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Vol. LIX., No. 21

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909

PRICE, FIVE CENTS

CATHOLIC TEACHING.

FORMAL LEGAL ARRANGEMENT.

Cardinal Logue insists Upon Sound Philosophical Education.

The Philosophy of the Schools has been long assailed in tome and pamphlet, press and platform, mostly by people who know little or nothing about it—but not until a few weeks ago has it been formally arraigned by legal procedure attacked and defended by King's Counsel, and solemnly pronounced on by judges of the land. This happened in Dublin Castle, October 11, 14, before a special committee of the Privy Council consisting of the Lord Chancellor, Judges Johnson and Ross, the Crown Solicitor, Sir Patrick Coll, the Under-Secretary for Ireland, Sir James Dougherty and Head Commissioner Sir David Harrel.

The same act that had established the National University of Ireland, mainly under Catholic auspices, Queen's College, Belfast, the rights and privilege of a University for the benefit of Protestant Ulster, though nominally at least, sectarianism was excluded from both. Of Ulster's 1,500,000 inhabitants, 800,000 are Catholics, and as the Belfast Commissioners, all Protestants, were loth to lose the majority of students in their province, they established a chair and lectureship of Scholastic Philosophy, elected a qualified Catholic layman, Professor Parke, M.A., to the former, and a Catholic priest, Rev. Denis O'Keefe, M.A., to the latter. They also accepted gratefully a Dean of Residence appointed by Bishop O'Neill as the chaplain of the Catholic students, and thought they had done a good stroke for their college, but the bigotry of Ulster was yet to be reckoned with.

PRESBYTERIAN DENUNCIATION.

The Presbyterian Conference denounced the Commissioners' action. Scholastic Philosophy was St. Thomas Aquinas, who was Catholic Philosophy and Theology rolled into one. The Commissioners had endowed a chair for the Pope and the Jesuits in Belfast University; Protestantism was in jeopardy, and the battle of the Boyne had been fought in vain, unless the Privy Council should grant their petition to inhibit Scholasticism altogether. The Marquis of Londonderry, determined that "the maiden city should be a maiden still," entered formal protest on his own account. Accordingly the Privy Council of the Lord Lieutenant appointed a distinguished committee, of whom Sir Patrick Coll was the only Catholic, to try the case.

It was really the Spirit of Calvin vs. St. Thomas Aquinas, though it transpired that philosophically there was little conflict between them. Mr. Gordon, K.C., and Mr. Wilson, K.C., appeared for the petitioners, Mr. Matheson, K.C., and Mr. McGrath, K.C., for the University Commissioners, and for three days Dublin Castle was turned into an Aula Philosophica. Learned counsel and expert witnesses quoted freely from St. Thomas, San Severino and Leo XIII; the "Summa," the "Stonyhurst Series and Newman's "Grammar of Assent," were contrasted with Locke, Whately and Spencer; all the papers were full of this "Disputatio de Universa Philosophia," and even the Dublin cabmen were discoursing of Philosophy.

STATUTES VIOLATED.

The whole contention of the petitioners was that Scholastic Philosophy necessarily included Catholic Theology, and was, therefore, in violation of the Statutes which forbade religious teaching. Mr. Gordon opened by accusing St. Thomas of teaching Roman Catholic dogma. Judge Johnson interrupted: "There was no Church in those days called Roman Catholic; it was the Catholic Church." When Father Clarke's "Logic" was cited as proving Papal Infallibility, Sir James Dougherty said: "I found 'Clarke' a very useful book when I was a teacher of logic." A Presbyterian minister and others who urged that the Scholastic chair would repel Protestants but had not estimated how many Catholics it would attract, drew from Judge Ross the remark: "They do not consider the other side of the question at all."

When Professor Seth of Edinburgh University, who had also taught Moral Philosophy in the United States, testified that St. Thomas made authority his fundamental principle and taught that Philosophy was subordinate to Theology, Judge Ross remarked: "That is very much the tone of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica.'" On cross-examination Mr. Seth was compelled, like the other petitioners, to admit the ignorance of Scholastic teaching, and when appealed to as a man of common sense, he gave away his case by declaring: "I am not a

ARCHBISHOP CON-DEMNS THEATRE.

FAITH AND MORALS IN DANGER

Strong Pastoral Places Before Catholics Their Duty.

A letter was read on Sunday in all the churches and chapels of the archdiocese from Mgr. Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, condemning the Academy of Music, the former English theatre, which has been changed into a French playhouse. The Archbishop does not forbid the faithful attending the theatre, but asks fathers and mothers and all good citizens to league together to avoid what he designates as a peril in our midst.

BASED ON RATIONAL THOUGHT.

The only Catholic called as a witness was the Rev. T. A. Finlay, S. J., but his evidence was ample. Having defined philosophy as "an interpretation of all experience in the light of certain definite principles," he expounded at length the system of St. Thomas, which, he said, was "based on rational thought. A philosophy that was based on dogma or authority would be no philosophy at all." The teacher of philosophy should "use every development of modern sciences, for philosophy is the synthesis of all sciences. . . . The successors of St. Thomas in the fifteenth century were Scholasticism proper as the most perfect training of the mind that can be devised." Here Judge Johnson interposed: "I am afraid we'll be all Catholics before Father Finlay is finished."

On cross-examination Father Finlay replied that the Church was the oracle not of all truth, but of revealed truth; that no books on philosophy are or can be altogether free from religion; that Scholastic Philosophy was unintelligible to the general professor and could only be taught properly by one who knew and believed it. "But an atheist may teach mathematics," said Judge Johnson. "But he believes mathematics," was the reply. Catholics asked for a scholastic chair because their Church approved of Scholasticism; Protestants sometimes asked for it because they believed it to be the best. Catholic philosophy contains nothing that may not be accepted by any believer in revealed truth.

The Lord Chancellor announced at the end of the inquiry, which, he said, was long, but not one moment longer than it deserved, that by unanimous decision "the Committee will advise His Excellency (the Lord Lieutenant) that the three petitions should be dismissed." Thus the three days' battle ended with Catholic Philosophy in permanent possession of the Presbyterian stronghold, for it was conceded by all parties that only Catholics were qualified to expound Scholasticism. The Protestant experts went away wiser, if sadder men. The general impression produced not only on Catholics but on Protestants, was that Scholasticism is the only definite system of Philosophy, and that its exponents were the only witnesses who knew whereof they spoke. This impression was intensified by an address delivered before the Catholic Truth Society, which happily held its annual convention in Dublin while the Privy Council was in session.

THE CHURCH OF THE WISE.

Dr. Windle, President of Cork University, speaking on "The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church," showed that she is not only the Church of the ignorant but of the wise, that "she has been the fondly loved mother of more great writers and pioneers in all branches of discovery than have all the other religions of the world put together," that contempt of Scholasticism is a mark of ignorance; that biologists and chemists have anticipated by 500 years the transformation of to-day that has falsified the scientists of yesterday; and that the "Summa" of St. Thomas is the classic of systematized wisdom. The Church is as much a marvel from the intellectual standpoint as from any other, and the learned have as much reason as the ignorant to cry "Thank God for our Holy Faith!"

Regarding a paper read by Father Watters, C.M., on "The Press," Archbishop Healy said: "To have a powerful Catholic press, you require powerful writers, men of sound education, wide culture and high principles; and such you will not have unless they go through a course of sound moral and mental philosophy, ethics, economics and kindred questions: that is to say, a thorough university education under the safe guidance of Scholastic philosophers. Opportunity was denied before, but the National University should now enable Catholic young men to equip themselves for effective Catholic journalism." Cardinal Logue also insisted on

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This episcopal letter, which is the seventy-ninth issued by the present Archbishop, is addressed to the Catholics of Montreal under date of the 11th of November, 1909, and reads as follows: "Our Very Dear Brethren,—Our interest in public morals demands that we should again speak to you of the theatre and to put you on your guard against its perilous seductions. As a matter of fact, our counsel and past ordinances, together with the severe measures which we felt in duty bound to take against several places of amusement in this city appear to have been forgotten by a certain number of the faithful, hence the necessity of recalling them to your attention."

Some months ago a brilliant theatrical season was announced for the Academy of Music and everything in connection was to have been carried on in a strictly irreproachable tone. The most noted pieces from the French dramatic authors were to be played, and nothing of a risqué or questionable character was to be given. In fact the promises were so positive in their character that several excellent citizens decided to encourage by their subscriptions the artistic enterprise in question, as they hoped to see their desire to have representations of clean and honest art and literature established amongst us. We, however, made our recommendations, which did not fail to reach the directors of the establishment, and these gentlemen will bear us out in saying that our counsels were accompanied by the greatest possible consideration. We did not wish to have the unfortunate incidents of a peril to be understood that, as the guardian of good morals in this city and diocese, we could never tolerate plays that might become lessons of perversion to the community.

In answer we received the most solemn promises, which we thought at the time to be sincere, yet these assurances were very soon to be violated. Following complaints addressed to us, and which were perfectly well founded, we reiterated our warning in writing. These, however, brought no reply, and upon our return from the sessions of the Plenary Council at Quebec we were pained to discover that families were scandalized and grieved because of the representations at the theatre in question. At this we decided to assure ourselves as to the real state of affairs, and consequently undertook the painful task of examining the French plays given during some time past at the Academy of Music. We at once saw how well founded were the accusations that had come to our ears, and we do not hesitate in declaring these plays immoral and dangerous, in spite of the appreciation of certain writers, possessing a weakened religious and moral sentiment. The men and women who frequent these representations are dangerously near the border line which separates good from evil, as marriage is no longer the august sacrament of which the Church has at all times proclaimed the unity and the indissolubility. Here passion is exhibited in a shameless manner, while adultery is no longer a crime which should inspire horror and disgust. Rather it becomes the basis of all these productions, and the obligatory theme. The scenes follow each other with a perfidious art, replete with a cunning underlining of double meaning, of gallant escapades and provocations to crime.

This is what our examination has brought to light, together with pleasantness of bad taste at the expense of things which our faith and piety have never failed to venerate. Every bad instinct of poor, weak human nature is here revealed, and be one old or young, on guard or

the need of sound Philosophical education for the propagation of Catholic Truth. Alluding to the Privy Council inquiry, he said that our Catholic system had proved its pre-eminence. He declares that "through their ignorance, and the brand of heresy, was no longer the brand of respectable, mental or intellectual 'M.E.' in America."

