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Feb 19 1909.
Assemblée Instructive
QUEBEC CITY

Vol. LVIII., No. 23

Note and Comment

The recent competitive examination for thirty vacant clerkships on the Great Northern Railway of Ireland appears to have resulted in the appointment of twenty Catholics. This average has been attained in all the examinations held since the House of Commons, at the instance of Mr. MacVeagh, M.P., compelled the railway company to open their clerkships to competitive examinations.

Free Catholic lectures to all classes of creeds and colors are being organized by the Brooklyn Federation of Catholics.

In a discourse in Manchester on the unemployed masses, Father Bernard Vaughan said: "If we were truer to Christ we would know better perhaps how to deal with the question of the unemployed. If they had been given stronger food on which to feed their souls, they would see to-day that there is some other solution of the question than that which is being offered to them."

Several young Irishmen are preparing for the Egyptian missions. A new college for foreign missions has been opened this year near Castlebar, Mayo.

An old and valuable copy of the Roman Missal, published in 1751, was found the other day in a bale of old paper in the Bryant mill, of Kalamazoo, Mich. The volume is an excellent state of preservation. It is described by Raymond J. McNally, son of James J. McNally, of Youngstown, formerly a student at Niagara and Notre Dame Universities and now a bright young reporter on the Kalamazoo Gazette. Printed in black and red, on coarse heavy paper, and illustrated with steel engravings, the old book is interesting not only from a religious and historical, but from a material point of view, he says. It is printed in Latin throughout.

In the honor list published on the King's birthday, knighthood was conferred on Sir Heffernan James Fritz Considine, who, for the last nine years, has held the post of deputy Inspector General of the Royal Irish Constabulary. The new knight was born sixty-two years ago, the eldest son of the late Mr. Heffernan Considine, of Derk Park, one of that notable County Limerick group of converts which included the late Lord Enaly and Sir Stephen and Aubrey de Vere. Sir Heffernan was at Stonyhurst with his brother, Father Daniel Considine, S.J., the new rector of Wimbledon College, passing thence to Lincoln College, Oxford. He was appointed an Irish resident magistrate in 1812, and served successively in Cork, Kerry and Kilkenny Counties, his services in that capacity during difficult times earning on several occasions the thanks of the Lord Lieutenant and the Irish Government. He was created a C. B. in 1902, and had his M. V. O. a year later.

To judge from an announcement from Rome, which appeared in the Catholic papers of Paris, it would seem that the cause of the beatification of Jeanne d'Arc is nearing a successful conclusion. Mgr. Guthlin, Superior-General of the Church of St. Louis des Français, judging that from the present state of the cause, the beatification may take place next spring, is preparing to erect an altar in honor of the Maid in the national church in Rome.

A Reuter's telegram from Rome states that Cardinal Gotti, Prefect of the Propaganda, has received a most affectionate and touching letter from all the English Bishops who are on the point of leaving the Propaganda, having been withdrawn from its jurisdiction. In the letter the Bishops say that they wish to pay homage to the Prefect of that Congregation under whose leadership the Church has made such progress in the countries which are considered as mission lands of the Sacred College. The Bishops further present their greetings to the Pope on the occasion of his sacerdotal jubilee and offer His Holiness gold to the value of \$4,000.

Rev. Father Baude, O.P., an officer of the French Academy and one of the foremost French-Canadian authors and writers in Manchester, N.H., on a several weeks visit. Father Baude is delivering a course of lectures in the United States and is to appear at the Knights of Columbus hall, Boston, on Jan. 31. His lecture will be on Octave Cremazie, one of the first of Canadian poets.

The congress organized to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the French Catholic newspaper, La Croix, was a great success. It was attended by some thousand delegates from all parts of the country. At the opening sitting Commander Paul Feron, Vrau, the editor, telegraphed in the name of the Congress to Cardinal Merry del Val, begging him to place at the feet of Pius X. "the respectful homage of filial devotion and absolute obedience and fidelity to his teachings and supernatural directions" of the one thousand congressists. Cardinal Merry del Val replied: "The Holy Father, deeply touched by the homage, good wishes and the expression of sentiments of obedience and fidelity by members of the jubilee congress of La Croix, wishes long life and increasing prosperity for the valiant Catholic journal."

The zealous Paulist Fathers of New York have taken steps for the spiritual care of the Italian members of their large congregation. A special Mass is celebrated for Italians every Sunday, and sodalities for men and women are being organized. Classes in music and sewing for the children have also been inaugurated. The work is in charge of Father McSorley.

Lord Lovat, the chief of the Fraser clan, who came to Quebec for the Tercentenary last summer as the lineal descendant of the Col. Fraser who led Wolfe's troops to victory at Quebec in 1759, is among those who received further honors on the occasion of the King's Birthday. Besides the command of the Highland Territorial Mounted Brigade, is now conferred a Knight Commander of the Victoria Order, of which he was created a Commander five years since. Simultaneously with the announcement of this honor, The Gazette records Lord Lovat's appointment as A.D.C. to the King for the Territorial Force.

HEALTH TALKS.

In future we will devote space to "Health Talks" to which we direct the attention of parents and teachers, and hope by this means to be of assistance to those who are eager to learn the best means of retaining health and also the precautions to be taken against infection.

A careful perusal of this column will, we feel confident, prove both interesting and beneficial.

St. Thomas Aquinas' Fair.

The autumnal fair of St. Thomas Aquinas Church was continued into the present week, and attracted big crowds Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening. Each of the booths was well patronized, and Rev. Father Thomas F. Heffernan, the pastor, on the closing evening, expressed his thanks to those who had cooperated so effectively to make the function successful and profitable to the church. Much enjoyment was derived from the drawings for the various objects offered for sale and afterwards drawn for by lots. Some of the prizes thus distributed were most valuable, including some splendid specimens of embroidery, dolls dressed in the latest fashion, and various other objects. The young ladies never flagged in their devotion to the work in hand, and the success of the fair is largely due to their efforts.

Silver Jubilee of Rev. Fathers Rioux and Flynn.

Congratulations Extended by the Clergy and Laity of the City.—A Splendid Musical Programme.

On Thursday evening last, the people of St. Ann's parish turned out in large numbers to celebrate the silver jubilee of two of their beloved priests, Rev. Father Rioux, C.S.S.R., the rector, and Rev. Father Flynn, C.S.S.R., the Minister of the parish. Though the latter was detained in the United States on a mission, he was not forgotten, and the kindest references were made to him by the various speakers.

The concert given by the united choirs of St. Ann's, under the leadership of Prof. Shea, was a veritable artistic triumph, and testified more loudly than could any words to the elevating influences which have been at work among the people of that typical Irish parish. So marked was the success of the musical programme that it is proposed to give the combined choirs an opportunity to appear before larger audiences in a more extensive hall in the central portion of the city.

Those who have heard the adult choirs of St. Ann's were not in the least disappointed by their execution of the difficult pieces undertaken. The sextet in the first portion of the programme was perhaps the most striking selection and charmed all by its excellent rendering, while the "Miserere" from Verdi was done with an art which compelled admiration, the magnificent voice of Miss A. McDermott being heard in this selection to an advantage rarely attained by local singers.



REV. FATHER RIOUX, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Ann's Church.

The religious celebration of the jubilee had taken place some time ago, at St. Ann's Church, on the anniversary of the ordination of the two priests, who had been companions since boyhood. Rev. Father Rioux is a native of Trois Pistoles, where his family counts among the most distinguished in that district, while Rev. Father Flynn is a native of Percé, Gaspé, and comes from a family which has given a Prime Minister to the province. Both studied together at the Little Seminary of Rimouski, and hearing the call to the sacred vocation, went together to Belgium, where they spent their period of novitiate. Since their return they have served in the various houses of the Redemptorist Order throughout Canada, and have been engaged in missions throughout the Dominion and the Eastern States of the great Republic to the South.

On Wednesday evening, the members of the League of the Sacred Heart met in their hall, and presented Rev. Father Rioux, the rector, with a fur-lined coat, as a memento of his jubilee. The presentation was accompanied by an address of congratulation and good wishes, to which the reverend rector replied in fitting terms.

It was at St. Ann's Hall, on Thursday evening, however, that the people of St. Ann's manifested their attachment to their beloved priests by the overflowing attendance at the concert prepared in their honor. But it was not only the people of St. Ann's who thus showed their approval and love of the "soggarth aron" of St. Ann's. Distinguished Irish Catholics from the other parishes, headed by the members of the clergy, also came to add the tribute of their presence and their eloquent voices to those who have labored humbly but fervently and effectively for the benefit of what Mr. C. J. Doherty, M.P., fittingly described as "the most typically Irish parish in the city."

Ald. Tom O'Connell presided at the gathering, and his colleague, Ald. Gallery, was also among the foremost in attendance, with the members of their respective families. Mr. W. J. White, the acting churchwarden, occupied a seat on the left of the guest of the evening, while among the other distinguished guests were: Rev. Father Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's; Rev. Gerald McShane, P.S.S., pastor of St. Patrick's; Rev. Canon O'Meara, pastor of St. Gabriel's; Rev. Father Brady, pastor of St. Mary's; Rev. Father Shea, pastor of St. Aloysius; Rev. Father Jacobinain, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father McPhail, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Sinard, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Forster, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Duval, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Dufresne, C.S.S.R.; Rev. Father Fahey, Singleton

Cullinan, McCrory, Killoran, R. E. Callahan, P. J. Heffernan, Elliott, J. B. Ouellette, P.S.S., Mr. Justice Curran, Hon. C. J. Doherty, M.P., Dr. J. J. Guerin, F. J. Curran, Rev. Bro. William, Rev. Bro. Prudent, J. C. Walsh, James Rodgers, Denis Tansey, Dr. B. A. Conroy and many others.

Of the musical programme rendered so successfully under the direction of Prof. P. J. Shea, suffice it to say that it was a revelation to those who heard the combined choirs of a hundred and twenty-five voices for the first time. While the programme shows that the effort was a most ambitious one, embracing as it did selections from some of the leading operatic productions, it proved no mystery to the singers so faithfully trained under the direction of the gifted leader. The chorus by the small boys was rendered with a swing and spirit that would have earned applause to an equal number of trained professionals in the production of Gounod's great opera, while the little girls also earned the merited applause which was their portion.

Two kindred souls, their youth's fair days
In fondest friendship spent,
God, guiding wondrously their ways,
To each His message sent.

"My dearest child, give me thy heart,
"Give me thy love, thy life."
"I've chosen thee to live apart
Away from this world's strife."

"Leave friends and home and fatherland,
And sail across the sea,
To that unknown and distant strand
Where I shall wait for thee."

They straightway answered Heaven's call
They bade a last farewell,
To cherished ones, to college hall
Where strong affections dwell.

As friends in heart, they hoped to gain
An undivided joy,
That man might one with man remain,
As boy was one with boy.

Obedient, poor and undefiled,
They vowed "Jesus' feet
To follow their Redeemer mild,
To bear his yoke so sweet.

Borne on by wings of fleeting time
The days their course have run,
Mature are now the lives sublime
So nobly they begun.

There have perhaps been bitter tears
Their souls have anguish known;
But after five and one score years
Their love has stronger grown.

The one as Rector, kind, benign
With gentle, steady hand
Guides on in paths of love divine
His little chosen band.

As Minister, his genial friend
The burden ails he shares
His counsel calm doth gladly lend
To lighten anxious cares.

As no cloud overcast the rise
Of warm affections true,
So now the mid-day sun lit skies
Is nought but azure blue.

Their souls yet shrouded in clay so frail,
O Jesus, flood with grace,
Give them a glimpse behind the veil
That shrouds Thy beautiful face.

They trooly listened to Thy call
Relinquished all desires,
Give them Thyself to be their all,
To Thee their soul aspires.

When twilight flecks life's heaven pure
With streaks of purple bright
May friend by friend await secure
The fall of silent night.

May to death's gloom succeed the days
When joining hands above
They shall pursue, beneath God's gaze,
A life of endless love.

The following was the programme rendered:

"The Maple Leaf," Grand Ensemble Chorus.

PART I.
1. Piano duet—"Priest's March," Mendelssohn. Misses E. McDermott, M. Dewar.

2. Chorus—"Happy and Light" (Bohemian Girl), Balfe. Ladies and Gentlemen choirs.

3. Duo (vocal)—"Serenade," Schubert. Misses E. Kenahan, A. McDermott.

4. Recitation—"Two Friends," Rev. Gerald Murray, C.S.S.R. Mr. Jno. McKeown.

5. Chorus—"Heaven May to You Grant Pardon," (Martha), Flotow. Soloists—Misses M. Mahoney, E. Slattery, B. Broderick, Messrs. E. O'Brien, M. E. Norris.

6. "Ave Maria," E. Quinn, J. O'Dowd, M. E. Norris.

7. Chorus—"Fair Shines the Moon" (Traviata) Verdi. Girls of St. Ann's School.

8. Sextet and chorus—"What from Vengeance" (Lucia), Pizzetti (Soloists—Misses E. Kenahan, M. McKeown, Messrs. J. O'Dowd, M. E. Norris, F. McCrory, F. Quinn.

Presentation of Addresses.

PART II.
1. Chorus—"Hail Bright Abode" (Lohengrin) Wagner. Ladies and Gentlemen choirs.

