.

Edward VI. granted the Abbey and its lands to the Duke of Somerset. He being attainted, it fell again to the Crown, and was sold to Sir Peter Carew. The Duke of Devonshire had it in 1733, and sold it for £12,500 to Mr. Thomas Blayden. It was sold by his daughters for £40,500, and was bought in 1806 by Mr. James Roche for £75,000. After this sale it was divided. The Abbey estate was afterwards bought from Mr. Seymour, M.P., by the late Mr. James Austin, father of the present owner, for £43,000.

BUILDING IN JERUSALEM.

New suburbs around Jerusalem, says the Builder, are spreading with rapidity, and an important European town on the Plain of Rephaim, a tract of barren, stony ground which stretches from Jerusalem half way to Bethlehem, is becoming covered with houses and gardens. A supply of water which formerly was supposed to be non-existent, now seems to be sufficient at this point. The houses are being built in some cases by German workmen, although the majority of the occupants are the indefinable Levantines. Soon these houses—and among them several manufactory chimneys are visible,—will have reached the ridge which separates Jerusalem and the Plain of Rephaim from Rachel's tomb and Bethlehem.

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VALUABLE VESTMENTS USED IN ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW-YORK.

The vestments in use at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, compare very favorably with those in many of the famous cathedrals in Europe, and they are the finest in any Cathedral in America. Archbishop Corrigan presented to the Cathedral the only complete set of Holy Thursday vestments in the world. They are valued at \$20,000. In the set are thirteen chasubles, ten dalmatics, nine tunics, two copes and lace albs, amices and other vestments to correspond to the Holy Thursday service alone.

These vestments are of the finest white satin, embroidered with gold 90 per cent fine. The principal ornaments are the passion flower, wheat sheaf and grapes, embroidered in silk and gold, emblematic of Holy Week. The body of the vestment is worked with sprays of fuchsias. The remainder of the vestments in this set are made of the finest moire antique, embroidered in the finest silk and gold to correspond. This magnificent set of vestments was made by the Dominican Sisters at Hunt's Point. It took fifteen nuns an entire year, working eight hours a day.

The chasubles are studded with pearls and rubies. The archiepiscopal sets, worn when the archbishop pontificates, are of the finest red silk velvet. There are eight sets, which cost \$5000 each. They are embroidered in pure gold.

A famous set of vestments now in the old sacristy was a gift to the late Archbishop Hughes. On these vestments, which are of the finest gold cloth, is worked the archbishop's coat of arms. They are embroidered with gold and incrustated with jewels. The set comprises vestments for twelve priests besides the Archbishop. Archbishop Corrigan wore these vestments occasionally.

Another set of vestments which has attracted attention from admirers of artistic embroidery was presented to Archbishop Corrigan. They are rose colored and are worn on two days only of the year and are permitted to cathedral and collegiate institutions only throughout the world. They are embroidered in fine gold and artistic needlework. On the chasuble is the usual cross, and the figures on the cross and designs on the frontispiece are worked in silks of different colors, gold, and silver on gold.

Another handsome set is one worn for Pontifical Requiem Masses. It is of black moire antique silk. A set of vestments which was prepared specially for Archbishop Corrigan is used for celebrating the Nuptial Mass. It is made of white satin, and around the outer edge is worked a vine of forget-me-nots in colors that blend. Around the cross in the back of the chasuble are worked sprays of marguerites in vine shape.

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The good God has measured out our years; and of these years that He has reserved to leave us on this earth, He has marked out one which shall be our last. What distance is there between that moment and this? The space of an instant.—Cure d'Arc

THE BIBLE IN IRISH

A writer, signing himself Erigena, contributed the following interesting note to the Freeman's Journal of Dublin:

There is so much misconception as

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

Like Simeon of old, The new-born Babe I hold Upon my heart, According to Thy word, Let now thy servant, Lord, In peace depart. —John B. Tabb.

NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

Whole volumes have been filled with the novelties of New Year's customs and the usages which in different parts of the world characterize the day. In Persia, colored eggs are sent as presents, as with us at Easter. In France, the New Year's day corresponds pretty closely in its social observances to our Christmas. In Russia, at every country house there is a procession and feast in honor of the day, horses, cows, sheep and hogs being gaily dressed with garlands and led to the landlord's house. An essential part of the programme is that the animals shall be taken into the dining room, but when the landlord does not care to have a nice apartment spoiled by this human and beastly procession, he fits up a large room on the ground floor, with tables and benches and through this files the rabble rout. In China, it is considered obligatory on all persons to settle every pecuniary obligation before the first day of the new year, a custom that might with profit be imitated elsewhere. The Chinese have also the singular practice of dating all births on the first day of the year on which they occur, so that as far as the records show every Chinaman has but one birthday, the first of January. The widest variance is observable in the selection of the day which should be considered the first of the year. Some nations have begun it in the spring, others in the autumn; some in mid-summer, most in midwinter; but whatever the day the usages and rejoicings which characterized it have not varied so greatly as might be supposed, but have remained for ages almost unchanged.

AN ODD ITALIAN CUSTOM.

A New Year's method employed by the Italian peasant girl to learn what Hyman has in store for her is to stand in the doorway of her home facing the road and kick off one of her slippers with sufficient force to send it backward over her head and back into the room. If the slipper falls on the sole, the toe pointing towards the door in which the girl stands, she takes it as an omen that before the new year dies she shall have walked out of her parental home and entered another house as its mistress and as a bride.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

The man who begins on January 1 to seek his own happiness is in a fair way to miss it altogether. Happiness is an elusive sprite. The more she is pursued the swifter she flies. There is doubtless for those who make pleasure their business a sort of gratification in their diversions, though it can scarcely be called happiness. Happiness is not the chief object of our existence. As Beecher once put it, "Man was not made to be everlastingly fiddled on by the fingers of joy." Character is the end of life. Happiness is incidental. Let a man look well to the ordering of life in its relation to other lives, seeking to make them happy, and he will find himself wearing the garland.—Rev. Frank G. Tyrrell.

LIVING UP TO IDEALS.

Dr. Ross, who, about thirty years ago, according to the story re-told in a Boston paper, was the head of a boys' school in a little Western town, used to assemble his pupils every Saturday morning and read

aloud to them such stirring tales of chivalry and such lofty poems or record of holy lives as would stir them to emulation.

One winter the doctor was obliged to be absent for a few weeks, and his wife, a quick-witted, rational woman, took charge of the school. "What did you read last week?" she asked, when Saturday came. "The story of Sir Philip Sidney," they answered.

"Anything more?" "The history of the Brothers of Pity, the society in Italy which spends its time and money in taking care of the poor and sick."

Mrs. Ross tried to discover how much of the subject the boys understood, but their ideas both of Sidney and of the merciful brotherhood were already very vague. She was silent a moment, and then said:

"Boys, I am going to institute a Philip Sidney Order. Every boy who joins it must give up swearing, lying and mean tricks. He must bear himself like a gentleman under all circumstances. We will have a president and other officers for the society, a badge, secret passwords and a room for meetings. The first violation of the rules, proved in full session, will be punished by rebuke; the second by suspension; the third by expulsion.

"We will have another order for the younger members of the school, called the Brothers of Pity. The boy who joins it must promise to be kind and gentle towards all living things, especially dumb animals. The same rules as those of the other order will govern it."

A month later Dr. Ross returned and took up his work again.

"What have you done to the boys?" he asked his wife. "They are softened and gentled beyond recognition. I tried to show them good examples."

"In studying a handicraft," said the shrewd woman, "you learn more by trying to do a thing yourself for a half hour than by hearing of how others did it for a month. It seemed to me this rule would apply to the soul as well as to the fingers and so I tried it."

THE "NEW" MOTHER.

The dean of one of the largest of our colleges for women recently made an impassioned appeal to young mothers not to waste their time in the personal care of their babies, but to give them over to trained nurses and kindergartners, while they devoted themselves to study and such outside work as would fit them to be companions for their children when they were grown. Nothing can be more convincing than her reasoning, and there is but one objection to her plan,—that it doesn't work.

It is a most disheartening fact that none of her plans, however scientific and reasonable, which run counter to Nature ever does work. About twenty years ago, for instance, some philanthropic folks in England founded model homes for the female children of poor, depraved parents. The girls were reared, so to speak, in bulk. They dressed alike, ate the same food at the same moment, they walked, slept, rose, studied, played and prayed together at the tap of a bell. Especial care was taken, for fear of favoritism, that there should be no personal intercourse between them and their teachers out of school. The habits, knowledge and religion taught to them warranted to be of the best.

But when these girls, being grown, were sent into homes as nurses of children, they invariably were sent back as incompetent and cruel. The human element in them was withered and dead for want of the family life. The experimenters openly acknowledged that the training in unselfishness and in affection was better under even a careless mother and father than under no father and mother at all.