THE BOOK OF ARMAGH.

A GEM OF ANTIQUITY.

One of the Most Priceless of Irish Histories.

It is generally known that the Book of Armagh, one of the most priceless of Irish historical remains, and which ranks second to the Book of Kells, was once offered for sale by auction in Dublin. The Book, which dates from the ninth century, was pledged in 1861, and it disappeared from then until 1707, when it was found in possession of Arthur Browlow, of Louth. It was for some time in the hands of Sir William Betham, the antiquarian, and Mr. M. Mason, and was offered for sale by William Browlow, of Knapton, Abbeyfeix, its last private holder. The auctioneer was Maguire, of Suffolk street, and the report of the bidding on June 6, 1881, states: "The first offer was £100, £150 and £200 were the next bids. On the respective competitors went through the several gradations of £200, £300, £350, £370, £390. Here the rivalry seemed to have come to a full stop; there was complete silence. The auctioneer, in vain essayed to rouse the purchasers by saying: 'It is a scandal that it should quit the country. Rely on it, it will leave the country unless an advance be made.'"

All would not do. The fatal once, twice, thrice, were put, and the final monosyllable "gone" followed. All were anxious to hear who was the purchaser of this gem of antiquity, but no one knew. The whole time occupied in the sale was but five minutes, and in that short space of a few brief seconds did this chronicle of the olden time charge masters. The book was not sold, however, the last bid he again advertised for sale, but it was not put up. The Protestant Primate collected £300, and on Nov.—4, 1863, became the purchaser. After being exhibited in the Irish Academy for a while the Book was given to Dr. Reeves, Bishop of Down, with a view of preparing it for publication, and it was eventually presented to Trinity College Library, where it now lies.

The most precious part of the Book is the confession of St. Patrick, which, the scribe states, he copied from the Saint's own autograph. The Book consisted of four hundred and forty-two pages, of which eight are missing. It is almost entirely in Latin, and includes a complete copy of the New Testament. Next in importance to the Confession are the Lives of St. Patrick, by Trechan, a Bishop, probably of Killala, and by Muirehu, a Leinster man. Both Lives are of the seventh century, and like the Confession, and the copy of the Scriptures, are in Latin. The Diata Patricii and some of the Canons, and the Liber Angueh are also in Latin, and there is a Latin Life of St. Martin of Tours. The two lives bear evidence of having been prepared largely from earlier sources in Irish, but there is no doubt that Trechan travelled over the scenes which he describes of St. Patrick's work in Meath and Connaught—an excursion which was followed in our day by the Apostolic modern biographer, Dr. Healy.

A Protestant on Mixed Marriage.

Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, preached at the Free Synagogue in West Eighty-first street, New York, recently, on intermarriage. He took a most emphatic stand against the intermarriage of Jews and Christians. "Intermarriage is not a problem—it is a fact," he said. "And it is not as serious as some think. In the Scandinavian countries, in one out of every three or four marriages of Jews, it is an intermarriage with a Christian. Among the Jews of Germany about one in five of the men marries a Christian, and about one in six of the women. In the United States the proportion is much less."

"It has been said that if there were to be great increase in these intermarriages it would eliminate the prejudice against the Jew. It would do more—it would eliminate the Jew."

But my objection is based not merely on that account, but on fear of the loss and harm that would accrue to Christendom and to Christianity as a result. Christianism usually loses the Christian in such a union, and almost never gains the Jew. In marriage there should be a maximum of oneness, a minimum of dissimilarity and indifference. "And then there is the danger to the children who are the fruit of intermarriages, the danger that comes from having no fixed spiritual home—neither here or there."

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The "annotations" or notes complete the Patrician documents. These notes begin in Latin, but the scribe, who was translating from a Gaelic original, found himself unequal to the task, and finished the notes in Irish. These notes extend from folio sixteen to nineteen, and the Gaelic portion, which begins on folio seventeen, extends to one hundred and sixty-four lines. At the end of a small script is an index or list of Irish sources of information relating to St. Patrick. This list of names of places and people associated with the labors of St. Patrick is also in Gaelic. Rev. Edmund Hogan, S.J., the ablest and most painstaking of old Irish scholars, has published the Patrician documents in the Book of Armagh, and has collected all the Irish passages and phrases that are quoted in the Latin text, and explained them in a complete glossary.

The great window over the High Altar of the Cathedral of Armagh contains in large letters a facsimile of an extract from Muirehu's Life, as copied in the Book of Armagh, describing the finding of the fawn on the site which had been granted St. Patrick for his Cathedral. These accompanying the Saint wanted to kill the fawn, but St. Patrick prevented them, took the animal in his arms, and carried it to a neighboring hill, where he placed it in safety. When in 1895 Dr. Croly was translated to the Primatial See, he decided to take up his residence in Armagh. One of his first acts was to choose a site for a Cathedral worthy of the high traditions of the diocese, and the only one available was that on Sandy Hill, now Ca-

Lord MacDonnell and the Irish Land Bill.

Coatends That it Possesses Many Advantages.

In view of the expectation that the Government would ask the House of Commons to reject en bloc the amendments made in the House of Lords to the Irish Land Bill, Lord MacDonnell has written a long letter to the Freeman's Journal, advocating such action. "I venture to think," he writes, "that the Bill, as passed by House of Lords, though in some respects not so good as the Bill sent up by the House of Commons, is, in other respects, a better Bill; while, absolutely, as it stands, a very valuable supplement to the Act of 1903." Lord MacDonnell then considers in detail the four main points in which the Bill has been changed by the Lords: (a) The maintenance of the zone system without any qualification; (b) The exclusion of the general power of purchasing land compulsorily which the original bill provides; (c) The treatment of the great question of Congestion; and (d) The constitution and functions of the Congested Districts Board.

In regard to the first, he says that "the question at issue is one which more immediately affects the Treasury, and only affects Ireland in so far as those oppressive sales may lead to ultimate repudiation of annuities. That danger, however, lies in the future, and as it arises from the terms of the Act of 1903, it obviously affords no reason for rejecting the Bill." On the second, he declares that "the rejection by the House of Lords of the general power of purchasing land by compulsory process affords equally little justification for rejecting the Bill. In view of the present situation in Ireland, it is impossible to produce any conclusive arguments in support of the necessity of general compulsion. How can general compulsion be necessary when, admittedly, landlords have been so eager to sell and tenants have been so eager to buy, that the State is now, and for probably ten years to come will be, unable to pay advances in cash for all the land that has already been sold?" From his discussion of the two remaining points we quote the following: "From my point of view the great merits of the bill, as it now stands, lie in its treatment of the Congested Districts Board and of Finance (the latter being, of course, common to both bills). The original bill had converted the Congested Districts Board into a political organization, richly endowed with public funds, and with jurisdiction over vast areas which were not congested. The bill, as it stands, reduces the Board within the limitations of a strictly business body, and, while restricting its operations within congested areas, confers on the Lord Lieutenant and Council the power of enlarging and contracting such areas as necessity requires." And, concludes Lord MacDonnell, "on the balance of merits and demerits the bill possesses four outstanding and pre-eminent recommendations to the acceptance of Irishmen, besides several minor advantages. The first recommendation is the relief of the Irish ratepayer from responsibility for losses in the flotation of loans. The second is the payment of future advances in stock and the increase of the bonus by a sum estimated at four million sterling. The third is the increase in the Congested Districts Board funds from £26,250 to £290,000 per annum. And the fourth is the recognition of the principle of compulsion in reference to the relief of congestion. . . . In view of these splendid gifts, these great advantages possessed by the Bill as it stands over the Act of 1903 for this is the comparison which Irishmen should make—what friend of Ireland will wreck this Bill?—London Tablet.

Let us have the faith that makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Strength lies in character. Deceit is weakness; sham and pretence are enfeebling. Only the genuine and the sincere are worth while.

Remember that if opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.



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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
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porated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's
Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc-
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Kavanagh, K. C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
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retary, Mr. M. E. Tunney; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conzolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY even numbered section of Dom-
inion Land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26,
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending homestead-
er.
The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:
(1) At least six months' residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the homo-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
waived by such person residing
with the father or mother.
(3) If the settler has his permanent
residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said lands.
Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for sections.
W. W. CORY,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
this advertisement will not be paid for.

Could Not Sleep In The Dark.

Doctor Said Heart and Nerves Were Responsible.
There is many a man and woman toss-
ing night after night upon a sleepless bed.
Their eyes do not close in the sweet and
refreshing repose that comes to those
whose heart and nerves are right. Some
constitutional disturbance, worry or
anxiety has so debilitated and irritated
the nervous system, that it cannot be
quieted.
Mrs. Calvin Stark, Rosemont, Ont.,
writes: "About two years ago I began
to be troubled with a smothering sensa-
tion at night, when I would lie down, I
got so bad I could not sleep in the dark,
and would have to sit up and rub my
eyes, they would become so numb.
My doctor said my heart and nerves were
responsible. I saw Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills advertised and got a box to
try them. I took three boxes and can
now lie down and sleep without the light
burning and can rest well. I can recom-
mend them highly to all nervous and run-
down women."
Five 50 cents per box or 3 for \$1.25.
All dealers or mailed direct on receipt
of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

THE LADY WITH THE LAMP.