2. Solo (Bass)—"The Two Grenadiers" Schumann. Mr. Ed. Quinn.

3. Chorus—"Soldiers" (Faust), Gounod. Boys of St. Ann's School.

4. Double Trio—"Charity" (Lisboni. Misses E. Kenahan, N. Mott, M. McKeown, M. Mahoney, B. Broderick, A. Gallery.

5. Solo and chorus—"The Palm" (Faure). Mr. F. McCrory and Ensemble Chorus.

6. Duo (Vocal)—"Love and War" Cooke. Messrs. J. O'Dowd, J. J. Hiller.

7. Duo and quartet—"Miserere" (Traviata) Verdi. Miss A. McDermott, M. E. Norris, Messrs. J. O'Dowd, F. McCrory, R. J. Hiller, Ed. Quinn.

8. "God Save Ireland," Grand Ensemble Chorus.

MEMBERS OF UNITED CHOIRS.
Ladies—Misses E. Kenahan, A. McDermott, N. O'Neill, A. E. Gallery, Minnie Mahoney, M. Gilligan, M. Leonard, S. Leonard, B. Broderick, N. Mott, R. Scullion, S. Scullion, M. Ryan, F. McCrory, M. Mahoney, M. Bennett, E. Slattery, A. Gallery, M. Ward, M. Babon, M. Killidegan, M. Craig, L. Walsh, P. Jones, M. Broderick, M. McKeown, A. Mahoney, Margaret Mahoney, K. Madigan, A. Rogers, A. Gilligan, A. Baker, J. Hiller, Jno. Whitty, Jno. Nolan, J. Brown, W. O'Brien, Jno. Mahoney, W. Whitty, Jno. O'Dowd, E. O'Brien, F. McCrory, M. E. Norris, P. Dunphy, Geo. Holland, A. Flynn, R. Foran, R. Latimer, R. Hall, Jno. McKeown.

REV. FATHER FLYNN, C.S.S.R.

O'Dowd, P. Horan, M. Fennell, J. McKeown, E. Jackson, Jno. Burns, F. Clarke, M. Mahoney, W. Curry, W. Daly, J. Benoit, J. McMullan, R. Brown.

Girls—Misses A. Neville, C. Gleeson, V. Milloy, M. Sauve, F. McCrea, L. Downes, M. E. McCarthy, J. Murphy, Jean Murphy, E. Butler, M. Connolly, M. Fordney, M. Timmons, M. Clarke, M. Shea, M. Perrier, J. Neeson, B. Pitts, E. Brady, J. Fennell, M. Tobin, S. Smith, M. Hughes, M. Wilkinson, L. Bould, G. Neville, A. Fagan, M. Lynch, A. Smith, M. Coady, F. Olsen, L. McArar, Sarah Gilligan, M. Norton, A. Guinear, R. Merriman.

Boys—Masters. B. Dunphy, G. Shea, W. Shea, P. Cooney, W. McMullan, R. Finnell, W. Ryan, M. Fennell, J. O'Brien, Jno. O'Brien, D. Murphy, E. Shea, M. McCarthy, E. Guilfoyle, E. Gallery, E. Moynihan, F. Cullin, A. Gallagher, F. Gallagher, J. Murray, P. Neeson, J. Connolly, J. Delaney, Geo. Simpson, Jas. Twohey, P. Stock, J. Bryant, E. Trainor, P. Handley, G. Ward, J. Corcoran, Jos. Corcoran, A. Brabant, C. Reegan, J. Meehan, R. Duncan, J. Jones, T. Birmingham, T. Timmons, Thos. Sullivan, J. Wilkinson, G. McCarthy.

After the first portion of the programme had been enjoyed, Ald. O'Donnell called on Mr. W. J. White, the acting churchwarden, who, on behalf of the people of St. Ann's parish, read the following address to the reverend rector:

Rev. P. Rioux, C.S.S.R., Pastor of St. Ann's.

Rev. and Dear Father Rector, There are certain events or epochs in the lives of all great benefactors which instinctively appeal to the sympathies of a loyal and grateful people and evoke the spontaneous tribute of their veneration and gratitude.

Such an event, Rev. Father, is pre-eminently the present occasion for us, in the celebration of the 25th anniversary of your religious profession, and we, your devoted and loving parishioners, hasten to offer you our sincere congratulations.

Twenty-five years ago you heard the call of the Divine Master to the religious life, and faithful to the grace of your vocation, you bade adieu to the world, its riches and its vanities, and, kneeling at God's holy altar, you vowed yourself irrevocably to His service, in the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer—that religious order which is doing so much for the advancement of religion and the betterment of society the world over.

The religious priest is the grandest type of manhood, combining in the same person the highest spiritual powers with the greatest spiritual advantages. Such prerogatives cannot fail to make him the wisest counsellor, the safest guide—the perfect Pastor.

For almost a quarter of a century our parish has been entrusted to the noble sons of St. Alphonsus, and need we say that this has been a period of progress and prosperity for St. Ann's?

Our parochial system of institutions and organizations is most complete in every department and in all its appointments—our splendid church with its beautiful decorations its magnificent marble altars and its superb new organ, and I might add—the banner choir of Montreal under the able direction of our popular organist and organizer, Mr. P. J. Shea, our Young Men's Society with its spacious halls, libraries and gymnasium, our Temperance Societies and religious confraternities are so many monuments of your zeal and wisdom, which, coupled with your unbounded charity and paternal solicitude for the poor, the widow and the orphan, will perpetuate your name in the realms of the heavenly King who will bestow upon you the reward of the good and faithful servant.

Yes, Rev. Father, these works of charity will be wisely and fondly remembered by those to whom you have devoted the greater part of your religious life, for gratitude is characteristic of the Irish heart, and you may rest assured that your name shall go down to posterity enshrined in the loving hearts of your grateful parishioners of St. Ann's.

Rev. and Dear Father Rector, we beg your kind acceptance of the accompanying purse as a slight tribute of our unalterable love and devotion.

At the close of the address Ald. O'Connell presented a well filled purse of gold to the rector, and then called upon the pastor of St. Patrick's.

Rev. Gerald McShane dwelt upon a thought contained in the nice verses written for the occasion by a junior member of the Redemptorist Order. He had recalled two characteristics of the administration of the guest of the evening, saying that he ruled with a hand that was gentle but firm. That the reverend pastor whom they had met to honor had shown these qualities was evident by the flourishing condition of the parish, as evidenced by the enumeration in the address just read of the institutions which flourish under his rule.

Another thought expressed in the verses ended with the wish that beyond the cloud the two priests should find a crown. On this occasion Rev. Father Rioux did not need to wait until he went beyond to find the crown: The presence of his brethren in the priesthood, of distinguished members of the Bench, the Bar, and the other learned professions from all portions of the city, his children from the various schools, the splendid choir under such brilliant leadership, and the people who had come in such numbers to testify their devotion to their beloved rector, rolled back the cloud and were an earnest of enjoyment for all his days, here and hereafter.

Rev. J. E. Donnelly, pastor of St. Anthony's, could not resist the occasion of exercising his wit on the chairman, Ald. O'Connell. It was a shame, he declared, to force those who had come to hear beautiful music to listen to voices worn in the preaching of unmusical though salutary truths. Still his friend the whip of the Conservative party had called upon him to speak, and as he knew him of old and knew that when as captain of the victorious Shamrock lacrosse team he meant those he ordered to do a thing to do it without further hesitation, he accepted the invitation without more ado. (Laughter.) One who has spent twenty-five years in the priesthood is entitled to some plaudits, as Rev. Father Rioux was receiving, tonight, and as Father Flynn would have received, had he not unfortunately been prevented from being present. The speaker declared that he

(Continued on page 8.)

Scattered over the Boniface, St. Albert, in the Canadian Indian-French-Canadian. These natives are the old-time voyageurs rangers from the Hudson's Bay Co. for furs with the The adventurous hardy and red men dialects and words those of the Algonquians degrees they forgot adopted the Indian and chose wives a ers of the forest. From these union half-Indian, half-C inhabits the extreme Canada. It is more than since the first mill present age arrived people and were r with open arms. The black robe w ritual father, an trate. As for us, we seemed to have age. Though we were privy by circumst comforts, we were fervor of our peopl pared with the d faith of the Christi the early ages of t. During the first y tole, before we w the language of the breeds were not on traveling compani prefers, and it was us to make friends of the wilderness thus the link betw villification and sa breed of this regio ner, intelligence a rendered incalculabl Oblate missionaries Northwest. On one occasion, these people, a half dressing the assembl laid a hand affecti ther-Lacombe's arm "Friends, we love because they belong one of us the missio brother, a protect fortunes and trials us. He also share takes part in our fe Alas, a critical p rived for these god were in many respec sophisticated as chi dian government, f flux of emigration, lish a compromise dians—the half-breed sands of colonists allies who were flo territory. The aborigines ar compensation, to pe men to settle in the half-breeds refu with the Indians, with the governmen tion of Canada a tr have been made ad them had they foll of their missionary ly they were deceiv ed white men, and der their precious po short time many of poverty and misery. The missionaries equal to the emerg approval of the Boniface and the B Alberta and Prince Lacombe went to C the cause of the G government. The governor-genera ister accepted his pl dian government agr the missionaries a acres of land for th of the half-breeds tritory to be inaliena only by these peopl nothing else. On F shoulders rested the enterprise. How necessity then of in in the work. He without delay, hous ists, the missionar and schools for th wise a chapel. In a journey throu of Quebec he collecte ney and began at on project. He bought cattle and pigs, mil corn, building tools instruments. The C Railroad transported chases to the territo

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Paris Patterns



MISSES SEMI-PRINCESS DRESS. Paris Pattern No. 2700 All Seams Allowed.

The waist portion of this pretty model is made in "Gibson" style, with a wide tuck over each shoulder, stitched from neck to waist-line, and ornamented in the front with small buttons and loops of soutache braid. The front is further ornamented with a square yoke of butter-colored lace, over a silk lining of either cream-color, or matching the color of the dress, this yoke being outlined with black military braid. The long close-fitting sleeves are finished with a band of the braid, and a ruffle of plaited mousseline, in cream-color, or matching the frock. The seven-gored skirt is attached to the waist, under a belt of the material, trimmed with a wide bias band, finished with an edging of the braid. This band is set on the skirt so that its lower edge meets the upper edge of the lower hem. The dress closes at the center-back. The pattern is in 3 sizes—12 to 17 years. For a miss of 15 years the dress requires 9 yards of material 20 inches wide, 6 1/2 yards 27 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards 36 inches wide, or 4 yards 42 inches wide; as illustrated, 1 yard 20 inches wide, 3/4 yard 27 inches wide, 1/2 yard 36 inches wide, or 1/2 yard 42 inches wide, extra for bias band; 1/4 yard of allover lace 18 inches wide, 1/4 yards of braid and 1/2 yard of ruching. Price of Pattern, 10 cents.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below: Name: No: Size: Address in full:

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS.

If the yellow portion of orange or lemon peel is shaved off, put into an airtight bottle, covered with alcohol and allowed to stand unopened for three weeks, the result will be better orange or lemon-extract than one can buy and at less than half the cost. When the lids of glass fruit jars refuse to come off, place the jar in boiling water, enough to cover, and allow to remain for two or three minutes. The expansive action of the heat will cause the little rubber about the mouth of the jar to loosen, when the lid can be removed without difficulty. The tin boxes in which sweet wafers or biscuits are purchased are handy receptacles in which to stow away sandwiches for evening luncheons. Pack them neatly in the box, adjust the lid, place on ice until ready to serve, when they will be temptingly fresh and cool. When, after a meal, there are greasy dishes to be washed, rub each quickly with a small portion of news paper that has been softened by crushing in the hand. This removes grease and particles of food and makes the actual dishwashing more agreeable. It is a very simple thing but it saves time and labor, makes necessary a smaller quantity of dish water, and, consequently, less heating of the range, and causes sink, cloths and dishpan to be practically free from grease after the dishes are washed. The bottom shelf of my buffet holds a "luncheon store," a supply of canned and boxed foods suitable for light lunches. We often have an intimate friend or two drop in during the evenings to whom it is

pleasure to offer some dainty refreshment. My supply usually consists of a can of imported sardines, a jar or tinful package of cheese, a bottle of grape juice, a box of salted wafers and one of sweet cakes or biscuits, a bottle of olives, a can or two of potted meat, and a jar of peanut butter. As soon as an article gives out I see that it is replaced, thus keeping my "store" always complete. None of the articles are really expensive—indeed their cost is not to be compared to the pleasure they afford.—Detroit News Tribune.

THE KITCHEN SCISSORS.

If you want to see a pair of scissors put to all sort of queer uses just watch some young housekeeper getting vegetables ready for dinner or preparing a salad. It is declared that in nine cases out of every ten things can be cut better with the scissors than with a knife. Especially in the preparing of salads should the kitchen scissors appeal to the housekeeper looking for labor saving devices. Dicing apples and celery is a matter of only a moment when done in this way, and a few green peppers may be snipped up in less time than it takes to tell about it. The easiest way to dice green peppers is to cut off several long slices the whole length of the pepper. Hold these firmly in one hand and with the scissors snip the whole bunch. Several stalks of asparagus may be clipped through in the same way.

For hollowing out a tomato previous to stuffing, a pair of scissors enables one to remove practically all the pulp without breaking through the skin. For fruit salads scissors are equally useful, as the fine skin which separates the sections of grape fruit and oranges is easily clipped off in this way. But fruit and vegetable salads are not the only kinds for which the kitchen scissors may be brought into use. Cold boiled chicken and lobster are easily cut into pieces, and, surprising as it may seem to those who haven't tried it, chicken joints and lobster shells are no obstacles when scissors are used. The hard part of oysters and clams are neatly removed with a pair of scissors, and slices of cold tongue and ham are often much improved in appearance if, before sending to table, they are trimmed into shape in the same way.

