



A LETTER FROM THE CREE INDIAN MISSIONARY

Father Charlebois, O.M.I., of Duck Lake, Sask., N.W.T., writes: The other day we had a great time when some boxes arrived. The sisters and I enjoyed opening them and taking out the garments. "Oh, isn't this fine?" they would say, "this will just suit this boy or girl."

He is instructing other Indians and doing all he can to bring them into the Faith, as he did for his own relatives. He is very poor, but he says they are all happy in their hearts since they became Catholics.

Dear friends, I wish you could have seen their joy and the gratitude of all others when they get something to cover their poor bodies. Many a prayer they send up to the good God who has touched the hearts of those kind people who sent me this clothing.

Christmas eve we had a grand midnight Mass. The Indians came hundreds of miles to assist at it and to receive Holy Communion. I was in the confessional from 1.30 p.m. until 12.30 a.m., and yet I could not hear all.

I want to see a poor Indian who is dying of consumption. He was lying on a bare dirt floor, in his wretched tepee, only a thin blanket covering him. I gave him the Sacraments and when I went back to my mission I sent him a little comfort out of the box of clothing.

Rev. Father Paquette, O.M.I., who died last May of hardship and starvation, established this orphan asylum and industrial school. His first shelter for himself and the children was a couple of tents. The Indians in the woods run after the priest, begging him to take their children with him to the school.

I got up at three or four in the morning to keep the wood fire burning to heat the school. I must be a freeman because I cannot afford to pay a man to do this work. There is a debt of \$20,000 on the asylum and I have a hard time trying to pay off the interest alone.

One young priest lately mentioned as experience. He wished to say Mass and to hear confessions at a distant camp. The Indian guide warned him that it was too severely cold to travel: his zeal urged him to brave the storm.

These devoted missionaries leave homes of comfort and refinement to fight for the souls of Indians driven by the white man into a land of misery. If the place were even worse than it is, the Oblates would still follow them, for their work is "the evangelization of the poorest and the most ignorant."

These devoted missionaries leave homes of comfort and refinement to fight for the souls of Indians driven by the white man into a land of misery. If the place were even worse than it is, the Oblates would still follow them, for their work is "the evangelization of the poorest and the most ignorant."

WHAT SEPARATION MEANS.

Count De Mun Shows the Nature of the Attack Upon the Church.

(The following speech, which we translate from the French, was delivered by Count Albert de Mun at a banquet given on December 19, by the members of the Congress of the Popular Liberal Movement, a French Catholic organization which is doing very effective work among the wage workers of France.)

Gentlemen,—Though the state of my health forbids me making public addresses, I cannot remain silent today. The time has come when each one should openly assume his share of the common responsibility.

A Secular View of Divorce of Church and State in France.

(From the New York Sun.) The position of Catholicism in France hereafter will by no means be analogous to that occupied by that religion in the United States, where the national government exercises no supervision over any form of worship.

I have heard persons assert that Catholics should be counseled to give this deadly experiment a fair trial. I for my part shall never assent to that. (Applause.) One does not accord a fair trial to apostasy, nor to hatred directed against God.

DOVE ON PRIEST'S HEAD.

A strange incident occurred at Morrice, Mich., while Rev. Father Welsh was conducting farwell mission service at St. Mary's Church last Sunday when a dove flew down from the gallery, and after walking the chancel rail, flew up and alighted on the reverend Father's head, where it remained for an instant and then flew away.

WHAT SEPARATION MEANS.

Count De Mun Shows the Nature of the Attack Upon the Church.

Gentlemen,—Though the state of my health forbids me making public addresses, I cannot remain silent today. The time has come when each one should openly assume his share of the common responsibility.

Gentlemen,—Though the state of my health forbids me making public addresses, I cannot remain silent today. The time has come when each one should openly assume his share of the common responsibility.

The analogy is painfully striking. A worse feature, however, distinguishes our times. The law which disguises itself under the lying title of separation is still more odious than the civil constitution of the clergy which has left bloody trails of itself in our history.

I have heard persons assert that Catholics should be counseled to give this deadly experiment a fair trial. I for my part shall never assent to that. (Applause.) One does not accord a fair trial to apostasy, nor to hatred directed against God.

Your applause, gentlemen, has a deep and solemn meaning. For none of you can doubt that upon whatever path the head of the Church shall set our feet, we shall have to face trials and sufferings. If the Pope should be opposed to the application of the

A LITERARY CABINET.

Personnel of the New British Liberal Administration.

"British Cabinets seem to be composed more and more of men who write," notes the editor of "By the Way," in the Dublin Freeman.

In the present cabinet there is Mr. John Morley, one of the leading literary men of the present generation, with almost a dozen important critical and historical books to his credit. Mr. Bryce, Ireland's new chief secretary, is almost better known as an author than as a politician.

Persecution is the sowing of the seeds of life. For this reason, though it be rash to rejoice at persecution, we ought to face it unflinchingly. Perhaps persecution is necessary in these times that have become accustomed to heroic acts.

You are strong, gentlemen, in your rights and in your abnegation. Condemned, after having made great efforts to avert it, to an iniquitous war you rally to your cause all those who are capable of being stirred by the two great words—justice and liberty.

Finally you are specially strong in your unselfish devotion to the people. The people, the true Frenchmen, seeing you at your work, learn from day to day to appreciate you more and more. They know that if you long for the triumph of your religious faith it is not only that you may satisfy the promptings of your conscience, but that you may also serve the people better. (Applause.)

The superiority of "Mother Gravel" worm exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

A LITERARY CABINET.

Personnel of the New British Liberal Administration.

"British Cabinets seem to be composed more and more of men who write," notes the editor of "By the Way," in the Dublin Freeman.

In the present cabinet there is Mr. John Morley, one of the leading literary men of the present generation, with almost a dozen important critical and historical books to his credit. Mr. Bryce, Ireland's new chief secretary, is almost better known as an author than as a politician.

Persecution is the sowing of the seeds of life. For this reason, though it be rash to rejoice at persecution, we ought to face it unflinchingly. Perhaps persecution is necessary in these times that have become accustomed to heroic acts.

You are strong, gentlemen, in your rights and in your abnegation. Condemned, after having made great efforts to avert it, to an iniquitous war you rally to your cause all those who are capable of being stirred by the two great words—justice and liberty.

Finally you are specially strong in your unselfish devotion to the people. The people, the true Frenchmen, seeing you at your work, learn from day to day to appreciate you more and more. They know that if you long for the triumph of your religious faith it is not only that you may satisfy the promptings of your conscience, but that you may also serve the people better. (Applause.)

The superiority of "Mother Gravel" worm exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.

Vertical text on the left margin containing various advertisements and notices.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

There are some women who cultivate unhappiness. They brood over every little trouble and exaggerate every care.

At home no one has so many annoyances as these fretful women have and away from home all their acquaintances are trying to get the better of them or to treat them in a way to give offense.

They never stop to count their blessings—they are too occupied with considering their misfortunes. They do not look on the bright side of gloomy days, and, even when the sun is shining for them, they hunt the shade.

Hungering for happiness, they will not be happy with the happiness that is within reach. Always they look for felicity in the distance.

An unfortunate trait is this habit of unhappiness. It destroys cheerfulness. It deepens gloom. It is not only an affliction for the woman who has it, but also a torment to the whole family in her home.

HARD TO EXPLAIN.

"One thing I could never explain," spluttered a pleasant faced, patient wife and mother, "one thing I'll never be able to explain to my dying day, is the idea everybody in this house has, from my husband and oldest daughter to the cook and the youngest child, that I know where everything is and can put my hand on it in a second without thinking.

"Mother, where's my cap? Where's the spider, ma'am, we broil fish on?" "Where are those poker chips, mother, I had when Baldwin was over here last?"

"It's the same way with the girls. 'Mother, where's my fancy work?' 'Where's the library book I took out last week?'"

"I've heard that question once I've heard it thousands of times. It begins early in the morning, and it keeps up until we're all in bed. I've often asked them how they expected I could tell where everything is dropped from cellar to attic in a big house that's full of things. I do pick up and put away after them as fast as I can, but you'd imagine, to listen to them, that I had a hundred eyes in my head and as many feet as a centipede and could be everywhere at once. I've talked with a good many mothers, and they've all had my experience."—Providence Journal.

OLD PHOTOGRAPHS.

There are very few homes which have not numerous old photographs too precious to be thrown away, yet of interest to few besides the immediate family. These generally take up too much space to be kept where they can be conveniently got at, and so are carefully put in boxes in the storeroom or attic, to be kept from the dust.

TIMELY HINTS.

Gold furniture should only be wiped off with a dry chamois. As the gold is extremely thin, it would be sure to wear off on the edges if rubbed too often with a cloth. Never use any water on gold furniture, for the gold on the burnished parts is liable to come off if it becomes wet.

The pure white of china may be preserved if washing blue be added occasionally to the water used for washing it.

Rub kerosene on the zinc under the stove once a day, and it will always look bright.

You should never use paper of any kind in the cooking. Thin cheesecloth or old muslin can always take its place.

An apron invaluable to the woman who does her own work is the housework apron, made of white rubber sheeting and bound with wash ribbon. This apron is just the thing to slip over one's dress when cooking or when washing dishes.

LAUNDRY LINES.

Colored goods should be ironed on the wrong side.

When you wish to iron a garment in a short time sprinkle it with hot water, and in fifteen minutes it is ready to iron.

When washing flannels, get rid of as much dirt and soil as you possibly can by shaking and brushing before plunging into water.

Needlework should be ironed on the wrong side on a piece of flannel, and it should be kept long enough under the iron to thoroughly dry it.

Many people never blue their colored clothes in laundering, but no matter what the color may be it will come out brighter if a little bluing is added to the last rinsing water or to the starch.

After using a bowl of cold water and clear water and dry the starch in the oven at night or on the stove. It will be reduced to a hard cake and can be used over again.

ARTISTIC DINING ROOM EVOLVED BY USE OF A SIMPLE COLOR SCHEME.

A commonplace dining room was transformed by a scheme that depended neither on furniture nor new things. It was simply a color idea that has proved as satisfactory as anything one could have, be he rich or poor.

When Venetian red paper was put on the walls the possibilities for distinction began. This discerning woman had long determined to have only blue and white dishes. Because they are cheap and a variety of designs and qualities may be made harmonious and because she believed that color managed with judicious determination makes an effect she bought nothing else.

On a shelf was a row of Japanese teapots. Two plain racks held blue and white plates. Two photos in flat black frames were the only wall decorations. On the sideboard were candelabra of black iron and blue and white porcelain; a punch bowl of Japanese ware, the usual silver and more blue and some red clay teapots on the top shelf.

Blue and white figured denim curtains hung straight at the sides of the windows from top to sill. All the table's dishes were blue and white some Japanese, some willow pattern, and all of them cheap.

As a tonic there is nothing within the possibilities of human experience that can match a good laugh. There is something democratic about a laugh that makes it impossible to distinguish where there is a prince or a plebeian who is moved to merriment. Hardly greater tragedy could be perpetrated than to wrest the power of song from the birds, but that would be a small calamity compared with the filching of laughter from life. If the conditions of this world could be such as to afford to every human being the frequent enjoyment of a pure, hearty peal of laughter, there would be no need that other favors be conferred. This alone would be ample testimony that happiness was paramount in the lives of men.

Gold furniture should only be wiped off with a dry chamois. As the gold is extremely thin, it would be sure to wear off on the edges if rubbed too often with a cloth. Never use any water on gold furniture, for the gold on the burnished parts is liable to come off if it becomes wet.

The pure white of china may be preserved if washing blue be added occasionally to the water used for washing it.

Rub kerosene on the zinc under the stove once a day, and it will always look bright.

You should never use paper of any kind in the cooking. Thin cheesecloth or old muslin can always take its place.

An apron invaluable to the woman who does her own work is the housework apron, made of white rubber sheeting and bound with wash ribbon. This apron is just the thing to slip over one's dress when cooking or when washing dishes.

When you wish to iron a garment in a short time sprinkle it with hot water, and in fifteen minutes it is ready to iron.

When washing flannels, get rid of as much dirt and soil as you possibly can by shaking and brushing before plunging into water.

Needlework should be ironed on the wrong side on a piece of flannel, and it should be kept long enough under the iron to thoroughly dry it.

clean with a soft rag and good laundry soap or use water and ammonia. Then dry by rubbing from the top down with a flannel rag or chamois. Black oak or flintish oak and all other furniture finished with what is called a wax finish should not be cleaned with the regular furniture polish, but with a wax polish.

RECIPES.

Celery and Potato Croquettes.—To two cups of mashed and nicely seasoned potatoes add half a cup of finely chopped celery; add a tablespoonful of butter and more salt and pepper if needed, and the beaten yolks of an egg. Shape into cylinder croquettes about three inches long and an inch thick. Dip in beaten egg, then into crumbs and fry in deep hot fat until a delicate brown.

Nut and Olive Salad.—Put one cupful of shelled English walnuts in a saucepan; add two slices of onion, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf and one blade of mace. Cover with boiling water and boil ten minutes. Throw into ice-water until chilled, then drain and dry on a towel. Boil hard four eggs and cut them into quarters lengthwise. Cut two dozen large olives in long strips. Mix together the nuts and olives and marinate with a French dressing; turn out on a platter which has been lined with lettuce leaves and garnish with egg.

Snow Jelly.—Half a box of gelatin, half a pint of cold water, eight tablespoonful of boiling water, half a cup of sugar, the whites of two eggs, juice and grated peel of one lemon. Dissolve the gelatin in the boiling water. When cool, add the other ingredients, except the eggs. When the mixture stiffens, add the whites of eggs beaten to a froth, and beat all together until light like new fallen snow. Make a custard with half a pint of milk and the yolks of the two eggs, a little sugar and grated lemon peel, and pour all around the snow jelly.

Savory Cheese.—Stir together till very light four tablespoonful each of melted butter and grated cheese, with one tablespoonful of flour, two tablespoonful of cream, a flavoring of salt and cayenne and two beaten eggs. Pour into ramkins or cases made of oiled paper, bake in a quick oven and serve immediately.

HE GOT THE PRIZE. A minister was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the centre. When he came up to them he put the following question: "What are you doing with that dog?" One of the boys said: "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for awhile, until one of the boys shouted: "Hand him the pup."

HE ANSWERED TOO SOON. He was embarrassed, ill at ease, she was calm, self-possessed. "If it were only over you," he whispered excitedly, "I know I'll do it wrong." "It won't take long, John," she answered consolingly. "You haven't much to say."