Father Hilary—he was of the
O'Shaughnessy clan and stalwart
like them all, with the same mystic
blue Celtic eyes as his people—had
finished his little Lenten supper,
well earned after a long day on the
hills. It had been a hard day, for
he had been fighting to heal a feud
between Catholic landowners and
Protestant tenant, and his spirit
was bruised with the bitter atti-
tude which had been forced upon
him. And so he was very glad to
forget the people of the earth,
though the Irish card itself was so
beautiful in its vast wide stretches
under the stars that he would not
let his housekeeper draw the little
red curtains of his cottage. So he
sat gazing out at the hills under
the stars, following in imagination
the curve of the now invisible road
to the point where it reached the
horizon and dipped into the hollow,
where stood a largish, empty man-
or, house. How often in years past
he had wished that this house was
occupied, tenanted by a young man
and his wife and their children—peo-
ple of leisure, with warm hearts
and a purse ready to help the poor
folk! But though the owner was
presumably quite a young man, he
had, they said, other and bigger
houses—one in Dublin and one in
England—and he had no use for
this one. Once, five years ago, he
had come there to settle a land dis-
pute, but Father Hilary had not
seen him on his flying visit, and
the caretaker himself scarcely knew
his employer by sight. The house
had a garden, all run wild, and into
it Father Hilary often wandered. He
thought to-night once more of that
silent, shuttered house, and then his
thoughts left the earth and soared
to the stars, which he loved even
better than the earth. It was an
extraordinary night for stars. It
was said that his telescope—it was
a legacy from an old Dublin professor,
his uncle—should be out of order
to-night. He opened the door and
let in the night wind, strangely
warm for this time of year, and
carrying with it a fragrance as of
the sea. He strolled down the well-
known road, looking up at the plan-
ets, almost hearing the stars sing
in their courses. And lo! a figure
came towards him. It was a woman
with a little lamp, red and
green, like a lamp that might hang
in a foreign shrine. She was very
tall and dressed in soft black. Her
hair was fair—or was it grey?—and
it floated a wrap of black lace.
"Father," she said in a curious
whisper, "you are wanted—want-
ed. A man is on the eve of death
at The House. Come. Get your
hat. . . . Come. . . . She point-
ed down the road to the hidden
manor in the hollow.
"The holy vessels," he began.
"There is not time," she said.
"Come, follow! I will go before
you with my lamp." She turned
and went back again while he plun-
ged indoors for his hat and hurried
way ahead along that mile of rough
road. He saw her waiting at the
gate, her lamp glowing like a tiny
red and green jewel. The wind blew
her drapery across it suddenly and
hid it. But he knew she waited.
He could have sworn she waited
there at the gate, though the lamp
did not show. But there was noth-
ing! And yet she had surely
passed through it somehow, though
he had missed hearing the click of
the latch; for there was no other
way into the wilderness of the gar-
den. He saw lights in several of
the windows, and he marvelled
afresh: for the caretaker did not
sleep in the house. Something un-
usual was surely on foot. It was
with a prayer on his lips to quell a
curious misgiving that he knocked
at the door. It opened by a
middle-aged man in a courteous and polished
air of the trained servant of a gen-
tleman. He spoke with a slight
Italian accent it seemed. To Father
Hilary's enquiry he gave a surpris-
ed negative. When pressed he showed
amusement as well as astonish-
ment. His master, he explained,
was the only inmate of the house
besides himself. Both were perfect-
ly well and strong. They had ar-
rived for a short business visit, and
did not wish to make the fact pub-
lic. During the conversation a door
opened and the master came out.
When he heard the meaning of the
father's call, he burst out laughing.
He was a fresh-faced, genial young
gentleman, and his laugh did the
heart good.
"It must be a trick lamp!" he cried.
"A lady with a bright lamp? The
thing is impossible! Someone is
masquerading to tease us all. Come
in, Father, come in."
And he drew the priest gently
into the brightly-lighted parlor. It
was full of odd, old, dark-looking
furniture, but the presence of this
much-travelled, gay fellow and the
flame of the leaping log-fire filled
the place. Father Hilary looked
curiously about him. In one cor-
ner was a packing-case half open.
Some foreign curios, which had evi-
dently come out of it, were lying
on a table. And leaning against the
wall behind them was a woman's
portrait. The father stared and
turned to his host.
"That is the lady who called me
so urgently just now," he said.
"Impossible! That is my mother,
who died in Italy when I was a
little boy. You have never seen
her. I was born in this house be-
fore you were appointed here, and
my father took her to Italy soon
after. This portrait of her has just
been done in Florence from a photo-
graph. It was sent here in error,
really—for the case should have been
despatched to my house in Eng-
land. As it was here I could not
resist opening it."

mother surely wished you to give
me—that I must live more among
my tenants. I promise you that it
shall be so. At least a third of
the year I will spend here. And I
hope to bring my bride here. . . . I
hope my firstborn will be baptized by
you."
Presently they parted and Father
Hilary took the road home. The
stars were shining more brightly
than before, the wind carried a
stronger fragrance of the sea, and
his pulses beat high. He was so
wideawake and so exhilarated that
he was forced to read till his mind
grew quieter. He fell asleep with a
phrase sounding in his ears—a great
phrase from the writings of the holy
Spaniard, De Molinos, in praise of
silence.
Certainly it brought him good
sleep, for he was up and off to his
work early next day. A happy
day! It ended with the healing of
the feud which had caused him and
others so much pain. At sundown
he was on his way home again. It
was necessary that he should pass
"The House." He was bursting
with the impulse to impart the suc-
cess of his mission to the happy
breezy young man who would soon
be his resident patron. So he turned
in at the gate, striding merrily.
The house was darkened, the blinds
down. Surely, surely, his friend
his newly-found parishioner, had not
departed in secret? Surely he
would at least write, or return
quickly to keep his promises? It
seemed long before the door was
opened, once more by the Italian
servant. His handsome face was
haggard, his grey head bowed.
"My master is gone," he said,
with a broken voice. "He is here, up-
stairs, but he is gone. It was last
night, in his sleep, I sent for you,
but you had gone out too early. The
doctor came. From twenty
miles away they fetched him. But
I knew it was too late. The heart
was weak, he said. My master died
just like his father before him. No
one could foresee. And there is
color still in his face. Come and
see."
"It is a blessed passing," whisp-
ered the servant, as they stood,
by his master. "Look—the smile, the
color in his face! I found him so!"
—he leaned his cheek sideways on
his hands, one under the other—
"exactly as he slept as a little boy. He
has always been happy, and he has
carried happiness with him where-
ever he travelled. And now the
happiness is gone away with him."
"Nay, some of it remains with
us," said the priest. "Come, we
will give thanks."
Soft night winds, fragrance of the
sea, light of the stars, and the super-
sense of spiritual actualities—
these were the great facts for Fa-
ther Hilary to-night. He was full
of a deep joy, for years he had
known it—the actuality of the things
which people regard as "supernatu-
ral," of which they are afraid, and
at which they leer simply because
they are stupidly afraid. For years
he had preached the beauty of the
hidden things, talked to his people
of the "eyes of the soul," "the music
of holy hearts," "the invisible world,
which is the real world. But his
mysticism was beyond many of
them, and they always needed a mir-
acle to convince them. A miracle!
When the greatest miracle in the
world—heavenly love and earthly
deeds—indeed, one could dare to draw
a difference—was always at their
doors! Here—here was a miracle
indeed, the miracle of the messenger
with the lamp, who called a priest
to shrive her son on his last night,
who gave Father Hilary that glimpse
of the shadowing wings of happy
angels, who helped him to that hap-
py meeting with a happy man—hap-
py in his life, happy in the way
that he had, in the Oriental phrase,
"changed his life." What a beauti-
ful phrase! The young man had
quoted it last night. Father Hilary
made a note of it in his book. Then
he set down briefly, with the dates
and hour, the story of the lady with
the lamp, that it might be a testi-
mony to the unbelieving. Lastly,
he put away pen and tablet and sat
still, quite still, with the little red
curtains blowing in the breeze, and
thought again of what De Molinos
had written of silence: "There are
three silences: the first silence of
word; the second, silence of desire;
the third, silence of thought. The
first is perfect, the second more per-
fect, the third most perfect. In the
first, virtue is acquired in the
second, quietness is attained; in the
third, internal resolution is gained.
By not speaking, desiring, thinking.
One arrives at the true and perfect
and mystical silence wherein God
speaks with the soul, communicates
Himself to it, and in the abyss of
His own depth, teaches the most
perfect and exalted wisdom."—Maud
Stepney Rawson.

"The lamp which hangs over her
head is a shrine lamp."
"Yes," the photograph was taken
of her in the little recess of her
bedroom, which she used as an ora-
tory. It was an amateur photo-
graph taken by my father, who
adored her. He would not have a
painted picture done from it, but I
wished it."
"It is just like the lamp the lady
carried to-night." The young man
smiled again.
"It must be a sort of brain wave
between us," he said. "How strange!
For we have never met till to-
night. We must be capable of what
they call 'sympathetic vibrations,'
Father."
"I hope so, my son."
"Just before you came, as I un-
packed the picture, I was thinking
of the way she used to bend over
me in the night, holding that lamp,
when she returned from a dinner-
party or a ball. I generally awoke
—for she always brought me sweet-
meats to eat in the morning, I used
to love the beautiful scent she used.
Sometimes—the speaker gave a
roguish smile—"sometimes I was
greedy and used to break my prom-
ise to her and pull the crystallized
fruit from under my pillow and be-
gin to eat it. But I generally fell
asleep in the middle and woke in
the morning with my cheeks all
stained and sticky! Then I was
scolded."
The guest laughed with him. Never
had Father Hilary felt so young
for years.
"And now you are alone?" he asked
presently, "and master of your
great possessions."
"Yes—but I hope I shall not be
alone for long. I shall marry!" his
face was brisk and resolute—"and
then"—he sighed for the first time—
"I must come and manage my prop-
erty."
"You will not forget your respon-
sibilities here, I trust?"
"Indeed, I will not."
"You have enjoyed some years of
freedom from trouble, at least,"
said the priest, with a little pathet-
ic smile, in which there was some
irony.
The host spread out his hands to
the blaze gaily.
"Yes, I have been very happy,
Father. My mother said to me—
almost her last words as she laid her
hand upon my head—"Be happy; you
were meant for happiness. Love me,
and I will never leave you. If I go
away for a little now, I will come
back." Afterwards I knew, I under-
stood."
"She has come back, my son; she
called me to you," cried the priest,
taking his hand. "She thinks you
need me. Perhaps, though you are
so happy, you still have need of me.
Tell me, my son, have you need? Is
there anything in your soul which
grieves or burdens you, any desire
that hurts you, any fear which gath-
ers?"
The host thought for a moment,
and then he said: "There is nei-
ther fear nor burden, nor desire which
burns me; but in my heart is a little
heap of faults. I have not fought
them as I should. They are like a
dust heap which grows ever larger.
My mother warned my father—I re-
member it though I was such a
child—"We must sweep away the
small faults lest they become so
high that they shut out the 'Beauti-
ful Mountain.'" That is how she
put it. . . . It is long since I have
confessed, Father. . . . I have been
travelling in the East, where there
were no priests of my church."
"You shall confess to me now."
"With gratitude."
When the confession was ended
fresh logs were piled upon the fire,
and the host called for a foreign
cordial and made a spiced drink,
very light and refreshing. And
again Father Hilary felt that woe
had come back to him while he
tended to tales of adventure and voy-
age and examined the beautiful and
symbolic things which the traveller
had brought home. They talked,
moreover, of the country-side, of
the neighbors, poor or rich, and of
the sadness of closed houses and
tangled gardens. The host colored
and said:
"This is part of the message my



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"At Least You, My Friends."