When it comes to preparing cold vegetables for reheating in cream sauce, or the many popular dishes au gratin, the kitchen scissors are again a blessing. Cold boiled potatoes, cauliflower, asparagus, oyster plant, in fact any and every vegetable may be easily snipped into pieces of the required size. Doing such work with a pair of scissors is not only much quicker and easier, but the saving of one's hands is important. No woman will believe until she tries for herself how great a labor saver a pair of scissors may prove in her kitchen.

NEW LINE OF TRIMMING.

If you want to be quite fashionable and show that you know what the designers are doing, you will put a line of trimming on each side of the belt a little to the front and down the inside of the sleeves. The designers use Jacob's ladder made of heavy silk floss, either in white or black or the color of the blouse. It is about two inches wide and is either laid over coarse net or allowed to show the lining beneath.

TO LINE THE NEW GOWN.

The fashions of the season must not be passed over without some mention of the linings used in the gowns. Taffeta has held its place alone as a lining silk, but now for some dresses it must give way to a softer material. Satin evening wraps are lined with satin, the ideal lining material, for it clings to the figure and in no way interferes with the grace of the dress. A house gown of satin or crepe de chine may be lined to perfection with white habutai or china silk. Evening gowns are frequently lined with a soft crepe de chine. As a rule, a gown built upon the lining and sewn to it has a far more clinging effect than if made separately and worn over a lining slip. If a petticoat is worn under the gown it may be of crepe de chine or stockinet in white.

NEW NECKWEAR.

A new jabot is formed of batiste tabs with crocheted edging, each tab trimmed with three batiste-covered buttons. A fine knife-plaited ruffle of valenciennes falls under the tabs, and at the right are double ruffles of knife-plaited batiste edged with valenciennes. Valenciennes bow.—Vogue.

BRAID ON NET.

Wide panels of filet net covered with arabesques of soutache braid are used to trim afternoon and evening costumes. The braid is used as a scalloped finish and the net is cut away from beneath.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

When summer flowers have passed away— Each lingering petal shed, When nature dons a sober grey,

And the last rose is dead; When trees have lost their robes of green— Then, like a regal dower, The glad chrysanthemum is seen— Old Autumn's fairest flower."

So, too, when health and strength grow less, And age is creeping on, When summer's joys and happiness Have blossomed and have gone— Then in the autumn of our days, Bright, precious blooms appear; New hopes, new joys, to grace the ways Of life's swift-closing year."

HAVE COURAGE TO TELL THE TRUTH.

The person who lies is a coward. He is afraid to tell the truth, for fear that some evil will happen to him. Thus he will tell a lie, and then to conceal his deception he will go on lying, until at last his dishonesty is discovered, and his evil is exposed.

To tell a lie is to deceive. To deceive is to be dishonest. Dishonesty fails in business, and it will bring failure, sorrow and trouble everywhere.

To promise to pay a debt at a certain time, and not to do it, is lying; it is deception, it is dishonesty, unless it can be clearly shown that circumstances occurred that made it impossible to fulfill the promise at the time specified.

To succeed in life, you must tell the truth. You must do as you agree, you must fulfill your promises. When you have proven that you can be relied upon as truthful and honest, you are far on the road toward permanent prosperity.

Holloway's Corn Cure takes the corn out by the roots. Try it and prove it.

Mothers, do you know that the mind of a growing child is most impressionable, and every word spoken in the presence of the young should be an influence for good? The best way to train children is by the example of our own lives—speak courteously to every one, control your temper always, be considerate, polite and womanly. The model mother is not the one who scolds and teaches, but the one whose daily life is worthy of being copied. A mother's heart is a child's home. There the little one must bring all its joys and griefs. And let mothers welcome the telling of their daughter's sorrows and troubles. Let her come with her every problem. She will feel then that mother is the great power that stands between herself and harm.

It is hard when we have done wrong to own up and say we are sorry. No one enjoys "eating humble pie," but there is no humiliation in an apology. The real humiliation comes when we lower our standard to do that which requires an apology. This is the thing we should be too proud to do.

Away With Depression and Melancholy—These two evils are the accompaniment of a disordered stomach and torpid liver and mean wretchedness to all whom they visit. The surest and speediest way to combat them is with Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which will restore the healthful action of the stomach and bring relief. They have proved their usefulness in thousands of cases and will continue to give relief to the suffering who are wise enough to use them.

THE COLORS OF THE CHRISTMAS VESTMENTS.

White is the color of the vestments worn on Christmas day, and, with three exceptions, it is the color worn at every service from Christmas Day to the Octave of the Epiphany.

On the Feast of the Holy Innocents the purple vestments are worn, and on the feasts of the two martyrs Saint Stephen and Saint Thomas of Canterbury.

White is the symbol of innocence and of joy. The Church, by her White robes at Christmas-tide, expresses the joy and gladness of the world when the Angels announced the birth of a Saviour. The purity, beauty and innocence surrounding the Bethlehem crib, where the Holy Mother and the Foster Father adored the new-born King, are symbolized by the spotless robes of white.

Most fitting are the red robes for the martyrs who gave their blood for love of Him who died for all.

CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA

As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoroughly chewed, and never bolted or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible.

A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system. Mr. Amos Sawler, Gold River, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with dyspepsia, and after trying several doctors to no effect, I commenced taking Burdock Blood Bitters and I think it is the best medicine there is for that complaint." For Sale at all Druggists and Dealers.

Funny Sayings.

DEFINED.

An Englishman was asking for information about the state of education in an Irish county. "Can they all read and write?" "Troth they can, every mother's son of them." "Have you no ignoramus among you?" "Niver a one." "Do you know the meaning of the word ignoramus?" "I do." "What is it?" "A stranger like yerself."

During the Bryan campaign, little Alice heard many political discussions among the folks at home. On a Sunday morning, just previous to the election, the teacher of the infant class, of which Alice was a member, told the children a story illustrating the lesson, dwelling upon the fact that at all times they must be for Jesus, and asked them to promise to do so.

They all did so except Alice, who replied, "I can't be for Jesus; my papa is for Bryan and I'm for Bryan too."

Four-year-old Clyde was a precocious youngster—very talkative and a class observer. He and his father were strolling through the meadows one morning when Clyde observed, for the first time, some tadpoles in a pond. He waded in and cried out in delight, "Oh, father, what are they?"

"Tadpoles, son," the father replied. "Please, father, let's take them all home with us, then come back and find the mama and papa, and we'll have the whole family in our pond at home."

The father explained how impossible this would be, and as they walked on a few steps a large ugly frog hopped across their path. Clyde's father said, "Look, son, perhaps there is the papa."

Clyde was very thoughtful. He looked at the frog, then at his father, then at himself and exclaimed, "Well, father, was there ever so much difference between me and you?"

"You were very lenient with that conductor," said the first passenger. "Oh," replied the other, "we're all liable to make mistakes."

"Ah! perhaps you were a conductor yourself once."

"No, sir; I'm a weather forecaster."

A lady who kept a little curly poodle, lost her pet and called on the police to find it. The next day one of the force came with the dog, very wet and dirty.

The lady was overjoyed, and asked a number of silly questions—among others:— "Where did you find my dear darling?"

"Why, ma'am," said the officer, "a fellow had him on a pole and was washing windows with him."

Mother (an invalid)—Johnny, don't you think I ought to punish you for being so bad? Johnny (aged five)—No, ma'am. You know the doctor said you must not indulge in any violent exercise.

A WRONG GUESS.

Botanical Youth, (in park)—Can you tell me if this plant belongs to the arbutus family? Gardener (curtly)—No, young man, it don't. It belongs to the county council.—London Globe.

GOING SOME.

The boy stood on the bridge of a schooner beside the captain on a starry night. It suddenly became necessary for the captain to go below, and he said to the boy: "Here, take the wheel, I'll be back in a few minutes. Steer by that star and you will be alright."

The boy began to steer the boat, and soon he got her out of her course. The star now appeared astern instead of ahead. He shouted down to the captain: "Hi, skipper, come up and find us another star. I've passed that one."

NEW ENGLAND CHARACTER.

A New England clergyman was taking breakfast one Sunday morning in a hotel in a little Western town. A rough old fellow across the table called over to him: "Goin' to the races, stranger?"

"I don't expect to." "Goin' to the ball game?" "No."

"Well, where are you goin'?" "I'm going to church." "Where do you come from?" "New England."

"Oh, that explains it! That's where they keep the Sabbath and every other blamed thing they can lay their hands on."

THE SAME ONE.

A young country minister, who had been presented with a horse by a rich farmer parishioner, rode the animal home to exhibit him to his father. The old gentleman studied the horse carefully and observed that he seemed very aged and infirm. "Well, father, you ought not to complain of him, even if he is old and feeble. It is a good deal better animal than our Saviour rode into Jerusalem nineteen hundred years ago." "I don't know, John, I think it is the same animal."

Apostolate of the Layman

General Intention for December, Recommended and Blessed by His Holiness Pius X.

In the divine economy of salvation through the Church, there are duties assigned exclusively to the clergy, others to the laity, under the direction and at the instigation of the clergy, and finally others that belong more especially to the laity.

To the first category belong the administration of the Sacraments, preaching and the spiritual direction of souls. To the second and third belong a host of duties and works of charity and zeal, in some of which the initiative should originate from the clergy; in others, in which the initiative should be taken by the laity, and in which the laity must necessarily play the leading part.

In the course of time the concept of these respective duties has varied greatly, and many burdens are now placed upon the shoulders of the clergy that in the ages of faith were rightly considered incumbent upon the laity. The Catholic layman of to-day learns with no little surprise that his forefathers in good old Catholic times considered the building of churches, of hospitals, of free schools, the decorating of altars and shrines, the distribution of alms, the administration of parish funds, and even in certain places, the determining of the hours at which Mass should be said, and the number of curates the parish could support, were matters which concerned the laity and for which they were responsible before God.

How efficiently the laity understood their responsibilities and performed their work, is evidenced by the records of the Catholic past now being brought to light and published—and is still more eloquently manifested in those wondrous Gothic cathedrals, imperishable monuments, to the energy and zeal of the layman.

The Protestant Reformation and the revolutions to which it afterwards gave birth, did more than deprecate churches and banish or martyr priests. They first tore down the ramparts of God's temple, the guilds, those corporations and associations of laymen instinct with Catholic life, and with them swept away the whole fabric of Catholic charity and zeal.

When the work of rebuilding took place, the clergy found themselves without churches, without schools, without little assistance could be expected from a people scattered by persecution, reduced by penal laws to poverty and illiteracy. It was almost inevitable that in the new order of things the clergy should take upon themselves burdens that, in Catholic ages, had belonged to the layman; and it is not strange that in the course of time the layman should have come to consider it the natural thing that all obligations towards the Church should be met by those who by their calling are set apart exclusively for the service of God.

Indeed, people would now seem to imagine that the Sacrament of Holy Orders had been instituted to confer the grace of being architect, doctor, trader, builder, accountant, collector, administrator, promoter of bazaars, picnic, raffles, card parties, and socials, and of half a dozen other employments besides, all more or less incompatible with the interior life, holy independence, and the sacred functions of the priesthood; while the role of layman should consist solely in dropping a coin in the collection plate, and submitting occasionally to being victimized at a bazaar. The necessary result of this policy of abstention must be quite evident to all. The works that, in the times of eager lay co-operation, flourished to the great good of religion and to the alleviation of many corporal ills, are rendered hopelessly impossible; they are now abandoned or not even dreamed of. But that is not all.

In this unequal division of labor the priest has naturally suffered greatly. In addition to the exclusive work of his ministry—a work that should occupy his whole time and absorb all his energies,—he is compelled to take up a load of minor duties in the secular sphere which were never intended to be his. And yet he graciously accepts a situation which has now become almost a tradition. What is the result? Absorbed by temporal cares, worried by debts, the overburdened pastor cannot find that peace and recollection necessary for his holy calling. The spiritual ministry for which he was ordained, and for which he alone is responsible, is too often made subordinate to a material one, and the preaching of God's word necessarily degenerates at times into appeals for tithes or pew rent, or for special connections to meet urgent parish needs.

Things have reached such a pass in our times that the one true ideal of the priesthood has grown indistinct. Qualities good in themselves, but not necessarily priestly, are given too prominent a role. In summing up the virtues for the ideal shepherd of souls, saintliness is paralleled with shrewdness in business. In the eyes of the paribled the successful pastor is not necessarily the one who most faithfully administers the Sacraments, who is most assiduous in his visits to the sick, most instant in prayer, who most earnestly preaches the word of God, but he rather who builds the highest or clears off the largest debt. But if the priesthood has suffered by being compelled to assume duties

more rightly belonging to others, the laity has suffered infinitely more. Inactivity has a debilitating effect on the human system. The muscles grow soft and powerless, and the energy that conscious strength gives a man, is lacking. And yet while the reason for this may be known to him, he can never hope for better things till he develops the physical man by exercise. Similar arguments hold good in the moral sphere. The life of the soul needs exercise as much as does the life of the body; without exercise both decline and die. "Faith without works is dead in itself." The practice of good works gives spiritual strength. Acting the apostle among our fellow-men, even though we have no appointed mission, is food and drink for the soul, and faith profits by exercise. Faith waxes strong in proportion as the soul practises charity and good works.