THE MINISTER WAS SPEAKING: "Kindly change places with the bride." John attempted to do so, and stepped on the toe of her boot, and raising his arm, caught his cuff button in her veil.

"Do be careful," she implored. "Oh," he groaned, "before all these staring people, too." "Sh-h-h!" The minister began the ceremony. John grew more embarrassed, and fumbled with the roses of her bouquet. Then he put his hand in his pocket and pulling out his handkerchief, mopped his brow.

The church was quiet save for the voice of the minister. "If any person knows any just reason," he was saying, "why these two should not be joined together, let him now speak or forever!" "I will!" shouted John.

STRANGERS. Mrs. de Fashion (at a children's party)—Marie! Nursegirl—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. de Fashion—It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?—Home Chat.

THEIR "MATINS." "Do you have matins in this church?" asked the High Church visitor of the verger of the village church. "No, indeed," replied that dignitary with scorn. "We have octich, and right up to the chancel, too!"

A PERPLEXED POET. An Indiana poet recently sent a poem, accompanied by the following note, to the editor of a magazine: "Dear Sir,—I have written these lines for your consideration."

INCONSISTENT WOMAN. Professor Starr, the famous ethnologist, was in his humorous and whimsical way accusing woman of barbarism, according to the Chicago Chronicle.

"And she is not only barbarous—she is illogical and inconsistent!" he exclaimed. "I was walking in the country one day with a young woman. In a grove we came upon a boy about to climb up a tree. There was a nest in the tree, and from a certain angle it was possible to see in it three eggs."

"You wicked little boy," said my companion, "are you going up there to rob that nest?" "I am," the boy replied coolly. "How can you?" she exclaimed. "Think how the mother will grieve over the loss of her eggs."

"Oh, she won't care," said the boy. "She's up there in your hat."

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections. Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

A WELL MERITED TRIBUTE. The Irish Catholic publishes some interesting correspondence from Honolulu showing that unequalled progress has been made in the Catholic missions of Sahu, Mani, Hawaii and Molokai.

WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND? My hands were filled with many things, That I did precious hold, As any treasure of a king's, Silver, or gems, or gold.

My hands were growing feverish, And cumbered with much care; Trembling with haste and eagerness, Nor folded oft in prayer.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

The Poet's Corner.

DAY BY DAY. I heard a voice at evening softly say, Bear not thy yesterday into tomorrow; Nor load this week with last week's load of sorrow.

LIVE DAY BY DAY. Though autumn leaves are withering round thy way, Walk in the sunshine. It is all for thee.

LIVE DAY BY DAY. Push straight ahead, as long as thou canst see, Dread not the winter whither thou mayst go, But when it comes, be thankful for the snow.

LIVE DAY BY DAY. Live day by day. The path before thee doth not lead astray. Do the next duty. It must surely be The Christ is in the one that's close to thee.

LIVE DAY BY DAY. Onward, still onward, with a sunny smile Till step by step, shall end in mile by mile. 'Till do my best," unto your conscience say, Live day by day.

LIVE DAY BY DAY. Why art thou bending toward the backward way? One summit and another thou shalt mount, Why stop at every round the space to count?

LIVE DAY BY DAY. The past mistakes if thou must still remember, Watch not the ashes of the dying ember. Kindly thy hope. Put all thy fears away. Live day by day. —The Atlantic.

WHAT IS THAT IN THINE HAND? My hands were filled with many things, That I did precious hold, As any treasure of a king's, Silver, or gems, or gold.

My hands were growing feverish, And cumbered with much care; Trembling with haste and eagerness, Nor folded oft in prayer.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

My hands were strong with fancied strength, But not in power divine; And bold to take up tasks at length That were not His, but mine.

OUR

Dear Girls and Boys: So you have all forgotten I am left alone in the world. There is rather a lonely it is there not? Oh, you living in the hope of a letter reaching me one of those winter spots.

How about winter sports you are all amusing yourselves some way. All readers of "our" are interested in our doings. So send an account of your winter fun.

Your loving AUNT A THREAD SAVED. "I wonder what keeps you so late. His supper will be ready and he needs a good, warm night after working hard that high stepple. Johnny down the street to the corner and see if father is coming. Johnny was a white about seven years. He was on the floor with some blocks; but he left all around his cap and ran down as his mother told him.

Mrs. Watson worked over her husband's coat, which she was going every few minutes at the biscuits in the oven the meat, and then stepping down she would look anxiously at the street to see if Johnny was coming.

"It is strange that he comes. I wonder what delusion Johnny ought to be back; time enough to run to the door and back a dozen times." She turned again to her soon held up the coat, she threads, and said: "That as good as new. I must shine off the back and pre-don't make it look as we tailor, but Tom says I do."

Just then Johnny came all out of breath. His white with fear, so that said: "What is it, Johnny? What's the matter?" "Up on the church! He's down!" "Can't get down? What mean?" "He can't get down! He's there around the church!" "Where? Let us go, Johnny. Away the two went down the mother going so rapidly soon left Johnny some distance. Sure enough, the coat seemed to be around the superintendent came up to the son and said: "We thought we would down before you came, Miss that's why we didn't let the rope by which he was down has broken, and we unable thus far to get an up to the steeple."

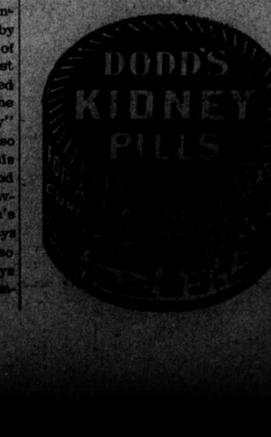
Mrs. Watson's face was as her eyes, wide open and toward the steeple where he hung, were dry. Her hands together as if to hold her how she was suffering. Watson was thinking, and Johnny she said: "Run to the church, my go up near the altar rail our Lord to get your fat! Stay there until your down."

Away ran Johnny, as possible, to the church. son, putting her hands up mouth so as to send her called to her husband. A came back, showing the heard. Turning toward the tent, she asked what done with the rope if it up to her husband. The dent explained how the rope fastened to the steeple anchor, so that her husband out on the rope, and climb below the projection, he with the aid of the rope, to roof. From the roof to the descent would not be plan of getting the rope husband, but we hope to get him down before a night will be very cold."

Mrs. Watson bowed her prayer, then again she called by name, and again said: "Tom," she said, "rip your socks, and let down the rope. What kind of socks are they?" said the superintendent eager and hopeful tone.

Next to the fear of the Lord, or been nothing so much as health it is preferable to all the wealth in the world.—St. Peter's Founder.

"A Great Tonic" PSYCHINE (PRONOUNCED SI-KELIN) GREATEST OF ALL TONICS. "PSYCHINE" is a wonderful tonic. It contains medicinal elements not found in any of the patent medicines. "PSYCHINE" is a regular practicing physician's formula. A tonic for weak people, for men of business worries, for the tired mother, the pale, languid girl. Young girls just budding into womanhood; elderly people who feel that weakness due to old age find it a remedy they cannot do without. It restores vitality, creates rich, new blood, removes all impurities, strengthens the nerves. If you need a trial ask druggist for "PSYCHINE."



OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

So you have all forgotten me, and I am left alone in the "Corner." There is rather a lonely look about it, is there not? Oh, well, I am living in the hope of a batch of letters reaching me one of those days. How about winter sports? Surely you are all amusing yourselves in some way. All readers of the "Corner" are interested in each other's doings. So send an account of your winter fun.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

A THREAD SAVED HIM.

"I wonder what keeps your father so late. His supper will be cold, and he needs a good, warm meal at night after working hard all day on that high steeple. Johnny, run down the street to the second corner and see if father is coming."

Johnny was a white-haired boy, about seven years. He was playing on the floor with some building blocks; but he left all promptly, put on his cap and ran down the street as his mother told him.

Mrs. Watson worked away on her husband's coat, which she was mending, going every few minutes to look at the biscuits in the oven or to turn the meat, and then stepping to the door she would look anxiously down the street to see if Johnny and his father was coming.

"It is strange that he does not come. I wonder what delays him? Johnny ought to be back; he has had time enough to run to the corner and back a dozen times."

She turned again to her sewing and soon held up the coat, shook off the threads, and said: "That is nearly as good as new. I must get the shine off the back and press it. I don't make it look as well as the tailor, but Tom says I do all right."

Just then Johnny came running in all out of breath. His face was white with fear, so that his mother said: "What is it, Johnny? Where is father?"

"Up on the church! He can't get down!" "Can't get down? What do you mean?" "He can't get down! Everybody is there around the church!"

"Where? Let us go, Johnny." Away the two went down the street the mother going so rapidly that she soon left Johnny some distance behind. Sure enough, the whole town seemed to be around the church. The superintendent came up to Mrs. Watson and said:

"We thought we would get him down before you came, Mrs. Watson; that's why we didn't let you know. The rope by which he was to come down has broken, and we have been unable thus far to get another rope up to the steeple."

"Woolen socks, which I want for him myself. Every thread is strong and smooth, thank God. Send for balls of twine of different weights, and have your rope ready."

"I understand! I understand!" said the superintendent, as his face brightened, and he hastened to give the orders for balls of twine. Before the end of the woolen thread, upon which Watson had fastened two nails as weights, had reached the ground, the twine was on hand and ready.

First was attached to the woolen thread a light twine. "Tell him to pull up," said the superintendent to Mrs. Watson. They all seemed to realize that Tom Watson would understand his wife's voice and that she had better give the orders.

"Roll up, Tom! Roll up!" "Aye, Meg! Aye!" came the voice back so all could hear.

When the men were sure Watson had the twine, they attached one of heavier weight, then heavier, and at last the rope. By this time every man, woman and child, except those attending to the ropes, was kneeling and many were praying aloud. A rush fell over all when the rope was attached to the steeple and Tom began to descend.

"Safe! Safe to the roof!" was the glad cry that went up as Watson's feet rested on the roof below the steeple. He made some changes in the fastenings, so as to turn the rope away from the sharp edges, and after resting a few minutes began coming down the steep roof, slowly, cautiously over the eaves to the first window, then a little lower to the edge, and yet lower, lower, to the ladder which two men were holding. It was only a few seconds until he was standing on the ground with his wife's arms around his neck. The eyes were no longer dry, the tears rolled down her face, and between the sobs she said:

"Thank God! Thank God! Thank you, Blessed Mother! Will some one go to the church for Johnny?" Johnny was there in a short time, and the three departed for home.

"Boys," said the superintendent, "it is sometimes a good thing to have homemade socks, for in this case a woolen thread saved Tom Watson's life."—Sunday Companion.

THE LION AT THE BARBER'S.

Once upon a time the lion decided that he should go to the barber's, and so he posted off to the shop kept by the monkeys.

"I'm in a big hurry," said the lion, as he climbed into the barber's chair. "Get through with me as quick as you can, for I want to catch a train." He threw himself back in the chair and closed his eyes, and before the monkeys had half recovered from their scare he had fallen asleep and was snoring.

"What did he say he wanted—a hair cut or a shampoo?" asked the chief barber of his assistant. "He didn't say," answered Jimmy. "Well, I guess you'd better wake him up and ask him."

"Well, I guess I'll resign my job," replied Jimmy. "If I wake him up he will eat me up." "Then I'll shave him," said the chief.

"Maybe that isn't what he wants, and he'll eat you up," said Jimmy. "Then suppose I cut his hair?" "He may not want his hair cut and he'll eat you up for that."

"He'll eat us both up, then." The chief scratched his head and the assistant scratched his head, but presently Jimmy said: "Boss, I would like to get off to-day to go and see a sick friend."

"All right," answered the chief, as the happy idea flitted through his brain, "and I'll take a day off too." So they took each other by the paw and tiptoed as easily as they could across the plain until they got out of earshot of the lion, and then they ran. And unless he went to another barber shop, Mr. Lion hasn't had his shave or hair cut from that day to this.

THE WINTER SLEEPERS.

There are some kinds of animals that hide away in the winter, that are not wholly asleep all the time. The woodchuck, for example, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is mild at all, they wake up long enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day. The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes all the insects on which he feeds. He catches some, and then eats. When he is going to sleep again, he hangs himself up by the hind claws. The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake; yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.—Ex.

After a great snowstorm, a little fellow began to shovel a path through a large snowbank before his grandmother's door. He had nothing but a small shovel to work with. "How do you expect to get through that drift?" asked a man, passing along cheerfully, "that's how." This is the secret of mastering every problem and difficulty under the sun. If a hard task is before you, stick to it. Do not keep thinking how large or how hard it is, but go at it, and little by little it will grow smaller and smaller until it is done.

SNOBBISHNESS IN DOGS.

A dog fancier once took exception to Professor Huxley's assertion that "one of the most curious peculiarities of the dog mind was its inherent snobbishness, shown by the regard paid to external respectability. The dog who barks furiously at a beggar will let a well-dressed man pass him without opposition." He said that, in fact, only dogs of well-dressed persons act so. Dogs accustomed to men in rags bark, not at beggars, but at persons clothed in sleek broad-cloth.

ROBIN REDBREAST.

The country people of England, as well as of several other countries, have an idea that the red of the robin's breast was caused by a drop of blood which fell upon it at the crucifixion. According to the story, the robin, commiserating the condition of Christ, tried to pluck the crown of thorns from his brow, and in doing so, got its breast wet with the blood flowing from the wounds. The color became permanent, being transmitted from generation to generation, and thus, according to the legend, the robin is a perpetual reminder of the sufferings of Christ.

COMRADES.

Bobby was ten years old, and an alarmingly light-hearted and careless young person. It was supposed, however, that he would be capable of escorting his grandmother to the family dinner, one block away from her home, without mishap.

He was tall for his age, and he offered his arm to his grandmother in a gallant and satisfactory manner as they started off together. "I hope he will remember that she is almost ninety, and not try to hurry her. I'm sure I've cautioned him enough," said Bobby's mother as she began to dress the younger children. But when she arrived at the family party it appeared that grandmother

had turned her ankle and was lying on the lounge. "Bobby," said the mother reproachfully, "where were you when grandma slipped?" "Now, I won't have that boy blamed," said grandmother briskly, smiling up into Bobby's remorseful face. "We came to a fine ice slide, and he asked me if I thought we could do it, and I told him I did. And I want you children to remember one thing; when you get to be most ninety you'll count a turned ankle a small thing compared with having somebody forget that you've outlived everything but rheumatism and sitting still. Anybody that lives can rub this ankle amine or two with some liniment, but I want Bobby next me at dinner, mind!"