A few years ago Dr. Louis Starr, the eminent American specialist for children, discovered a new disease among them. The baby patients grew bloodless and weak and died

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with no apparent ailment. They were invariably the children of wealthy mothers who had refused to nurse them, but fed them on some food which science declared perfect. Science was again mistaken and Nature avenged the slight put upon her.

If the college graduate mothers follow the advice of their dean their children will lose something out of their lives which no nurse nor kindergarten can give.

Will the boy of fifteen when the devil tempts him be most likely to go for help to the brilliant companion who understands politics and civic reform, or to the little fond woman who always sang him to sleep on her breast and knelt beside him while she taught him to speak to God?

And if the college-graduate mother takes the dean's advice she will hurt him more than does the child. The fact is that her first business in the world is to be a mother. She may incidentally be an artist, a politician, or a sea-captain, if she will, but Nature made her in mind and body to be a mother. Even as a wife she is a subordinate; she fills the second place. But when she gives a child to the world and trains it, her work is nearer akin to that of God than any other done by man. If she prefers meander duties she will, by just so much, be little herself and her life.

Even the dean of a woman's college does not know so well what is good for her as God and her mother—Nature.—Post.

QUEEN A CHILD OF MARY.

Queen Victoria of Spain, recently attended a ceremony in the Chapel of the Convent of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart in Madrid. Her majesty was received as a child of Mary and presented with the insignia—a gold medal bearing the royal crown in brilliant: The Bishop of Sion attended, and all the chief clergy of Madrid were present at the ceremony. Lunch followed, after which a play was performed by the children in a miniature theatre in the convent.

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VOLUNTARY WELL DOING.

Children do many things that they are not told to do, and many of such things are worthy of a little notice. You cannot hope to direct a child in all his doings that are purely "free will" on his part. Many of them you will not see or know of until done. If your boy has been kind to a playmate, has been able to sacrifice his own wishes that some other boy "may have his way," it will help to form and maintain the habit of regard for others if you tell him that his action is known to you and that you approve it. It is always right to recognize his voluntary well doing.

It is not necessary to tell him that it is better than other boys. In fact, he should never be told that or given to understand that. But if his action is in conformity with what a boy ought to be it will not hurt him to know that you know and are glad because of the fact. Tell your boy you are proud of him, mother, and he will think that you are the best mother in the world, and that's a good thing for any boy to think.—Mother's Magazine.

DEVOTES HER LIFE TO THE POOR.

The dowager Duchess of Newcastle is one of the greatest Roman Catholic ladies of England who are devoting their lives to the poor. The duchess was told that of all the London districts Whitechapel was in greatest disrepute owing to the exploits of Jack the Ripper. "Very well," she replied, "then I will go to Whitechapel." Since that time she has labored almost unceasingly among the poor in the east end, making her home for the most part of the year at St. Anthony's House in Great Prescott street, in the heart of Whitechapel.

LOVE IS NEVER LOST.

When two people are very dear friends be sure that one of them has always a greater love; so I believe. Thus it is with God and His poor creatures. But the greater love is ever teaching the less and making it increase, when it is true, until sometimes with men the less becomes the greater and goes on drawing the other to it again. No love is ever lost nor are its pains unfruitful where sin is not.

TIMELY HINTS.

If white goods have become stained with vaseline, dip the spots in kerosene before washing in water. Water in which rice has been boiled may be used for starching old lace, choice handkerchiefs, etc. It gives a soft and dainty stiffness which adds a charm to their appearance. When washing black or colored silk stockings do not use soap. Warm bran water should be used, and the stockings should be squeezed or run through the wringer and dried in the shade. In place of the usual hamper for the laundry a better device is three large bags of plain white duck, one

THE POET'S CORNER

THE OLD YEAR.

Sadly tolls the midnight bell With a slow and rhythmic swell, As we drop a sorrowing tear For the drooping, dying Year.

It is drifting to that bourne Whence no travellers return, Bearing with it many a tear, Many a smile too,—poor old Year!

But a little time it seems Since we dreamed its bright young dreams,— Since, hope-freighted to the prow, We sailed forth with it,—and now?

Sadly tolls the last, long bell, "All is over—all is well!" And we drop a silent tear On the frost-bespangled pier.

LIFE SCULPTURE.

Chisel in hand a sculptor boy With his marble block before him, And his face lit up with joy, As the angel dream passed o'er him. He carved that dream in the shapeless stone With many a sharp incision, With heaven's own light the sculptor stood— He had caught that angel vision.

Sculptors of life are we, as we stand With our uncarved souls before us, Waiting the hour when at God's command Our life dream passes o'er us. If we carve it then on the yielding stone With many a sharp incision, Its heavenly beauty shall be our own. Our lives that angel vision.

HAVE YOU FELT THAT WAY?

Haven't you often worn goggles of blue, And seeing Life's sham and its shame, Felt it was all a big scramble, and you Might as well get into the game? That nothing much mattered but a big bunch of cash, And the man who was good was a jay, And the whole blooming country was going to smash; Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

DEVOTES HER LIFE TO THE POOR.

Haven't you felt it was hardly worth while To try to live up to your best? And haven't you smiled a cynical smile— And something way down in your breast Whispered Life had a prize that was higher than gold

FUNNY SAYING.

HER DIAGNOSIS.

He—I understand you have been attending an ambulance class. Can you tell me what is the best thing to do for a broken heart? She—Oh, yes. Bind up the broken portion with a gold band, bathe in orange blossom water, and apply plenty of raw rice. Guaranteed to be well in a month.—London Tid-Bits.

IN SOME PARTS OF IRELAND IT IS A CUSTOM AMONG BANK CLERKS TO SPEAK OF ONE ANOTHER AS "OFFICERS" OF THE BANK; BUT LITTLE JIM BENDER, THE RECENTLY IMPORTED COCKNEY WAITER IN A COUNTY MAYO HOTEL, WAS NOT AWARE OF THIS CUSTOM.

"Have you seen any of our officers here this morning?" asked a lordly knight of the gull of Jim a few days ago. Jim glanced keenly at his interrogator.

"Yesir," he answered, promptly "It isn't three minutes ago since one of 'em went out with his sword be'ind 'is ear!"

And sweeter than fame and display? And the faith that had slipped took a brand-new hold; Haven't you, haven't you felt that way?

And didn't a peace come near that was far And urge you to strive toward it still? And didn't you turn your face to a star, And didn't you say: "I will!" And weren't you stronger, and didn't you find The world was better, and didn't it pay To be brave and patient and cheery and kind; Haven't you, haven't you felt that way! —Maurice Smiley, in Collier's Weekly.

REDEEMING THE TIME.

The time is short— If thou wouldst work for God it must be now; If thou wouldst win the garlands for thy brow; Redeem the time. I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender, And soon with me the labor will be wrought; Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender: The time is short! —Horatius Bonar.

NO MORE.

Hung with grey clouds, the sky is drooping o'er me, And so I turn my weary eyes away, To read again the old delicious story, And breathe the fragrance of a vanished May. O sunny hours, long has your sunlight faded; Oh, roses red, your blossoming is o'er; I struggle up the thorny hill unaided, For, loving once, my heart can love no more! Time with his touch once tender hearts will harden, But yours was fond and trusting as my own, When roamed we in that sunny, rose rich garden, And life and love seemed made for us alone. First love was mine, and though your manhood's blessing Upon another's pathway now must shine, I do not envy her your calm carressing— The wild, sweet worship of your youth was mine!

Mrs. Jones had acquired the art of planting a sting. "How delighted I am to see you again, Mrs. Jones!" said an elderly acquaintance, meeting her when out shopping. "Why, it must be at least ten years since we met, and it's so nice to think that you remembered me after all this time. You knew me at once. I can't have changed so very much." "Oh," said Mrs. Jones, with a sweet smile and an acid tone, "I recognized your bonnet."

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. Maloney, Boston, Mass., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (His words are): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not sleep or eat. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I prepared a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble." Doan's Kidney Pills are 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Worcester, Mass. Do not accept a substitute unless you see and get "Doan's."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

SANTA CLAUS.

It's a merry old man I'm setting to rhyme, And he comes when he can— At Christmas time— With everything from a rattle to a ring— Oh, hark to the sleighbell's chime!

Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look here, my lad, Here's my pack: jes' help yourself, like all good boys does."

I knowed who Santa Claus wuz. Wisht that yarn wuz true about him as it 'peared to be— Truth made out 'o' lies, that un's good enough for me!

TWELVE LOST CHRISTMASSES.

Twelve years without any Christmas celebration! What a time to live in. Yet that was the lot of English children during the years that Cromwell was in power.

HOW MISTLETOE GROWS.

Mistletoe, at the present time, figures almost solely at Christmas festivities. It grows in our southern and midland counties as a parasite on certain forest trees, such as sycamore, lime, poplar and elm, but rarely is it found on oak.

LONG AFORE I KNEWED.

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still— Ust to almost cry for Christmas, like a youngster will. Fourth o' July's nothin' to it! New Year's ain't a smell;

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

The world is indebted to the late Charles A. Dana, editor of The New York Sun, for settling the vexatious question once and for all time.