The "Month's Mind" was over. The priest had invested and was making his thanksgiving before the altar in the little basement church. The widow and her two little girls in deep black still knelt in the seats at the top of the aisle. The sacristan removed the catafalque and stowed away under the organ the six tall candlesticks with the yellow candles.
I met him in the porch as I went out "John Callaghan," he said in answer to my unspoken question. "He drove a wagon for Bedford's, the coal people. Tim's the widow and two girls. The boy works in Schultz's, the grocer. The lady—then would't have him free to come to the month's mind this mornin'! The Lord reward him—and he will, too. When his turn comes he'll know what it is to be a friend. Purgatory'll be terrible lonesome for some people—if they're lucky enough to get there."
"Mike," said I pointedly, "how long do you think anyone will remember us?"
"Well, sir," said Mike, "I'm thinkin' it'll be just about as long as we remember them."
"If that's all, then the Lord be merciful to us, for we'll need it." I meant it, too, for only a couple of days previously I had heard from Thomas a Kempis some searching truths on the point.
"Well who knows?" said Mike. "Listen now—Mornin', James, 'tis a beautiful day."
His salutation was addressed to an old man coming out of the base-
ment. His face was abundantly familiar to me, seeing that every morning he occupied the same seat at the back of the center aisle. It was such an old man's face as one sees often in Ireland, on which the peace of childhood seems to have softened the marks of time and struggle that the lines are all re-
solute and harmonious. The sacristan presented me formally to Mr. James Nolan—a County Cork man like yourself, sir!—and we ex-
changed conventional greetings.
"Well, James," said Mike, some-
what suggestively—not as I protest-
atively, "John Callaghan's rest
easier to-day."
"He will so," said James. "Lord
ha' mercy on him! He was a good,
steady man. I knew his father in
old St. James's down town. He
went after Paddy Sheehan and be-
fore Molly Joyce. Lord be good to
him! There's a great plenty one
since this."
"We've more friends that side than
this," said Mike, surreptitiously
pulling my coat sleeves.
"Beor, we have that!" said
James with a laugh. "I'll have tin
more names in me envelope next
Sunday for this year."
"An' how many'll that make,
James?" Mike's voice dripped simu-
lated nonchalance while his face
worked with the strength of his
desire that I should see the point.
"A hundred an' thirty-four last
year an' tin this year—that'll be a
hundred an' forty-four," answered
James with perfect simplicity.
"Well now, look at that!" said
Mike with a perfectly natural air of
surprise. "A hundred an' forty-
four! It bates me how you can re-
member them all, James."
"Tis aisy enough to remember
them when they're yer friends," said
James.
"I suppose ye could call the roll
any time," said Mike endeavoring to
infuse yet more indifference into his
countenance.
"Deed I could," said James,
"why not?" and then and there to
Mike's undisguised joy in that
church porch, the old man commen-
ced the litany of his dead. It went
somewhat as follows:
"Grandfather an' grandmother, Un-
cle Pat, Uncle James, father, Aunt
Brigid, Aunt Mollie, mother, Lord
ha' mercy on her! Cousin John,
Mist' Malone, Mary Chen, Father Pa-
ter, Owen McGuire, Father Sheridan,
Owen O'Neil, Peter Brown, John
Byrne, Mary Byrne, Doctor Ford,
Willie Clancy, Willie Murney, Dick
Crow, Little James, John Molloy,
Bridget Mahony, Little Mollie,"—and

so on.
"His wife's name came late in the
list. He called her his 'darlin' Mol-
lie." I could hardly repress a start
when he named "Charles Stewart
Parnell," and a little later "William
Ewart Gladstone." For what seem-
ed many minutes he stood there
his eyes closed, the names coming
rapidly and without a shadow of
hesitation. It took him perhaps
three minutes to recite the roll—at
last came— . . . John Callaghan,
an' Richard Loneragan, an' certain
others an' them that has none to
pray for them."
We had prayed the first time for
Loneragan's soul the previous Sun-
day. Mike looked at me with tri-
umph in his eye and James came
to himself with a jerk.
"That's a long list," I said, jame-
ly.
"Tis not mammy for sixty-six
years, sir," said James. "an' there's
them I've forgotten, too. Lord ha'
mercy on them! An'—I hope they'll
forgive me when my own time comes
—'twont be long now, ayther, Mike.
Well, good mornin' to ye, sir—morn-
in' Mike!" and off he trudged down
the street.
"Well," said Mike, "what d'ye
think of that?"
"Oh! Mike—there's them he's for-
gotten—he said so himself. May the
good Lord forgive us—me, I mean!"
As I spoke Father—came through
the porch on his way to breakfast.
He caught my last words.
"What's the matter?" he said.
"Father, I'm tempted to wish I
was dead and on James Nolan's
list," I said. Mike left us, and
went back into the church, grin-
ning widely as he went.
"You might be worse off. He'll be
in with five large sheets of fool-
scap next Sunday. Did he call the
roll for you?"
"He did," I said.
"And did you stop to ask your-
self how he was able to do it? al-
most without drawing breath and
without a stop?"
A great light poured in on my
mind.

"Every morning of his life he calls
his roll at Mass. Some of the peo-
ple on it are dead these sixty-
to seventy years. I suspect 'twould
be a waste of good prayers for most
of them only there's no such thing.
No, I don't mean what you think—
I mean they're in Heaven long ago
if they're James's kind, and James's
prayers are undoubtedly distributed
somewhere else. I hope James is in
my parish when I die."
He stopped in hesitation a mo-
ment.
"I'll tell you something more if
you'll promise not to laugh. How
did he finish his list?—I mean after
the names stopped?"
I told him.
"I thought so. How do you sup-
pose he came to put in the phrase,
'certain others'? Well, I'll have to
tell you—it's too good to keep. When
I first came to this parish and
James's list came in, I made a busi-
ness of getting acquainted with him
and he told me about it. Just for
develtry, I said to him—'James,
there's a big list of deaths every
day in the Herald—why don't you
pray for them, too?' 'Tis a good
notion,' says James. And every
day he puts them in the 'certain
others' part of his list and com-
pletes his intention later by going
to the sexton's office and borrowing
the Herald to read them over.
James has many friends in the next
world, I fancy, that he knows no-
thing about."
No! It was not laughing that
threatened me.—Andrew Prout, in
America.

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I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1909.

CLEANSE THE STAGE.

The step just taken by His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi to put a stop to the vicious dramas which have been put on at a local theatre is one which all right-minded citizens, irrespective of creed, will applaud.

THE KING.

His Majesty the King began his sixty-ninth year on Tuesday, the 15th day of November, "and from one end of his far-flung dominions to the other, throughout an empire of unexampled extent and influence," says a contemporary, "his health was drunk with hearty loyalty and enthusiasm, both for what he is and what he represents."

ingly in more than one circumstance but especially, when, on the occasion of his visit to the Old Land, he refused to be guarded by a heavy body of protectors, deeming the Irish heart a stranger and an enemy to the dire measures of anarchy.

But it is as Catholics, above all that we are willing to praise and admire him. He is not awayed by the undercurrent of ignorant bigotry. He is not afraid to praise the Pope and the Church, not afraid to laud the efforts and achievements of our bishops, not afraid to trample the foul flag of intolerance under his royal foot, not afraid to deserve the blame and contempt of a hundred ungodly alliances.

In consequence of his rule and behavior, the British Empire has been made all the greater, and history will say that, while he reigned, Ireland began to be recognized, and the Irish people to be reckoned with. His noble Queen shares all his honors and deserves a fitting meed of meant praise for the truly great reign in which she is participating actively and in all sincerity of aim and purpose.

FRANCE.

That country which was at one time so justly called La Belle France presents to the world to-day a sorry spectacle. She has had her Dreyfus case, which for many years convulsed the realm; she was forced to put out of office at the bidding of Germany one of her brightest sons, Delcasse; she was made to stand idly by while her old Teuton enemy forced her ally, Russia, to keep her meddlesome hands away from the Austrian-Servian controversy; she has despoiled the sacred homes of hundreds and thousands of those who have devoted their lives to the cause of religion, and she is made to bewail the enormous decrease in her birth-rate.

But on top of all this comes the infamous Steinhil case, wherein a woman on trial for the murder of her husband and step-mother challenges the judge to continue his probing tactics at his peril, and the astonishing side of the story is that the pillar of the law is intimidated, and he ceases his prosecution of the woman. Why? Press despatches from a reliable source tell us that an agreement exists between the woman and the court under which men high in the social and official life of France are called upon to sanction a deal whereby Madame Steinhil, a woman of at least doubtful character, acts in collusion with those who are supposed to hold in their hands the safety of the nation, and the education of the youth of France.

But in France it is all different; the mongrel crowd who have excluded from their courts of justice the crucifix, the emblem of justice, equality, and religion, are slowly but surely sowing the seeds that will one day be reaped in sorrow and suffering and disgrace. The time may not be far distant when those who are carrying France into the seething abyss of ruin and desolation will turn their outstretched hands to those whom they now profess to despise to save them from such horrors as before now have devastated that fair land. Perhaps

THE HYPOCRITES STILL BUSY.

Just at present the gentlemen of the Protestant Alliance are at their dirty work here in Canada, with the assets of rage and treachery to the rescue of their brand of anti-Christianity. Especially are they busy in certain portions of the Maritime Provinces, where, as in some other parts of the land, their agents have addressed, and are still addressing, dirty little leaflets and tiny pamphlets—reprints from their official organ—to Catholic men and women. That is a favorite method with them. Certain animals delight in plying their busy careers in the dark of night, while the air around, however, often betrays their presence. The dirty prints from the Alliance press picture "Popery" as the "Service of Satan," "The Betrayer of Souls," "The Corrupter of Conscience," etc. The dingy leaflets and pestilential little pamphlets are all printed in England, and, as England is now favored by the Post Office authorities, the United States need not seek to compete. In fact, nine-tenths of the dirt and calumny printed in the English tongue comes from England. So do some very undesirable immigrants. We want our readers to remember that they can use the police authorities against the liars and calumniators who send them the prints we denounce. Put them in jail! The address of the official organ of the Alliance is 430, Strand, W.C. Some of the envelopes are mailed on I.C.R. trains directly. It is a safer way of escaping notice. The envelopes, in such a case, are open, and bear a one cent stamp.