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

Why Birds Love the Trees and Build Nests in Them. An Indian story that has been handed down and is still believed by many Indian tribes is one about the transformation of leaves into birds. Long years ago, when the world was young, the Great Spirit went about the earth making it beautiful. Whenever his feet touched the ground lovely trees and flowers sprang up. All summer the trees wore their short green dresses. The leaves were very happy, and they sang their sweet songs to the breeze as it passed them. One day the wind told them the time would come when they would fall from the trees and die. This made the leaves feel very bad, but they tried to be bright and do the best they could so as not to make the mother trees unhappy. But at last the time came, and they let go of the twigs and branches and fluttered to the ground. They lay perfectly quiet, not able to move except as the wind would lift them.

The Great Spirit saw them and thought they were so lovely that he did not want to see them die, but live and be beautiful forever, so he gave to each bright leaf a pair of wings and power to fly. Then he called them his "birds." From the red and brown leaves of the oak came the robins, and yellow birds from the yellow willow leaves, and from bright maple leaves he made the red birds; the brown leaves became wrens, sparrows and other brown birds. This is why the birds love the trees and always go to them to build their nests and look for food and shade.—Kansas City Journal.

SICK KIDNEYS

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains That Make Life Almost Unendurable.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a spongy filter—a human filter to take poison from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right, and make lame, aching backs strong and well. Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N.S., says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe form."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anemia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, erysipelas, skin diseases, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

The man who is useful will always win the highest prize over him who is merely ornamental.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B. Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."

THE SINAI OF TODAY

Sinai is not a populous country; only a handful of Bedawyn occupy the peninsula, and their ideas of population are somewhat limited, writes Mr. Flinders Petrie, in The Queen. One Bedawyn in the interior pointed out four little tents in a mountain landscape, and exclaimed: "Behold the city of Aligat!" Another man in a lonely valley described to me his village, and on further inquiry I found that it consisted of a single hut, where he himself lived alone!

And finally I may, perhaps, describe our following, to give some further idea of the Bedawyn of Sinai. Most of our men wore great sheepskins and sandals; all of them carried arms. They bore across their backs horizontally blunderbusses five feet long, were gird with long curved swords and had brass-handled daggers in their belts.

The two brothers, Abu Silu, were owners of my camel and the post-camel which joined our caravan. They were thin, lithe, aquiline-nosed men. Salim, who looked like a Baptist in the wilderness, walked with a sedate and modest air, head always bent and eyes cast on ground, his hands crossed before him. He wore a long white cotton garment and a dark blue drapery much patched and stitched about, and over all the brown skin of an antelope. His head-ropes was of sheep's wool, with copper knobs and loops. His sword was an old one, the sword of his father.

Sulyman wore a cotton garment of reddish-brown, which had once been white, over a newer white garment, which had sleeve peaks to the knee. His long coat was of red cotton, striped with yellow, black and white, and, later, with bright blue stuff, and eventually quilted diagonally to hold it together. His white linen head-shawl was held by a goat's hair head-ropes, over which a black and crimson milaya was draped. He carried with a graceful bend of the wrist, a red forked stick, which survives as a camel stick in various parts of the East. In Egypt a stick of this form was figured as a sceptre from 5000 B. C. Sulyman looked superb, gracefully poised on his camel, on a saddle-bag of red and yellow embroidery.

Dakheyl was a handsome, square-built man, with a wonderful brown complexion and even row of white teeth. He was an unscrupulous person, and it was necessary throughout the journey to keep him severely in hand. He walked with a spring step and gliding motion which only belongs to Bedawyn, and had a feline grace which was inimitable.

The fourth Arab was an uninteresting person, who figured daily in a colored counterpane. The remaining member of our escort was a Suweleh, a Socrates. He belonged to an aboriginal type of which we only saw two other examples. He was a short, bandy-legged, dark creature, with round face and snub nose, and the habits and movements of a monkey. One felt that he had inhabited the country, before over the Bedawyn came there.

It is a Liver Pill.—Many of the ailments that man has to contend with have their origin in a disordered liver, which is a delicate organ, peculiarly susceptible to the disturbances that come from irregular habits or lack of care in eating and drinking. This accounts for the great many liver regulators now pressed on the attention of sufferers. Of these there is none superior to Parmelee's Vegetable Lills. Their operation, though gentle, is effective, and the most delicate can use them.

It is no hardy work to make friends that will make enemies. It pays much better.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., J. D'Arcy Kelly; 13 Vallee street.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father McPhail; President, D. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. F. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street; Treasurer, M. J. Ryan, 18 St. Augustine street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 3.30 p.m.

C.M.B.A. OF CANADA, Branch 26—Organized 13th November, 1883. Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers:—Spiritual Adviser, Rev. J. P. Killoran; Chancellor, J. M. Kennedy; President, J. H. Maiden; 1st Vice-President, W. A. Hodgson; 2nd Vice-President, J. B. McCabe; Recording Secretary, R. M. J. Dolan, 16 Overdale Ave.; Asst. Rec. Sec., E. J. Lynch; Financial Secretary, J. J. Costigan, 325 St. Urban st.; Treasurer, J. H. Kelly; Marshal, M. J. O'Regan; Guard, J. A. Harstenstein. Trustees, W. A. Hodgson, T. R. Stovome, D. J. McGillis, John Walsh and G. E. Delaney; Jack was cross; nothing pleased Medical Officers, Dr. H. J. Harrison, Dr. G. H. Herrill and Dr. E. J. O'Connor.

Be Sure and examine a copy of our catalogue if you have any idea of taking a preparatory course for a GOOD PAYING POSITION. We believe there is no school equal to ours for methodical business training and for producing good results. We solicit investigation and comparison. Enter any time. No vacations. Central Business College. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

McSHANE'S BELLS. One of the finest ringing sounds ever heard. BELLARS BELL WORKS, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

MEMBELLY BILL COMPANY. TROY, N.Y., and 177 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 1012. Manufacture Superior CHURCH BELLS.

SELF RAISING FLOUR.

RODIE'S CELEBRATED SELF-RAISING FLOUR.

Is the Original and the Best. A PREMIUM given for the empty bag returned to our Office. 10 BLEURY St. Montreal.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Andrew street, Montreal, Canada. Proprietor, Wm. J. Ryan, P. O. Box 100, Montreal, P. Q., Canada.

FIT'S CURE. If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to FITS CURE CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

LEIBIG'S FIT CURE.

The True Witness and Catholic Chronicle is printed and published by The True Witness Printing & Publishing Co. 25 St. Antoine Street, Montreal, Canada. P. O. Box 1138.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Canada (city excepted), United States and Newfoundland, \$1.00; City and Foreign, \$1.50. TERMS: PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: When ordering change of address it is necessary to send old as well as new address. SUBSCRIBERS in Westmount, Montreal, St. Charles, St. Henri, Maisonneuve, Ste. Cécile, St. Louis du Mile End, will in future have to pay \$1.50, owing to change in P. O. regulations. This takes effect with subscriptions commencing January, 1906. Subscriptions dating before then will not be affected until time of renewal. All communications should be addressed to THE TRUE WITNESS & P. CO., P. O. Box 1138.

NOTICE.

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



THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1906.

A TRIBUTE.

Death has all seasons for its fearful purpose. But rarely does it bring honor so quickly in its train as it has done to the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine. His death was peculiarly sad. In the full vigor of manhood, in the zenith of his political usefulness, in the zealous exercise of his talents and mature experience, he was suddenly called with that beckoning which no man can resist.

The wires flashed to his bereaved home, to his governmental colleagues and his many Canadian friends the sad news of his immature and unexpected death. At all this no man can murmur, for Divine Providence has His care over all. No sooner was it known in Paris that a member of the Canadian Government, of French origin yet a British subject, had died (and it was naturally expected that he should be brought to his native land), when the French Government, with hastened courtesy offered to transfer the remains to Canada in a French warship which was placed at the disposal of the Attorney-General, who had been with Mr. Prefontaine during his short illness and at the time of his death.

The Imperial Government, however, while acknowledging the considerate and gracious act of the French Republic, placed H. M. S. Dominion on duty to bring the body to Canada.

On Monday last the warship arrived at Halifax with the funeral cortege. There it was met by the Archbishop of Halifax, clergy, relatives, colleagues of the deceased, bodyguards of marines and soldiers from the various detachments stationed thereon. A special train conveyed the remains and the friends to this city, where a civic and national funeral took place with all the pomp and ceremony of the Church under the care of the Dominion Government and the City of Montreal. His Grace Archbishop Bruchési sang the Mass.

Of all these details we will give a full account next week, as it is too late to give full honor to such a ceremony.

We cannot, however, allow the occasion to pass without a comment upon the national significance which in all its circumstances it seems to convey. No two nations have stood together at one period in such hatred on the one hand or in such close friendship on the other as England and France. So far as this continent is concerned we mean North America—they have been the great colonists and civilizing forces. It is right and proper, therefore, that when a man of French blood, yet of British loyalty, died away from home

he should receive the honor of the tri-color of his forefathers and the British flag of his own devoted obedience and service. Such gracious acts on the part of the home countries not only serve to unite more closely the two countries themselves which never ought again to be separated but they serve to unite two branches of the great British Dominion—Canada.

We have said little or nothing about the personal qualities of the deceased minister. No man was so ardent in the very task which his death seemed to fulfil as was Mr. Prefontaine. When many of the French-Canadians seemed aggressive and anxious to assert themselves, his tact, his prudence, his zeal for the advancement of all interests without the predominance of any particular creed or class prevailed. Like most of the French-Canadian ministers he was an earnest and hard worker in his department. He had at heart the full development of the Marine and Fisheries of Canada, whose value to the country he fully appreciated. But he was not long enough spared to us to exercise his talent or develop the policy he has marked out for the Marine and Fisheries, which he understood so well.

In his private life he was a devoted son of the Church, and he had the consolation at the last hour of receiving the sacred rights which are the greatest comfort to the poor soul and the greatest satisfaction to the mourning friends whom he leaves behind. Canada can ill spare such devoted, able sons as Raymond Prefontaine.

THE MAYORALTY.

But a few days remain to the supporters of Mr. Doran in which to endeavor to bring to a successful finish the campaign waged so earnestly in his interests. The manly stand Mr. Doran has always taken on the side of right warrants for him the support of all well thinking men, irrespective of race or creed. This is evidenced by the meeting held in the Y.M.C.A., called by the Dominion Alliance, at which delegates from churches and societies of all denominations were present and placed on record the following resolution:

"That this gathering heartily approves of the action of the Dominion Alliance in calling this meeting for the purpose of advancing public morality, through and in connection with the municipal campaign now in progress, and we promise to advance in every possible and legitimate manner the interests of Mr. W. E. Doran as mayor of Montreal for the ensuing term."

In Mr. Doran's programme is outlined reforms along important lines. For instance, he pronounces himself in favor of a campaign against unlicensed liquor selling places, gambling houses and houses of ill-fame, and says he will insist on law enforcement. Mr. Ekers, on the other hand, has remained silent on duties attaching to the mayoral office, leaving us to imagine that he is quite satisfied with the present state of affairs. A public declaration of a certain programme to be followed does not always warrant good results, still we like to know where a man is at; and if he fails to live up to what he promises, the remedy is in our own hands.

The element to be contended with in the fight for good government is generally strong and aggressive. We cannot, however, see why, if all the forces for good be banded together, all putting their shoulder to the wheel, they cannot carry the day. Nor do we for one moment think they are going to allow themselves to be defeated. The chance has come for the Irish Catholics to elect their man and we feel confident that on February 1 they, when put to the test, will do their duty.

CANDLES And Oils for the Sanctuary Best quality—as cheap as the cheapest. All goods absolutely guaranteed. W. E. BLAKE, 128 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

POLITICAL SITUATION IN ENGLAND.

The polling throughout Great Britain within the past week has amazed even the most sanguine among the political prophets. The new register of Parliament will place the erstwhile all-powerful Unionist party, including Chamberlainites and Tories, in the minority equal at most only to the combined strength of the Irish and Labor vote. The question, in fact, that now arises is: Will Mr. Chamberlain go back to the House as the recognized leader of a recognized opposition? His position reminds us of that of our own Mr. R. L. Borden. Mr. Balfour is out and apparently none are anxious to see him come back. That whole-souled Imperialist and half-baked romantic, Sir Gilbert Parker, who owes his title to poor Mr. Balfour's easy recognition of mediocrity, has been asked and has refused to vacate his seat for his unfortunate benefactor. Sir Gilbert is the true type of the colonial Imperialist. But he is all right on the doctrine "What we have we'll hold." As a politician this is his motto; and instead of giving up he would prefer to ask for more. Sir Gilbert is ahead of the game with his title and his Parliamentary seat and has no thought of relinquishing either. Far different the case of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. Donald MacMaster, who if he had only butted in some years ago might have done a little better than taking payment for his services in oscillatory currency.

The all-important question until the opening of the new Parliament must be: What course will the Liberals adopt now that they are assured of a majority independent of the Irish vote? Hon. John Morley was asked this very question on Jan. 12th, when he addressed the electors of Brechin under the Provost's chairmanship. He answered that he was prepared to wait and see how the situation may develop. Mr. Balfour, on the contrary, upon the same night declared that he could not understand how the Liberals could succeed in excluding Home Rule from their first Parliamentary programme. So it is with the new situation. We have the two parties endeavoring to adapt themselves to their changed circumstances. But as a general proposition it can be stated that Home Rule sympathizers have no cause to regret the wide sweep of victory achieved under the Liberal banner which Mr. Balfour from start to finish of the campaign persistently pointed to as the Home Rule color.

The Labor party, as becomes a young and lusty new arrival upon the scene, will insist upon making itself seen and heard; and one of its first tilts will be against the House of Lords. The Irish party here will be in complete accord with the new voice of British Democracy. Together they are likely to give direction and force to the revolution effected at the polls.

In the whole range of British history there has never arisen a situation where statesmanship was subjected to a more thorough test than that awaiting the first Campbell-Bannerman administration. The opportunity is unprecedented and the chances for good or evil enormous. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however, is a quiet old gentleman with a level head, an even temper and a saving grace of humor. Those who have followed his public career most closely are the least likely to estimate his dimensions as corresponding to those of the square man in the round hole.