Yet not all works prompted by Faith are equally suited to all. While virtue is essentially the same, its manifestations differ greatly, and its mere madnes as well as waste of time to attempt to lead souls in the world after the fashion of souls living in the cloister. The layman does not meditate; he is, as a rule, incapable of sustained attention in prayer; he has little relish for interior acts of virtue, and is very often unaffected by higher spiritual motives. To spur him to action he needs the stimulus of some tangible good to be accomplished in works of charity or zeal. He needs elbow room and a sense of responsibility. If taken rightly, he is full of good-will and of latent power; but he asks, not unreasonably, that he be required to work for God and the Church according to his aptitudes. Why is he not serving religion as his Catholic forefathers did? and in the same way? In active works of this kind the layman is at home; he is able to display in them an energy, a strength of purpose, a shrewdness and resourcefulness learnt in the struggles of daily life, which if rightly directed would perform deeds of heroism for God's Church.

Such works bring their own reward; it is by the practice of exterior acts of charity and zeal that the layman will be led to the acquisition of virtue; it is by making sacrifices for his faith that he will learn to prize this priceless inheritance; it is by actively doing good to others that he will acquire that "charity that fulfilleth the law." He will come to love Our Blessed Lord by visiting Him in the person of His poor. By taking an active part in preparing and adorning a sanctuary for the Most High, he will grow in love and reverence towards the Adorable Presence in the Tabernacle. He will love the Church of God upon earth if he actively co-operates in her progress. He will grow in zeal when he sees that he has helped in conferring an eternity of happiness upon souls that would have perished but for his efforts. He will be a loyal Catholic, active in every good work, devoted heart and soul to his priests, when he feels that he is an active, useful member of the Church, that in the scheme of regeneration he has his part to play, and plays it.

Lay apostolate is an extensive and as varied as are the needs of soul and body. To the layman who sees no need, and no opportunity, of doing good, we feel tempted to quote the Russian proverb: "The fool goes through the forest, but sees no firewood." Let him look around and see the physical sufferings, the moral dangers, the social evils that exist very often at his own door. Let him see the work his fellow-Catholics are doing elsewhere.

To the honor of our holy religion be it proclaimed that actually there is hardly a need of soul or body that is not somewhere the special object of the lay apostolate. There are thousands of associations recruited mostly among the laity, which aim at lessening sin and the effects of sin in the world. But there is still much to be done. There are very few Catholic centres that have not some special want or other still to be supplied.

What are you doing, readers, in the way of apostleship, you who wish to see God loved by all men? You will pray, you will preach by words and good example; but if you really love our Lord, you will do still more. You will work, and work intelligently. To do good individually is excellent; to get others to do good with you is still better; to organize your work so that even when you are gone the good work will still go on, is best of all. Humble beginnings with God's blessing, may lead to great things. The zeal of a few poor students of Paris resulted in the worldwide Conferences at St. Vincent de Paul. The Association of the Propagation of the Faith, that has been the main support of the Foreign Missions, grew out of the efforts of a servant girl of Lyons.

Do humbly what you can in the sphere in which God has placed you, and leave the rest to Him. You will get your reward; the measure of indulgence and love you use towards others, God will use towards you. If our 600,000 associates in Canada would take to heart this precept of charity given us by Christ and so earnestly repeated by His Vicar, then we should behold an awakening of Catholic life manifested in a still closer union of priest and people, in the sanctification of the laity, in the expansion of existing works of zeal and charity, in the springing up of new ones, beyond our most sanguine hopes.

Meanwhile, by prayer and earnest endeavor, we may hasten the fuller realization of our Holy Pontiff's intention, "to restore all things to Christ," which is but a paraphrase of the motto of our League, and the object of our daily prayers, "The Kingdom come."—H. F. in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Great Canadian Northwest.

Scattered over the dioceses of St. Boniface, St. Albert and Prince Albert, in the Canadian Northwest, are about twelve thousand people of Indian-French-Canadian ancestry.

These natives are descended from the old-time voyageurs and wood rangers from the Province of Quebec who, in the 17th century, as agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, traded for furs with the aborigines.

The adventurous trappers were hardy and strong. They made friends with the red men and learned their dialects and war-cries, especially those of the Algonquin tribes. By degrees they forgot their own country, adopted the Indian mode of life, and chose wives among the daughters of the forest.

From these unions sprang a race half-Indian, half-Caucasian, which inhabits the extreme northwest of Canada.

It is more than half a century since the first missionaries of the present age arrived among these people and were received by them with open arms.

The black robe was to them a spiritual father, an adviser, a magistrate. As for us, their missionaries, we seemed to have found the golden age. Though we were poor, and deprived by circumstances of many comforts, we were very happy.

The fervor of our people might be compared with the devotedness and faith of the Christians belonging to the early ages of the Church. During the first years of our apostolate, before we were familiar with the language of the tribes, these half-breeds were not only our guides and traveling companions but our interpreters, and it was they who helped us to make friends with the Indians of the wilderness.

On one occasion, at a gathering of these people, a half-breed chief, addressing the assembly, said, as he laid a hand affectionately upon Father Lacombe's arm:

"Friends, we love our missionaries because they belong to us. To each one of us the missionary is a father, a brother, a protector. In our misfortunes and trials he weeps with us. He also shares our joys and takes part in our festivals."

Alas, a critical period soon arrived for these good people, who were in many respects almost as unsophisticated as children. The Canadian government, forced by the influx of emigration, strove to establish a compromise between the Indians, the half-breeds and the thousands of colonists of many nationalities who were flocking into the territory.

The aborigines agreed, for certain compensation, to permit the white men to settle in their region. But the half-breeds refused to be classed with the Indians. They concluded with the government of the Dominion of Canada a treaty which could have been made advantageous to them had they followed the advice of their missionaries.

Unfortunately they were deceived by unprincipled white men, and began to squander their precious possessions. In a short time many of them fell into poverty and misery.

The missionaries were, however, equal to the emergency. With the approbation of the Archbishop of St. Boniface and the Bishops of Saint Albert and Prince Albert, Father Lacombe went to Ottawa to plead the cause of the half-breeds with the government.

The governor-general and the minister accepted his plan. The Canadian government agreed to cede to the missionaries several thousand acres of land for the establishment of the half-breeds thereon, this territory to be inalienable and occupied only by these people.

The government gave the land but nothing else. On Father Lacombe's shoulders rested the responsibility of the enterprise. How great was the necessity then of interesting friends in the work. He had to build, without delay, houses for the colonists, the missionaries, the Sisters, and schools for the children, likewise a chapel.

In a journey through the province of Quebec he collected a sum of money and began at once to develop his project. He bought horses, steers, cattle and pigs, mills for grinding corn, building tools and agricultural instruments. The Canadian Pacific Railroad transported all these purchases to the territory free of cost.

Moreover, Mr. Forget, a generous French-Canadian, donated five thousand dollars for the building of a church, on the condition that it should be placed under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin.

Providence Mission maintains a school where several of the Grey Nuns from Montreal have the care of sixty Indian and half-breed children, chiefly orphans.

To provide for the support of these young charges and for the Sisters and the missionaries is no easy task especially during the long winter months. As the fisheries furnish the principal food of the region, to arrive the last of September a missionary priest, three brothers and several Indians, usually set off in a party, with difficulty following the course of the Mackenzie River (here quite shallow) and frequently dragging after them the four heavy fishing boats. The thirty-seven miles that separate the Mission from Great Slave Lake seem, indeed, long. The journey is slow and attended with much fatigue, and the travellers must often wade through the current of the river or in mud up to their knees.

Sometimes, however, Providence takes pity on the little company, and a breeze from the west deepens the current and wafts the boat along, thus assisting the rowers to accomplish in a day a trip that would otherwise take them a week. Such good fortune is, nevertheless, extremely rare. The fishes finally arrive at a large island, where the Mackenzie river flows, into the lake. Here they hurriedly erect three tents. There is no time to be lost. The cold season is at hand and the fish will seek warmer waters. Daily, for a month, at the first rays of dawn, all are astir, and after morning prayers, which are necessarily short, every man jumps into his place in one or another of the boats, which are at once rowed out to the nets or seines.

The fishers must be alert and careful, for with the sun the wind sometimes rises, and dashing the waters of the great lake into waves upon the shore, as though they were governed by a tide, like the sea. Woe to the fishers who find themselves far from the shores during such a storm!

Catholic Missions.

NOT FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

Would He be Without Dodd's Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Lumbago of Twenty Years' Standing, and Made Him Feel Twenty Years Younger.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., Nov. 30. (Special)—Sixty years of age but hale and hearty and with all the vigor of a young man, Mr. Richard Quirk, well known and highly respected here, gives all the credit for his good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease," Mr. Quirk says, "and after consulting doctors and taking their medicines, made up my mind I was incurable. I was unable to work when I was persuaded to buy a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my great and happy surprise I had not taken half a box when I experienced relief. Seven boxes cured me. That was in 1900 and I am still cured. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills for any money. I am twenty years younger than before I took them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That's why they cure Rheumatism, Sciatica and other diseases caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

John Bull's Opinion.

There is a clever and widely read English paper called John Bull. It has no prejudices in favor of Catholics, and has said things which we did not relish about us at times. But it cannot endorse the Pharisaic intolerance of the Protestant Alliance, and accordingly the editor addresses to the Secretary of that body an open letter which contains several quotable passages. Dealing with the plea that Protestant England could not tolerate an idolatrous procession in the streets of London, the editor of John Bull says:

"I am not a theologian, but in justice, it must be admitted, and you know it, that Catholics do not

worship what you call a 'wafer.' They are not any more insane than we are. They worship Christ. They believe He is mysteriously present in the Host. Therefore they worship the Host."

The most important part of the foregoing paragraph is the four words, "and you know it," for they mean that in the opinion of this English journalist the leaders of the Protestant Alliance are not simply honest bigots, but dishonest slanders of Catholics, who make a practice of telling lies about us for the purpose of keeping the minds of ignorant Protestants inflamed against us. We read such slanders every week, and we occasionally lay some of them before our readers, in order that they may see the real sentiments of this class of people towards us, and may learn that the argument which keeps the bulk of Protestants apart from us is not theological, nor historical, but calumnious. We never knew a Protestant yet who believed in faith without works, in the sense in which Luther used the phrase. But we find them all believing that Catholics think they can win heaven for themselves by reciting many long prayers, giving alms, etc.; this is one of the lies they have learned from their teachers. We never knew a Protestant yet who, when the real meaning of transubstantiation was explained to him, could say that there was anything irrational about it. But even when he feels compelled to admit that it must be possible for God to work such a change, he balks at the bending of the knee to the Host, just as he would hesitate to offer adoration to Our Lord if he saw Him face to face. We never met a Protestant yet, who would frankly say that Jesus Christ, as He appeared among men, was entitled to all the marks of adoration which we give to God. When we asked 1,500,000 children free of cost to the country, Catholics annually save the United States over \$50,000,000. In other terms, they present our Government each year five battleships of the Dreadnaught class.

Or again, as we saw above from the United States census for 1899, for New York State, the value of school property per capita of pupils in average attendance was \$117. Supposing that out of 1,300,000 children, schooled in Catholic parochial schools, 1,000,000 is asked if they believed in the Incarnation, they say they do, but when they are pressed a little further, they say it is a mystery, that we cannot fathom it and should not try, and that questions concerning the precise honors due to God the Son and His Sacred Humanity, had better not be raised at all. The clear cut doctrines of the Catholic Church, which teach that the Sacred Heart of Jesus and the Holy Eucharist are to receive all marks of adoration, irritate them. The high honor which we pay to Our Lady is another reminder that they do not sufficiently honor Our Lord. They know it is a question of deep theology which lies between us and them—we are speaking now of the official spokesmen of Protestantism—but they also know that it is useless to talk to their people about such questions. So they tell them that we are idolaters, that we put the Virgin Mary in the place of Christ, and so on. When the Rev. J. Hirst, Hollowell, a leader of his sect in England, felt annoyed at the interest excited by the Eucharistic Congress, he contemptuously said to himself: "Their Mass is nothing more than our Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Why need they make any more fuss about it than we do?" But outwardly he said: "What the Catholics call the Host is nothing more than a piece of toast, nor as good as a piece of toast on a cold morning." How shocked he would be if some one looking on at the celebration of the Lord's Supper in a Congregational church were to say: "A good swig of whiskey would be better than that thin wine or grape-juice on a cold morning." He would say that the faith of those who believe in the Lord's Supper should be respected, even by those who do not believe in it. But neither he nor any of his class will grant that any religion that they do not sufficiently believe in the Real Presence, even though it be the faith of two out of every three Christians.—Casket.

London—Princess Henry of Battenberg, when at her home in the Isle of Wight, pays daily visits to the convents of French nuns of several orders who settled on the island after they were expelled from France. The constant association of the king's sister with the nuns has given rise to the report that she is being instructed in the Roman Catholic religion, to which, of course, her daughter, the Queen of Spain, was converted before she married King Alfonso.

Many things strengthen the rumor that the princess leans toward Roman Catholicism. When she resides at Kensington Palace here she receives frequent visits from the Carmelite monks, whose monastery is within a few hundred yards of the palace.

The other day, when Bishop Brindle (at one time garrison chaplain in Halifax) went to luncheon at the palace, the princess, to the amazement of her suite, knelt and kissed his ring as any good Catholic would do.

It is said, further, that the princess was the veiled lady who occupied a seat in the Duke of Norfolk's private gallery in Westminster cathedral during the splendid religious ceremonies connected with the recent Eucharistic Congress.