"Dear Editor—I am 8 years old. Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. Papa says: 'If you see it in The Sun, it's so.' Please tell me the truth, is there a Santa Claus?"

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove?

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, not even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, may, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

I would seek unto God, and unto God I would commit my cause.—Bible.

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LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER XII—A MEAN REVENGE.

"Mine Herr Papa," Bonny said, a morning or two afterwards at breakfast, "shall I come and sit on your knee, 'cos I want to tell you something?"

"I nearly goin' to be berry angry wid you, 'cos you bad man to me. You shut up your mouf all tight, like this, and not show me your big teef, and make a berry solid face at me, and that's what. Berry ugly solid face, I tell you. Liese says it's solid, too."

"Solemn, Herr Papa," Liese interposed. "Johann was watching you all day yesterday, to see when you would laugh again."

The professor smiled, just a faint smile, that came and went quickly. Bonny eyed him critically the while.

"It isn't good like that, is it, Liese?" he asked reprovingly.

"Perhaps Herr Papa doesn't feel inclined to laugh," Liese replied. "But he isn't naughty," Bonny said, "and I isn't naughty, and you isn't naughty, and little mudder isn't naughty, so we haven't got to be solid, and I don't like it."

"What for will you kill him, Johann?" the professor asked. "What has he done that you should say so?"

"Oh, I know. He did bring you solid face and never take it away again. I seen old man doctor before in other house. They all bad, nasty, angry forehead, spiteful faces, that's what they are, and make all the peoples berry ill and dead, and you'll be ill and dead too, like my other mudder."

The professor glanced at his wife. It was the first time that Bonny had spoken of his previous life.

"Poor mudder! she died, then, and left little Johann all alone?" he asked.

Bonny took no heed. Presently he said to the professor, "I must see you big teef again."

"Well, Johann, I was thinking about a man who was a great and wonderful musician."

"That's Herr Papa," Bonny interposed promptly. "No, no, very much greater than Herr Papa. He made the most beautiful music in the world, and he loved his music more than anything else."

"More than Herr Papa?" Bonny asked eagerly, catching hold of the long brown beard.

"More than everything. But a dreadful thing happened to him. When he sat down to play, no sound greeted him. The music was there, but he could not hear it."

"He's a stupid. Tell him to play louder!" "But he did play louder and louder every week and still he heard less and less."

"I know," Bonny cried excitedly. "Old man doctor with a spiteful face stick a thing in his ear, and his ear berry killed and dead for ever and ever."

The professor made a big enough mouth now; for he sat back in his chair and laughed one of his tremendous ha-ha-ha's. Bonny watched him delightedly.

"The poor man was very sad when he could no longer hear his beloved music," the professor went on. "It makes me feel sad when I think of him. What would you have done, Johann, if you had been that poor man?"

Bonny thought a minute. Then suddenly he broke out fiercely. "I'd kill the bad man doctor what put the thing in his ear, and I'd smash the 'music' all up 'cos he didn't play loud enough. And then—and then, I'd be dreafly angry till old man doctor made me well again!"

"It is impossible for the little one to comprehend," Madame Bruder said. "You must think no more of this thing, but hope and pray, mine husband. Come what may, let us have happy cheerful days to lock back upon."

"Liese," he uncle asked, "if you were that poor man, what would you do?"

"I think," Liese answered, "I

would go out to tea every night with kind friends—everybody would be kind, I am sure—and try to forget it. And then, when I was alone, I would sit and remember all the beautiful music I had ever heard, and all the kind things people had said."

"Yes, I believe you would, my little Liese; and you shall teach us a lesson, which is to speak always kind words to one another, lest some day the ears of any of us should be shut, and we should have only the memory of words to cheer us, and we will also be as happy as ever we can. Therefore, my little ones, we will come now and play one of Papa Haydn's trios, and after that we will go in the meadows and enjoy ourselves."

So the three went into the professor's music-room to their music, while Madame departed to the household management, which no German house mistress ever neglects.

These hours of study were pleasant enough. Liese, who showed great aptitude, was beginning to play the piano very well, and Bonny, who had quite yielded his stubborn will to the professor's guidance, was making marvellous progress. A great reward had come to him. The Herr Papa bought his own violin, and Liese sat down to the piano, and then they all played together. Bonny found that the notes he had been learning came in so beautifully with those of the piano and the other violin that they took quite a new meaning for him, and he was wild with delight.

He felt so grand when he heard the beautiful sounds mingling together in such delicious harmony that he thought himself almost as good as those grown-up men who came to play with the professor, who looked so wise through their spectacles, and used such funny words among themselves.

Perhaps there was never a kinder or cleverer teacher than the professor. He had quite won Bonny's complete obedience, as well as his unbounded admiration. The child made such astounding progress that the professor himself was astonished and delighted. His hearing, certainly imperfect, showed very little alteration for better or worse, and the professor, who had at first been so cast down about it, tried to persuade himself that the doctor might have been mistaken, and that it would always remain as it was: that Bonny was to be the exception which is to be found to every rule.

And if any other thought would sometimes force itself on his mind, he remembered Liese's words, and told himself that the little one should at any rate have as much enjoyment of his ears as was possible.

He had consulted another doctor, who had told him very much the same thing as the first one; so his faith in the doctor of Madame's choice had revived. He came occasionally to see the child, but Bonny would never go near him, and for the present he took little notice, only trying to ingratiate himself into Bonny's good graces by sweets and smiles.

So the time passed rapidly and happily away. In the Christmas holidays the professor took the children into the gay capital, and showed them all sorts of amusing entertainments. One that especially delighted Bonny had in it a sort of simple Simon, who was always in the wars throughout. Liese was almost inclined to cry at the tricks they played on him, while Bonny shrieked with laughter, which came to a climax when some boys tied some squibs to his coat-tails and slyly lighted them. Off went the squibs, carrying the coat tails high up into the air with them. The man's bewildered capers highly amused Bonny, who clapped his hands and screamed with glee at every appearance of this hero during the rest of the performance without the coat-tails.

A few months later on the Berlin doctor declared that it was absolutely necessary to make an examination of Bonny's ears. Nothing could induce Bonny to go near him, so the Herr Papa had to hold him while the instrument was used, Bonny darting the angriest of glances at the doctor whenever he could get the chance.

It is just as I thought," the doctor said gravely, "I do not find any improvement."

Bonny glanced from one face to the other, and understood perfectly that something bad was being said. With an angry glare he darted from the room.

"Johann, what is the matter?" Liese cried, when he came tearing into their play-room with a red and furious face.

"Herr Papa berry cruel bad man. He lets the spiteful face hurt me, he

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does, stick thing in my ear, he did, and make me dead and killed, and I shall be berry angry soon. Naughty Herr Papa."

"Little Johann!" There was the professor standing in the doorway, with such a look of love and sorrow in his kind face.

In a moment Bonny's countenance changed. He ran to the outstretched arms, and with his little arms clasped tightly round the professor's neck lay there sobbing.

"Herr Papa, dear Herr Papa, you isn't naughty; you berry good, and I do love you; send the bad man doctor away, he mustn't kill my ears, you mustn't let him, that's what I do tell you," Bonny cried spasmodically.

"He will try to make you very new, better ears, little one," Herr Papa said to him soothingly.

"Herr Papa, bad man doctor took poor man's ears away, and he never heard his beautiful music any more, so he couldn't laugh and show his big teef. You telled me, you did."

"You haf got it all wrong, Liese, to me—"

Just then a smile broke over Bonny's face. He slipped down from the professor's arms and darted away, his anger and grief apparently forgotten.

"Poor little one!" the professor said to himself with a sigh, "what will be your fate? If this blow falls, I fear me that quick heart will be soured and broken. It is bad for me, but it will be more bad for my little child who loves all sweet sounds so passionately. Truly, I would give my own ears to save his to him."

"Herr Papa, look at Johann," Liese exclaimed. "What is he doing?"

The professor went to the window where Liese had been standing, watching the gardener at his work. At the end of the garden stood the doctor, bending over something which seemed to absorb all his attention. That was nothing to astonish either Liese or the professor, for they knew very well that the doctor loved poking about after grubs and chrysalises, and other such creatures, both for their own interesting qualities and also as bait for the fishing which his soul loved.

But the funny part was that Bonny was creeping about behind him, and dodging after every movement of the doctor, and just when Liese called out, she thought she saw a little flash of flame very near the

doctor's legs. "What is it, Liese?" the professor asked. "I see nothing but our good friend hunting for worms."

Bonny had cleared off, and there really was nothing. Liese felt quite stupid.

But not very long afterwards the doctor came tearing along the garden with a most unearthly yell, his spectacles bobbing up and down as he ran. Liese flew to the window. Behind him was a little column of smoke and some flames.

Liese tore out of the room after her uncle. They encountered the doctor in the hall, white and scared, and diffusing round him an alarming odor of brimstone. Big flames were creeping up his back.