ENGLISH LIBERALS AND CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The speculation indulged in concerning the outlook for the Catholic minority in England under the Liberal Government is answered by the Tablet, which is authorized to state that as far as the English Catholic authorities are concerned there is no foundation whatever for an announcement in the London Morning Post that the Government were negotiating with them with a view of a compromise on the Education question to be embodied in the Act of next

session. The belief is entertained in well-informed circles that the Government are anxious to come to some arrangement of the kind indicated. The Liberals have always recognized that the Catholic schools occupy a different footing from those of the Church of England, and it is believed that if some plan could be devised by which the interests of Catholic teaching would be safeguarded, while at the same time satisfying the demands of the Nonconformists in regard to public control, the Government would be willing to avail of it. A suggestion to this effect put forward by the Tablet last week has attracted considerable notice. It is that the Legislature, while conceding to the local authority, a majority of the managers should require that from the list of qualified teachers Catholics should be selected for Catholic schools. The suggestion is put forward by the Tablet as the basis of a working compromise.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The following kind benefactors have sent contributions since the last account appeared in the True Witness: Mr. McNulty, Montreal, and Mrs. Flynn, Scranton, Pa., ten dollars each; Mr. C. Coughlin, Ald. Walsh, Mr. Michael Burke, Mrs. Bailey, Montreal; Mrs. Doyle, Herbert's Corners, Ont., and Miss Nellie Flynn, Scranton, Pa., five dollars each; Mrs. Cunningham, Mrs. Sweeney, Mr. F. Feron and Mr. James Young, Montreal, and Mrs. E. Wolfarth, New York, two dollars each. Mr. P. Cannon, Mrs. A. Woods, Miss Doonan, Montreal, Mrs. Keyes, St. Columban, Mrs. Kinella, Ottawa, Miss Johanna Weis, New Hamburg, Ont., and four friends of St. Joseph, one dollar each. The following gentlemen Knights of Columbus also contributed to the light fund: Messrs. J. M. Ward, Jas. Rogers, J. A. Rafferty, W. H. Cox, G. McNally, W. E. Durack and Mr. G. Faillie, of the City Hall. Mrs. Bumbury sent parcels of fruit and candy, Mrs. Cunningham, two bags of potatoes; Mrs. Coonan an overcoat, Mrs. Grant and others parcels of clothing. Father Holland desires to thank all most sincerely and to invite them to the euchre party which will be given in St. Ann's Hall, Ottawa street, on the sixth of February. Twenty prizes will be offered to the successful game winners. Of these the following are ready for exhibition in Mr. Gallery's window on Notre Dame street: A watch bracelet, by Mr. D. Bennett, a smoking set, by Mrs. Stannan, A bag of flour, Mr. John Gallery; a quilt from a friend, a box of cigars each from Mr. Jack Tucker and Mr. W. Ryan, a fountain pen, The N. K. Fairbanks Co.; a lady's hat trimmed to order by Mrs. Vallee, another by the Misses O'Neil, a handsome cushion, hand painted, by Miss McArthur, an umbrella from Ald. Gallery, a black thorn stick from Father Kelly, Waterford Ireland; a pair of pants to order from Ald. Walsh, a year's subscription to the Irish World or Freeman's Journal from Mr. Patrick Ford, a quarter of beef by Mr. Carlin, a box of silk handkerchiefs from Miss Anna Lynch, Hartford, Conn. Those of our good readers who wish to add a prize to the foregoing have only to signify their intention and their gifts will be highly appreciated. After the coffee a door prize will be drawn from a hat; the tally card which will bear the same number as that drawn will gain a gold piece. By the way the tickets are going a very large attendance is expected. During the evening Mr. Kelly, of St. Lawrence street, will entertain the players with selections from the newest and loudest graphophone in the city. The management takes this opportunity to thank him and all friends of the Home for their aid in making the young institution a success. It is a grand work and deserves to be better known and more appreciated. The sale is now put up in neat boxes and is doing wonders.

ST. PATRICK'S.

The grand old parish church was, on last Sunday, the scene of quite a gala celebration. The Rev. Dr. Luke Callaghan sang high Mass and gave every appearance of the recovery of a perfect state of health. The sermon of the day was preached by Rev. P. Heffernan. It was also learned that the Rev. M. Callaghan, Pastor of St. Patrick's, was to leave during the week for a short and well-earned rest. To both of those reverend gentlemen we extend our most hearty congratulations, and we most sincerely hope that they be spared to work together for many years to come among those in whose welfare they take such a pure and lively interest.

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square. Great Annual Discount Sale

Liberal Discounts in Every Department and 5 Per Cent. Extra for Cash.

Advertisement for Colonial House, Phillips Square, featuring a Great Annual Discount Sale. The ad lists various departments and their respective discounts: SILK DEPARTMENT (Black Taffeta, Black Messaline, Black Louisiana, Black Paillette, Black Satin Duchesse, Elegant Chiffon Taffeta Silk, Colored Taffeta Silks, Pin checks and larger checks, Black and White and Colored Chiffon Taffeta), BASKET DEPARTMENT (Special tables of Fancy Candy Baskets, Work Baskets, Music Stands, Lunch and Market Baskets, Go-Carts and Baby Carriages), SPORTING GOODS DEPT. (Toboggans, Canadian Skis, Norwegian Skis, All summer goods, Tennis Balls, Canoes, Boats, Oars and Paddles), CARPET DEPARTMENT (Balance of made-up Squares, 40 yards of China Matting, Balance of remnants of Stair Carpet, Small lots of Rugs and Mats, Balance of Embroideries, Table Covers, Doilies, Boleros, 1 only Table Cover, Persian embroidery, Special line of Brussels and Axminster Carpet, Special line of Oilcloth, 25 pieces of Japanese Matting, Balance of Fibre Rugs and Carpets), DRESS TRIMMING DEPT. (Black, White and Colored Chiffon Applique, Black Silk Applique, Black Sequin Gimp, Black Sequin Fringe, Colored Cloth Applique, Colored Sequin Gimp, White Pearl Gimp, Colored Beaded Gimp, Colored Cloth Insertion), PRINT DEPARTMENT (Fancy Striped Gingham, Fancy Satin for Dresses, White Cheviot, fancy stripes, White Cheviot, fancy stripes, White Basket Cloth, Check Gingham, Creponnes, White ground with colored spots, White Basket Cloth with blue stripe), SILK DEPARTMENT (French Foulards in fashionable designs and colorings, Black and white, navy and white, Alice blue and white, rosea, green and white, light blue and white, etc., A large range to choose from, 80c per yard, less 50 per cent., and 5 per cent extra for cash), CURTAIN DEPARTMENT (Special range of Curtain Materials in Tapestries and Silks, suitable for Portieres, Dining Room and Library windows, at discounts ranging from 25, 33 1-3 to 50 per cent., Sample pairs of Lace Curtains and Madras Curtains, less 25 per cent. discount, Special lines of Lace Curtains in Irish Point and Nottingham Lace, less 20 per cent., Remnants of Fringes, Cords and Shade Laces, less 50 per cent. discount), WALL PAPER DEPARTMENT (Special lines Japanese Leather Papers, less 75 per cent. discount, Special lines Wall Papers for Halls, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Bedrooms, less 50 per cent. discount, Special lines Wall Paper for Living Rooms, Dining Rooms, Libraries, and Bedrooms, less 33 1-3 per cent. discount, Special lines Applique Friezes, suitable for Ingrams or Tinted walls, at 50c per yard, less 75 per cent. discount, Job lots Wall Papers in bundles of from 6 to 12 single rolls, less 75 per cent. discount, 300 Rolls odd Borders, 18 inches wide (no side wall to match), to be cleared at 5c single roll), STATIONERY DEPARTMENT (Several thousand Cards, among the assortment, regular 25c doz., special, 10c dozen, Burnt Leather Postal Cards, regular 3 for 25c, special 2 for 5c, BLACK BORDERED NOTE PAPER—Several broken lines to clear, Boxes Note containing 120 sheets, Envelopes to match, for 25c the lot, SATIN WOVE NOTE PAPER—Octavo size, smooth finish, Boxes Note, containing 120 sheets, reg. 60c, special 40c, Envelopes, boxes containing 100, reg. 60c, special 40c, SELF SCORERS for Euchre Tables 1 to 20, Regular 15c, Special 5c, 25 1-2 PER CENT. DISCOUNT, POCKET DIARIES FOR 1906—Large variety of sizes, bindings, Prices 25c to \$1.50), HARDWARE DEPARTMENT (Pastry and Baking Boards, with rims of selected wood, regular 75c for 49c, Carpet Brooms, best make, 4 strings regular 35c, for 25c, Table Mats (sets of 5), regular 35c, for 18c, 20 per cent off guaranteed high grade Refrigerators, 33 1-3 per cent. off a line of best white lined enameled Tea, Coffee, Stove and Stock Pots, Double Boilers, Fry Pans, Stove and Tea Kettles, 33 1-3 per cent. off a few lines of best quality Fireproof Earthenware, 50 per cent. off odd lines of best white lined enameled Kitchen utensils, 33 1-3 per cent. off a line of solid brass Water Carriers and Hot Water Plates and Dishes, Sixth brass Hall Hat and Coat Hooks, for 13c, Wall Clothes Dryers, folding, eight arms. Keep clothes up out of the way when drying; regular 75c, for 49c, Liquid Ammonia, full strength, with directions for laundry and bath, for 9 cents, 15 per cent. off Washing Machines; lightest, easiest working and most durable to introduce, Samples sent to any address when possible, and special attention given to Mail orders).

HENRY MORGAN & CO. - Montreal

THE MAYORALTY.

Mr. Doran is working hard in his interest to determine that he be the people's representative. The general committee in the mayoralty campaign being on Monday at the central 134 St. Peter street. The occupied by Mr. M. Fitzgibbon every member of the committee. Reports of the satisfactory character of the representatives of our wards throughout the complete list of ward meetings arranged for, at which French-Canadian and English speakers will address the support being received leading commercial bodies real is most gratifying to the Board of Trade, the Chamber of Commerce and the Corn Exchange as well as the Builders' and the Architects' Association endorsed the candidature of Mr. Doran for the office of Mayor. The Irish Catholics are supported by the Protestants, as was very evident at night's meeting at the when delegates from church and temperance organizations and decided to advance in a stable and legitimate manner interests of Mr. Doran as candidate for the mayoralty. A resolution effect was adopted. Mr. S. J. Carter, president of the Quebec Provincial Branch of the Dominion Alliance, was in the Mr. Doran had come out very day liquor selling and short for its sale on other days Saturday evenings. By the hours of sale, much selling as well as much criticism done away with. Mr. A. P. Weary moved the resolution:

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ORDINATION ANNIVERSARY. The Rev. J. J. Lafontaine, priest of Boucherville, has celebrated the 31st anniversary of his ordination. The event was occasion of much rejoicing. BISHOP McEVAY'S TRIP. Bishop McEvay, accompanied by Rev. Father Aylward, intended during this month of January to visit the shrine of Lourdes. The reverend gentlemen will be accompanied by Rev. Father Aylward, turning within six weeks. A ship was received in private by His Holiness Pius X. on \$225,000. CATHEDRAL. A despatch from St. Boniface that Mr. Senecal, of that town, has been awarded the contract for the construction of the new Catholic Cathedral, which is to be erected under the architect

THE MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Doran Holds Largely Attended Meetings.



Mr. W. E. DORAN.

Supporters of Mr. W. E. Doran are working hard in his interest...

The general committee in charge of the mayoralty campaign held a meeting on Monday at the central rooms...

The support being received from the leading commercial bodies in Montreal is most gratifying to the friends of Mr. Doran.

The Irish Catholics are being ably supported by the Protestant electors, as was very evident at Tuesday night's meeting at the Y.M.C.A.

Mr. S. J. Carter, president of the Quebec Provincial Branch of the Dominion Alliance, was in the chair.

Mr. Thomas Cushing observed that Mr. Doran had come out very squarely on a platform in favor of no Sunday liquor selling and shorter hours for its sale on other days, especially Saturday evenings.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ORDINATION ANNIVERSARY. The Rev. L. J. Lafortune, parish priest of Boucherville, has just celebrated the 31st anniversary of his ordination.

BISHOP McEVAY'S TOUR. Bishop McEvay, accompanied by Rev. Father Aylward, intends leaving Rome during this month on a visit to the shrine of Lourdes.

\$225,000 CATHEDRAL FOR ST. BONIFACE. A despatch from St. Boniface states that Mr. Senecal, of that town, has been awarded the contract for the construction of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral, which is to be erected under the architectural supervision of the Rev. Abbe Curotte, of Laval University.

and the Rev. Abbe Curotte, of Laval University. Rev. U. Demere acted as master of ceremonies. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament being over, a reception was held, all the pupils wearing the regulation white costume.

CHORAL RECITAL.

The choir of the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament will give, on the 6th February, in Stanley Hall, a recital of the choral works of the great masters.

TIME TO ACT.

Referring to the recent meeting of the Societe Canadienne d'Economie Sociale, when important amendments to the license law were suggested, Mr. Tarte says in the Patrie: "It is essential that the leading spirits among our people should take the initiative of a movement of that kind."

MOTHER GENERAL OF CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME RETURNED FROM ROME.

The Reverend Mother Superior-General of the Congregation de Notre Dame, and her secretary, have just returned from their visit to the Eternal City, whither they had been summoned by His Holiness Pope Pius X.

There was rejoicing at the mother house on St. John Baptist street on the occasion of her return, and all the schools of the city under the direction of the ladies of the congregation were given a half holiday.

A PATRIOTIC CONCERT.

A splendid entertainment was given in the C.M.B.A. hall here in the parish of Huntley, on the 10th instant.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from this life Mr. Joseph L. Daly, son of our esteemed treasurer, Mr. Wm. Daly;

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of St. Ann's Conference, St. Vincent de Paul Society the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

PART I.

- 1. Song of welcome, by two little girls, Lizzie and Theresa Casey. 2. Chorus—"O'Donnell Aboo," by the local choir. 3. Vocal Solo—"Killarney," Mrs. J. Brown. 4. Duet—"Meeting of the Waters," the Misses Egan. 5. Vocal Solo—"The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me," Miss Ethel McCoy. 6. Recitation—"The Carpiada," by Miss Maggie Carroll. 7. Vocal Solo—"Till Not Deny the Shamrock," by Mr. Byrnes. 8. Recitation—"The Irishman," by Master John Casey.

Lecture—"The Pillar Towers of Ireland," by Rev. Father Harkens, of Almonte, Ont.

PART II.