The princess recently visited a friend who resides on Belgrave Square, and drank tea with several

other ladies. Openly she expressed her disapproval of the great Protestant petition she had seen carted through the streets, a petition urging Parliament to pass a bill ordering an inspection of convents. The company was surprised at the fervor with which the princess declared the nuns should be free from such unwarrantable intrusion.

The princess's proclivity toward Catholicism is being discussed by King Edward's intimate friends, it is needless to say. But so far the King has been too wise to approach her on the subject. It has scorched him many times, oftentimes during Queen Victoria's later years, when the princess domineered over the royal family.

Memorandum on Tuberculosis

Compiled at "Kaiserlich Deutschen Gesundheitsamt" at Berlin.

(Imperial German Health Office.)

WHAT IS TUBERCULOSIS?

(Continued.)

4. With regard to the tuberculosis of animals it will suffice to say that in cattle it usually affects the lungs, in pigs usually the glands of the neck or intestines. In the former, commonly, through inhalation, in the latter through the food, chiefly through the unboiled refuse and skim milk of dairies. Proper means of extirpation are: gradual sorting out of tuberculous cattle, chiefly of those who betray visible signs of disease (tubercular knots on the udder, coughing with emaciation and rough hair, and the like) from special dairies for children's milk and establishments for breeding; but also removal of all other animals (tubercular calves, calves from tuberculous mothers, frequent exercise of the calves and young cattle, if possible of the older animals, too); the open air should be encouraged, the use of boiled milk only and boiled dairy residues for the feeding of pigs; keeping the stalls clean.

II. Measures for strengthening the body. It will be impossible to extirpate all tubercle-bacilli, therefore it is indispensable so to strengthen and harden the body that the absorbed germs can not take hold upon it. The principal means are:

1. Plain and wholesome food, which by judicious selection need not be expensive. Paints and intoxicating drinks should be avoided.

A dwelling accessible to the pure air and light, rather in the suburbs than in the heart of the city; the best room selected as a sleeping-room.

Plain, durable clothing made of material not too thickly woven, neither too warm nor too cool; in the case of a person in repose or of a sedentary occupation warmer than in that of someone frequently in motion; discarding the fancies of fashion that hamper the free movement of the body, e.g., the corset and belts.

Only after defraying the necessary costs of dwelling, eating, and clothing other expenses may be considered.

Let order and cleanliness have the first place in the whole conduct of life. Wash the whole body daily with moderately cold water or rub it vigorously with a rough, damp cloth, bathe in pure river or sea water, or take a shower bath (sparing the head), keep hair and beard, teeth and mouth, also the nails, clean. Breathe through the nose, keeping the mouth shut; the former is the natural filter for impure and injurious substances. If breathing through the nose is difficult, be examined by a physician; it is often easy to remove the impediment.

Seek to perform your work in accordance with your health. Take advantage of prescribed measures for protection. Avoid a bent position in intellectual work. If you are an employer, consider how you may remove obnoxious substances or prevent such from arising (dust, smoke, etc.). The time for work and rest should be in proper proportion.

Devote the hours free from work to the strengthening of those parts of the body that had little opportunity to be exercised during work. Take exercise outside of your dwelling. Draw in long, deep draughts through the hands while holding the hands pressed against the sides. Accustom yourself also to being in the open air while holding the hands pressed against the sides. Accustom yourself also to being in the open air in unfavorable weather. Change wet clothing and shoes. Gymnastic exercises—especially when out of doors—suited to the conditions of the body, together with tramps on foot, games, moderate cycling, rowing, swimming and the like, are the best allies in the fight with tuberculosis.

Go to bed at a reasonable hour. Avoid excesses of every sort. They destroy in a few minutes what has been gained in years. As little as a glass of moderately cool beer, a cup of moderately strong coffee or tea, a cigar—enjoyed at the proper time—injure the normal adult body, as much every intemperance injures it.

Finally, shun intercourse with persons who are suffering from infectious diseases: If duty or profession demands such intercourse, then bear constantly in mind the prescribed measures of precaution. If you move

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Not less important is the scrupulous observance of general measures of precaution in every three where people assemble in large numbers through their occupation or from other causes (in schools, hearing schools, corresponding context of tuberculosis, teachers, factory workers, post-offices, or hospitals). Neglect of tuberculosis by individual educators the general public.

ADVICE TO DISPAISED PUPILS. If symptoms appear that arouse the suspicion of a not merely transient disease of the respiratory tract with repeated coughing (dry or with sputum), frequent pains in the throat, breast, or back, listless depression or tendency towards exhaustion, recurring fever, especially in the evening, with night-sweats (though the covering be light), traces of blood in the sputum or even a discharge of blood from the throat, then a radical examination by the physician (also of the sputum for tubercle-bacilli) should be made as soon as possible. If the suspicion is not confirmed, yet the advice given under D. should be carefully followed. If the suspicion is confirmed, then the regulations prescribed by the physician are first of all his general hygienic conduct and rigid observance of the prescribed measures of precaution. The patient should realize the double duty of taking thought for his own cure, in order to become once more a useful, earning member of human society, and also of preserving his family, servants, and neighbors from infection by heeding the precautionary regulations. Incipient tuberculosis is often curable; advanced seldom. Success depends chiefly on timely application.

Special attention should be paid to the sputum; it should neither be cast upon the floor nor swallowed, but rather be vented into a separate, suitable vessel, which should be regularly disinfected; better still are the saliva bottles (something like the Dettweiler) which the patient takes with him. Should it be necessary at times to vent the sputum into the handkerchief, the latter should be boiled before becoming dry.

The disease can also be communicated by kissing. And evidently consumptive person should be urgently dissuaded from marrying; let him wait until he is cured. Tuberculous women should not suckle or nurse children.

The cure is most surely effected in a sanatorium devoted especially to the restoration of consumptives and directed by an experienced physician. After not too short a sojourn (not under 3 months), the obedient and attentive patient often regains not only his health, but appropriates to himself also the rules of living necessary to avoid relapses.

To poor consumptive people advice and help is given free of charge by the information-and-care-offices recently so often established (Auskunfts- und Fürsorgestellen) and by dispensaries for tuberculous people.

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Episcopal Approbation. If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION. Tuesday next is the chosen feast of our Blessed Lady. What a height and what a sanctuary is the Immaculate Conception—what a complete triumph of the Precious Blood, perfect preservation of innocence, source of inexhaustible grace!

THE CLOISTERED CHURCH. One question naturally suggests itself upon reading the addresses at the Church Extension Congress. It is: Has the Church in America become cloistered?

MIXED MARRIAGES IN GERMANY. In Berlin and Brandenburg there were in the years 1901-5, 1557 Catholic marriages and 4874 mixed marriages. The same is true of Pomerania, Schleswig-Holstein and Saxony.

SIR JAMES CHARLES MATHEW. He was a great Englishman and he was more—he was a good Irishman. This tribute of Sir James Mathew to the late Lord Russell of Killowen, is applied by the London Tablet with equal justice to Sir James Mathew himself, whose death occurred a few days ago.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLEMBUS. An insidious article against the Knights of Columbus appeared some days ago in the columns of Le Canada, of which Mr. Godfrid Langlois, M.L.A. for St. Louis, the advocate of the laicisation of our schools, is the editor.

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILES GIVE SPLENDID ENTERTAINMENT. Monday evening, despite the prevalence of very unfavorable weather, saw the large concert hall of St. Gabriel Church filled with an immense audience.

SALES AGENTS WANTED. \$36.00 per week, or 400 per cent. profit. All samples, stationary and art catalogue, free.

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cause disturbance in the Catholic body, reproduces the editorial reflections of the educational reformer of Le Canada.

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NOTICE is hereby given that Theodule David, painter, of the City and District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to obtain an act to ratify a deed of exchange made between himself and Joseph Bourgeois and others, of the said City of Montreal, before Mre. Leandre Belanger, N.P., on the twenty-seventh of August, 1908, under No. 19025 of the minutes of said Mre. Belanger.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GUERIN, Attorneys for Petitioners.

Thanksgiving

The American Thanksgiving was celebrated this year with enthusiasm by the St. Patrick's Literary Society of the City of Montreal.



reaction of Rev. J. C., the vice-president delivered an address deploring the composition of the society.

A brilliant ending to the school ball on Monday night closed the autumn Agnes parish.

After the eight games played and the prizes were awarded, the pastor, Rev. Father McDonald, thanked those who faithfully for the success of the event.

Water color by Mrs. Murphy, Herri street, Panquin Guess—74, 742 guesdon, 13 Drummond Street, Embroidered by Miss Walsh, Main street.

Cake weight guess 13 3/4 lbs., weight of by three competitors was won by Mrs. J. Pine avenue.

Water color by Mrs. Murphy, Herri street, Panquin Guess—74, 742 guesdon, 13 Drummond Street, Embroidered by Miss Walsh, Main street.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1908.

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November, 1908.

NGER, ST.

GUERIN,

ys for Petitioners.

Thanksgiving Day at St. Laurent.

The American Thanksgiving was celebrated by the members of the St. Patrick's Literary and Dramatic Society of the College of St. Laurent. Every year the members of the above named organization favor their friends and fellow-students with an entertainment suitable to the time and to the occasion. The exercises were begun Wednesday evening at eight o'clock. Father J. E. Hebert, C.S.C., president of the College, occupied the chair. Father E. Meahan, C.S.C., Vice-President, sat on his right, and to the left Mr. Father W. H. Condon, C.S.C., Moderator of St. Patrick's Society. One of the features which lent a touch of homeliness to the entertainment was the presence of Fathers R. Callahan, M. Reid and M. O'Brien, old students of St. Laurent. Their encouragement is greatly appreciated by their Alma Mater.

After a short musical prelude, which was very ably rendered by the college orchestra under the di-

part of the aged and unfortunate Jonathan. The role of Cuthbert, Jonathan's younger son, was played to perfection by Edward Winfield, a junior member, and he gives promise of becoming one of the Society's leading actors. John Whitman richly deserved the bursts of applause that continually greeted his every appearance. Mr. Whitman acted the part of Dick Humble, a villain, in an able manner. The character of Humphrey Drake, a polished and gentlemanly rascal, gave James O'Connell a fine opportunity to show his exceptional dramatic abilities. Charles Moore, as Lord Delmore, and James Coyle, as Fr. Nugent, added to their long established reputation as accomplished actors. Albert Viau, who appeared as Lieutenant Frankland, was a fine type of the West Point graduate and played his part in true soldierly fashion. Paul Murphy and Theodore Themam as Brown and Jones, were the fun makers of the evening. The part of Lord Chief Justice, in the person of James Thompson, was acted with all the dignity and grace attached to so important an office. Gerard Murphy, as Stanfield, and Francis Liston, as Buxton, were lawyers, and pleaded well their re-

Lord Chief Justice . . . J. Thompson
Buxton, counsel for prisoner . . . E. Liston
Stanfield, counsel for prosecution . . . G. Murphy
Mr. Brown . . . P. Murphy
Two "characters" . . . M. Themam
Sir Ed. Carrington, magistrate . . . M. Themam
Court Usher . . . J. Birt
Sheriff . . . J. Birt
Foreman of Jury . . . G. Gorman
Graves . . . W. Gorman
Baxter . . . G. Sullivan
Game Keepers . . .
Jurors, etc. etc. etc.

The stage effects were beautiful, and murmurs of appreciation were heard on every side as the curtain rose on each scene. Professional perfection was approached in this respect, and reflected great credit on Mr. Thomas J. Kearney, C.S.C., under whose supervision the drama was presented. Owing to Mr. Kearney's zeal and untiring efforts, St. Patrick's Society may well feel proud of its latest production.

On Thanksgiving day, despite the threatening weather, cheerfulness reigned supreme. The students were assembled in one of the large halls, tastefully decorated for the occasion.



rection of Rev. J. A. Clement, C.S.C., the vice-president, John Mulcair, delivered an address on the life and deeds of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Mulcair's composition left nothing to be desired.

The production of a three act drama, "His Son," was the real important part of the programme, and this began immediately after Mr. Mulcair's address. Excellent judgment was exercised in selecting the dramatic personae, as each character proved to be a master in his particular role. The rendition of Henry Keynes, the hero of the play, by John McNeill, merited well-earned applause. Hugh Hanrahan, as Jonathan Keynes, father to Henry, displayed rare ability in handling the

spective cases. The various other parts were well acted and plainly showed that St. Patrick's Society is rich in dramatic talent. Among the pleasing features of the evening was a vocal selection by President Francis McKeon, whose clear tenor voice filled the theatre.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jonathan Keynes . . . H. Hanrahan
His son . . . J. McNeill
Cuthbert, Henry's brother . . . E. Winfield
Humphrey Drake . . . J. O'Connell
Dick Humble, formerly a poacher . . . J. Whitman
Fr. Nugent, Pastor of Milton . . . J. Coyle
Lord Delmore . . . C. Moore
Lieut. Frankland . . . A. Viau

Song, music and laughter were mingled into one sweet strain, echoing the joy and thanksgiving that filled young and happy hearts. At one o'clock the students repaired to the spacious dining hall to partake of the time-honored Thanksgiving dinner. During the banquet all were kept in joyful spirits by the harmonious strains of St. Patrick's orchestra, under the direction of Mr. James Birt, a musician of no mean ability.

After the feast, the students amused themselves in various ways, and with feelings of regret saw the day coming to a close. In the evening an enjoyable musicale was furnished by the Glee Club, a fitting climax to the day's festivities.

St. Agnes' Autumnal Fair.