"Take off your coat," the professor said calmly, and the doctor began mechanically to obey, clapping his hands frantically to those parts of his body where the heat was making itself felt. Presently the coat lay on the stone floor, quietly smouldering, the color began to rush back into the doctor's face, and something that was no longer fear into his eyes, as he stood in his shirt sleeves, contemplating the ruined garment.

"I never put a box of matches in my pocket," he cried angrily. "This is some diabolical trick!"

(To be continued)

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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

ART AND AGRICULTURE.

One of the numerous comic opera inquiries instituted by the British Government to amuse the Irish people has concluded and issued its report. The committee was appointed to inquire into the work carried on by the Royal Irish Academy and the Metropolitan School of Art in Dublin and a majority report, signed by an English Earl, who is, we believe, an admirable dancer, an Irish Earl who breeds fat cattle, and a gentleman interested in drains, sewers, waterpipes, and so forth, has been issued at the public expense. These gentlemen consider the progress of Art in Ireland will be served by its associations with experimental agriculture, and Lord Aberdeen, whose appreciation of art is as keen as that of King George II.'s The Department of Agriculture is to nominate its agriculturists, the British Lord Lieutenant is to nominate his representative, and the Director of the National Gallery—the Englishman who is responsible for the acceptance of the Milton collection of rubbish—is to nominate his representative. And if this happy combination does not make Ireland an artistic nation, not even the Royal Irish Constabulary may avail. Two of the Committee, who apparently took the affair seriously, have issued a minority report in which, of course, they declare that "the State" should do certain things which even the boy in the street is quite aware it ought to do if it existed. It does not occur to them that England is "the State," that England cannot possibly derive any advantage from encouraging Art in Ireland, and that the nation, not the state is the power to appeal to. When the Hibernian Academy was National, the Hibernian Academy produced artists and sold the pictures it exhibited; since the academy became the sycophantic thing it is, it has lost both its art and its money. If the spirit which Davis implanted in the academicians of his day were present in the academicians of ours, such an insult as that of the majority report could never have been offered. No stir of anger is shown by the academicians at the proposal that they should be placed under nominees of the Agricultural Department—the cabbage expert and the poultry-instructor no doubt. If it should eventually stir them to remember that when the Hibernian Academy preferred the Irish nation to the Viceroyal Lodge—the Hibernian Academy won a name, the dancer, the cattle-breeder, and the man of drains may, after all, have had a purpose in their creation. The ways of Providence are inscrutable.

SCOTCH AND IRISH.

When the Scotch and Irish combine in their demand for home rule, there is no power in English politics to stop their progress." These were the pregnant words uttered by William McKillop, a Scot representing a

Nationalist community, when interviewed on the probabilities of home rule. For some time there has been a feeling, even among the most ardent of John Redmond's followers, that the sympathies and assistance of the Scotch must be obtained before there can be a parliament in Dublin. Lately an association calling itself the "Young Scots" has come into existence, whose views on the English domination in Scotland are quite as pronounced as the most revolutionary Irishman in regard to his own country. These young stalwarts are Mr. McKillop's hope for Ireland. "Scotsmen," he says, "are supreme in the British parliament, and when we get the young blood of Scotland to recognize and understand that it should be no longer ruled from London, but from Edinburgh, it will see that Ireland should have its laws made in Dublin instead of wasting money and energy sending eighty or more men to Westminster. Take my word for it that an Irish-Scot society for the attainment of home rule all around is coming."

The art treasures in the churches in France, of which inventories have been taken, are worth \$120,000,000 at least. The only source of revenue to the Government from the new law will be the saving of \$8,500,000 a year in salaries paid to priests, bishops and clergymen of other denominations than the Catholic. Of this sum the Protestant denominations received \$250,000 and the Hebrew \$31,000 a year, the balance being paid to the Catholic clergy.

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Letters patent were issued last week granting a constitution to the Transvaal. The terms were outlined by Mr. Churchill, Under Secretary for the Colonies, in the House of Commons on July 31. There is no change in the provisions as finally approved by King Edward. Members of the legislature will receive a salary of \$1500 yearly. Under the letters patent the recruiting of Chinese for work in the Transvaal will cease immediately, and the entire system of Chinese labor must be stopped a year after the first meeting of the legislature. The latter has the right to put an end to the system earlier if it so desires.

Cardinal Gotti, prefect of the Propaganda, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination on December 25. In Genoa, his birthplace, the pride which the citizens feel in him has induced them to form a jubilee committee, while in Rome the Urban students are preparing a grand academia. The Cardinal offered the Holy Sacrifice for the first time in the church of his order, that of the Discalced Carmelites, in Loano.

After a lapse of centuries the Franciscans have returned to historic Oxford University. A few days ago the Friars Minor solemnly opened a Franciscan college at Cowley, England, recently bought by them for a college for boys desiring to join the Order. Among those present were Bishop Mostyn, of Wales, and the Bishop of Shrewsbury.

EMINENT CATHOLIC PROFESSOR AT HARVARD.

Dr. Thomas D. Dwight, of the Harvard Medical School, who fills the chair of the Parkman professor of anatomy, commands the respect of his conferees not more by his eminence in his profession than by his uncompromising stand for religion. A recent appreciation of him says:

"Dr. Dwight does effectively for Harvard what Louis Pasteur did for France. With graceful eminence and fitness he combines with his duties as head of the medical school where he cares for the physical body, his work as head of the St. Vincent de Paul in this archdiocese, where his philanthropic work does so much for the souls with which he deals. Pasteur is well portrayed in the character of the Parkman professor and the medical world holds the one in as high esteem as they hold the other in fond memory. They meet on the common ground of Catholicity, and as effective and accomplished Catholics. Pasteur was the type of past greatness; Dwight typifies the glory of present accomplishment. Both were intensely humane and intensely Catholic."

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Struggling Infant Mission

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 No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great mission.

Best outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS of ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this—so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.
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 Address—Father H.W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.
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The Ancient City of Christ

For decades Christian archaeologists have been trying to locate the city of Christ, Capernaum, but with no consensus of conclusions. Within the last months the "Orientgesellschaft" has been closely investigating, in the traditional locality of this city, the ruins of Tel Hum, a little to the west of the northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee, with the result that not a few are convinced that both Capernaum itself and the synagog in which Jesus taught have been found. A complete account of this search is given in the Bota Zion, a German quarterly published in Jerusalem in the interest of the famous Schneller Syrian orphans' home. From this source we glean the following data:

"A new era has begun for the Sea of Galilee. Last October the railroad was formally opened which connects this sea with Haifa and with the great East Jordan railroad and eventually will connect it with the Bagdad road. This road touches the sea in the southern part near the village of Samach, from which it is possible in two or three hours with a boat to reach Tiberias. In this way this historic lake is brought into connection with modern traffic, and the probabilities are that in the near future there will be found along its borders as great a population as was found there in the first Christian centuries."

Contemporaneously with the building of this new railroad, another task of equal interest in connection with the sea of Galilee was being done; namely, laying bare some of the magnificent ruins of a grand structure which had for decades attracted the attention and inquiries of travellers. These were the probable foundations of that synagogue which had been built for the Jews by that famous but unnamed centurion whose servant, "dear unto him," was sick and at the point of death, and whom Jesus was besought by the elders to cure (Luke vii, 5). Further details are as follows:

"If this proves to be the case then we know the scene where Jesus preached his first sermon, where he taught as one having authority, and not as the scribes; where also he cast out the unclean spirits (Mark i, 21-28). The existence of these important ruins at Tel Hum was known to older scholars, but it was only about ten years ago that monks of the Franciscan order began to protect them against the depredations of the peasants, who plundered them to get stones for the erection of their own houses. Only recently have the Germans uncovered enough of these remains to show that there once stood at this place a rare and splendid synagog. The outer walls are massive, the whole constituting a square, and within run two parallel rows of heavy columns to support the roof. A close examination shows that this structure departs materially from that of a Christian church and must have been a very ancient synagog. A frieze of considerable size, facing the sea, has yet been preserved covered with rich ornamentations, and in many respects suggests Roman and Greek temple architecture. Unfortunately only the east side of the structure has been preserved, but here are found also two side porticos with a flight of stairs. In general the building is covered with the sculptural work of the art of its day, including especially images of trees, leaves, and fruits, especially of grapes and palms. This extraordinary amount of architectural decorations are all the more interesting because they in part go to show that the structure is of Jewish origin. The palm-trees, for example, are the exact reproduction of those found on Jewish coins of the Maccabean period, such as is found also on the medal struck by Vespasian after the destruction of Jerusalem in 70, and which is used by the Jews to this day as a symbol based on Ps. xcii, 12, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree: He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." In addition there is found on this temple a so-called 'arms of David,' a six-cornered star. The material out of which this structure is built is a marble-like limestone, formerly doubtlessly found in abundance along this sea, although, according to the statements of the natives, no longer extant there."—Literary Digest.