- 1. Recitation—"The Pillar Towers of Ireland," Miss Vina Casey. 2. Duet—"The Dear Little Shamrock," the Misses Casey. 3. Vocal Solo—"Come Back to Erin," Miss Katie Manion. 4. Recitation—"Orange and Green," Miss Oona White. 5. Chorus—"Rising of the Moon," by the local choir. 6. Duet—"Clock Song," Masters Patrick and Angus Manion. 7. Recitation—"Michael Dwyer," by Master Jos. Gosson. Grand Final Chorus—"God Save Ireland," by all.

Rev. Father Harkens did justice to his subject, the Old Pillar Towers of Ireland. The Rev. lecturer showed a great amount of research and on the whole gave a very interesting and instructive discourse.

At 8 o'clock to the moment the special train arrived. There was a wait for the train bearing Sir Wilfrid Laurier, which arrived at 8.40.

The general salute, as given by a band, is a general tribute that given to the body of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine was six bars of "Rule Britannia."

At the City Hall, policemen at attention, dressed in formal costume, guarded the front: inside a guard of the 5th Royal Scots of Canada Highlanders, in full dress, kilts and feathers, stood stiff in martial order.

GAEL.

West Huntley, Jan 18th, 1906.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of St. Ann's Conference, St. Vincent de Paul Society the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this conference extend to the sorrowing parents and family their sincere sympathy in their sad bereavement and pray that God may give them grace and strength to bear their loss with Christian fortitude and in resignation to His Divine will.

ROUTE OF PROCESSION.

According to the order of Col. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, who had charge of the arrangements, the funeral cortege started from the City Hall at 9 a.m. and was as follows: City Hall, Notre Dame street, Place d'Armes, St. James street, Victoria Square, Beaver Hall Hill, Dorchester street, St. James Cathedral (Service of one hour), Dorchester street, Mountain street, Sherbrooke street, Guy street, Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

ARRIVAL IN CITY OF BODY OF LATE HON. RAYMOND PREFONTAINE.

The body of Raymond Prefontaine, Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and former Mayor of Montreal, was received on Tuesday night with such marks of respect as are due to one of distinguished position and one who held a place in the hearts of his countrymen, Canadians.

Despite the disagreeable weather, such an immense crowd of people gathered in the railway station and outside of it that the cortege was long delayed in starting.

Soldiers and policemen performed their duty, yet to have even, perhaps, a passing glance or a fleeting look at the coffin, or the spectacle, or something, such a vast crowd of spectators surged on to the platform and into the waiting room of the Grand Trunk station that there were possibilities of serious moment and it required not a little effort to carry the casket from the mortuary car of the train to the hearse without accident.

Early in the evening people began to gather at the station, and there were so many that a force of a hundred policemen, with all the majesty of law and power behind them, had great difficulty in clearing the space which it had been intended to reserve for the special train. It was easy enough to scatter the crowd then, but later they swarmed over fences, and all the threats of force or prospect of personal danger from moving trains could not compel them to leave their cogn of vantage.

At nine o'clock the casket was lifted from the car by ten strong men of the Government cruiser Canada, and slowly carried down the length of the platform.

Bared heads paid a mark of respect to the silent procession. Once clear of the station building and in the open space in front, a quick command, presented arms by the guard of the Victoria Rifles, and the general salute from the band, marked the placing of the casket in the hearse.

The general salute, as given by a band, is a general tribute that given to the body of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine was six bars of "Rule Britannia."

St. James street, usually deserted, and quiet at night, was lined with thousands of spectators. On Notre Dame street, even more quiet, at night than St. James street, there was constant movement of a large gathering, and such stores as are fronted by old fashioned windows with generous sills proved half-way comfortable resting places for many who wanted to see the spectacle.

At the City Hall, policemen at attention, dressed in formal costume, guarded the front: inside a guard of the 5th Royal Scots of Canada Highlanders, in full dress, kilts and feathers, stood stiff in martial order.

It was about 11 o'clock when the solemn strains of the impressive Chopin funeral march reached the ears of those on guard at the City Hall. Slowly the heavy casket was borne upon the shoulders of the sailors. The handsome chamber of the Council had previously been draped with all the trappings of mourning. Black and gold covered window space, pillar and dais above the mayor's canopy, half-furled flags of an empire, a country and a nation—the latter in sympathy—dropped behind the arms of the city. To the left, high and low, banded flowers; in the centre a plain catafalque.

A few quick words of command, movement, and presently four tall soldiers, striding in their scarlet tunics, taller by the great leather bonnets, towered above the four marines, the latter impressive in their uniform of dark blue; all with arms reversed.

A Union Jack was draped over the casket, and this ended the so-called honors of the dead. Sir Wilfrid Laurier gazed for a while at the late minister and passed on, his colleagues following.

According to the order of Col. Gourdeau, Deputy Minister of Marine, who had charge of the arrangements, the funeral cortege started from the City Hall at 9 a.m. and was as follows: City Hall, Notre Dame street, Place d'Armes, St. James street, Victoria Square, Beaver Hall Hill, Dorchester street, St. James Cathedral (Service of one hour), Dorchester street, Mountain street, Sherbrooke street, Guy street, Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Leave Bonaventure Station. "INTERNATIONAL LIMITED." Finest and Fastest Train in Canada. Daily at 9 a.m., ar. Toronto 4:30 p.m., Hamilton 5:30 p.m., Niagara Falls, Ont., 6:55 p.m., Buffalo 8:25 p.m., London 1:45 p.m., Detroit 9:45 p.m., Chicago 7:42 a.m.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

187 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

CANADIAN PACIFIC QUEBEC TRAINS

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR 18.45 a.m., 12.00 p.m., 11.30 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on above trains.

OTTAWA TRAINS LEAVE WINDSOR STATION 18.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 14.00 p.m., 10.10 p.m.

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR 18.20 a.m., 11.35 p.m. Daily, except Sunday, & Sunday only. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on all trains from Windsor Station.

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

BUILDING ASSOCIATION IN AID OF St. Michael's Parish, Montreal.

By a resolution passed at a meeting of the Fabrique of St. Michael's, dated the 3rd of January, 1906, and with the approval of His Grace the Archbishop, the Fabrique binds itself to cause to have said in St. Michael's during four years two masses a month according to the intention of those who contribute 50 cents yearly.

The two masses in favor of contributors to St. Michael's Building Association, are said towards the end of every month. They are said with the intentions of those who contribute fifty cents a year. Contributors may have any intentions they please, they alone need know what their intentions are, they may change their intentions from month to month—they may have a different intention for each of the two masses in every month, they may have several intentions for the same Mass, they may apply the benefit of the contribution to the soul of a deceased friend.

Contributions for the year 1906 (50 cents) may be addressed to REV. JOHN P. KIERNAN P.P., 1602 St. Denis Street, MONTREAL, P.Q. (All contributions acknowledged.)

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC. DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. In the Superior Court. No. 1537. The Molsons Bank, a Bank Corporation constituted according to law, having its principal place of business in the city and district of Montreal. Plaintiff, vs. D. L. Baumgarten, heretofore of the city and district of Montreal, and presently of parts unknown. Defendant.

The Defendant is ordered to appear within one month. Montreal, January 16th, 1906. J. A. GIRARD, Dep. Prothonotary.

At the funeral His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi sang the requiem Mass, assisted at the throne by Fathers Charrier, of St. James, and Bernard, of Sorel, Fathers Piette and Martin, vicars at the Cathedral, were deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Father Demers officiated as master of ceremonies. Archbishop Bruchesi pronounced the benediction and Mgr. Bernard, Bishop of St. Hyacinthe, received the body. Prof. Couture directed the choir, which chanted a superb mass for the dead, written by a Canadian musician, Mr. Oscar Pelletier.

The pews in the Cathedral were reserved by the Government, who issued tickets to invited guests. CAPT MARX SUMMONED. Captain Marx, of the "Dominion," received Tuesday night from the officer in charge of the ship information that important orders had been received from the Admiralty which required his immediate return to Halifax. The captain left by the returning special at 12.30.

THE NEW APOLOGETICS.

It is Indispensably Necessary in Our Present Intellectual Condition.

Criticism and apologetics naturally come and go together, writes the Rev. Anthony J. Maas, S.J., in the January Messenger. Not as if criticism were a part of apologetics, nor as if apologetics implied or presupposed criticism; but they are like the concave and the convex sides of the sphere, or like the up-grade and down-grade of a mountain, or like the rise and the fall of the tide. Apologetics puts arguments together, and criticism takes them apart; apologetics shows their strength, criticism points out their weakness; apologetics has a positive tendency, criticism is apt to abound in negative results. Criticism has been in the foreground during the past century, and has delighted or exasperated, or at least occupied, almost every writer and reader. What wonder, then, if we find that apologetics, too, has grown apace, not as noisily and aggravatingly as criticism, but not less solidly and efficiently. Not to delay over names of less renown, Chateaubriand and Lacordaire, Hettlinger and Weiss, Balfour and Mallock, Ward and Newman are household words throughout the world of letters. Comparing our century with those of the past, the growth of apologetics has been simply phenomenal. Can it be maintained, then, that apologetics has really grown as rapidly and amazingly as criticism? Are the two branches of knowledge inseparably connected throughout the length and breadth of their respective fields? A moment's reflection tells us that criticism extends beyond the limits of apologetics. There is an historical and a literary criticism and a criticism of pure reason, a higher and a lower criticism, an art and a science criticism, so that no branch of human attainments can be said to grow outside the limits of criticism, while apologetics deals with just one little department of theology, or rather, with the propaedeutics of theology. If the system of theology be a magnificent palace, apologetics is the entrance; if theology be a majestic stream, apologetics will be its head. Apologetics does not deal with the Church, but it leads to the Church; it does not open the treasures of revelation, but it proves the existence of a Divine revelation; it does not analyse either the act or the virtue of faith, but it prepares man for the faith. This is the precise end and aim of apologetics, to prepare man for the faith. Now theologians teach us that faith must be reasonable, and free, and supernatural. Being an assent of the intellect to what God has revealed and because of his authority, faith presupposes a knowledge of the existence of the weight of God's authority; it is reasonable. Again, being free, it depends on man's free will; being supernatural, it implies Divine grace. Apologetics, therefore, to attain its end adequately, must prepare man intellectually, morally or affectively, and, in a way, supernaturally for the act of faith. The older classical apologetical writers, such as St. Thomas, Melchior Cano, Bellarmine and Suarez, in fact all the apologetists who lived before the latter part of the last century, are not so much concerned about the act of faith as about the existence of the object of faith, i. e., of the true religion embracing all the divinely revealed truths. It is true that they thus emphasize mainly the intellectual preparation for faith. But if we keep in mind their method of apologetics, as it developed historically, we shall not be able to charge them with pure intellectualism. Their arguments may be divided into three classes: 1. They appealed to external arguments, to prophecies and to miracles, both of the physical and moral order. These proofs appeared to them to be the surest and the easiest. 2. They made use of the so-called internal criteria, i. e., the reasonableness, the consistency, the beauty, the moral decorum, and such like qualities of the revealed truths. 3. Finally, they drew attention to certain marks external to the revealed truths, but internal with regard to the believer. Such are the enlightenment of the intellect, and the inspiration of the will, caused by divine grace in the heart of the believer. It is understood that these latter marks are open to illusion, and are therefore fraught with moral dangers. At the same time, as sober a writer as Suarez grants that they are of objective value when they originate from the good spirit. What we have described thus far may be briefly called the method of

traditional apologetics. As such it is distinguished—whether there be any real opposition we shall determine later on—from the so-called new apologetics. Even conservative writers tell us that the new apologetics has come to stay, that it is quite indispensably necessary to our present intellectual atmosphere, that the method of the traditional apologetics has become unintelligible to the educated man of the present era.

The traditional method is based on the objectivism of Aristotle, while the object at the present day is steeped in the Kantian principles of subjectivism. According to the ancient views, the laws of nature were founded on the character of the external objects; according to Kant's theory the laws of nature are expressions of our own internal forms. In this connection, the reader may recall the words spoken last May by Mgr. Mercier, the eminent Director of the Neo-Thomist School in Louvain. He boldly asserted that the battle of philosophies at the present day must be decided in the main by the issue of the dual between the two great systems of Kant and St. Thomas Aquinas. Balfour doubts whether any metaphysician before Kant has contributed anything to "the theory of science which needs at the present day to be taken into account."

Here, again, our reader may be too hasty in his conviction that he now grasps the meaning of the new apologetics. What else can be required, he will ask, than the so-called scientific or historical treatment in order to satisfy the most advanced present-day philosopher? In point of fact, there have sprung up quite recently two systems that may be called scientific apologetics and historical apologetics. M. Dulhe de Saint-Projet, e. g., shows that there is no opposition between the certain results of science and the dogmas of faith; he harmonizes, moreover, the hypotheses of science with the free opinions of philosophers and theologians; finally, he does away with pseudo-scientific assertions not less than with philosophical and theological sophisms. In other words, M. Dulhe has written a scientific apologetics. Has he then given us an example of the new apologetics? On the other hand, the author considers only the origin and the formation of the universe, the origin and development of life, the origin, nature, history and destiny of man; on the other, he studies these topics not in the Kantian, but in the traditional way. Evidently, scientific apologetics, thus understood, is not identical with the new apologetics we look after.

Quite a different type will be found in the so-called system of transcendence as advocated by the Abbe de Broglie. An historical comparison of all existing religions proves that the Christian religion is the most perfect. The relation of Christianity to the other religions is that of truth to error, of reality to its shadow. What a miracle is in the order of nature, that Christianity is in the historical order: the miracle transcends the laws of nature, Christianity surpasses those of history. Here is the second type of historical apologetics. Can it be said, then, that historical apologetics in either form is identical with the new apologetics? The answer again is a decided No.

Neither the traditional method, therefore, nor the scientific nor again the historical can claim the dignity of being identical with or pertaining to the new apologetics. The latter is said to have an English origin, to be the fruit of an English seed which has germinated in foreign soil. The seed has been found in Newman's Grammar of Assent, and the foreign soil is France. Patrons of the new apologetics direct us to some of the later chapters in Newman's Callista for examples of the kind of problems with which this method essays to deal. Again, they frequently appeal to such writers as Bougaud, Ollivier, Laprune, Yves le Querdec, Fomesgrive, Balfour, Brunetiere and Mallock, as being representative new apologetics. They add to these all those writers who have produced a class of admirers called Neo-Christians. On closer inspection we find that the first four writers agree in urging the harmony of Christianity with human nature, in praising its intellectual and moral fitness, and its agreement with the laws of life.