A brilliant ending to a successful fair was the euchre given in Olier school hall on Monday evening last, to close the autumnal fair of St. Agnes parish. Sixty-two tables played eight games, and there was keen rivalry displayed throughout the evening. The ordinary business of the fair did not languish, however, and the receipts were fully up to the average.

After the eight games had been played and the prizes distributed, Rev. Father McDonald, in the name of the pastor, Rev. Father Casey, thanked those who had worked so faithfully for the success of the fair, and declared that the affair had been a striking success from a financial standpoint.

Five ladies and five gentlemen won seven out of eight games played, and the prizes were awarded as follows: Ladies, 1st prize, pair of shoes, Miss E. Tyrell; 2nd prize, teapot, Miss Katie Carrington; 3rd prize, pin-cushion, Mrs. James Drury. The other ladies winning even games were Mrs. Crowe and Miss Isabella McDonald. The winners among the gentlemen were: 1st prize, a ton of coal, Mr. Boguer; 2nd prize, a clock, Mr. Mooney; 3rd prize, Hensley pin, Mr. Hayden. The other gentlemen winning seven games were Messrs. T. McAuley and J. G. Grant.

Other prizes were drawn in various events, and it was decided to hold a ten cent euchre on Tuesday evening to clear off the few things yet remaining, and close up the whole function for good.

The prizes in the various competitions were as follows:

Button Guess—306 button on coat, 305 guessed by Mr. Stack; 130 Drole street, prize one dollar.

Revelled Circular Table-Mirror won by Mrs. Cummings, St. Denis street.

Berry Set, won by Miss Madden, 1426 St. Lawrence Boulevard.

Bean Guess—1100 beans in jar, 1119 guessed by M. Hughes, 2 Du-luth ave.

Water color by Miss Dorothy Lowry, won by Father Kiloran, St. Patrick's.

Barrel of Flour, won by Miss Mae Murphy, Berri street.

Pumpkin Guess—743 seeds in pumpkin, 742 guessed by Mr. Chas. Singleton, 12 Drummond.

Shadow Embroidered Centerpiece, won by Miss Walsh, 1055 St. Urban street.

Cake weight guess—Cake weighed 13 3/4 lbs., weight correctly guessed by three competitors, and on draw was won by Mrs. J. M. Jeal, 263 Pine avenue.

PERSONAL.

At 9 o'clock Mass last Sunday at St. Ann's, Master Robert Finnell sang a beautiful "Ave Maria" composed by Mr. Joseph St. John. The violin obligato was played by the author. Mr. J. St. John is a young man gifted with good musical talent, and has already produced several fine compositions in marches, two-steps, waltzes and hymns.

ROLL OF HONOR, ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

The following boys have their names on the Roll of Honor for November:

J. Ahearn, G. Wyer, G. O'Grady, P. Clarke, W. Brady, J. Connolly, T. Hamill, F. Hyland, J. Muldoon, F. McMullin, M. Russell, R. O'Reilly, J. Buckley, R. Donovan, N. Ellis, R. Finnell, P. Maher, P. McNichol, H. Neville, M. Norton, L. O'Grady, T. Sullivan, J. Clancy, J. Shanahan, J. Bryant, R. Cannon, J. Connolly, A. Gallagher, S. Allan, P. Keenan, C. Cherry, P. Neeson, F. Gullen, J. Martin, J. Cloran, J. Currie, E. Scullion, J. Jones, W. Bowman, G. Wilkinson, G. Kelly, W. O'Donnell, V. Latimer, J. Timmons, J. Meahan, T. Birmingham, E. Muldoon, W. Coady, E. Gallagher, S. Mahoney, T. O'Connell, P. Hanley, T. Clarke, J. Neville, J. Toian, T. Considine, H. Ward, E. Daly, F. Sweeney, W. Walsh, H. McKeown, P. Donnelly, P. Birmingham, H. Tierney, E. Howard, G. Gilligan, E. McGursin, H. Richard, E. Davin, J. Keenan.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of cold and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' FINAL CONCERT.

With the entertainment offered by the James McCreedy Co. each year to the sailors closes another season of the useful existence of the institution known as the Catholic Sailors' Club. The large hall was well crowded. The chair was occupied by Mr. C. F. Smith, president of the James McCreedy Company. The following fine programme was exceedingly well carried out:

Tenor solo . . . Mr. A. Lamoureux
Soprano solo . . . Master R. Quinn
Cello solo . . . Miss Hazel McDonnell
Baritone solo . . . Mr. J. Fisher
Dramatic monologue . . .
Mr. Craig Campbell
Song . . . Miss Mamie Babin
Trio . . .
Cello . . . Miss Hazel McDonnell
Violin . . . Miss Gwendolin McDonnell
Piano . . . Mrs. Bout
Mystery and Magic—Mr. Chas. Larue
The Celtic Quartette.
Mr. P. Thelan, Mr. P. Griffin,
Mr. W. Costigan, Mr. H. Griffin.

Song and Dance . . . Mr. Charles Mallon
Entertainer . . . Mr. R. MacLaughlin
Song . . . Miss Potywell
While every one sustained their parts in finished style, still we cannot refrain from making special mention of the Misses McDonnell and Mrs. Bout for the charming manner in which their trio—cello, violin and piano—was rendered, also, Miss Mamie Babin, who holds a scholarship from McGill. She was heard to splendid advantage last evening and gives promise of a very high place among our Canadian prima donnas. Mr. Craig Campbell excelled in his dramatic monologue.

Dr. Atherton, managing director of the Club, said that the motive of these weekly entertainments was to bring the patrons together and show them what progress is made in the good work, that of bringing the sailors under good influence. Everything was at hand for their comfort and pleasure, and the results showed that the sailor boys were not unresponsive. One very great point gained was the number of names on the total abstinence pledge list. The number of seamen who visited the rooms was 39,000; 5938 letters had been written and over nine thousand packages of reading matter distributed. On the whole the patrons have every reason to feel gratified at the result of the efforts they have put forth to elevate the sailors, as also the friends who encourage them by their presence at the regular weekly entertainments.

A very pleasing feature was the presence of Mrs. McNamee, a very old and true friend of the Catho-

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St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a goodly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

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ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

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Whom God Hath Joined Together.

(By Milton E. Smith, in Rosary Magazine.)

(Continued)

Gladly would I exchange my wound for yours. I could easily learn to endure bodily pain, but I shall never be able to bear with patience the sorrow that has come upon me. My only consolation is that the good Lord will soon take me to the other world where there is no crime, no heartlessness.

One day seemed like all the others to Rose now; and the preparations for the marriage went on without her giving them the least attention. She had no commands to give her dressmakers that had been procured to prepare the wedding trousseau, but permitted Mrs. Broxley to superintend everything. In reply to the many questions asked her, she always replied:

"I have no preference; order what you please, but remember that I shall require very little."

Mrs. Broxley was ignorant of her husband's financial troubles and did not even know that Rose had consented to marry Morris to save her father from bankruptcy. But the mistress of Broxley House secretly rejoiced that the Catholic member of the family was to go home, for she was jealous of the poor girl's beauty and accomplishments, which were in striking contrast to her own faded cheeks and presumptuous airs.

Mrs. Broxley could not fail to observe the clouds that rested upon her husband's face. Once or twice she asked the cause, but was satisfied when told that he was grieving because Rose was going away, although he could not object to the marriage when she would secure such a fine husband and an elegant home.

In order to save her father from grieving on her account, Rose tried to conceal her feelings when in his presence, and never spoke to him on the subject that was causing her so much sorrow. Her efforts were in vain, for he could not fail to detect the lines of agony that were visible on her face. Her silence and resignation only added to his own grief.

III. MAD ANNA

As the time approached when Rose was to become the wife of the man she no longer respected, she became ill, and as soon as she was able to get out of her room the doctor ordered that she should spend the greater part of each day in the open air, as he discovered that her lungs were becoming seriously affected. This was highly gratifying to her, for she was no longer forced to answer questions relative to the preparations for the sacrifice she was soon to make.

One day, when she wandered to the side of the brook where she had passed so many happy hours, she found her favorite seat occupied by a woman who, like herself, seemed very unhappy. The stranger was writing with a stick in the sand, and when Rose approached she stood up and said:

"See, I have taken your seat, but you won't mind, will you, when you have taken so much from me?"

"I think you have made a mistake," replied Rose in a sweet voice, "for I do not think I have ever seen you before. You have just as much right to the seat as I have, and I will sit here on this log. Now tell me, please, what you meant by saying I had taken something belonging to you. Do you know me?"

"Oh, yes, you are Rose Broxley. You have taken something of mine, but you can keep it, for it is of no use to me. Oh, I hate it!"

"Yes, I am Rose Broxley," replied Rose, holding out her hand to the strange woman.

"Poor little girl!" interrupted the woman, as she took the offered hand. "Once I was young and pretty as you are. Now I am old and withered. The pink will leave your cheeks and your eyes will grow dull like

mine, and they will lock you up, in a mad-house because you have lost your beauty. Poor little girl, I pity you!"

"Why do you pity me?" asked Rose, and she experienced a queer sensation coming over her as though she was to hear some dreadful news.

"I am mad Anna, just escaped from the mad-house where they put me twenty years ago because I lost my good looks. I pity you, for a mad-house will be your home when they grow tired of you, or as soon as you grow old. You will first have a beautiful home, but it will be like the gold cages in which they put the lovely little birds. On the outside your cage is so pretty, but inside it is dark and bare. Good-bye, little Rose. Don't forget that mad Anna warned you, for she ran away to tell you this. I am going back to my home over the hills. It is a big house, larger than this, and so many live there. They call it an asylum. He never comes to see me, but I love him, if he did send me away from my right home. Good-bye, little girl. The next time I see you it will be when you come to my home over there."

"Don't leave me, Anna," cried Rose piteously. "See, I have my lunch and you must help me to eat it. Then we will feed the birds and the fishes. Come help me to spread the cloth on the grass under the old birch tree. My only pleasure now is to be away from every one, but I want company to-day."

The poor demented woman, who had come from the asylum especially to warn Rose, came back, saying:

"Mad Anna loves music. If you will sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' for her she will stay with you for a little while, but she can't stay too long, for the cruel man will come and lock her up for leaving home."

Rose sang in a sweet voice the old song, and then an air from a modern opera, when her companion said:

"Mad Anna don't like that; sing 'Home, Sweet Home,' again or she will run away."

Rose tried to repeat the old song, but her tears came so fast that she was compelled to stop, for the words brought so vividly before her the time when she must leave the old home forever.

"Why does the pretty little girl cry?" asked Anna as she grasped the young woman's hand and kissed it, "because she is to go to the cage where Anna went before they sent her over the hills? Do I look like a pretty bride? No, you will say. I don't mind, but mad Anna is once as pretty as you. But what makes you cry? Mad Anna is the one to cry; but she won't, because the others laugh at her when she cries. Would you laugh, little Rose? I didn't cry when I was to be married to the man you have taken from me. I love and hate you both."

Throwing Rose's hand violently down, Anna sprang up and ran through the woods. Left alone, Rose reflected on the words of her mysterious visitor, who she suspected, was a harmless inmate of the asylum a few miles distant, and persuaded herself that there might be some truth in them, and that probably Anna was the divorced wife of the man she was to marry.

"Can it be possible," she asked herself, "that my father would want me to marry a divorced man? Yet it is probable that Mr. Morris married in his younger days, and that his wife became insane and he secured a divorce. Father will not deceive me, so I will ask him at once whether there is any truth in the story of this poor woman. If there is, no power on earth can force me to marry him. I would not do so even to save my dear father from prison. Mother of God, help me in my great sorrow," she cried, and fell from her seat to the ground where she lay for some time unconscious. When she recovered, and was strong enough she went home and found her father on the lawn. She joined him, saying:

"Papa, I am glad you are alone, for I have a very important question to ask you. Tell me, please, is Mr. Morris a married man?"

"Why, my child, what has come over you to ask such a question? Do you let you go through a marriage service with a married man? Your question alarms me. I fear your mind is not clear since your recent sickness. Are you ill?"

"No, papa, but I met a woman to-day who said she was his wife. Are you now surprised at my question?"

"Oh, you met Mad Anna, did you? Well, she was his wife twenty years ago, but of course when she lost her reason Mr. Morris wisely divorced her. Now you are satisfied, I suppose?"

"Far from it, papa," replied Rose tearfully. "You know I am a Catholic, and that the Church holds that marriages cannot be dissolved at the pleasure of the parties. Mr. Morris is just as much a married man as he was before his wife became insane, and under no circumstances will I commit the sin of bigamy; and I am sure you would not have me do so."

"You are entirely mistaken, Rose," replied Mr. Broxley, alarmed for fear his plans, after all his trouble, would fail. "The court, when it granted Mr. Morris a divorce, acted in the name of the State, which in its wisdom makes it possible for a man under certain circumstances to sever the bonds that bind him to a bad wife. You, I am sure, would not expect Mr. Morris to consider an insane woman his wife. No, he is not a married man, and I want you to prepare to marry him at once. Have a little confidence in your fa-

ther, who would rather take your life than have you do wrong."

"Papa, I understand the case exactly," replied Rose calmly, "and know why you think Mr. Morris is a single man. You recognize the right of the State to sever the marriage bond as though it were only a civil contract. I believe with the church that it cannot be dissolved. Mr. Morris is still a married man and you must not ask me to commit a sin."

"You certainly do not mean, my child, that you intend to break your solemn promise to Mr. Morris and to me?"

"Papa, as hateful as that marriage would have been to me, I would have made the sacrifice for your sake—now I must say that no power on earth can make me observe my promise, for if I did I would lose my soul."