Every moment of time may be made to bear the burden of something which is eternal.

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 MONTREAL.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Misses Marie Louise Lacombe, Marie Victorine Lacombe, Marie Anna Lacombe and Dame Marie Rose Lacombe wife of Camille Jérôme Grenier, and by him authorized, daughters of the late Dame Joseph Lacombe (née Marie Louise Durand dit Desmarçais) and her universal legatee in ownership, and Simon Lacombe, son and particular legatee of said late Dame Lacombe, in virtue of her will and testament dated the 22nd of May, 1890, will apply to the Quebec Legislature, at its next session, to obtain from it an act for the purpose of authorizing the petitioners to sell, convey and alienate, wholly or in part, the property left to them in virtue of the said will, and to receive the price thereof, and to give good and valid titles.
 N. PERODEAU,
 Attorney for Petitioners.
 Montreal, 19th December, 1906.

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 ST. BRIDGET'S M
 Report for week
 December 23rd, 19
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 REV. MICHAEL O'
 MAS
 On Sunday last,
 O'Brien celebrated
 St. Gabriel's Church

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square

NEW YEAR GOODS

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Splendid Assortment—of Fruit Dishes, Berry Bowls, Nappies, Decanters, Oil Bottles, Water Bottles, Ice Cream Trays, Celery Dishes, Vases of all descriptions, Grape Fruit Dishes, Comports, Punch Bowls, Cream and Sugars, Olive Dishes, etc., etc.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, December 23rd, 1906: Irish, 103; French, 17; English, 17; other nationalities, 7. Total, 144. All had a night's lodging and breakfast.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. PATRICK'S.

It seemed as though Midnight Mass was celebrated with more than the ordinary éclat at St. Patrick's. As the bells pealed forth the midnight hour, the doors of the Sanctuary were thrown open, and the altar-boys, robed in red cassocks and muslin surplices ushered forth, preceded by four of their number bearing on their shoulders the little Infant; and after going the rounds of the church in procession, singing appropriate hymns, they proceeded to St. Joseph's altar and there placed their charge, immediately after which Mass was celebrated by the pastor, Rev. M. Callaghan, assisted by Rev. P. Hefferan and Rev. J. Killoran, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively.

After the Gospel Father Callaghan in his well known style, gave a short address relative to the feast of Christmas. The choir did its part nobly and well, discoursing the sacred chants in a manner well calculated to enhance the solemnity of the occasion. A very large congregation was present.

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailments, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

REV. MICHAEL O'BRIEN'S FIRST MASS.

On Sunday last, Rev. Michael O'Brien celebrated his first Mass in St. Gabriel's Church. He was as-

sisted by Rev. Fathers Polan and Elliott, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. At the prone, Rev. Father Fahey preached a powerful and eloquent sermon on the dignity and attributes of the priesthood. The choir discoursed appropriate music for the occasion. Special seats had been reserved for the young priest's relatives and friends. After Mass the newly-ordained gave his blessing to all present. Besides the priests directly connected with the celebration of the event, there were in the sanctuary Rev. Fathers O'Brien, M. Malone and Hingston, S.J., and Rev. Father McCrory, St. Michael's.

Prevent Disorder.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

OBITUARY.

MR. P. MCCALL.

The death occurred on Friday last of Mr. P. McCall, at the residence of his son, Detective McCall, 112 Park Lafontaine. The funeral, which was largely attended by representative citizens, took place on Monday at St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem was sung by Father Fitzhenry, Father Hefferan and Father Killoran acting as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The floral tributes were many and showed the high esteem in which the deceased was held by his fellow-citizens. The chief mourners were his sons, Messrs John, James, Edward, Frank and Philip McCall; his brothers, John McCall, and his son-in-law, James Fallon, of North Bay; nephews, Thomas McCall, John McCall, Frank McCall, John Hesley, John Hughes, M. Hughes, John P. Jones, Matthew Hughes, Edward Hughes, F. Farmer, John Nugent and Arthur Nugent.

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MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

December 26, 1906.

Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60.

Rolled Oats.—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs.

Oats—No. 2, 42 1-2c per bushel; No. 3, 41 1-2c to 42c; No. 4, 40 1-2c to 41c.

Cornmeal—\$1.35 to \$1.40 per bag, granulated, \$1.65.

Mill Feed.—Ontario bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, in bags, \$21; Manitoba bran in bags, \$19.50 to \$20; shorts, \$21.

Beans—Prime pea beans, in car load lots, \$1.40 to \$1.45 per bushel.

Potatoes—75c to 85c per bag of 90 lbs., in carload lots.

Peas—Boiling, in broken lots, \$1.10 to \$1.15 per bushel; in car lots, \$1.05.

Hay—No. 1, \$13.50 to \$14 per ton on track; No. 2, \$12.50 to \$13; clover, \$10.50 to \$11; clover, mixed, \$11 to \$11.50.

Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; dark, 10c to 11c per pound section; white extract, 10c to 10 1-2c; buckwheat, 7c to 8 1-2c per pound.

Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$24; 1-2 bris \$11.75 to \$12.50; clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50; 1-2 barrel do., \$10.75; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, \$12 to \$13.00; half barrels do., \$6.50 to \$7.00; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.00; half barrels do., \$6.00; compound lard, 8c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 12 1-2c to 13c.

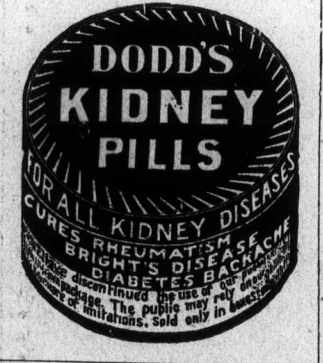
kettle rendered, 13 1-2c to 14c; hams, 13c to 14 1-2c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9.25; alive, \$6.75.

Eggs—New laid, 32c; No. 1 candled, 21c to 22c.

Cheese—October made, Ontario, 12 1-4c to 12 1-2c; November made, 11 3-4c to 12c.

Butter—Choicest creamery, 25 1-4c to 25 1-2c; medium grades, 23 1-2c to 24 1-2c.

Ashes—First pots, \$5.40 to \$5.50; seconds, \$4.70 to \$4.80; pearls, \$6.50 to \$6.60 per 100 pounds.



Attendance at Sunday Mass Vital to Faith of Catholics.

The editor of the English Messenger does not hesitate to trace the beginning of the ruin of many souls to the habit of neglecting Sunday Mass. A persistent neglect of Sunday Mass, says Father Bearn, is a certain cause of apostasy. When a Catholic's Sunday becomes a mere blank holiday we have reason to fear the worst. Heartbreaking are the too true stories that many a parish priest can tell of the direct consequences of a neglect of Sunday Mass. In the case of many a promising young man or young woman the breaking of the Sunday precept has led to almost irretrievable ruin. With bitter tears a man's mother will tell you that all was well with her son until he turned his back upon the altar of God. Jail chaplains hear the like almost every time they interview a Catholic prisoner. It is the same deplorable true story that every

preacher of missions hears over and over again. Sunday Mass is for some the last tie that binds them to the body of the church. When that tie is broken their condition is indeed most pitiful; while that bond remains whole there is always abundant ground for hope. To put himself off from such a means of grace is one of the most serious mistakes that any sinner can possibly make. Regarded only as an external profession of faith, the hearing of Mass is a matter of the greatest importance; but even to the most careless it is always so much more than a profession of faith. It is well-nigh impossible for a Catholic to come within the range of God's altar without making some kind of act of sorrow for sin. Pitiful indeed is the state of that Catholic who through his own fault fails to be present at Sunday Mass.

FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Ireland's annual pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick this year was greater than ever before. Pilgrims from near and from afar directed their steps towards the holy mount which had been sanctified by the footprints of Saint Patrick. The numbers and piety of the thousands testified eloquently to the allegiance of the Irish to their religion and traditions. Down along the ages, since the introduction of Christianity, the Irish people have been remarkable for their great adherence to the sacred cause of religion. Through the bitter years of famine and persecution they have followed the pure white flame of faith which was enkindled in their breasts by their National Apostle well nigh 1500 years ago. The Irish Rosary in a cleverly written article inspired by this pilgrimage, goes on to say something on this point which should warm the cockles of the heart of every true Irish-American: "Caljory, bribery, worldly preferments and the other allurements which the material held out to their views were of no avail. Priest-hunting and penalizing proved equally futile. Empires might pass away; materialism, with his attendant satellites, might stalk abroad and grub among the garbage of ungodly places; the pillars of society might rock and sway; but the grand edifice of Irish religious fervor remained stable as the bedrock of the Catholic Church. If our meering economic experts, and

our prejudiced national apologists took a more rational view of the spiritual side of the Irish character they would arrive at a clearer understanding of the problem which they have essayed to solve.—The Pilot.

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Skilful Good Shepherd Nun.