A REASON WHY.

Some good people are surprised when they come across a "wicked" word, now and then, in the columns of a Catholic weekly. Their business and professional interests should, they think, cause the editor to be gagged. Have they ever heard of the English Protestant Alliance? Do they know that many Protestant ministers are helping the Alliance spread foul literature, here in Canada, against the Church? Would they believe that four gentlemen in Montreal are particularly (but hypocritically) interested in disseminating "Popery Portrayed"—new tracts for the times? Here is a list of the tracts those bigots are spreading broadcast, even through their mails:

- 1. "Popery, the Curse of Nations."
2. "Popery, the Great Apostasy."
3. "Popery, a Huge Idolatry."
4. "Popery, the Betrayer of Souls."
5. "Popery, the Antagonist of Scripture."
6. "Popery, a Blasphemous Priestcraft."
7. "Popery, a Gigantic Fraud."
8. "Popery, the Corrupter of Conscience."
9. "Popery, the Poison of Purity."
10. "Popery, Babylon the Great."
11. "Popery, the Most Cruel of Tyrannies."
12. "Popery, a Pretended Peace."
13. "Popery, Incurable and Increasingly Malignant."
14. "Popery, the Mother of Infidelity."
15. "Popery, the Service of Satan."
16. "Popery, its Hope and Doom."
Now, the contents of these tracts could not be read around the festive board of a king among the cannibals without subtracting his Majesty's appetite, and yet Catholic papers must say nothing! These tracts are read by hundreds of non-Catholic children even here in Montreal. We can prove what we say. Their contents are thrown up at Catholics in offices and workshops. But let us be cowards!

THE EXECUTION OF FERRER.

We have already spoken of the death of Ferrer, the organizer of anarchy, murder and filth, but we must again take up the sorry subject. The Associated Press, at the command of certain Jews and some elements of Freemasonry has undertaken to picture the Barcelona criminal as a martyr of the Pope and the Jesuits. The most influential organ of English Liberalism, the Daily News, has no hesitation in describing the execution as an official murder, and goes on to say the Church is to be blamed for it. "No one doubts," says that paper, "that Senor Ferrer is a martyr executed by the Church. If he had not founded the modern schools, and attempted to liberate education from clerical control, he would now be living. We have no sympathy with the form of secularism which we believe he advocated in his writings. In this country we have outgrown it, but it is the natural reaction against the gloomy and ignorant superstition which the Clericals have for generations imposed like a nightmare on Spain. It has been said that the worst thing about Spain is her government, but behind the

government stands a worse thing still, and that is, not religion, but the power of the Church laying its dead hands upon politics, finance, and the intelligence of the people."

Now, dear readers, what do you think of Mr. Asquith's organ of opinion? There are assuredly very ugly fellows among the followers of English Liberalism. The Protestant Alliance finds a weakling like Asquith a fit tool. Is it any wonder the Procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament was interfered with last year?

But what schools did murderer Ferrer institute? The Paris correspondent of The Sunday Times will tell us. Says that well-informed gentleman:

"At Barcelona, he (Ferrer) started his School of Liberty, a title he changed to Modern School, to avoid conflict with the authorities. It was a training centre for the dissemination of anarchism and atheism in Spain, and dependent from it. He opened twenty branch schools throughout the country. An item among others of his teaching was to recommend that weapons should be poisoned when used for political assassination, so as not to miss the mark. Just as Ticino was the centre of Italian anarchy years ago, so Barcelona was, under Ferrer, the headquarters of Spanish anarchy."

Now, will any decent citizen of Montreal or elsewhere dare say that Ferrer did not get the death he deserved? Would the bigots ready to differ with us, say that Ferrer and his methods could be tolerated in Canada? Would England stand for it, or is it just because Catholic Spain is the country immediately concerned that Murderer Ferrer must prove a martyr?

Again, from the organ of English Liberalism in the North of England, The Manchester Guardian, we learn that Ferrer himself described the object of these schools in those words. "To make children reflect upon the lies of religion, of government, of patriotism, of justice, of politics and of militarism, and to prepare their brains for the social revolution." A programme of procedure perhaps welcome to bigots. Anything as long as it fights Catholicism! The man who attempted to assassinate the King and Queen of Spain, the fellow Morral, was a graduate of Ferrer's school, in Barcelona, and Ferrer was actively interested in that horrible outbreak in which sixty-eight churches and convents of Barcelona were burned, and in which 238 people, or more, lost their lives.

Montrealers have read their daily newspapers dealing with Ferrer's execution. They know which one of them was readiest to make a joint case against Spain and the Church. We know that much of the daily newspaper is prepared and printed in moments of mental aberration, but are Catholics willing to stand for the lies of the Associated Press? If the offending newspapers must be excused on the plea that the news escaped the control of the management, how is it salaries do not escape? But there you are! The Lodges are interested, and so the dailies must help out the liars at the other end of the wire. It is a wonder ninety-nine sermons of sympathy have not been preached in the meeting-houses. The Pope must be fought, and Ferrer venerated as a martyr fallen in the interests of religion! It is always just to hurl bombs at the head of a Catholic monarch. The "Gunpowder Plot" will continue to be a good help for provocateurs, nevertheless!

IT IS STILL NOVEMBER.

It is still November, the month of the Poor Souls! Let us not forget those who dwell in bondage far from the vision of God and His glory, to which we may add accidental growth, through our prayers, almsdeeds, and sacrifices for the privileged dead who are yet in suffering, thus hastening their journey home to the abode of Our Father. All Catholic papers are duly reminding their readers of Purgatory and the Souls, but it is a special pleasure for us to quote the editor of Register-Extension in this regard. Under the heading "The Unseen World," he gently says:

"The souls in Purgatory are, as it were, afar off. Their cries and wailings cannot reach across the chasm that separates death from life. Their bodies have been laid away in the grave. Their absence, which in the beginning, roused such a palpable void in our lives, has come to be forgotten or nearly so. Do they really suffer? Are they undergoing bitter torments? Do they look to us for help and assistance? Has the little we have done for those particularly who are dear to us, been sufficient to release them from the prison-house of pain? Are there not hundreds of poor souls with no one to think of them, or stretch forth a hand to hasten their release? Will the world show us a little charity when we are in Purgatory, if through God's mercy we

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Advertisement for Penmanship Dominion Edition of Payson, Dunton and Scribner's System of Penmanship. Includes text about the benefits of the system and contact information for D. & J. SAULIER & CO., 13 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal.

THE METHODIST BISHOPS OF THE WORLD.

A baker's dozen of Methodist bishops have been holding meetings in the imperial city of Binghampton (see enlarged map of New York State), and a patient world is being told, through the generous dailies, that the selfsame bishops include at least the whole of this world under their jurisdiction. May we ask, however: (a) Do they really represent one-thousandth part of Europe? (b) Is the Pope a dweller in one of the dioceses? (c) What is a Methodist bishop, anyway? What does he look like? (d) Who is the Methodist bishop of Canada? (e) Do they take themselves seriously? (f) From which one of the Apostles have they inherited their sees? (g) Who consecrated them? (h) Did their predecessors of a hundred years ago live on Mars? (i) How is it Montreal Methodists come under no bishop of the sort? (j) Do the people of Norway, Sweden, Spain, Italy, Germany, Russia, Poland, Austria, Turkey, to name but nine out of a thousand places, know they exist? (k) Do half the Methodists of even Montreal know "the Bishops of the World" are meeting? (l) In what does a Methodist bishop differ from a Hornerite preacher? (m) Is the Binghampton meeting a General Council of the Church? (n) Will Anglican theologians, such as Bishop Grafton, appeal to it? (o) Is it in conformity with Jerusalem, Nice, Chalcedon, Trent, etc.? (p) Has a Methodist bishop any power to ordain? (q) To what diocese does Rev. Dr. Carman belong? (r) Do Anglican "Ritualists" admit that another branch has been grafted? (s) Have they any settled creed? (t) Is Chancellor Day, of Syracuse, N.Y., their visible head? (u) Could Sam Blake be a candidate for minor orders? (v) Can a Methodist bishop communicate? (w) Do the inhabitants of the habitable planets come under their jurisdiction? (x) Are the Catholics heretics or schismatics? Which? (y) Was St. Peter a Methodist bishop? (z) Are the "Bishops of the World" in favor of Home Rule for Ireland? The more unhappy I am (said St. Francis) the more I will trust in the mercy of the Lord, my God.

"T" Abb

Effer- vescent malady and A morning gl you will not re All

Echoes an Formerly, a ce pers sought to r but it is now K Whether we be we cannot help a ror of Germany. are decaying, the guarded. Whatever the American tariff co- member that men Se we had bettor ry before the bat There are many like to fully deal have no secretar write for us, we lude to them. Pe Dr. O'Hagan is Extension, and he felicitated. It feel proud of its b its distinguished There are no bett Canadians need they hear a strat Prime Minister of the Opposition. I an honor to us, a well for all men a Any of our read in good French bu municate with "B Bons Livres," Bu té," Quebec. We continued success. If certain indivi hard towards assi school books, we their orders came That is only a r many of our read dream of. The r ers say enough! Evidently some imagine that Albe chevan keep the v pocket-money. We of our prairie pro we want the good to deal with figur cies. The greater greater Canada, i loyal Canadians. How is it the e gaged in warfare, traffic in souls an fight for legislatio make it thorough for the mean, houses to fallen w to secure their de Then, why do ne complaints with t ties, when their s a nature to ruin th of their children? Gunpowder Plot is a thrilling an people whose claim on lies. A schism is always deemed a dens of Orangemen who knows a history of England subscribe to Orang ignorance is a no its adherents when The Pionary Cou over. Canadians classes must have Bishops were too the interests of t time to pose for t find the news from General Assemblies but we are glad P not furnish comica dailies. The Chur fled, ever serious, the Spirit of God. While we are O'Connor, we are that his publicati things at times, get over the pain Modernism came some will say: "I that the Holy Pa alighted in any se P. O'Connor is as his national w is concerned. We approve him. We

"TYPHOID"

Abbey's Effer-salt This preparation puts the whole system in the best possible condition to avoid the above very prevalent malady and resist its enervating effects.