Tested by Time.—In his justly celebrated Pills Dr. Parmelee has given to the world one of the most unique medicines offered to the public in late years. Prepared to meet the want for a pill which could be taken without nausea, and that would purge without pain, it has met all requirements in that direction, and it is in general use not only because of these two qualities, but because it is known to possess alterative and curative powers which place it in the front rank of medicines.

THE CHURCH ON THE BOWERY

New York Priest Opens Mission in the Slums.

January 1, Rev. Daniel C. Cunnion, of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, New York, undertook a new work. With the approbation of Archbishop Farley he opened the Holy Name Mission in the darkest purlieu of the Bowery. It will, says Joseph W. Gavan, in the New York Daily News, be the first religious institution ever established in that quarter by the Catholic Church. The greatest problem which confronts New York evangelists to-day is the question of how to deal successfully with the non-church going man of the Bowery. Sociologists are puzzled over the situation in the Bowery lodging houses, where burdens imposed by ignorance, vice and despair crush to earth a large portion of the population, and where the extremes of despoiling poverty and shiftless sloth meet on the ground of chronic impunctuality.

Many of the Bowery lodging houses are respectable places in which no man need be ashamed to get a night's rest. Others are hotbeds of disease, where the heat and stench are intolerable and the law against overcrowding is violated outrageously. There are upward of thirty of these houses between Chatham Square and Third street, and almost all possess the same characteristics, viz., cheapness, noise, dreariness, discomfort and dirt. The amount of vice and crime springing from and fostered by the promiscuous herding together of human beings in these lodging houses has been a fruitful source of trouble to the police. In many of them there is an overcrowding of human beings far beyond anything that has ever been known in any civilized country on earth.

The Bowery is naturally the home of fakirs and worse. If these men are not hostile to religion—and few of them are—they will soon find that no man is more ready or willing to show sincere interest in them than Father Cunnion. The religion which he will preach and practice will not be wanting in reality. For the man who has no clothes to go to church Father Cunnion will try to find some. He will make the experiment of a tool store, where the unemployed and penniless mechanic or laborer can get a hammer or a shovel, or a saw, or a plane, to enable him to earn a day's wages. He will mobilize the immense forces of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, the Knights of Columbus, the A. O. H. and other organizations with which he is identified in order to procure work for the unemployed; he will awaken the latent feelings in the soul of the non-religious man, and sharpen his spiritual faculty which has been buried and dulled as a result of years of privation and neglect by proving that he is sincere in his efforts to benefit those to whom kindness and civility are strangers and that the benefits of Catholicity are not confined to the people in the pews or for the rich, the moral and the cultured.

Recognizing the fact that decent men are sometimes in great straits here for weeks and months at a time and that nothing tends to lower a man in tone or self-esteem quicker than life in our horrible cheap lodging houses, Father Cunnion will endeavor to stir up the poor habitues who hide in them at night and induce them to find homes among their friends, or at least in more congenial surroundings, where they will be shown that cleanliness, while next to godliness, costs no money, where they will not be stirred up for public exhibition or disturbed once or maybe twice a night by detectives who come looking for some criminal who is suspected of having a hand in the day's misdeeds. Another popular feature of the mission will be meal tickets, which will be distributed free to the most deserving cases by Father Cunnion.

While giving out a religious atmosphere, the mission will be sufficiently social in its character to attract the irreligious as well as the non-religious; the lukewarm and the indifferent; a sanctuary where the believing soul can find refuge and solace and human kindness, assistance, and encouragement and everything that enriches and beautifies human nature.—Catholic Universe.

THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES

(Boston Pilot.) Few literary men are more observant than French writers as a class. Some of them unfortunately are smitten with realism, only another name for literary abstinence, repellant

and disgusting; when, however, they are free to tell the graces of spiritual things it is difficult to better their work.

M. Firman Roz is one of these last. He has taken a trip through Great Britain and Ireland, and thus describes two places which came under his eyes in the island which everybody loves but the English. Of the first he says:

"Occasionally some nobleman's generosity has paid the expenses of a religion imported by his own race, and which he wishes to honor. An example of this is the Church of Westport, built by Lord Sligo, partly of stone and partly of marble, and set like a jewel in a clasp, just within the entrance to this park.

"On the Sunday evening when I answered the call of its deep-sounding bells, I found everything inside of the utmost warmth and cheerfulness. The lamps showed luxurious decorations, soft carpets, hangings of red silk, frescoes from Bible scenes, wrought iron work and glittering candelabra.

"Only a few faithful were present, a little selection of rich people dotted about the high-backed pews. In the first row sat a distinguished-looking man, with some youths in irreproachable English clothes, and several tall girls in pretty blouses, with their hair hanging down their backs.

"A clergyman in a white surplice, so white and so clean the starch was still in it, read a long philosophical-theological sermon. With his hands resting on the velvet ledge of a low pulpit, he delivered, in the heavy rhythm of the English language, some fine but unimpassioned prose.

"I had before me a perfect type of the educated, serious, respectable Protestant clergyman. After the sermon he gave out the number of a hymn, and the men's and women's voices, joining together, made a very effective and solemn choir.

"The twenty or thirty members of the congregation—I imagine, all the Anglican population of the town—then passed out with that air of dignity and peace which any regular observance of religious practice seems to give."

Cold, respectable, luxurious! Nothing wanting but life and warmth of feeling. And the English, who are always mildly surprised when anyone's taste differs from theirs, wonder why the impulsive, warm-blooded enthusiastic Irish people almost unanimously stay away. Englishmen and women, especially those who preach continuity, thinking that would settle the trifling matter between the Protestant and Catholic churches, have hoped that what attracted them would also attract the Irish, if they, the English, only waited patiently and long enough. Their stolen churches and comfortable chapels are still empty of all save the members of the English garrison, and the Catholic chapels, no matter what their physical condition, are as M. Roz thus tells:

"Out in the cold and rainy street the recollection of another church came to my mind—doubtless by contrast. That same morning, in the island of Achill, I had gone into the bleak and bare-looking building where the peasants were waiting for Mass.

"This huge, barn-like interior, destitute of decorations, had no other pretensions but to shelter the altar, the priest and the congregation; the latter was so large that I was never able to get much further than the door. The women, in their best cloaks and shawls, but with bare feet, knelt upon the stone floor. The men stood with their arms crossed, or leant on one knee, and the humble devotion that permeated the whole building was all the more touching for its silence.

"They had come from every part of the island, some on foot, some on horseback, some crowded together in

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels, causing them to become bound and costive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not grip, weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver.

Price 25 cents, or 3 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



We Tell Our Friends there isn't any soap made, as good as "SURPRISE," which is "A Pure Hard Soap" that washes well and wears well. THE ST. CROIX SOAP CO., St. Stephen, N.S.

donkey-carts. All along the roads I had passed picturesque groups of pedestrians of vehicles and of riders with wife or child on a crupper behind.

"They were the poorest of poor Catholic Ireland, and as they knelt the tragedy of their condition came forcibly home to me, those dispossessed and conquered people, still free and proud of soul, and still unquenchably faithful to the spiritual ideals of their forefathers.

"Where do they hide their money? For everywhere in Ireland, as if in revenge of a faith long oppressed but never destroyed, and in defiance of the religion of their former conquerors, they, in their turn, have erected everywhere magnificent temples, whose splendor seems like a song of victory sung above the city.

"At Queenstown rises a superb new cathedral, which cost twenty years of labor and four millions of money. It is built of blue-grey limestone and brilliant red marble. The effect is huge, luminous, triumphant, and serene.

"The little town of Lismore, spreading so decently round its central fountain at the foot of Devonshire's property, offers the surprise of its cheerful church, which inside is as sumptuous as a Lombard Cathedral. The Church of Enniskillen, again, in the middle of the principal street, possesses an old Gothic interior. Others less pretentious have been either enlarged or embellished."

A Good Name is to be Prized.—There have been imitations of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil which may have been injurious to its good name, but if so, the injury has only been temporary. Goodness must always come to the front and throw into the shadow that which is worthless. So it has been with Electric Oil; no imitation can maintain itself against the genuine article.

When we come to the end of life it is not the wisdom we have acquired or the wealth we have gained, or the fame we have won, that we like to remember, but the love we have given and received.

PUBLIC NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to incorporate "The Antonian Daughters of Our Lady of Good Help," as a charitable and religious institution.

DRUGS At Wholesale Prices

Table listing various drugs and their prices, including Dean's Kidney Pills, Ferrous Pills, Little Liver Pills, Bile Beans, etc.

THE F. E. KARN CO. Limited Canada's Greatest Mail Order Drug House, 52-124 Victoria St., Dept. W. TORONTO. Send for large illustrated Catalogue. Mailed free.

ROOFERS, Etc.

FOR A TIGHT ROOF, OR DRY BASEMENT; FOR METAL SKYLIGHTS; OR ANY SHEET METAL WORK CALL ON GEO. W. REED & CO., 337 Craig St. W.

BUSINESS CARDS, M. J. MORRISON, Advocate, ROOM 587 -- TEMPLE BUILDING

T. J. O'NEILL, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 180 ST. JAMES STREET.

Loans, Insurance, Renting and Collecting of Rents. Moderate charges, and prompt returns.

Bell Tel. Main 3552 Night day & service

CONROY BROS., 228 Centre Street.

Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters. ESTIMATES GIVEN. Jobbing Promptly Attended To.

Established 1864.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER-HANGER.

Whitewashing and Tinting. Orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate. Residence, 75 A Prince Street, Office, 647 Dorchester street, east of Bloor street, Montreal. Bell Telephone, Up 205.

LAWRENCE RILEY, PLASTERER.

Successor to John Riley. Established in 1862. Plain and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of all kinds promptly attended to. Estimates furnished. Postal orders attended to. 15 PARIS STREET, Point St. Charles.

Advertisement for 'The Angle Lamp' featuring an illustration of the lamp and text describing its benefits as a safe and efficient lighting source.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith 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 homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. W. F. COY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

SOLIT By REV.

CHAPTER IV.—(Cont.) Florian had reason to be over the prospect of losing the truth, and seemed little trouble in following after him as he thought gentle but final persistence would push him and the world aside if they stood for the truth. So it was she took up the study of Catholic faith when Florian made his proposal for her traditions of Clayburgh spoke of her neighbors were as idle like cobwebs. In the way her study not having satisfactory and convincing, ready to give up Florian a steadfast in her former faith. Such a nature may at the glance, but though it is quite consistent with tenderness and the strictness.

Florian thinking of those who rowed across the bay and more troubled, and finally courage. He would not permit a final decision that night strategy and tact ought to be even with so sincere a woman soft wind was rising, and that floated on the river was apart to let the stars shine like silver ornaments. Stronger it made great remembrance, which remained enough to show the dark island or the lights on shore. "I am so glad you have cried a soft voice from the most before he touched it. ed out, drew up the boat, and the hand outstretched. "You are always so, Ruth, with some reserve in her. "What is the trouble?" "Come inside and I'll tell you."

"I have heard from my father when they were so. "And his head is on his still, and no one has the murdered Florian regretfully. "O! what silliness!" and went to the window. "I must have the house from morning. I wouldn't like to hear us."

"Spies!" shouted Florian with a resolution in his face as if he had spoken it. "Oh! no, you mustn't." Ruth. "Wait till you hear me done, and then you may tell me if you want to."

"Spies! In this country pestered, with hot indignation. Ruth, I shall not wait an hour. "But remember, you imply father's liberty by interfering with me; and it was to help in saving him that I you to-night."

"Oh!" said Florian. "Scott, that queer hunter after sundown." Ruth told me that my father was a cave among the islands anxious that I should send money. "Scott was to bring it to me."

"That you would get me instead." Florian interrupted bring him some news and to get out of the country. "Not at all," said Ruth, I would go myself, for I wish to see me; but help to rid myself of those spies. "That is it," said Florian rising color and sparkling. "That is pleasant. You general, Ruth; you know what your means and how of them. What execution do!"

He held out his stout wrist and smiled. "I think we shall need more than wrist-work." "One shall supplement the other," said Florian. "When are you going?"

"At once, of course," she said. "Oh! if it is to be a night," murmured Florian sudden dash towards the window. "He went out the window, was gone and the wind was blowing rapidly. Dull clouds the sky, but the faint starling down in broken beams ugly whitecaps playing black waters.

"It will be a rough night," said Ruth. "Ah! but we shall not be out to-night." "I shall not be out to-night," said Ruth. "I shall not be out to-night," said Ruth.

"I shall not be out to-night," said Ruth. "I shall not be out to-night," said Ruth. "I shall not be out to-night," said Ruth.

...BY 25, 1906.
...ARDS,
...RRISON,
...ite,
...PLE BUILDING
...NEILL,
...AGENT,
...STREET.
...enting and Col-
...derate charges,
...ht day & service
...BROS.,
...Street.
...Steamfitters
...IVEN,
...Attended To.
1864.
...RIEN,
...orative Painter
...ORATIVE
...GER.
Orders promptly
...Office, 647 Du-
...street, Montreal
Up 205.
...RILEY,
...FOR.
Established in 1866.
...ing. Repairs of
...to. Estimator fur-
...ed to.
...nt St. Charles.
...oil lighting em-
...is fast displac-
...arly due to the
...world. Soft,
...y Shadow.
...like gas, you can
...The only lamp
...country homes.
...city man at a
...can't know all
...s Trial.
...full information,
...LALTY CO.,
...Toronto, Ont.
...N NORTH-WEST
...MULATIONS.
...d section of Do-
...n Manitoba or
...nces, excepting
...erved, may be
...person who is
...family, or any
...of age, to the
...section of 160
...personally at
...for the district
...situate, or if the
...may, on ap-
...ster of the In-
...ommissioner of
...ing, or the local
...y for some one
...required to per-
...connected three-
...following plan:
...onthe's residence,
...of the land in
...s mother, if the
...homestead-
...in the vicinity
...for the require-
...may be satis-
...siding with the
...his permanent
...ing land owned
...y of his home-
...as to res-
...ded by residence
...ce in writing
...Commissioner
...at Ottawa of in-
...patient.
...publication of
...ill not be paid
...W. COOK,
...the Registrar.

SOLITARY ISLAND

A NOVEL.

By REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Florian had reason to be troubled over the prospect of losing her. She loved the truth, and seemed to have little trouble in following it. He often smiled as he thought with what gentle but firm persistence Ruth would push him and the whole world aside if they stood between her and the truth. So it was with her as she took up the study of the Catholic faith when Florian had made his proposal for her hand. The traditions of Clayburgh and the spite of her neighbors were brushed aside like cobwebs. In the same way her study not having proved satisfactory and convincing, she was ready to give up Florian and remain steadfast in her former indifference. Such a nature may look hard at the glance, but though uncommon it is quite consistent with the deepest tenderness and the strongest passion.

Florian thinking of these things as he rowed across the bay grew more and more troubled, and finally lost courage. He would not press her to a final decision that night. A little strategy and tact ought to be used even with so sincere a woman. A soft wind was rising, and the mist that floated on the river was shaken apart to let the stars shine through like silver ornaments. Growing stronger it made great rents in the mist, which remained open long enough to show the dark mass of an island or the lights on shore.

"I am so glad you have come!" cried a soft voice from the shore, almost before he touched it. He jumped out, drew up the boat, and clasped the hand outstretched to him.

"You are always so, Ruth," he said, with some reserve in his tones.

"What is the trouble?"

"Come inside and I'll tell you." And they went into the sitting-room together.

"I have heard from my father," she said when they were seated.

"And his head is on his shoulders still, and no one has the reward?" murmured Florian regretfully.

"O! what silliness." She rose and went to the window. "Those spies infect the house from morning till night. I wouldn't like to have them hear us."

"Spies!" shouted Florian, rising, with a resolution in his face as plain as if he had spoken it.

"Oh! no, you mustn't," pleaded Ruth. "Wait till you hear what it is to be done, and then you may go after the spies if you want to."

"Spies! in this country?" he repeated, with hot indignation. "No, Ruth, I shall not wait an instant."

"But remember, you imperil my father's liberty by interfering now," said Ruth; "and it was to have your help in saving him that I sent for you to-night."

"Oh!" said Florian. "I shall wait."

"Scott, that queer hunter, came to me after sundown," Ruth began, "and told me that my father was hiding in a cave among the islands, and was anxious that I should send him some money. Scott was to bring it, but I told him—"

"That you would get me to do it instead," Florian interrupted, "and bring him some news and help him to get out of the country."

"Not at all," said Ruth, "but that I would go myself, for I know how he wishes to see me; but I will need help to rid myself of those spies."

"That is it," said Florian, with rising color and sparkling eyes. "That is pleasant. You are a good general, Ruth; you know how to select your means and how to dispose of them. What execution these will do!"

He held out his stout wrists, and she smiled.

"I think we shall need head-work more than wrist-work."

"One shall supplement the other," said Florian. "When are we to begin?"

"At once, of course," she answered.

"Oh! it is to be a night adventure," murmured Florian, with a sudden dash towards prudence, and she was gone and the wind was freshening rapidly. Dull clouds obscured the sky, but the faint starlight, shining down in broken beams, showed ugly whitecaps playing across the black waters.

"It will be a rough night."

"Ah! but we shall not be out all night," said Ruth; "and for an hour this wind will be no stronger. But we must not delay, and I must get over to-night."

pretty island not more than a mile distant from the Canadian shore.

"This is the place," said Ruth; "we are to look for a projecting rock, a house, and a light."

"That is, you want Scott's oratory, hermitage, ranch, or whatever you please to call it," he replied.

"Cabin is a good word, for I fancy the hunter is not a man of much prayer."

"He ought to be, in this solitude." And Florian fell silent, overcome, perhaps, by the majesty of those scenes through which he was gliding. All at once a light and a rock burst upon their view, and the hunter himself stood on the shore to welcome them in the darkness.

"This is a stiff breeze," said Florian, "just right for a short sail. If but Linda were with us!"

"Excuse me," said a voice in the darkness, "but I am anxious to cross to Grindstone. If you are going that way I would be highly obliged if you would permit me to accompany you."

Ruth pressed Florian's arm as a man came out of the gloom.

"We are very sorry," answered Florian, with much roughness, "but it is impossible. We do not know you. He is a fool," he added in an undertone. "Any one could understand that dodge."

"I am very well known at the hotel," said the stranger. "Mr. Johnston would consider it a personal compliment if you could oblige me."

"Oh! that's another thing," said Florian. "Jump in." And to Ruth's chagrin and astonishment, the stranger entered, the boat was pushed off, and in an instant they were scudding like a bird over the angry bay.

Florian, though not a humorist, had a keen appreciation of the humorous side of events and men, and after his very proper refusal to admit the stranger into the boat, it occurred to him that a joke would not be out of place in the midst of a serious adventure. Therefore he changed his mind, and though taken up with the little vessel, could afford a silent laugh at his future intentions.

The spy, if such was his character, could hardly be a keen man or at all fitted for his office. Florian had a reputation for keenness, and delighted to play off that quality against its counterfeit, rejoicing, as youth and vanity ever does, in the display of power. The boat flew very rapidly over the water—in fact, the wind was almost too much for the vessel, as some wild seas, which partly drenched the stranger, plainly showed.

"Quite a rough night," said he, by way of destroying a very awkward silence.

"One of those nights that bring no one out without a reason," said Florian.

The stranger relapsed into silence, as if the cut had reached him. Ruth began dimly to perceive that Florian had an object in his strange action towards the spy.

In half an hour they were at Round Island, and the boat shot lightly into a sheltered cove.

"Here you are, sir. Come, Ruth," said Florian, and he swung the boat to the shore. "Make that rope fast at the bow, and jump on again," he added in a whisper.

The stranger landed, the bow swung round, Ruth was already aboard, and with a light shove the boat was far enough out to catch the wind.

"Excuse me," called the stranger, "but I am not quite sure of my way."

"Keep away from the water," said Florian, "and you're all right. Good night, sir. I am happy to have obliged Mr. Johnston."

"Thank you," came very dubiously from the deserted stranger, and a light laugh from the amused young people floated back to him.

"I am sorry," said Ruth, "to put him in so sad a plight."

"Fough!" cried Florian in disgust. "I could scarcely keep from punching his head. Don't waste your sentiment, Ruth; keep it all for me."

"Pray be silent, Florian. You are not usually so silly, and this is not the time for extravagance."

"Not the time! What wind and waves, and cloud and sky are full of it!" cried he with enthusiasm, and would have said more, but that, entering into a narrow channel which had the full sweep of the wind, he felt constrained to turn all his attention to the vessel.

Not a small portion of the waves which broke in their path found a lodging place in the boat; and as they emerged from the channel into a broad bay where the shifting winds had full play, the little craft began to heave, and between altering their course and dodging seas they were a long time getting to their destination. It was with great satisfaction Florian sailed under the lee of a

"That is, you have never seen any."

"Father," murmured Ruth, slipping into her father's outstretched arms, as that gentleman entered, followed by Scott. The hermit smiled approvingly on the scene still, looking at Florian, he seemed suddenly and strangely overcome, and shuffled awkwardly into a corner.

"I have it," thought Florian; "he had a daughter, and this scene recalls many a painful one."

"Florian, a thousand thanks," said the squire, shaking hands violently with the youth, his face purple with emotion, restrained because the hermit had forbidden him to roar. "She is yours, and you will guard her when I'm far away on the billows."

"On your pillow?" cried Florian.

"Why—"

"On the billows, sir!" said the squire. "No tricks, sir; I can't stand them now. I mean, when I am sailing for sunny France take care of her."

"I'll go with you," whimpered Ruth beginning to cry and patting his white head.

"Ay, that's right," said the squire.

"Pat away. You may not know what a costly piece of furniture that head of mine is now with two governments after it. You'll come with me? Not at all. You'll stay here with Florian and go to France on your bridal tour. I'll have a place for you. I'll be the thorn of those two rascally governments. I'll be lonely, I know, but I'll make up for it by fight. There, there, little girl, just sit down and get sensible again. You don't happen to have a pipe, Florian? This man here don't smoke—not even fire in him for that."

"Here you are," said Florian, producing the article. "Not smoke!" he thought. "Why, I did not notice the absence of tobacco. Two points acquired."

Ruth made strenuous efforts to recover from a fit of sobbing, and her father lighted his pipe. Under its soothing influence he grew melancholy.

"When I'm in France, Florian—"

"But you're not there yet, sir, and we don't intend you shall go."

"Nonsense! You don't know the malice, the devilish what-d'ye-call-it, of those two governments. If we fail, said Mackenzie to me, 'we're damned'—politically I mean. What's the use? I must go. I'm cut out for an exile; I feel it all over me, along with the rheumatism, since I began jiggling around these confounded islands. Here that sigh? It attacks me regularly night and day."

Ruth smiled.

"That's right, dear," said he. "I know what you're thinking of—that it will take many sighs to make the old man give up the last one. They may search and persecute, but I won't lose a pound of flesh for 'em. No, sir!"

"What do you think, Scott?" said Florian to the hermit. "Isn't there some way to get the squire out of this muddle?"

"Muddle, sir!" thundered the squire in a crescendo which sank to a whisper at the warning gesture of Scott.

"You mean revolution."

"I beg your pardon," said Florian. "—revolution."

"There is but one way that I know of," replied Scott modestly.

"You! What do you know about it?" said the squire roughly. "Why, Florian, what can any one think of a man who says that it takes as much power in Almighty God to knock a thing into nothing as it did to take it out of nothing? He says that and swears by it. Don't you, sir—don't you?"

"Third point," muttered Florian. "He studies philosophy."

"What I was thinkin'," said Scott, heedless of the squire, "this young man might go down to the governor of the State and just settle the matter in a quiet way without much talk—"

"Certainly! That ends it—a boy settles a revolution."

"No, no, papa," said Ruth. "He means that Florian shall bear your submission."

"I'll never submit! Well, go on."

"To the governor, and may be he will accept it, and you will not have to go so far away and leave me alone."

"That's the hardest part of it—leaving you, dear; but what can I do—what can I do?"

Scott beckoned Florian and the two went outside.

"You see," said the hermit, "as far as I can learn, this country ain't so much against the squire as he thinks. It's my opinion that if some friend went to the governor and said, 'Here, there ain't no earthly use in drivin' an old man out of his own house because the British lion is roarin'; s'posin' he gives himself up, wouldn't the government kind-a pardon him and let him stay at home while he keeps quiet?'—that would

Fruit Cures Constipation

"Fruit-a-tives" cure Constipation because they are made of fruit.

Constipation comes from just one cause—lack of bile. It is the bile—flowing into the intestines—that causes the bowels to move. More bile is the only thing that can cure Chronic Constipation. Fruit acts directly on the liver. It stimulates and strengthens the millions of tiny liver cells—causes more bile to be made—and makes the liver give up more bile to the bowels.

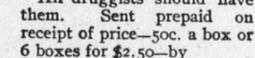
Mrs. KATZ KURTZ, Dunnville, Ont., writes stating that for years constipation was her trouble, and says: "I have used 'Fruit-a-tives' with great benefit, and they are a grand medicine for constipation and other stomach trouble. I would not care to be without them in the house, they are so good."

Cathartics, pills, salts, aperient waters don't reach the liver. They merely irritate the bowels and make the bowels move by irritating the lining membrane. Constipation is made worst by such drugs.



contain no calomel, cascara, senna or other bowel irritants. They are concentrated fruit juices, combined and made more active medicinally by our process of uniting them. "Fruit-a-tives" are a liver tonic. They tone up and stimulate the liver—and cause the liver to secrete more bile. This means a healthy bowel action and a permanent cure for Constipation, Biliousness and kindred troubles.

All druggists should have them. Sent prepaid on receipt of price—50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50—by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.



settle the hull business, I think."

"I think the same," said Florian.

"We'll persuade him to give me the authority to treat for him, and you will be kind enough to keep him for a few days until I return."

"In course, in course; he's welcome as long as he stays."

"You have a nice place about here," said Florian, desiring to draw him out. "A little lonely, perhaps?"

"Somewhat, but I like it," answered the man simply. "I couldn't stay in your towns now, and there isn't another place in the world I'd exchange with just at this moment."

"You have not had much experience in towns?"

"A good deal," said Scott, reflectively; "but not for a long spell. I crammed a pile of fact into a short spell and got tired mighty soon. It's always the way, even here, I notice, though you don't get tired so quick nor you don't stay that way long. When I get all out of sorts, be it night or day, I walk out on this island and that's enough for me: I'm quieted right off, and me and everybody in the world seems suited one to 't'other. I look at them stars a-shinin' and a-twinklin' so easy and careless up thar, and then I see 'em looking the same in the water, with a little tremble."

Florian had waked the hermit into a quiet enthusiasm, which showed itself only in the quantity of his words; for as to animation of gesture or look, there was none. He thought it a fair opportunity to put a few leading questions. "I do not wonder at such feelings," he said; "for I have often thought that such a life would be a second paradise."

"It is, it is," interrupted Scott earnestly. "I declare to you I never knew what happiness really was till I lit on this place."

"But its disadvantages are so many," continued the youth. "and loneliness is the first. Then when sickness overtakes you, or feebleness, the comforts of companionship, and particularly of religion, are wanting."

"Well, about religion I can't say much," taking the youth by the arm and beginning to walk up and down. "For I don't s'pose I've got a good bit of it. I don't care for the comforts of companionship. I have never suffered half as much from loneliness

feelin's here as in the world. There's nothin' stands between me and God but this, boy—and he beat his body. "And God is here," he added reverently, "and who can say that he is lonely with such a bel'n' round? I can't. I found out when I was like you that you've got to be alone most of the time. Those you think most of are very near, but they only show you that you can't git any mortal man or woman as near your heart as you want. God only can fold you right up and satisfy you; and he's all I want or expect."

"Then he has no particular religion," thought Florian; "now to see if he has any relations. You are right in what you have said," he remarked aloud, "and I feel the force of every word. But a man must suffer to be educated to the practice of such ideas."

"A little—not much." And Scott was silent.

"I have often thought of trying it for a time," said Florian—"this life. I love these scenes so. I love the beautiful solitude of such a night as this—a solitude so full of voices that but for their harmony you might think yourself among men. But old ties are hard to break. You, perhaps, had no such ties to hold you to the world."

"I had my ambitions," said Scott, "but a breath blasts those foolish things. I had a few hearts bound to mine kind—a strong, but death makes short work of sich. Ne, of course I mightn't have had as many as you, but I had enough, I reckon; but still I got over 'em, and they never trouble me now."

"No relations, probably," thought Florian; "no religion. How did he come here? is the next question, and what are his expectations? How did you happen to get a liking for this kind of life, Scott? Was it very hard at first?"