In reading the life of the Venerable Mother Euphrasia Pelletier, the first Superior General of the Order of the Good Shepherd, we find the following recorded: Pope Pius IX. was ever a good friend to the Order of the Good Shepherd, nor did he forget amid the cares of his exalted station, the convent he founded during his episcopate at Imola. Whilst Cardinal Mastai and Bishop of Imola, he often employed one of the sisters, who first went thither, as his secretary. She was remarkably skilful in making pens, and habitually used to cut the quills with which his Eminence wrote. In remembrance of these little services, and the kind manner in which he had accepted them, she ventured to send a pen, which she had fashioned and ornamented with great care, to the Vatican at the time the Council was sitting, with the humble request that His Holiness would do her the honor of using it to sign the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception, with his accustomed courtesy and affability, willingly granted her this favor.

At Christmas, among the gifts we rejoice to give, let us be sure to remember in a special manner, our beloved dead—an extra rosary said, a visit paid to the crib for them, a Communion received, a Mass offered. To those who once shared our Christmas joys, gathering with us round the home hearth, let us wish "Happy Christmas" by the hallowed means of prayer.

The Sistine Madonna.

The story of the original painting of the Sistine Madonna, a copy of which was presented to the old cathedral, Pittsburg, by Andrew Carnegie, and is now in the new one, may not inaptly be given here. It is perhaps the most popular picture in the world; and that is a little singular, too, when we consider that not one person in a hundred fully understands its meaning. Originally it belonged to the Church of San Sisto at Piacenza, Italy. To-day it is in a separate room in the Dresden gallery.

"Raphael was about thirty-six years of age, in the zenith of his power, when the Black Monks of San Sisto at Piacenza asked him to paint for their church a Madonna attended by San Sisto and Santa Barbara. This was the order that produced the Madonna of San Sisto, or, as it is usually called, the Sistine Madonna.

"This picture was to be an altar-piece; and for those who have never been in Italy it is perhaps necessary to say that an altar-piece was a picture placed directly back of the altar and forming a part of it, much as a mirror forms part of a dressing table. During the service the curtains that protected the picture from dust and smoke were looped back at the sides, and the picture was thus revealed.

"It was painted for the high altar and it had to be of large proportions. It measured something like ten feet in height by seven feet in width. The figures in it were life-size, well-rounded, realistic, moving. They could be seen the whole length of the church. And the painter meant that the worshippers in looking at them should believe they saw the real Madonna and Child rather than a painted likeness. Illusions in art are not considered the best motives, but Raphael certainly planned one here; and, as we shall see, he was justified in doing so. His altar-piece taught art, but he saw to it that it should also fulfill its religious purpose and teach the Faith.

"Recall now the picture. The ledge or shelf at the bottom, where the tiara of San Sisto stands and where the two cherubs are poised, is intended to represent a part of the altar-top. That portion of the picture was to fit close up against the back of the altar and give the impression that the tiara and the cherubs are resting on the altar itself. The green curtains at the top, looped up on each side, and originally hung from a pole with rings, are again intended to be the real altar curtains used to screen the altar-piece. These features, all of them in the foreground, are the only objects that are supposed to belong to the church building. The rest of the picture is back of the altar, back of the curtains, on the clouds, in the air. The foreground is terrestrial and material; the background is to be regarded as celestial and spiritual.

"We should understand the intention better, perhaps, were we back in the sixteenth century and in this church at Piacenza during the service. We should then see the darkened recess of the Church, the kneeling body of worshippers, the moving priests; and we should hear the chanted prayers; the voices of the choir sounding from the nave, and the low tones of the responding believers. We should see the high altar lighted by candles; mass is being said, the curtains of the picture are drawn, and, as in response to prayer, the glorious Madonna with the Christ Child in her arms, appears walking down upon the clouds to meet the congregation. The two cherubs, part of the heavenly host about the Madonna, have already arrived and are leaning on the altar-edge. Santa Barbara at the left is kneeling and turning her face away, dazzled and blinded, perhaps afraid to look up at the celestial visitors; and at the right kneels the patron of the Church, San Sisto the martyr, who, all unmindful of himself, is pointing with his finger out towards his people in the Church and beseeching the Madonna to intercede for them—to save them. And finally, beyond the Madonna, beyond the saints and the clouds, there is given a glimpse of whence the visitors came. A great aureole made up of the faces of innumerable following cherubs is back of the Madonna. These are rarely discernible in any reproduction. They are clear in the original painting. The throng of these angels seems unending, reaching in waves of radiance from Heaven to earth, and all of them glowing with a strange light never seen before on land or sea—the dawning light of the Eternal Day.

"Such in a brief was the liturgical significance of this noble altar-piece in its original church-setting at Piacenza.

"In its present home in the Dresden gallery, of course its religious meaning is no longer apparent. The Church with its dim-lighted nave, the altar, the acolytes, the swinging censers and the kneeling worshippers have disappeared; and there is no sound of chanting priest and answering choir echoing down the columned aisles. In their place there is a bare room lighted by side windows and a boxlike structure upon which the picture stands. And now the beautiful Madonna walks down upon the clouds not to meet a kneeling host, but perhaps a group of alleged critics who are wrangling about whether she is an intellectual or a spiritual creation; and now the good San Sisto no longer points out to his beloved people, but possibly to an unbelieving mob of overseas tourists who are standing about making ridiculous remarks and wondering what people can see that is interesting in 'those old Church pictures of the Madonna.'

"Probably there never was a greater desecration of a noble picture than when the Sistine Madonna was taken down from the altar niche where it served religion, and set up in the Dresden gallery, where it serves chiefly civic vanity.

"Still the picture is well preserved in its present resting place, and though its religious import and most of its decorative charm are gone it is still a work of art. People may read into the faces of the characters what fancies they choose, but Raphael's meaning is not far to seek.

"The Child is perhaps conceived as the Hope of the World, and the Madonna is holding Him in her arms—half in awe and half in pride—that the congregation may see Him, may look upon Him, and believing in Him be saved. The look of the face is preternaturally solemn for a child, as though some glimmering of His mission on earth had already made the brow thoughtful. The large round eyes placed wide apart are there again, as with the mother, and the look of mystery and wonder are there also. Both mother and child seem conscious of their destiny, and yet tremble and are afraid. The modelling of the child's figure is unusually fine. He rests easily and gracefully in His mother's arms with a gentle dignity and yet not unchildlike in the action of the bent knee and the little hand clasping the ankle. Truly a superb mother and child whether of Heaven or of earth!

ed by placing them against the great halo of light at the back and against the white clouds upon which they rest. The curtain at the top, the figures at the sides, and the altar below closes out the light somewhat, and centre attention on the Madonna and Child. And this is as the painter intended it should be.

"The Sistine Madonna was about the last of Raphael's great altar-pieces—for it was not long after the painting of it that the famous painter was seized with a violent fever, from the effects of which he died on Good Friday, 1520."

PAINTER OF THE ANGELUS.

The artistic side of our nature may not be very highly developed; we may be in blissful ignorance of the significance of lights and atmosphere; we may secretly believe that the "old masters" were over-praised and that they do not compare very favorably with the modern school; but we are interested in the artist, to whichever of the many schools he may belong, because though artist he is human too, and his life with its ups and downs has the fascination of the human for us.

The biography of Millet embodies all those elements that appeal to the interest. His struggles, his poverty, his ambitions, are common in their essence, if different in their manifestations; his sweetness, gentleness and purity of mind are examples worthy of imitation.

In 1811, a young Norman peasant, in order to escape separation from his betrothed by conscription, married her. The man was Jean Louis Millet, and the second child born of this union was Jean Francois Millet. "Jean" was named for his father, "Francois" for the gentle saint Francois of Assisi, on whose feast day, October the fourth, he came into the world.

Much of the credit of his artistic nature and inspiration must be given to his people, and he himself gave it. The culture of the mother, the natural refinement and poetic nature of the father, and the loving training of a devout grandmother who is described as possessing a stern code with a dainty fancy. They were all poor, but not miserably poor. The mother worked all day in the fields by her husband's side and the grandmother took care of the eight children. But they loved God and one another, and their eyes were opened to the beauties of the world about them.

As the boy grew he went into the fields also, but instead of giving his spare minutes to rest he spent them in drawing, using scraps of paper and portions of the whitewashed wall. When he was eighteen his skill was so great that the family decided he should be sent to Cherbourg to study art. Here he made great advancement but at the end of the year his father died and Francois went back to the fields. But the call of his chosen work was too strong and he could not but heed. The town of Cherbourg had made him a small grant to study in Paris and urged by his grandmother he set out for the great city where he lived a life in which two strong forces drew against one another in his heart, love and longing for home and love of his art.

In 1840 his first picture was accepted by the Salon, and feeling satisfied by its acceptance that the root of the matter was in him he returned to Cherbourg. He fell in love with a pretty dressmaker whose portrait he had painted, married her and the two returned to Paris. She was a delicate little woman, and after two years of poverty she died, and the bereaved young husband went back to his old home for comfort in his grief.