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

All Druggists, 25c and 60c bottle.

Echoes and Remarks.

Formerly, a certain class of papers sought to ridicule the Kaiser, but it is now King Alfonso's turn.

Whether we be Germans or not, we cannot help admiring the Emperor of Germany. While some nations are decaying, the Rhine is being well guarded.

Whatever the defects in the new American tariff conditions, let us remember that men of sense framed it. So we had better talk less of victory before the battle is fought.

There are many subjects we should like to fully deal with; but, as we have no secretaries to think and write for us, we have to simply allude to them. Perhaps it is better.

Dr. O'Hagan is now with Register-Extension, and that paper is to be felicitated. It has just reason to feel proud of its brilliant editors and its distinguished staff-contributors. There are no better.

Canadians need not blush when they hear a stranger speak of our Prime Minister or of the leader of the Opposition. Both gentlemen are an honor to us all. The fact speaks well for all men at Ottawa.

Any of our readers truly interested in good French books ought to communicate with "La Propagande des Bons Livres," Bureaux de la "Vérité," Quebec. We wish Mr. Tardivel continued success.

If certain individuals are working hard towards assuring uniformity in school books, we may rest assured their orders came from the Lodge. That is only a step along a path, the interests of which are kept alive in ten miles. Our enemies know the leaders say enough!

Evidently some Western papers imagine that Alberta and Saskatchewan keep the whole of Canada in pocket-money. We are, indeed, proud of our prairie provinces, and yet we want the good papers out there to deal with figures, not with fancies. The greater our West, the greater Canada, if only all remain loyal Canadians.

How is it the good people engaged in warfare against the foul traffic in souls and bodies, do not fight for legislation of a nature to make it thoroughly uncomfortable for the mean fellows who rent houses to fallen women? It is easy to secure their names, very easy. Then, why do neighbors not lodge complaints with the police authorities, when their surroundings are of a nature to ruin the minds and souls of their children?

Gumpow Plot-Day, November 5, is a thrilling anniversary for some people whose claim to glory is built on lies. A sincere writer of history is always deemed an enemy in the dens of Orangemen. In fact, no man who knows a little about the history of England can consistently subscribe to Orangeman. That is why ignorance is a necessary feature in its adherents when they are sincere.

The Plenary Council is now long over. Canadians of all creeds and classes must have remarked that our bishops were too busy looking after the interests of the Church to find time to pose for the newspapers. We find the news from the Presbyterian General Assemblies very amusing, but we are glad Plenary Councils do not furnish comical columns for the dailies. The Church is ever dignified, ever serious, ever guided by the Spirit of God.

While we are proud of T. P. O'Connor, we are sorry as Catholics that his publications print strange things at times. We can never quite get over the pain that article on Modernism caused us. Too bad, some will say. Yes, and too bad that the Holy Father should be slighted in any review for which T. P. O'Connor is responsible. As far as his national work and endeavor is concerned, however, we heartily approve him. We are for Redmond.

It is a grievous sin the Catholic University authorities have committed, we suppose, in receiving presents from the Knights of Columbus; just because the Knights are Catholics who believe in making their faith practical by sacrificing the dollars the critics would hang on to so desperately. Why, even Laval University does not always escape, nor do some of the very holy and learned priests connected with it. The devil is surely at work supplying Modernism under a new form and shape. Bishops are now criticized as easily and as unjustly as any humble layman might expect to be. Catholics are encouraged in their revolt against the Ordinary of their diocese, and then the editor wants us to believe he is working for the Church!

Would it not be a strange programme for the True Witness to oppose Church authority just for the sake of national feeling. Of course, we understand that each nationality would like to have its own care for its own, and yet we hope that if ever any Irish Catholics undertake to tell the Pope what he should do, that they will cease to call themselves Irish-Catholics. Here, in the Province of Quebec, we are just as proud of the great and noble bishops over us as are our sincerely Catholic French-Canadian brethren. Any one among us who is not, is, in no sense, one of our representatives. With all the agitation in the world we could never succeed in getting truer, holier, or greater pastors to care for us than we have. In fact, once the Church and the Holy Father speaks, it is our duty to obey. We are not obliged to question, and we want no agitators among us to disturb the holy peace that smiles blessing and protection over us.

It is simply rank schism and blasphemy to attack the Church's ruling as to who our bishops should be, and the Catholic publications that undertake to lecture Washington University and the American hierarchy would do well to call and consider themselves organs of revolt and free thought. The devil, we repeat, is hard at work. He is trying to weaken Catholic strength by developing blind nationalism. The True Witness will never be a party to schism and revolt, however, while we feel sure its readers are too much given to respect Church authority to find time to dictate to Rome and the Church.

General News.

In Prussia, twenty years ago, the Evangelical State Church had fourteen theological students to every 100,000 of the Protestant population; to-day it has less than five to the same number.

Mgr. Carlo Petrelluzzi has left Rome for Australia, where he has been sent by the Society of the Missionaries for emigration to study the conditions of Italian emigrants in that country.

Twelve brave nuns at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Cleveland, organizing a bucket brigade, put out a fire in the top of the building and quelled an incipient panic.

Official statistics for the first six months of 1909 show a continued decline in the population of France. The marriages decreased 6201 as compared with 1908, divorces increased by 543, births decreased 12,692 and deaths increased by 25,019.

Madame Blauvelt, the noted singer who for some time has been taking instructions from Father Herbert Vaughan, the distinguished London Jesuit pulpit orator, will be received into the church at the Cathedral in London this winter.

While crossing the busy Via Vittorio Emanuele, in Rome, Monsignor Palombi, beneficiary of S. Maria Maggiore, was run over by a cart laden with bricks and killed almost instantly. One of the wheels passed over the priest's face and left it almost unrecognizable, death ensuing as the injured ecclesiastic was being conveyed to the hospital.

A cable declares that a regular war has been declared between the Free Masonry of the Latin countries and the Vatican. What took place in France under Combes and Clemenceau was only the prelude to what is to be expected not only in France, but in Spain and Portugal on one side and in Italy on the other, the direction of the campaign being in Paris.

A chain of seismological stations operated under the direction of the Society of Jesus in America, for the purpose of making seismic observations and records, has been established. The headquarters are in Cleveland with Rev. Frederick Odenbach, of St. Ignace College, in charge. Records of earth shocks will be kept and information exchanged. The chain of stations reaches across the country.

What Other Editors Say.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE.

We have already made note of the fact that this year of 1909 marks the seventh centenary of the founding of that great religious order which has played such a part in the history of California, and particularly San Francisco,—the Franciscans. It is a wonderful record, this organization of poor monks has to present. To the Church it has given five Popes, over fifty Cardinals, and a vast array of patriarchs, bishops and eminent missionaries. Cardinal Ximenes, St. Bonaventura, the seaphic Doctor, Duns Scotus, the subtle Doctor, Alexander of Hales, the irrefragable Doctor; William of Ockham, Luke Wadding—how many distinguished names figure in its annals!

The Franciscan Order has survived in vigor because it has preserved the spirit of the founder. The Catholic Times, of London, relates a story of St. Francis that illustrates this fact. When St. Francis was dying, the legend goes, his brethren cried out: "Father, what shall we do without thee? Thy life hath been unto us for a continual light, and thy words for burning torches lighting us evermore on the way of the Cross. Leave us now some memorial of thy will." And he replied: "Let the brethren love one another even as I have loved them; let them overcome love and observe our Lady Poverty; and evermore be faithful and loyal sons of the Church." The children of St. Francis have been true to those injunctions, and therefore it is that after the lapse of such a long space of time they are still performing a noble work as advocates and defenders of the doctrines of the Church.—San Francisco Monitor.

"JESUIT!"

Lombroso was certainly unique in his conclusions. Whenever he could not find the reason of any difficult proposition, he ended by whining "Jesuit." He could not find that the order of St. Ignatius was in any way connected with the Dreyfus prosecution, as far as records could show, but this was the very reason why the Jesuits should be held as the mainspring of the opposition to the unhappy Jew, as they were such adepts in hiding their purposes.

We hear that the odoriferous onion will throw a bloodthirsty from the scent. If Lombroso never heard of this device, he would call the onion a Jesuit. How complimented the members of the Society of Jesus must feel that they are regarded with so much mystical fear by a world wherein they have played such havoc with heresy. We love them for the hateful declarations of their enemies; we eulogize them for the names they have been called.—Buffalo Union and Times.

ONE SIDED.

Why is it that the comment in the secular papers is all in favor of one side? The delicate nuns and defenceless monks, driven amid death and flames out of their homes by the fury of the followers of men like Ferrer, seem to have aroused no glow of holy horror in the minds of many journals which make much ado about law and order and the claims of justice. It is safe to say that had Ferrer conspired against a government not Catholic his execution would have aroused no journalistic protest. The anarchists in accordance with their principles might be expected to protest; but such a cry coming from sources that pretend to decency is but clamor of the pharisee proclaiming justice.—The Pilot.

BETTER THAN RICHES.

A man can have no more valuable asset than a good name. It is a tower of strength in a time of misfortune. The Cleveland Plain Dealer tells of a man, charged with pocket-picking, who was freed in a Cleveland police court because he happened to have in his pocket a letter certifying that he was trustworthy. The letter was from Sir Thomas Lipton, for whom the accused man had worked for seven years. A Cleveland policeman found him bending over a drunken man on the sidewalk, and the policeman claimed that it was a case of attempted pocket picking. However, the court, after reading Sir Thomas Lipton's letter, gave the accused man the benefit of the doubt and discharged him. The public prosecutor consented to this disposition of the case.—Toledo Record.

THE OSTENTATIOUS FUNERAL.

Grief will have its way, but where it runs to ostentation and to extravagance in the matter of expense, wisdom would dictate another course. The plumed horse, the oaken casket with silver handles, the profusion of flowers in conventional designs, the long line of carriages, the wealth of crepe—all these levy toll on the stricken family. When the bills come in oftentimes there is not much left to pay them or to meet current expenses. Death has laid a burden on the bereaved ones, but vanity and impudence have only increased it, and that needlessly. Going hopelessly into debt while leaving little or nothing for the butcher, the baker and the grocerymen is folly indeed.—Catholic Transcript.

CONSERVATOIRE LASSALLE Free French Elocution School GRAND TOMBOLA



TICKETS ON SALE at 83 St. James Street, and from Authorized Agents. (See Reading Notice on 8th Page.) AGENTS WANTED.