Mr. Broxley pleaded with his daughter to save him from prison and the family from lasting disgrace but his efforts were in vain. Then he threatened her, and reminded her that the Church insisted that children should obey their parents.

"We are taught to obey our parents in all things that are not sinful," replied Rose quickly, "but the Church would not permit me to live with Mr. Morris should I consent to have a mock marriage ceremony performed. Not to save my life will I do as you wish, and I think it is inhuman in you to ask me to give my soul to save you. Let me go to New York and get employment and try to help you. I am sure God will aid us if we do His will."

It was not only to save himself that Mr. Broxley insisted that Rose should marry Morris; he really thought she would be happy as mistress of Medford and he determined to force her to keep the promise she had made. With a bitter voice he said:

"I shall not permit you, my child, to throw away such a golden promise simply because your Church teaches a doctrine hostile to the State. You must exercise your own judgment and be guided by the priests. I say, once more you shall marry Mr. Morris and at once, so let me here no more about the loss of your soul."

"It is not the priests, papa, who say a marriage cannot be dissolved, but Christ, Who declared marriage a sacrament and that the bond shall not be broken. What, therefore, God hath joined together, let no man put asunder. I shall not marry this man, and that is all I will say."

"I have tried to show you your foolish mistake," retorted Mr. Broxley angrily, "now I shall take steps to prevent you from being your own worst enemy, for should you not become the wife of Mr. Morris you will regret it all your life. You will remain in your room for the present with my command within a reasonable time, I shall send for a magistrate and have the marriage ceremony performed and put an end to this foolishness. You will soon thank me for not permitting you to have your own way."

Rose went to her own room fully determined not to marry Morris under any circumstances. In spite of the clouds that hung so dark over her, she did not give up assistance in God. She had perfect confidence it would come before it was too late.

IV.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

One evening as the sun went down lighting the lawn with great streaks of red and gold, a carriage rolled up the long avenue and stopped at the main entrance of Broxley House. A gentleman past middle life, of a dark complexion, alighted and entered the house. A few minutes later a servant handed Mr. Broxley a card. He examined it and handed it to his wife, saying:

"A striking coincidence. This man is named Thomas Lawfelt, the same as my first wife's brother, who was lost at sea twenty-five years ago. His is not a common name, and I cannot imagine who he can be unless he is a son of my brother-in-law. I do not think Thomas ever married, but I know very little about him. I will see him at once."

will see him at once." Entering the reception room, Mr. Broxley advanced to speak to his visitor, who arose and offered his hand.

"I still remember you, Richard," he said, "although you do not recognize me. Well, I am not surprised, for I have passed through many trying scenes since I bade you all good-bye a quarter of a century ago. Do you see no traces in my face of poor Rose's brother? For I am he, but changed in everything from the one you knew as a reckless young man."

Mr. Broxley imagined the return of Rose's uncle would not be pleasant at that time, so he welcomed him coolly and summoned his wife, who was presented to the unwelcome visitor.

"I suppose, Richard," remarked Mr. Lawfelt, "that you will be interested in my story relative to my travels. I will tell you in very few words, for I am anxious to hear of my old friends, of the living and the dead. I am glad to be here, but everything is so changed. Well, I was shipwrecked and captured by pirates; then I escaped and went to the Philippines and finally to China, where I lived many years. At last fortune smiled upon me and I have come back to enjoy a handsome fortune. Now, tell me of yourself. I know Rose has been dead for many years. Did she name no children?"

"Yes, a daughter named Rose after her mother," replied Mr. Broxley, "and you have come in good time, for she is engaged to a most estimable gentleman, the owner of the finest estate in the country. Strange to say, she wants to break the engagement because her fiancé was once married. I am sure a word from you will prevent her from making a great mistake. I will send for her and will ask you to supplement the good advice I have given relative to her keeping the engagement."

"Of course the man is worthy of her or you would never consent for her to marry him," replied Mr. Lawfelt thoughtfully. "But she can be no doubt, so I will advise her to be guided by her father in this important matter."

Rose entered the room with a sad face, for she did not know what new trials were in store for her. Her uncle greeted her warmly, and then asked her if she was engaged to be married, saying:

"I can hardly think it possible that such an attractive looking young lady can have failed to win the love of some good man. If you have not, the young men of this section must have very poor taste. Now tell your uncle all about it, for he has heard that you have won an excellent gentleman. Is it true?"

The tears ran down Rose's cheeks, and her uncle, taking her hand gently, comforted her, saying: "You must not be too hard on yourself. I have been told you think of breaking your engagement because the poor man was once married, but lost his wife by death. Now, my dear, that is no reason why he should not marry again. Very often the second marriage is the happier one. So dry your eyes and tell me why you wish to break your engagement. I am sure your fiancé is in every way worthy of you or your father would never have given his consent."

By this time Rose had controlled her emotions, and she replied: "I do not think, uncle, that you understand the matter. I do not object to the gentleman because he is once married, but because he is still married. I am a Catholic, and cannot go through a mock ceremony of marriage with a divorced man. Do you still think I should obey my father?"

Mr. Lawfelt hastily arose and, advancing toward Mr. Broxley, said: "Richard, can it be possible that you would have advised my sister's child to marry a divorced man? Do you know nothing about the sacrament of matrimony when you had a good Catholic wife? It seems impossible that the man my sister loved could so far forget her memory as to ask her child to commit a sin. Before condemning your course I ask for an explanation."

Mr. Broxley's face grew ashy, then scarlet, and with much difficulty he replied:

"Thomas, many things have changed since you left home and many advances, for the betterment of society, have been made. It is regarded as good form now for those unhappily married to secure a divorce and marry again. The State has wisely adopted divorce laws which many of our best people have used to promote their happiness. When I have told you why I am so anxious for Rose to marry Mr. Morris you will, I am sure, urge her to observe her promise. The fact is, I am embarrassed financially and Mr. Morris holds a mortgage on Broxley House for a large sum. It will be sold unless the marriage takes place at once. Would you have my wife and children turned out of their home when such a calamity can be prevented by Rose's marriage to a man to make her happy and whom she has promised to marry? The Broxleys have ever regarded a promise as a sacred contract not to be broken."

"But," interrupted Mr. Lawfelt, "they fail to regard as sacred the words of our Lord, 'What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I have lived in the East and seen women degraded in a manner to make my blood boil. The Church knows how to protect her daughters, and with all her power enforces the command of Christ. She under no circumstances permits her children to marry divorced men or women, and I am surprised and pained to find that you have advised my niece to violate the laws of her Church, for I am also a Catholic. I come in the right time, indeed. I think I was sent here by Providence to prevent a grievous sin. Rose is of age and I shall take her to my home in New York, for I not only brought back a little gold, but

what is far more precious, a good Catholic wife. As for your financial troubles, I shall purchase this house and give it to Rose, with the understanding that you are to remain here free of rent so long as you live. Do not worry about your debts, for they shall be paid, but rather blush that you have advised the child of my dead sister to commit a grievous sin."

HAD BACHACHE.

Was Unable To Do House-work For Two Years

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female diseases." There is less "female trouble" than they think.

Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability and a dragging down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "male trouble."

Why, then, blame all your trouble to "female disease?"

Most of the so-called "female disorders" are no more or less than "kidney disorders," and can be easily and quickly cured by Doan's Kidney Pills.

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France's Hope is in Young Men.

M. Rene Bazin is a man who still has faith in his country, and the fact that his novels, Catholic in tone as they are, are selling by the hundred thousand, gives him some reason to hope. But he claims to have better reason than this. In conversation with a representative of the New York Times, he lately related the following incident:

"Last year in the course of a lecture I gave at the religious retreat in Belgium described in *Le Ble qui Love*, I invited my auditors, who seemed to have but a poor opinion of my country, to attend the Congress of the Jeunesse Catholique de France, to be held at Angers in March, 1908. Four young men accepted the invitation. They found assembled at Angers 8,000 young men (delegates from 1,500 groups)—principally peasants and laborers. They saw 4,000 of these partake of Holy Communion in the Cathedral at 8 o'clock of a Sunday morning. They listened to lectures upon the social and religious development of the working classes. They were astounded by what they saw and heard, and they carried word back to Belgium that Christian France still possesses many active and valiant soldiers, and that these—who desire of her do not know her. It is this earnest, devout France I aspire to reveal to herself and to the world."

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New Catholic Church.

Mgr. Michael J. Lavelle officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of the New Roman Catholic Church of the Resurrection on the south side of 151st street, between Macomb's Dam road and Seventh avenue. There was a big turnout of the Holy Name Society from every church in Harlem. The procession was headed by the Catholic Protective Band of sixty pieces. In addition there was a chorus of 800 children from the parish. The priest of the parish is the Rev. Thomas F. Murphy.

The new church is to be of brick with terra cotta trimmings and will cost 440,000. While the church is being put up the communicants are meeting in an empty store on 135th street, between Seventh and Eighth avenues.

A Simple and Cheap Medicine.—A simple, cheap and effective medicine is something to be desired. There is no medicine so effective a regulator of the digestive system as Parlee's Vegetable Pills. They are simple, they are cheap, they can be got anywhere, and other beneficial action will prove their recommendation. They are the medicine of the poor man and those who wish to escape doctors' bills will do well in giving them a trial.

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant. No Endowment (except Hope)

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—
Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Falkenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Falkenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
† F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

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Combines the potent healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe for the cure of

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, CROUP, SORE THROAT, PAIN or TIGHTNESS in the CHEST,

and all throat and lung troubles. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, 3 pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents.

A HARD DRY COUGH.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

No Pain With Red Blood

Get your blood right by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and Rheumatic pains will disappear.

Rheumatism and diseases of the nerves are closely allied—both are due to thin, watery and impure blood.

Have you ever noticed that it is when you are tired, weak, worn out and exhausted that the rheumatism gives you trouble.

Well, if your blood were analyzed at such times it would be found lacking just such elements as are contained in Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. Because this great restorative actually forms rich, healthful blood it positively cures rheumatism.

Mrs. M. A. Clock, Meaford, Ont., writes: "I was so weak and helpless that I required help to move in bed. Indigestion and rheumatism caused great suffering. By the use of eleven boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I have been made strong and well."

Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Nerve Food author, on every box. 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmansons, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

WEDNESDAY, DEC 10

A LULLABY

Bye, baby, There's a darling, Birds are twittering, bleating, You must go to bed, Mother has to leave, Bye, baby.

Bye, baby, Stars are twinkling, Do be good, my angel, For my speaking is, And the thing best, You'd not make up, That would never, Bye, baby.

Bye, baby, I'm afraid you do Half an hour alone, Mother is the pres, So to happy dream, Let me see, "The What It Is," Oh, Bye, baby.

Bye, baby, Kicking legs and It is seven now, Catch that seven-to, Baby mine, to sleep, Bye, baby.

Bye, baby, Stop, is that papa, John, you'll have to, I must go, he's so, You can get your, There, my baby, go, It's my speech, Jo, Bye, baby, Julia Boynton Gr, Turly Magazine.

PAPA'S PLAN

"George, George hat will be blown far out of the window father to his little travelling with car. Quickly snatch the head of the nana papa hid it behind he cried, pretending And George immediately howl. After a time marked:

"Come, be quiet; hat will come back. Then he whistled hat on the boy's head, you see?" A papa was talking small, shrill voice "Papa, papa, I've out of the window will you?"

RAGGEDY

All tattered and torn, And tired and lam, He came at our call, fall, And we named "Dick"

What we spoke a w, her, His end seemed ve, But we fed him up, And for him shed

Do you ask if we cr, he died? We should—but the, He's the jolliest cr, fur, You should see him, ON A VI

When I go to my G, She gets down kiss, I wonder what's to, (Don't have to "ci, Text," At Gram-ma's—no,

My Gram'ma, she p, ("That's so's 'at s, More like his fathe, Don't favor his ma, say, "A mite, it 'pears

My Gram'ma, when, To give 'til horse, Stands me up 'gain, door, An' marks it, some more, I'm 'growin' like

My Gram'ma knows, For busy folks like, To have to stop an', An' so I sleep right, An' after,—we go

If Mr. Gingersnap is, He has a 'help, tin, An' I can 'help any, An' mustn't drop a, So's not to call th

My Gram'ma rounds, I'll hunt round a, Wich pocket's got h, An' peppermints—I k, His candy! Some's

When I'm all grow'd, I don't know 'wich I, A Gram'ma or a Gr, They're 'bof so good, —Marie Louise Tom, per's Louie.

A French boy, I school, joyfully told, he had received the, in catechism. "I a, Pleased," said the fa, would be still more s, good a premium in h, history. Your catech, help you to pass you, to get your degrees o, Arts. It will not op, doors for your future, "Excuse me, papa,"

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BOYS and GIRLS

A LULLABY UP TO DATE.

Bye, baby, bye,
There's a darling, shut your eye,
Birds are twittering, lambs are
bleating,
You must go to sleep, my sweeting,
Mother has to lead a meeting,
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,

Stars are twinkling in the sky,
Do be good, my sweetest kitten,
For my speech is not half written
And the thing begins at eight;
You'd not make poor mother late
That would never do, Oh, fie!
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,

I'm afraid you do not try
Half an hour already spent;
Mother is the present,
So to happy dreamland roam,
Let me see, "The Ideal Home:
What it is," Oh, where was I?
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,

Kicking legs and face awry,
It is seven now, I'll never
Get that seven-ten car! Endeavor,
Baby mine, to sleep, Oh, try!
Bye, baby, bye!