He married again—Catherine Le-maire, of whom it is said, "she had a heart of gold and a courage beyond her years and she gladly devoted her whole life to the man she loved." And courage she needed, for during the thirty years of life together there were hardships that only love and courage could render endurable. To make money to keep them alive Millet began to paint pastels and small paintings in a popular Parisian style, and won by the skill which he put into his work the title "The Master of the Nude."

But one day he overheard one young man say to another as they looked at his work, "A man named Millet did that. He never paints anything but these women." Unjust as the criticism was, there was enough truth in it to sting, and Millet resolved never to leave himself open again to such criticism, even though carrying out the resolve meant increased privation and self-denial.

After painting "The Haymakers"

for the government, he moved to the country where he could obtain models suitable for his work, in spite of the attempts of his fellow-artists to dissuade him. The first result of the change was the production of his great canvas "The Sower," in 1850. Of this his friend Senzier writes: "We know what a serious affair the sowing is to an agricultural people. When a man puts on the white grain-bag, rolls it around his left arm, fills it with seed the hope of the coming year, that man exercises a sort of sacred ministry. The importance of the deed is real, and he feels his responsibility. I have seen sowers who before they put foot upon the field would toss a handful of grain into the air in the sign of the cross, then stepping into the fields, they would pronounce in a low voice words which sounded like a prayer."

The following year the beloved grandmother died suddenly before he had an opportunity of seeing her, and two years later the hard-worked mother found rest in the grave. Offers for his pictures were few—they did not please the popular taste which preferred historical subjects and portraits of beauties. When sold, the prices obtained were so small that the artist had the terror of debt added to his other sorrows, yet, in this troublous time, he painted the two most beautiful pictures of his life, "The Gleaners" and "The Angelus." For both he obtained a few hundred francs, the first of which brought three hundred thousand francs when bought for the Louvre in 1889, and in the same year "The Angelus" changed possessors at a price of eight hundred thousand francs.

In 1863 the severest criticism was heaped upon him when "The Man with the Hoe" appeared upon the walls of the Salon. They said that in it he denied the charms of the country—that the stolid animal face of the man was a libel. This picture which inspired Edwin Markham's famous poem, found its way to America and was destroyed in the San Francisco earthquake disaster.

From that time a fuller measure of prosperity came to reward his toil, but his last years were lonely and spent in ill-health. At the age of sixty, on the morning of January 20th, 1875, he died, and was laid by the side of his friend Rousseau in the quiet cemetery of Chailly.

Words came feverishness, moaning, and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

ed by placing them against the great halo of light at the back and against the white clouds upon which they rest. The curtain at the top, the figures at the sides, and the altar below closes out the light somewhat, and centre attention on the Madonna and Child. And this is as the painter intended it should be.

"The Sistine Madonna was about the last of Raphael's great altar-pieces—for it was not long after the painting of it that the famous painter was seized with a violent fever, from the effects of which he died on Good Friday, 1520."

PAINTER OF THE ANGELUS.

The artistic side of our nature may not be very highly developed; we may be in blissful ignorance of the significance of lights and atmosphere; we may secretly believe that the "old masters" were over-praised and that they do not compare very favorably with the modern school; but we are interested in the artist, to whichever of the many schools he may belong, because though artist he is human too, and his life with its ups and downs has the fascination of the human for us.

The biography of Millet embodies all those elements that appeal to the interest. His struggles, his poverty, his ambitions, are common in their essence, if different in their manifestations; his sweetness, gentleness and purity of mind are examples worthy of imitation.

As the boy grew he went into the fields also, but instead of giving his spare minutes to rest he spent them in drawing, using scraps of paper and portions of the whitewashed wall. When he was eighteen his skill was so great that the family decided he should be sent to Cherbourg to study art. Here he made great advancement but at the end of the year his father died and Francois went back to the fields. But the call of his chosen work was too strong and he could not but heed. The town of Cherbourg had made him a small grant to study in Paris and urged by his grandmother he set out for the great city where he lived a life in which two strong forces drew against one another in his heart, love and longing for home and love of his art.

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After painting "The Haymakers"

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ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.F.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansy.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26
 —Organized 18th November, 1888. Branch 26 meets at New Hall, (Inglis Building) 485 St. Catherine street, west. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Wednesdays of each month, at eight o'clock p.m. Officers: Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Madden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 504 St. Urbain st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Harntstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stevens, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and Jas. Cahill; Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harri-j. O'Connor.

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COWAN'S COCOA
 THE MOST NUTRITIOUS & ECONOMICAL

I, the undersigned, Arthur Content, of the City of Montreal, give notice that I will apply to the legislature of Quebec, at its next session, for the passing of a law authorizing me to become a member of the Association of Architects of the Province of Quebec, and authorizing the said Association to admit me amongst its members, provided I cause my name to be registered by the secretary and I do pay the fee and arrears payable in that behalf.

ARTHUR CONTENT,
 Montreal, December 13, 1906.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS
 HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO
LA PRESSE PUB. CO.
 PHOTO ENG. DEPT.
 EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS
 Engravers to the TRUE WITNESS

THURSDAY, DEC 27, 1906

She was in a strange going home, when news called out: "tiago! Fighting line stared her man beside her—made this morning meeting—was talking about her son, who had just left for near the city. He foreboded all sorts of things; it looked like he got his feet down sleep on the day what camp did you band was in?" "My young wife, sudden demands of politeness." "My husband isn't the front?" "At the front?" "Do mauge?" "No." Rose's lip ly, but her brown and her voice even tiago—he's in the The other woman the sudden recoil. "You don't m now!" The soldier's wife white smile: "Yes." "Heavens above!" woman. Her re sprang forward with she looked at the f her. "My dear ch handkerchief went with one hand while capaciously over t of the new friend, ductor or passenger you worry a mite," a husky and brok coming out all rig worry one mite. " band is out in Sar nounced to the ca fighting this minute to come out all rig it!"

Rosa went her sol her suburban home held high. She ha a woman might fee her dearest was aw danger of death. learning. It was a were wounded—blee heart, yet with a st that held her up in Her husband was s he would dominate ing was he, so tall —how might he ece It was horribly he up the shaded street newcomer in the nei the people she met "soldier's wife," an curiously. A group leaving one of the passed, and she cou were whispering: "I in the battle now. she feels."

A lady from across ed to show more pla her face was. Her l light that it was qu smile. She smiled v children, a boy and to meet her, with lit hands, talking eager battle. She walked r child on either side, shadow that fell acro the shadow of the br hung out there the d house.

"She smiled also wh the friends who rallie farther places. Only had known sorrow, was dead. His her face hid her head for a mo shoulder of the one v long shudder, but aft smiled as before at th ed her so anxiously. her, one and all: "H out all right!" to hea "Oh, yes, I know he v

But while they reas whistled fears amo If he were killed—r wounded—how would news—who would tell

After the Battle.

She was in a street car at noon, going home, when she heard the news called out: "Battle on at Santiago! Fighting begun!"

was not very strong—there was some trouble with her heart. How hot the sleepless night was, with a clinging, damp heat, in which the soul touched nameless things that made the flesh creep!



Heartbreaking Expression. My daughter enjoyed very good health until about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of dependency.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address.

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00.

The Scent of the Pines.

And it seems a very strange thing," said Miss Colville, as she went on cutting all manner of fancy figures out of bright red paper.

"That may be," was the rejoinder. "I'm sure, if there were any, Father Beale would find them out, wherever they might have hidden themselves away."

"It is the most pitiful and the hardest to relieve," said Miss Gibson. "We have plenty of it in our town. This is an ideal place for poor people in winter—at least. No snow or frost—no cold weather to speak of."

"No, it doesn't look like it," answered Beatrice. "Missus," began the girl, addressing Miss Colville, whom she probably knew by sight.



Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and ALL THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES.



Another Good Thing About "SURPRISE" Soap is that it doesn't hurt the hands. It is a pure, hard soap and is more effective than ordinary laundry soap.

The child. "Maybe it's mons. I don't know jest how long. But we likes it—we does."

"Where is Master Frank now?" asked Miss Colville. "Mas' Frank he gone to see 'bout takin' we all back to Ca'lina."

CANCER ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

Send six cents (stamps) for this little book that tells of the wonderful cures made by our painless home treatment.

A Great Irish-Australian.

The Sydney Freeman's Journal, to hand, announces the death of Mr. William Byrne, "one of Australia's oldest natives, if not its oldest, and one of the best types of the days when the making of the young Australian nation was still in the future."

The sun was low in the west as the two friends walked slowly along the beach on Christmas afternoon.

RACCOON COATS.

Forty years' experience in the buying and selling of furs and skins, specially raccoon skins, should be a guarantee that we have given and that we always give satisfaction.

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But while they reassured her they whispered fears among themselves. If he were killed—or if he were wounded—how would she stand the news—who would tell her?

CALL FOR Sprucine IF You have a Cough

THE DEVIL

Attributes of His Satanic Majesty in Ancient Story

There is a curious legend of the devil making his confession in Cologne Cathedral. He professes to repent his crimes and to be willing to endure a thousand years of penance.