Volume VI of Encyclopedia. Important Subjects Treated by Men of Established Standing.

The standard of excellence maintained throughout volume VI of the Catholic Encyclopedia has led us to give the following details of the many subjects treated in this volume: "France," by Georges Goyau, Associate Editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," and "Germany," by Franz Kamper and Martin Spahn, professors of history at the respective universities of Breslau and Strasburg, are the two articles of greatest historical importance in the volume, and, by laying special stress on the events in which the Church has been concerned, cast a new and interesting light on the history of the two countries. "French Literature" and "German Literature" are sympathetically treated by René Doumic, lately elected to the French Academy, and Arthur F. J. Remy, Professor of German Philology at Columbia University. The article on French Literature, in particular, is worthy of more than passing notice, as it sums up the progress of letters in France better than any work we can recall.

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

ral service at the parish church were Rev. Fathers John, Albert, Charles and Corbet McEae, nephews, and Rev. Father Naish, S. J. The family received many messages of condolence from numerous friends.

MR. MICHAEL SCOTT.

A death of unusual sadness and yet surrounded with every consolation took place at Corkery, Ont., on the 4th instant. It was that of Mr. Michael Scott. The deceased was a man little beyond the prime of life, being only fifty-seven years of age, and was of rugged build, robust and vigorous, of temperate habits and in ever respect one unlikely to be called to an early grave. The bereaved widow is left with a cooperatively young family, the only male member of which, Master Edward, is but fourteen years of age. Dr. Lynch, of Almonte, and Dr. Groves, of Cork, were called upon to give treatment for the malady, which was jaundice, and rendered every aid in their power, but to no avail. The deceased was born and lived his lifetime in the township of Huntley, Carleton Co., Ont. His parents, Michael Scott and Julia Banks, were natives of County Kerry, Ireland, and the son inherited all the genial and generous traits of his good old Celtic parents. His wife, three daughters, Misses Mary Ann, Cecelia and Julia, and one son, Master Edward, two brothers and one sister are left to mourn his demise. Mr. Scott, at the time of his death and for many years previous, was a member of the Board of Trustees of St. Michael's Church, and was always active in all matters concerning the welfare of the parish and the public weal. He was a kind and devoted parent and a faithful husband. His funeral was very largely attended by not only friends and neighbors of all denominations throughout the township, but also by many from outlying districts. The requiem Mass and funeral services were conducted by the local pastor, Rev. Father Cavanaugh. The sympathy of all goes out to the bereaved wife and family. Requiescat in Pace.

W. E. VANA.

Corkery, Nov. 9th, 1909.

Pius X's Jubilee Celebrated.

The episcopal jubilee of Pope Pius X. was celebrated on Tuesday. Many messages of congratulation and well-wishes reached the Vatican. The Pope spent the day quietly. He celebrated Mass in the private chapel, admitting only his own sisters from Venice. Later in the day His Holiness received the officials of the Vatican, who presented their greetings. To these the Pontiff showed the gold Pectoral Cross which was given him by Pope Leo in 1884, upon his appointment as bishop of Mantua. In honor of the jubilee many homes in the vicinity of the Vatican were decorated. The pilgrimage from France ended on Tuesday.

DIED.

BURKE—In this city, on Nov. 9, Miss Mary Burke, native of Westford, Ireland. Funeral private to Cole des Neiges Cemetery.

MRS. WM. FAWCETT.

The death of Mrs. Wm. Fawcett, nee Margaret McEae, of Dundee, Ont., in her seventy-third year, is announced from Moose Creek, Ontario. The deceased lady was well known in Montreal, and particularly in St. Patrick's parish, where she lived for many years. Deceased is survived by her husband, four sons and one daughter. Mr. Wm. Fawcett, merchant, Moose Creek, who for many years was well known in Montreal business and society circles; George, of Fawcett & Son, William, of the Ontario Lantern Co., Hamilton; Edward, of Moose Creek; Charles G. of Montreal, and Miss Agnes Fawcett, Moose Creek. Mrs. Fawcett had not been feeling well for three weeks, but death was not expected. Among those at the funeral were:—



The Leaves.

"Come with us and play," the rough winds say, And they laugh and whistle and whirl and sing; But the brown leaves sigh and vainly try To close their ears to the menacing ring.

—Selected.

Grandmother's Spelling-Book.

"I suppose it's because I began the morning wrong," sighed Katharine sinking into the window seat in grandmother's corner.

Grandmother smiled. "I remember when I was a very little girl," she said, "trying just that plan one day, when I had to learn a particularly hard spelling-lesson."

"Then I resigned myself to the inevitable, and fought my way stupidly through every column of words to the very last of the book held. That wasn't the only time I've wanted to skip, to shirk a duty; but do you know that old lesson of the spelling book has stayed with me all my life? To-morrow the next turn of the leaf is always harder, I've found, for somewhere, some time, the work we run away from is sure to come back to us again."

I Don't Care.

Absurd as it seems, it appears necessary to caution our girls—girls not vulgar in the least—against using the expression, "I don't care," when offered a favor or service.

The Winner.

The big plot of strawberries plants lay in glistening rows in the early morning sunlight, each pointed leaf tipped with a shining drop of dew.

face over the ridge of Natick hills in the distance. Here and there a speck of red peeped from among the shining foliage where some already ripened strawberry raised its head above the leaves and told of fruit ready and waiting for the hand of the harvester.

Tom Wilbur, coming down the grass grown lane with a couple of lank piles of strawberry boxes in his arms, spoke an admiring word to the man by his side.

"Looks as if it had been sprinkled with diamonds, Mr. Morse," he said.

"Yes, the bed is a pretty sight of a morning, Tom; but the big red berries are really the little diamonds."

"I wish diamonds were really as handy as all that!" he said. "You can't pick up either diamonds or gold dollars except you look underneath the surface of things and work. Two years ago I set out this bed of strawberries. Since then I've weeded and mulched and pruned for many a day, and it's been a lot of hard, backache work to do."

"I want you to begin picking on this right hand row, Tom, and work east to the end of it; then come back here and begin on the next row. I'm going to work the picking like cranberry and work off a row at a time so's to be sure and get them all," explained Mr. Morse.

"The dew is drying now, and I could begin as soon as I've been home to breakfast," he said.

"The sooner you begin the better, because we can get to peddling earlier," said the man heartily.

An hour later Tom Wilbur had been home to breakfast and returned to the strawberry patch, bending over the vines and putting the leaves back with one hand, while he picked off the luscious ripe fruit with the other.

"What splendid berries! They fill up a basket in no time," he said, happily, as he bent to the task.

"Working?" asked a boy's voice. "Tom had already filled a dozen of the little square boxes, and was commencing on the second row of vines when Sidney Wilde came on the scene of action and interrupted."

"Mr. Morse said you would show me where to commence in to work," said Sidney.

"Right on the next row. It's to be like cranberry picking, and each fellow have his own row," informed Tom.

"I hope it's a good fat row," said Sydney, as he set to work with a great deal of determination.

Within the next hour there were half a dozen lads picking on the berry field, and Mr. Morse had come to oversee the task, keeping tally of the number of boxes of berries the boys picked and directing the work generally.

Tom Wilbur bent to his task with genuine ardor. That labor meant much to the lad in a financial respect. Being the oldest of five children just bereft of their father, the money Tom earned meant actual meat and drink to the mother and orphaned children.

son has gone back on me for delivering these berries, and I had sort of a notion you'd make a good lad to take his place."

"Tom's eyes widened with pleasure. "I could try it," he said.

But Sidney White interrupted. "I'd like to do the peddling," he said.

"Just so! I'd like to have had you come earlier this morning," Tom did," said Mr. Morse.

"I didn't have to earn the money as Tom did."

"Just so. You don't have to peddle, either. The boy that works around for me steady I want on hand in season to get his work done so he can get at something else before nightfall," said Mr. Morse.

Late that evening Tom laid a couple of crisp new dollar bills on the table in front of his mother.

"They'll help a little, mother," he said.

"They'll help a lot, my son," she corrected.

"And Mr. Morse says he'll use me every minute I'm out of school and all the summer vacation," said Tom.

Mrs. Wilbur waited a moment before she answered.

"Yes, Tom, I know. John Morse came in this afternoon to see me about it. He wanted me to tell you that you knew how to be prompt and get your work done in time to start on something else."

"It's just common sense to do that, mother, so work won't pile up ahead," laughed Tom.

A Catholic, who himself doesn't know, will meet a request for information from a Protestant friend, by saying: "Consult Cardinal Gibbons' Faith of Our Fathers, chapter II."

The Protestant has asked the question casually. He is not so deeply interested that he is going to hunt through a book for it. A chance of enlightening him is thus let pass.

Sometimes there is not even good nature in the reply. The inquiry is resented, as in the following instance:

A group of clerks are lunching at a restaurant. It is noticed that Reilly has received an order of fish. Friday is his busy day, and things haven't gone smoothly in the office.

CAUSE AND CURE OF NEURALGIA.

Modern Methods Dispose of the Cause Instead of Treating the Symptoms.

Neuralgia means simply "nerve pain," so there may be a great variation in the character and intensity of the pain and any nerve in the body may be affected. There are a number of causes of neuralgia, but the most common is a general run-down condition of the system.

The discovery of this fact from reliable statistics led to the new treatment for neuralgia, which consists in building up the general health by the tonic treatment and so disposing of the cause of the trouble.

Persons reduced by acute sickness, or by severe mental or physical strain, or by loss of sleep are frequently victims of neuralgia and it is common in the case of those suffering from anaemia or bloodlessness. This brings us to the actual cause of neuralgia, which is nerve starvation. The blood which in normal health carries to the nerves all of their nourishment, is unable to perform this duty satisfactorily when it is weak or impure.

Build up the blood and the neuralgic pain will disappear as the nerves become better nourished. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood-making tonic, and for this reason cure even the most obstinate cases of neuralgia.

Every dose of this medicine makes new, rich blood, which feeds the starved veins and drives out the sharp, darting, stabbing pains of neuralgia. Mrs. John Tibert, Little River, N.S., says: "A few years ago I was a great sufferer from neuralgia in my head and face."