"No, it was never hard. I was kind of broken up and took to it for health's sake; then I stayed in it, and I'm goin' to stay in it till the end, if I can. Some morning they'll be lookin' for me and they'll find me dead. 'I'll be buried thar, I trust, whar the old house stands—unless," he added playfully, "the angels of the island bury me quietly themselves, for I love 'em well, as they know."

"You are deserving of such a burial," said Florian; "no man has ever paid such honor to nature as you have in this section. I would like to be present when they bury you."

"The world doesn't come in to such funerals," Scott answered, laughing; "so you needn't expect to. Hadn't we better go in now and try to win over the old man?"

"One moment, Scott. I am going to ask a favor of you which you must grant me. I like this solitude and I like you. Will you permit me to come here sometimes and stay a week with you, and fish and hunt and talk with you? It will only be for a short time, as I will soon be going off from this place."

The hermit listened with patience to this bold request.

"I don't invite any one here," he said reservedly; "but if you want to you kin come on conditions. You're not to talk about me to any one as long's you live; and as to your comin', remember I don't invite any one, and they can't come too seldom."

Without waiting to receive Florian's thanks for so concise and negative an invitation, he went hastily into the cabin. Ruth had reconciled her father to the proposition of an Embassy of peace to the governor, and from considering the woes of exile the hearty squire had passed to the contemplation of a homely yet safe future, while he was ready with all sorts of advice for his young ambassador.

"Don't stoop, Florian—don't yield an inch. They'll be glad enough to listen to you when they hear your message. I'd rather an older man should go; but you have the ability, and 'twill be an opening for you. You'll get acquainted with the noise, and a slight hint that you are related to me won't do any harm. A good deal may come of it. Revolutionists are the style of this age, and you reflect some of the glory. Mackenzie won't like it. He'll be in jail and I'll be out; but, pshaw! why didn't he have gumption enough to hoo his own roe in Canada? I did my share on this side. I'll be blest if I'll do any more."

"That's the way I look at it," Scott began.

"I don't want you to look at it," snapped the squire. "Get do you know about the matter? Get correct ideas of Almighty God before you debate in politics."

"Good advice," said Florian, "if politicians themselves will follow it."

(To Be Continued.)

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spots. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured."

Price 25 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All druggists or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE VATICAN WHITE BOOK

Correspondence Between France and Holy See is Published.

A French translation of the Vatican white book regarding the separation of Church and State reached Paris a few days ago.

In the leading chapters an effort is made to demonstrate that the entire onus for the rupture between the Vatican and the French Government and the resultant separation of Church and State rests with various French Cabinets, the members of which pursued an anti-religious policy, including the suppression of the congregations and religious instruction in the schools.

The book next proceeds with the refutation of the accusation that separation was rendered inevitable by the attitude of the Church. It declares that this charge was made because French statesmen, knowing that the people of France had no desire for separation, wished to disclaim responsibility for the consequences, which, it is pointed out, would be equally serious for France and the Church.

Then follow arguments showing the baselessness of the charge brought against the Church of acting contrary to the interests of the Republic.

The question of the nomination of Bishops is discussed at length.

The appendix deals in the main with the French protectorate over Catholics in the Far East, and the argument is advanced that although the protectorate is founded on international treaties, it must depend on the will of the Vatican.

This is the historical justification of the dealing of the Vatican with France. The encyclical of the Holy Father, which, it is expected, will be issued soon, will outline the policy to be pursued by the Catholics in France.

It is said that the mind of the Vatican authorities regarding the policy to be followed in the face of the new law of separation was ably reflected in a recent article published in the Revue des Deux Mondes, by Ferdinand Brunetiere, the only member of the French Academy known to be in close relations with the Vatican. He says that it is now necessary for the French Bishops to get together and assemble in plenary council to take action for the new conditions created in the Church in France.

No matter, however, if the meeting of the French Bishops be held at the direct order of the Pope or at the urging of the French cardinal primate, the assembling of the bishops must be considered a matter of supreme necessity, in order to show the world that there is still some unity in the Church of France, notwithstanding the desperate description recently given by a French Bishop regarding Catholic conditions as they exist at present in the country. Then unity of action is very important at the present moment, as, in the face of the new law, it is not possible to adopt certain measures in one diocese and not to enforce them in all the others.

The writer suggests that the council of bishops shall leave all political questions aside and instruct the clergy to do the same in their future action. He suggests the details of future organizations of the Church of France, chief among which will be the nomination of new bishops, of whom France at the present moment needs seventeen. He believes that the Holy See would not act wisely in nominating any foreigner or any member of the religious orders recently expelled from France, and that perhaps it would be advisable for the Vatican authorities not to make nominations direct, but to consult the French hierarchy and clergy before selecting a candidate to a vacant diocese. In fact, he advocates the same system of episcopal nominations now prevailing in the United States, where bishops and clergy are permitted to forward to Rome several names for selection. This opinion of M. Brunetiere is known to be shared by Pius X.

Orders have already been issued by the Vatican authorities that the Bishops of France shall assemble, not in Paris nor in Rome, but in an obscure provincial French town, probably Blois, and there discuss the

new situation created to the Church in France by the adoption of the new law.

The French Minister of Worship, M. Bienvenu Martin, has just appointed a special commission, composed of Messrs. Briand, Bruissin, Valde and Lacomte, among others, to elaborate a set of rules for the practical working of the new law. This set of rules will have to be approved by the Council of State, and the hope at the Vatican just now is that no rules will be adopted interfering with the rights of the Holy See to the nomination of the French bishops independently from the control of the government.

IRELAND TO HOLD A WORLD'S FAIR.

Ireland is to hold a world's fair in 1907. It will embody the results of the industrial revival which has swept over that island during the past decade. A large plot of ground in Dublin has been purchased, work will be begun on the buildings in a few weeks, and in the summer of next year the Emerald Isle will invite the world to come and visit it.

Plans for this undertaking have been maturing for some years. There have been many obstacles to overcome, but the movement has been led by such indomitable men as James Shanks, ex-lord mayor of Dublin, and they determined at the start that they would not fail. They have at last raised the necessary guarantee fund, and the enterprise is on a most promising basis.

The main feature of the exposition will be the exhibition of home manufactures. Everything will be done, by the erection of suitable buildings and facilities for display, to make the Irish section a show worth going any distance to see. All trades and every handicraft will be amply represented. Cottage industries will be given a prominent place and the native arts and crafts will have a great display.

The untravelling Irishman will have his first opportunity in many years to see the newest things of foreign manufacture. Furthermore, Ireland's greatest need just now is for markets for the wares which are the first fruits of the industrial revival now in progress. The promoters believe that these markets can be found in no better way than by the holding of a "world's fair."

Incidentally, hundreds of thousands of visitors will be drawn to Ireland by the exhibition for the first time. It is expected, too, that this exposition will form a magnet which will draw thousands of Irish-Americans back for a visit to their old homes.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN'S TROUBLE

Is Diseased Kidneys and the Cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Wonderful Cure of Mrs. Jas. Kinella, Who Slept in a Chair for Two Summers—What she Says of It.

St. Malachie, Que., Jan. 22—(Special)—A cure of great interest to women has attracted the attention of those interested in medical matters in this neighborhood. Mrs. Jas. Kinella, wife of a well-known citizen, had suffered from a complication of troubles for about two years. She had a pain in the right hip, in the back, and was obliged to pass water every fifteen minutes in a burning itching sort of way.

She could not sleep at night and had to sit up in a chair for two summers. Dodd's Kidney Pills cured her. Mrs. Kinella, speaking of her cure, says: "After the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better. Then I got more and they did me a world of good. I have never slept in the chair since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Woman's health depends on her kidneys. Nine-tenths of the so-called female complaints are caused by uric acid in the blood. Cure your kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can have no uric acid in the blood.

FLED IN FORTY-EIGHT.

A Dublin paper states that the recently deceased Dead of Limerick, Father Flanagan, was at the seminary of St. Sulpice, Paris, when the revolution of 1848 broke out, and he had to make his way out of the city in lay disguise. For some years he was a member of the Birmingham oratory, under Dr. Newman, with whom he always remained on terms of the closest friendship, and he assisted Dr. Newman by preparing some of the theological matter for the "Apologia pro Vita Sua." Dean Flanagan was 85 years old, but his mind was clear and active to the last.

DORAN FOR MAYOR.

MASS MEETING

AT THE ST. GABRIEL HALL Island Street,

FRIDAY NIGHT, Jan. 26th

Many distinguished speakers will address the meeting.

FAMOUS CATHOLIC PUBLISHER DEAD.

During four decades P. J. Kennedy has been the honored head of the great Catholic publishing house of P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. His sudden death has evoked widespread regret. He was one of the oldest Catholic publishers in the country and was upright and honorable in all his dealings, while progressive and alert.

His funeral took place from the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, and was attended by representatives of all the Catholic publishing houses in the city. Later his remains were placed in the vaults of the Walsby Chapel of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, some time ago builded by Mr. Kennedy as a family memorial at a cost of \$10,000.

LECTURE UNDER AUSPICES OF YOUNG LADIES' CAN. BEN. ASSOCIATION.

The members and friends of the above association were given an illustrated lecture by Dr. W. H. Donnelly last Wednesday evening at St. Anthony's Villa, which proved most interesting. This Association, which is of comparatively recent origin, looks after the moral as well as the temporal good of its members. These lectures, which are given monthly, are well worth attending.

On Catholic Papers and Magazines

I have, perhaps, more than most men had more opportunities of noting the effect of the Catholic newspapers on the life around us—especially in country places. In many cases men have told me that the Catholic paper kept their faith alive, and that their children have remained Catholics mainly through the influence which these papers worked on their lives. Away from the vivid Catholic life of an American city with none of those intellectual or social incentives which make the practice of religion easy in great centres of civilization these men and their families were dependent on the weekly paper for the vitalization of their faith.

"My six boys," a man whom I met in Minnesota in September said to me, "are all Catholics; they have married Catholics; and living as we did on a distant farm, far from a church we were kept faithful by the Catholic paper—each of my boys gets from me each Christmas a paid-up subscription to a Catholic paper."

It is impossible to realize the influence of the Catholic press on faith and morals unless you get away from the cities. There sermons, lectures, books, libraries are available; organizations of all sorts abound, but imagine the remote village, the far-off farm house, the long winter evenings which may be spent in reading perhaps, but in reading which has no relation to those essential truths and rules of conduct which makes the glory and the grandeur of the faith.

The priest everywhere finds his path made easier by the press. He does not have to cultivate reverence; it exists already where a Catholic paper is taken. The paper furnishes food for thought, for conversation. It is a history of the past, a record of the present and a permeative power which makes day by day for the growth of honest, fearless, well formed Christian manhood.—Maurice Francis Egan.

CANCER OF THE FACE.

Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., will gladly send you the names of Canadians who have tried their painless home treatment for Cancer in all parts of the body. Some of the cures are simply marvellous.

AN IRISH TOY MAKER.

Miss Kathleen Cody, of the Irish Ladies' Choir, has the unique distinction of being one of the first Irish toy-makers, and is at the head of a little establishment in Nenagh, County Tipperary, where dolls are made in large numbers and not only used to gratify the motherly feelings of little Irish girls, but are exported to England, Scotland, and even to America. The idea came to Miss Cody while she was completing her musical studies in Germany. One afternoon while strolling through the streets of a Bavarian town she saw a box of dolls addressed to an American firm lying in front of a toy-maker's shop. She conceived the idea of making dolls in Ireland and on her return to her native land put it into execution. The industry was a success from the start, and is now giving employment to a number of country people in the idle hours of Irish rural life.

Advertisement for S. Carsley Co. Limited, featuring a 'BIG SALE OF DRESS GOODS' and 'SPECIAL SALE OF LINENS'. The ad lists various fabrics like French Challies, Welsh Tweed, and Russian Crash, along with their prices and sale dates. It also includes a 'SALE OF FURS' with 'EXTRAORDINARY REDUCTIONS'.

Advertisement for 'THE GARDEN AND THE CHILD' and 'ST. PETER'S CRUCIFIXION'. It contains several short stories or reflections, including one about a child who lost a flower and another about a man who lost a friend.

Advertisement for 'GET THE BEST LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE'. It claims to be 'THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD' and is manufactured by G. J. Lunn & Co. in Montreal.



THE BRITISH Labor Party Owes M Great Strength to the Vote. HON. JNO. COSTIGAN FUL VIEW.

Although the Liberal has been predicted for some such an overwhelming victory hardly counted upon. It is to foresee what effect it will have on the Irish people can hardly be felt thoroughly satisfied however, are turned to February, when Parliament is to meet for its last session in the year. The following given by Hon. John Costigan Ottawa Free Press gives of how the question is in this country:

(Ottawa Free Press.) The returns from the B. Tions are gratifying, to O vocates of Home Rule. The friends of the Irish country must be numerous may judge from the the federal parliament upon motion moved by Hon. Jol indorsing the policy of the tional Party.

Among those who believe land has reason for renew view of the events of the days is Mr. Costigan him watching the progress of as fast as the reports re To the Free Press to de tigan expressed the opinio Liberal victory in Engla seem to place Sir Henr Barmenian in a position Home Rule Bill with litt He does not agree with th sert that the generous sup Campbell-Barmenian is re result in his throwing Ho aside. "However strong the may become," said the ve median legislator, "it cam to ignore the powerful int manding Home Rule."

Mr. Costigan then point alliance between the Irish ist party and the Labor strong sympathies existi these elements of the new he affirmed, would compli ment to carry out its pro ameliorate the conditions "Why," remarked Mr. "The Government would hav up the Irish and Labor part it could go back on its ple The pledges to the labor of an indefinite nature, an known what legislation w acted to satisfy this grow The Nationalists are suppo Labor members in return help in the Home Rule act a powerful combination brought about.

Apart from these consider Costigan finds ground for Home Rule legislation in that nearly all the ministere mitted to that policy and them who had been in the Hament had voted with the Nationalists. Mr. Chamberlain has been ed to a degree which make greater force in parliament for the elections. On thi Mr. Costigan concludes he cognized all the more by the Sir Henry will be dispos to keep all his friends are By alienating any support he indirectly, but strengthening the hands of lain. Accordingly the true the government would be all its support, which can without Home Rule for in

As to the degree of ino land wants Mr. Costigan is no question. Nothing t separation scheme has bee of by Canadian Home Ru & Mr. Redmond's policy.