In popular legend and folklore the devil is outwitted constantly, contracts made with him are broken, he is again and again deceived by the simplest expedients, as substituting a lantern for sunrise.

There is an Icelandic legend which is possibly the origin of the proverb, "The devil take the hindmost." He had agreed to instruct seven scholars in all the mysteries of magic for no other reward than that when their seven years apprenticeship was over he should have as his thrall the last to leave for the last time by the single narrow iron door.

The devil is constantly represented in tradition and folk tales as childish, grotesque, spiteful. With his bellows he tries to put out St. Genevieve's candle as she carries it alight through rain and wind to church.

The lion and the dragon are the animals typical of the devil. It is said that the ancient idea of the animosity between the lion and the cock is the origin of the placing of the weather-cock upon the steeple.

In nocte dum concinat leo perturbatur,

and the idea was to terrify Satan by the sight of his enemy on the highest point of the sacred building. The dragon was the symbol of the powers of darkness everywhere. In many of the stories of saints delivering a countryside from a devouring dragon the dragon obviously represents paganism destroyed by the labors of the Christian apostle.

Mrs. Lomas—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for. He has a cork leg, a glass eye, as well as a wig and false teeth.

He was believed to have special power over the air, to be continually stirring up thunderstorms and tempests of wind and hail. Hence the ringing of the bells during thunderstorms to frighten the evil spirits away. It was by the help of Satan that Simon Magus, according to the early Christian legend, floated in the air till commanded by St. Peter to descend.

Leading Slowly to Paralysis

NERVOUS DISEASES CAN BE EARLY DETECTED AND CURE BROUGHT ABOUT BY USING

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

It is customary to consider paralysis, insanity and other diseases of the nerves as afflictions which come upon a person without warning and which are, therefore, unavoidable.

As a matter of fact such results are preceded by months, if not years of symptoms which point to an exhausted condition of the nervous system. These symptoms are such, however, that many pass them by as not being of serious concern and thinking that they will wear away of themselves.

Sleeplessness, nervous headaches, indigestion, bodily weakness, fainting spells, twitching of the nerves, inability to concentrate the thoughts and loss of memory are among the most common indications of a run-down nervous system.

Naturally, gradually, and certainly this great medicine instills into the blood and the nervous system the life-sustaining principles which replenish the nerve force in the body and so effect a lasting benefit.

Mrs. M. O'Brien, L'Avenir, Que., writes: "For a long time I had the palpitation of the heart so bad that I was unable to do any work. Hearing of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I decided to try it and after having taken six boxes of this food cure I was completely cured."

Mrs. Wm. Brown, Scotstown, Compton Co., Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and found it very helpful to me. I used it for my nerves as they were very weak and I was run down in health and I found that they built me up and strengthened me."

"I have called, ma'am," said the man at the front door, "to ask if you can't contribute something to the Infants' Home."

Mrs. Lomas—I don't see what she wanted to marry him for. He has a cork leg, a glass eye, as well as a wig and false teeth.

Mrs. Caustic—Well, my dear, you know woman always did have a hankering after remnants.

A Community of Blind Nuns.

Till the birth of Christianity into the world, the lot of the blind was a most terrible one. Among Eastern races, for instance, no one dared to kill a blind person, since he was looked upon as being punished by God for some crime committed either by himself or an ancestor; he was allowed, however, to starve and he was not encouraged to solicit the assistance of his fellows, so becoming almost as much of an outcast as the leper.

The little community had adopted no particular model. Indeed it had no previous model to imitate, since the blind communities which existed in the reign of Saint Louis were not bound by any religious vows. The foundress was, besides, too practical a woman to draw up a set of rules which had not been submitted to the test of experience and the rules of the Order evolved themselves gradually.

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, nerve tonic, blood enriching action of MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak, nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles.

CANADIAN PACIFIC New Year Excursions.

Table with 2 columns: City and Fare. Includes Toronto, Hamilton, Quebec, Montreal, etc.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE Good going on Dec. 31st, 1906, January 1st, 1907; good to return until Jan. 2nd, 1907.

Improved Sleeping Car service On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays compartment car "Canada" runs to Toronto, and on other nights, should business warrant it, a double drawing room car will run from Montreal to Toronto in addition to the regular sleepers.

TICKET OFFICE: 120 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM New Year Holidays.

Table with 2 columns: City and Fare. Includes Quebec, Toronto, Hamilton, Ottawa, etc.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE Going December 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907. Return limit Jan. 2, 1907.

First-Class Fare and One-Third. Going December 28, 29, 30, 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907. Return limit, Jan. 3, 1907.

For tickets and full information apply to CITY TICKET OFFICES

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BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE. 4 Trains Daily.

7.25 A.M. DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Gascons, Bic, Rimouski and Little Metis.

12 noon MARITIME EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney.

7.30 P.M. OCEAN LIMITED for Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Gascons, Little Metis, Matapedia, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.

11.40 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and intermediate stations. P.M., Daily, except Sunday, at 11.45 p.m.

6.15 A.M. GANPE AND BAY CHALEUR. Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, and 3 p.m., Ocean Limited, 7 Fridays, will connect at Campbellton with SS. Lady Elizee.

All trains of the Intercolonial Railway arrive and depart from the Bonaventure Union Depot, CITY TICKET OFFICE.

St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 6.5.

J. J. McCONNIEFF, City Pass. Tkt. Agent

P.S.—Write for free copy, Tours to Summer Haunts, via "Ocean Limited," Train de Lux.

THREE TRYING TIMES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are three periods of a woman's life when she is in need of the heart strengthening, nerve tonic, blood enriching action of MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

The first of these is when the young girl is entering the portals of womanhood. At this time she is very often pale, weak, nervous, and unless her health is built up and her system strengthened she may fall a prey to consumption or be a weak woman for life.

The second period is motherhood. The drain on the system is great and the exhausted nerve force and depleted blood require replenishing. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills supply the elements needed to do this.

The third period is "change of life" and this is the period when she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles.

A tremendous change is taking place in the system, and it is at this time many chronic diseases manifest themselves. Revitalize the heart and nerve system by the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and this tide over this dangerous period.

Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and never to continue doing so, for I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box, three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers, or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

STORE OPEN UNTIL 6 O'CLOCK P. M. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

A Few Suggestions for New Year Gifts

To be Found in the Following Departments: Men's Furnishings, Indian Novelties, Oriental Rugs, French Bronzes, China, Glassware, Sporting Goods, Silk Lengths, New Year Post Cards, Sterling Silverware, Boys' Clothing, Dress Lengths, Perfumes, Candy Baskets, Kid Gloves, Fine Furs, Parisian Blouses.

A GREAT NEW YEAR SALE OF TOYS

Table listing various toys and their prices: Blackboards, Noah's Arks, Automatic Fish, Mechanical Toys, Iron Carts, Boys' Cans, Steel Shovels, Magic Lanterns, Stables, Dolls that swim, Birch Bark Dolls' Rocking Chairs.

Boys' and Men's New Year Clothing

Boys' 3-Piece Norfolk Suits, in fancy grey checks, made and trimmed with best linings, make a little boy look smart and natty. Special \$3.00. Men's Caps and Hats, in 37 different styles, with double or single outside band of fur made in fancy tweed, navy, black and brown beaver, in the finest quality, in the golf, auto, and Richmond shapes. Prices..... 50c to \$1.75

Great New Year's Sale of Parisian Silk Waists

100 Magnificent Parisian Silk and Lac Waists, no two alike, made up in white, sky blue, pink and cream, no space in this paper would be large enough to do these waists justice. Regular prices were \$20 to \$60. On sale Friday and Saturday from \$5.75 to \$15.00.

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED

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



City and Country Sleighs of all kinds

Carioles, Burlots, Bobsleighs, Sleighs, Robes and Harnesses. Specially low prices to customers at a distance.

RACCOON COATS.

We have the largest and the finest assortment of Raccoon Coats for Ladies and gentlemen. It will pay you to inspect our stock. Our prices defy the keenest competition and our values are 40 per cent better than what you get elsewhere.

GHS. DESJARDINS & CIE., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St., East. Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1536, 1537.

A LANGUAGELESS NATION

The Swiss people constitute that curious anomaly, a nation without a language, and in this they are alone among all the peoples of the world. This is all the more remarkable when their intense patriotism is considered, and their really wonderful love of country.

The official languages are German, French and Italian; these three being the recognized "mother tongue" of the majority of the inhabitants. About three-fourths of the people speak German, while the remain-

der divide four other languages among them,—mainly French and Italian—the languages varying, as a rule, according to the proximity of the people to each country whose tongue they speak.

Public documents and notices are printed in both the French and German languages. In the Swiss national parliament the members make their speeches either in French or German, for nearly all the members understand both these languages. The orders of the President are translated by an official interpreter and furnished to the newspapers in both languages.

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