At times the attacks were simply excruciating, and I would be forced to remain in bed. I tried doctors' medicines, but did not receive any benefit until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I am happy to say that the benefit I received from these was wonderful. I may also add that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured my daughter of anaemia and indigestion, at a time when we began to despair of her getting better. I can highly recommend these Pills to anyone suffering from these troubles.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicines or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Why go south and undertake a long, expensive journey to rest your tired nerves or overworked body? In the Niagara Peninsula is a place provided by nature and art for your special trouble. Nature has provided the saline waters of the "St. Catharines Well," and art has equipped the "Welland" with the needed appliances for treatment, rest and comfort. St. Catharines, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway System, is Canada's great winter health resort.

A booklet with full information will be sent by addressing Manager, "The Welland," St. Catharines, Ont.

The Friday Abstinence.

How Do You Explain It to Your Cautious Non-Catholic Friends?

(From the Catholic Citizen.) Protestants have come to regard the practice of abstinence from meat on Friday as a badge of Catholicity. And Catholics themselves, certainly in the English-speaking countries, place much stress on this rule. It is the most frequent "outward profession" of the faith.

Willfully to violate it is, of course, a mortal sin, according to the teaching of Catholic theology; and when we observe a Catholic-in-name-only eating meat on Friday, we usually, and rightly, regard it as treason to the faith, and a sign that the careless person in question is in the process of forfeiting his birthright for a mess of pottage. He is declaring himself a "nominal."

We know that disciplinary regulations, like the Friday abstinence, may charge, be modified or be suspended. We know that they have not the sacrosanct quality of immutable teachings, such as transubstantiation; but the precise specifications of the law of abstinence are respected out of the recognition by the well-instructed Catholic of the important place abstinence has in the practice of religion and the reverence due the teaching authority of the church, which prescribes the day and the conditions of abstinence.

As it is the most frequent outward profession of the faith, Catholics ought to be able to explain the Friday abstinence. They do not take pains to do so.

Thus, Riordan is eating fish in a restaurant on Friday. Perkins notes the fact, and asks wherefore!

Riordan answers: "Fish is good for the brain, Perkins. I have a brain."

Or: "You see, Perkins, most of the apostles were fishermen, and they made this rule in order to boom the fish market." It is to be hoped that the Protestant inquirer is not left under that impression.

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This conversation ensues: "Ah, Reilly, eating fish on Friday, as usual. Now tell me: why does your Church make this arbitrary rule?"

"Why, no." "Am I not paying for the fish I am eating?" "Why, certainly."

"Haven't I a right to eat it, then, without explaining to every A.P.A. who happens around why I am eating it?"

There is a better way: "Maloney, why do you Catholics eat fish on Friday?" "Because, Smith, we are obliged by the rules of our religion to abstain from eating meat on that day."

"And why on Friday, Maloney, of all days?" "In honor of our Savior, who died on that day."

"But isn't meat as good Friday as any other day?" "Yes. And isn't work as good on Sunday as any other day?" "Oh, but the Bible says it that we must do no servile-work on Sunday."

"But Smith, my dear fellow, isn't it Saturday, the seventh day of the week, and not Sunday, the first day of the week, that the Biblical commandment refers to?"

Anti-Clerical Hiss

New York Cathedral.

With cries of "Down with the Church!" "Down with the Pope!" and "Tell us who killed Ferrer," seven hundred Italians and others marched from Madison Square Park to Carnegie Hall in a demonstration of protest against the recent execution of Ferrer, the anarchist responsible for the Barcelona riots in Spain, one day recently.

Shortly before five o'clock members of the Independent Order of the Sons of Italy and the Sons of Sicily the storemen's Union, the socialist labor party, the seventy-two branches of the Workmen's Social, the Italian Foresters and other organizations began to assemble at the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-sixth street.

Without any warning as the procession approached the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Heavenly Rest, between Forty-fifth and Forty-sixth streets, loud cries in Italian, French and Yiddish rang out, accompanied by hisses. The police did not understand what was said and made no move to stop the cries.

When asked what these cries meant, one leader said that it was a protest against the Church for the execution of Ferrer—"Down with the Church!"

When the procession reached St. Patrick's Cathedral the cries and hisses again started, even louder than before. This time there were cries of "Down with the Pope" and "Down with the Church" in English, and Captain McCullough motioned to the paraders to cease.

At St. Thomas' Episcopal Church, at Fifty-fourth street, and at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, at Fifty-fifth street, the paraders again shouted their protests to the Church.

When the parade arrived Carnegie Hall quickly filled. The leaders, with banners draped in black, took seats on the stage. The audience, which was composed almost entirely of men of foreign birth, was beginning to show signs of impatience when Leonard D. Abbott began his speech. Then began a long series of addresses, after which the meeting broke up without disorder.

The management of the Earlfort Terrace Skating Rink, in Dublin, removed from the floor of the Rink on Thursday last one of the competitors in the Costume Carnival who indulged in an anti-Christian display.

The person in question was dressed to represent Our Saviour. He wore a scarlet tunic, a white gown, trimmed with gold, a chestnut beard long hair, and sandals, and the letters "I.H.S." appeared on the back of his costume.

Owing to the large number participating in the Carnival, and the extraordinary display of fancy costumes, he passed on to the floor unnoticed and took part in the carnival for some time; but when he was noticed his conduct excited the indignation of those present, and he was immediately removed by the manager of the rink.

The promptness with which he was removed the moment the management noticed his insulting representation averted an unpleasant scene at the carnival.

It has been established beyond all doubt that the individual who was guilty of the shocking outrage was Alfred L. Lewis, Lieutenant of the Rathmines Fire Brigade.

It is satisfactory to be able to state that he is not an Irishman. He is an Englishman, a native of Lancashire, and a professing member of the Protestant Church of England. He has been Lieutenant of the Rathmines Fire Brigade for more than four years. He was formerly Captain of the Pembroke Fire Brigade.—Dublin Freeman Journal.

Patronize the Catholic press freely. The press has a great mission, but what kind of support is it getting from the laity? You support the secular press liberally and you neglect to supply your homes with a good Catholic paper. You have an



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"Why, in New York during the past year there have been erected ten parochial school buildings at a cost of \$150,000 each. How many of you have heard anything about that in your daily paper? Support the Catholic press. Get informed in matters pertaining to your religion and give your wives and children wholesome reading."

Public Notice is hereby given that under the First Part of chapter 79 of the Revised Statutes of Canada, 1906, known as "The Companies Act," letters patent have been issued under the Seal of the Secretary of State of Canada, bearing date the 20th day of October, 1909, incorporating Everett Holmes, Sneedeker, broker; Forest, Hughes, accountant; Frederick Van Gilder, agent; John Alexander Sullivan, advocate; Joseph Garfield Lewis, King's Counsel and Member of Parliament, all of the City of Montreal, following purposes, viz: (a) To promote, organize, manage or develop or to assist in the promotion, organization, management or development of any corporation, syndicate, union, or other association, or to do all acts necessary or incidental thereto; (b) To dispose of an subscription, or otherwise, and to hold, purchase, acquire and to pledge shares, bonds, debentures and other securities of other companies; (c) To acquire of good-will, right, property, assets of or any part of the liabilities of any person, firm, association, corporation or company carrying on a business similar in whole or in part to that of this company on such terms and conditions as may be agreed upon, and to pay for same in cash, shares, bonds, debentures or other securities of this company or otherwise; (d) To apply for, purchase, or otherwise acquire and to hold, use, assign, or otherwise dispose of, and turn to account any inventions, improvements and processes used in connection therewith; (e) To aid in any manner any corporation, company or person whose shares, bonds or obligations are held or in any manner guaranteed or represented by the company, or to do any other acts or things for the preservation, protection, improvement, enhancement of the value of said shares, bonds, debentures; (f) To make or issue promissory notes and bills of exchange; (g) To subscribe for, underwrite, buy, sell, exchange, hold, hypothecate or otherwise deal in the stock, bonds, debentures and other securities of any municipal, industrial, or financial corporation or company, or financial institution, or to do any act or thing in connection with the provisions of section 44 of the said Act; (h) To act as agents and brokers for the investment, loan, payment, transmission and collection of money; (i) To sell, lease or otherwise dispose of the property and undertaking of the company or any part thereof, for such consideration as the company may think fit, and in particular for shares, debentures, bonds or securities of any company, and to secure and guarantee shares, bonds, debentures, or other securities or obligations of other corporations, companies or individuals. The operation of the company to be carried on throughout the Dominion of Canada and elsewhere by the name of "Canadian Investments, Limited," with a capital stock of twenty thousand dollars, divided into 800 shares of twenty-five dollars, and the chief place of business of the said company to be at the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

Dated at the office of the Secretary of State of Canada, this 22nd day of October, 1909. (Signed) THOMAS MULLEN, Under Secretary of State.

JOHN A. SULLIVAN, Attorney for Applicants.

One of the commonest complaints of infants is worms, and the most effective application for them is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

Few novels of the interesting as the story of a man of rot, the great pain there was a harbinger of a marchand de mod destined him for se. They never understood what had become of it is part of the job belongs to his biographer of sympathy; the artistic predile was early in developed him in any with the hairdresser. They gave him his and good naturedly funds while he was style. It is true to nothing sumptuous lavance. When, at departed for Rome, tie there the st. But that mattered n. He could be happy water. In any case, loving his father, he never blamed them to realize the significance. Life was to him to blame anyone. He went on painting, and as an continued to give to home the affection of a schoolboy.

Relief for Suffering He who suffers from the suffering that is the result of long and are confidently a sure corrector of digestive organs, to many suffer.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE SYMPTOMS ARE Tightness across the Chest, Sharp Pains and a Difficulty in Breathing, a Secretion of Thick Phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color coming from the bronchial tubes when coughing, especially the first thing in the morning.

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather and when neglected will become chronic.

Chronic Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption. Cure the first symptoms of Bronchitis by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Miss Martha Bourget, Little Falls, Que., writes: "Last Spring I was very poorly, had a bad cough, sick headache, could not sleep, and was tired all the time. I consulted two doctors, and both told me I had bronchitis, and advised me to give up teaching. I tried almost everything but none of the medicines gave me any relief. One of my friends advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had scarcely taken the first bottle when I began to get better and when I had taken the fourth bottle I felt as well as ever, my cough had left me and I could sleep well."

Dr. Wood's is the original Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and the price 25 cents. There are many imitations of "Dr. Wood's" so be sure you receive the genuine when you ask for it.