Bye, baby, bye,

Stop, is that papa I spy?
John, you'll have to take him, truly
I must go, he's so unruly,
You can get your dinner later.
There, my baby, go to pater.
It's my speech, John; I must fly!
Bye, baby, bye!

PAPA'S PLAN FAILED.

"George, George, mind! Your
hat will be blown off if you lean so
far out of the windows," exclaimed
papa to his little son, who was
travelling with him in a railway
car. Quickly snatching the hat from
the head of the naughty youngster,
papa hid it behind his back.
"There, now, the hat has gone!"
he cried, pretending to be angry.
And George immediately set up a
howl. After a time the father re-
marked:

"Come, be quiet; if I whistle your
hat will come back again."
Then he whistled and replaced the
hat on the boy's head. "There, it's
back, you see." Afterwards, while
papa was talking to mamma, a
small, shrill voice was heard saying:
"Papa, papa, I've thrown my hat
out of the window! Whistle again,
will you?"

RAGGEDY DICK.

All tattered and torn and very for-
lorn,
And tired and lame and sick,
He came at our call one day in the
fall,
And we named him "Raggedy
Dick."

When we spoke a word he scarcely
heard,
His end seemed very near.
But we fed him up—poor little pup,
And for him shed a tear.

Do you ask if we cried on the day
he died?
We should—but the pup's alive—
He's the jolliest cur that wears his
fur,
You should see him swim and dive!

ON A VISIT.

When I go to my Gram'ma's an'
She gets done, kissin' me,
I wonder what's to happen nex';
(Don't have to 'cite no "Golden
Tex")
At Gram-ma's—no, sir-ee!

My Gram'ma, she puts on her specs
(That's so's at she can see);
"More like his father every day;
Don't favor his ma's folks," she'll
say,
"A mite, it 'pears to me."

My Gram'ma, when we go outdoors
To give th' horse his feed,
Stands me up 'gainst th' big barn
door
An' marks it where I've grow'd
some more,
I'm 'growin' like a weed!"

My Gram'ma knows its drefle hard
For busy folks like me,
To have to stop an' take a nap,
An' so I sleep right on her lap;
An' after,—we go see

If Mr. Gingersnap is home,—
He has a roun', tin house,—
An' I can "help myself to some,"
An' mustn't drop a single crum',
So's not to call th' mouse.

My Gram'ma says I'll help him lots
If I'll hunt round an' see
Wich pocket's got his wintergreens
An' peppermints—I know he means
His candy! Some's for me!

W'en I'm all grow'd up tall an' big,
I don't know wich I'll be—
A Gram'ma or a Gram'pa, 'cause
They're bof so good to me!
—Marie Louise Tompkins, in Har-
per's Weekly.

"You are mistaken. It will
for me the gates of heaven!" open

STINGY DAVY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy.
He had light curly hair, dark blue
eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was
very stingy. He did not like to
share anything with his little bro-
thers and sisters. One day he
went into the kitchen, where his
mother was at work, and saw on
the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked
Davy.
"Mrs. White sent it to me," said
Davy's mother. "She has company
to dinner, and made this jelly very
nice. But I don't care for it, so you
may have it if you won't be stingy
with it."

Davy took the saucer of jelly and
went into the yard; but he did not
call his brothers and sisters to help
him eat it.
"If I divide it with them, there
won't be a spoonful apiece," he
thought. "It is better for one to
have enough than for each to have
just a little."

So he ran to the barn and climbed
up to the loft, where he was sure
no one would think of looking for
him.
Just as he began to eat the jelly
he heard his sister Fannie calling
him. But he did not answer her; he
kept very still.

"They always want some of every-
thing I have," he said to himself.
"If I have just a ginger-snap they
think I ought to give them each a
piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and
Davy had scraped the saucer clean,
he went down into the barnyard
and played with the little white calf
and hunted for eggs in the shed
where the cows were. He was
ashamed to go into the house, for
he knew he had been very stingy
about the jelly.

"O, Davy," said Fannie, running
into the barnyard, "where have you
been this long time? We looked for
you everywhere."
"What do you want?" asked Davy,
thinking that of course his sister
would say that she wanted him to
share the jelly with her.

"Mother gave us a party," said
Fannie. "We had all the dolls'
dishes set out on a little table under
the big tree by the porch; and we
had strawberries, cakes and raisins.
Just as we sat down to eat, Mrs.
White saw us from her window, and
she sent over a bog bowl of ice
cream and some jelly, left from her
dinner. We had a splendid time.
You ought to have been with us."
Poor Davy! How mean he felt!
And he was well punished for eating
his jelly all alone.—Selected.

THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,
One gathered nuts, and the other
had none.
"Time enough yet," his constant re-
frain:
"Summer is still only on the wane."
Listen, my child, while I tell you his
fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused
him too late;

Down fell the snow from a pitiless
cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless
white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room
were placed;
One always perfect, the other dis-
graced;
"Time enough yet for my learning,"
he said.

"I will climb, by and by, from the
foot to the head."
Listen, my darling, their locks are
turned gray;
One as a statesman liveth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at
the door
Of the almshouse, and idles his days
as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every
day—
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown—
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.
Tell me, my child, if the squirrels
have taught
The lesson I longed to implant in
your thought?
Answer me this, and my story is
done:
Which of the two would you be, lit-
tle one?
—Children's Advocate.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

Here is a little tale with a moral.
Read it and ponder.
Tom was a sturdy little athlete
and won most of the races and con-
tests of strength. Through various
winsome traits he had found his way
to the heart of his teacher, and she
was always interested in his suc-
cess.

One day arrangements had been
made for a foot race. Several boys
were to run, although everybody
was sure Tom would win.
The preliminaries were settled, the
race started, and the boys were off
over the course. Tom led free and
clear for about half the distance;
then, to the surprise of every one,
Johnny began to gain upon him.
Jim was just behind Johnny and
running vigorously. Tom's feet

seemed to grow heavy, and Johnny
steadily decreased the distance be-
tween them, until finally he shot
past Tom, and, with a sudden spurt,
gained the goal fully five yards in
advance. Jim was close behind, and
he, too, sped over the line a little
ahead of Tom, but enough to give
him second place and to leave Tom
out of the race.

"Why, Tom, what was the mat-
ter?" asked the teacher, as the de-
feated boy came toward her with
tears streaming down his face.
His only answer was a sob.
"Tell me what happened, Tom."
Tom dug his knuckles into his eyes
to dry his tears and tried to tell
his story.

"I started all right, you know—"
"Yes, you led them all."
"But when I got half way there
the boys began to call: 'Go it, Tom,
Johnny, you're second!' 'Hustle,
Jim, you're gaining!' 'Run, Johnny,
run! you're lost up to him!' But
nobody said 'Go it, Tom' and
somehow it got into my legs and
they wouldn't go," and Tom, drop-
ping to the ground in a heap, cried
as though his heart would break.

Moral: Many have failed in life be-
cause there was no one to say:
"Go it, Tom!"

Abbot Gasquet

Speaks interestingly of the Revision of
the Vulgate.

In London the other day, at a
meeting of the Bibliographical Soci-
ety, a paper on "The Revision of the
Vulgate Latin Text of the Bible" was
read by Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet,
pastor, president of the Commission of
Revision.

Abbot Gasquet said that the work
of preparing a critical revision of
the Latin Vulgate, which a little
more than a year Pope Pius X. de-
termined upon, was offered to the
Benedictine order, and was accepted
at an international meeting of the
superiors, held in Rome in May of
last year. A few months later he
was chosen as the first president of
the Commission of Revision, and in
the autumn of last year had to go
to Rome to organize the work. From
the outset he received from the Pope
personally the strictest charge that
the revision should be conducted up-
on the most approved scientific meth-
ods of modern times, and that no
expense should be spared which was
necessary to secure thoroughness.

The origin of the ancient Latin
text of the Bible was obscure. Be-
fore the time of St. Jerome the text
known as the "Italia" was the most
important of the Latin translations
of the Sacred Scriptures. When Pope
St. Damasus gave St. Jerome the
task of revising the Latin New Testa-
ment, there was a terrible confu-
sion of rival Latin versions. The
task undertaken by St. Jerome in
the last quarter of the fourth cen-
tury was the production of as perfect
a text in Latin as was possible by
all the care and learning he could
give to the matter. The result of
his labors was the production of the
Vulgate or received text of the Latin
version. In the course of time re-
visions or partial revisions of the
Vulgate were attempted by individuals
or corporate bodies. The results,
however, were not happy, and in the
thirteenth century the state of the
text of the Latin Vulgate could only
be described as chaotic. Errors or
words and readings had flowed into
the sacred volume in an almost con-
tinuous stream.

It was not necessary to speak of
the various attempts at correction of
the Latin text before the time of
the Council of Trent. The Vulgate
had been approved by long use in the
Church, but the action of the council
declared that ancient version authen-
tic, and the Pope undertook to ex-
amine and remove errors which in
process of time had found their
way into the text. All that was in-
cluded in the word "authentic" was
the declaration that the text was
substantially identical with the origi-
nal. The work of revision lasted
for over forty years, from 1546 to
1593, and the members consulted for
the purpose of the best known man-
uscripts and had collations of others
made in all parts of Europe. In spite
of the care which had been bestowed
upon the preparation of this edition,
it had from the first been recognized
that some day or other a revision of
the Clementine text would have to
be undertaken.

Generations and centuries had pass-
ed by without the realization of this
expectation. Although the thanks
of the authorities and marks of their
approval had been given to Padre
Verellone and others for their work
in preparing for a future full
revision of the Clementine text, no of-
ficial action had been taken by the
Pope or by his authority in regard
to revision until little more than a
year ago. At present they were
in the stage of preparation only.
Still, something had to be done, and
much depended, as in most other
things on the money question.

What they had been charged as a
commission to do was to recover as
far as possible the actual text of St.
Jerome's translation of the Latin
Bible. They had nothing to do
with the question as to how far
that represented the Hebrew or the
Greek. That was a second step in
the matter of revision, but it must
obviously be a long time before such
a step could be taken.—Pittsburg
Observer.

He Doesn't Scoff.

(Catholic Standard and Times.)
It is a pleasure to record the im-
pressions of a minister who lately
visited the famous shrine of Ste.
Anne de Beauraup, in Canada. He did
not come away a scoffer. On the
contrary, he speaks reverently of
what he witnessed there. This clergy-
man is Rev. John E. Heindel, pas-
tor of the English Lutheran Church

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MADE IN CANADA.

of the Redeemer, in Jersey City. De-
scribing to his congregation a trip
he made to Canada, he said:

"I also visited the shrine at Ste.
Anne de Beauraup. From childhood
I heard of this miracle working place
in modern times, and it had always
been my hope some day to enter
its sacred doors. I cannot describe
my feelings as I stepped from the
train and entered the courtyard of
the church and then wended my way
through this sacred acre to the
church, where so many had entered,
having spent all for the physician,
and were made whole."
"The pyramid of crutches in the
church's entrance is verily an ob-
ject of wonderment. The heart fills
with awe and the eye with tears as
one stands and looks upon them and
reads their silent story. I wonder
not that persons are skeptical when
they hear only the story of these
pyramids, but one's skepticism is
soon dispelled as he examines crutch
after crutch and sees the marks of
pain and sorrow they bear."

"One pilgrimage arrived while we
were there. It was from Ottawa. It
was estimated to include five thou-
sand people. The arrival was an-
nounced by the ringing of the bells
and playing of chimes. In befitting
reverence the pilgrims left their

trains and walked to the shrine. The
sight was a pleasing one, and yet
sad, for among them were many on
crutches, children carried by fathers
and mothers; fathers and mothers
carried by children; some with their
heads bandaged, others revealing dif-
ferent forms of ailment and still
many more who came to worship in
the world-famed church. To the ob-
server it seemed as though we had
returned to the beginning of reli-
gious faith when God selected some
churches among others for His won-
drous works. To me the shrine of
St. Anne de Beauraup was the most
interesting and edifying of the places
we were privileged to visit."

Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, Bobt. Archer, James Duggan, etc.

A. O. H. Cadet Corps Organized at Quebec.

(From our Own Correspondent.) The National Convention of the A. O. H. held at Indianapolis in July, and the Provincial Convention, held at Montreal in September last, having recommended the formation of juvenile divisions, the matter was at once taken up in the Ancient Capital with most gratifying results.

financial secretary, Paul Carbay; treasurer, Wm. Dollard; sergeant-at-arms, Clifford Malone; sentinel, T. Delany. The newly-elected officers were then conducted to their respective seats and the duties of their office explained to them. Congratulatory remarks from members of the County Board followed, after which the whole proceedings the utmost enthusiasm prevailed.

Silver Jubilee of Rev. Fathers Rioux and Flynn.

(Continued from page 1.) was the more convinced of this, as he would be celebrating his own silver jubilee next year. (Laughter) He heartily congratulated Rev. Father Rioux on having attained his silver jubilee, and he also endorsed all the good things that had been said, or that would be said, with regard to the musical programme presented on this occasion.

Rev. Father Shea, pastor of St. Aloysius, added his congratulations to those already expressed, both to Rev. Father Rioux and to Rev. Father Flynn. He added his wishes that they might both be long spared to rule with the same wisdom and prudence which the pastor had displayed in his administration of his duties among his people.

Rev. Father McCrory, curate of St. Michael's, spoke not as a pastor but as an assistant, and especially as a son of St. Ann's parish, who came to pay his tribute to the father by whose good teaching and better example he hoped he had profited somewhat. The demonstration of the evening was the best proof of the justice of the Irish intuition which had dictated the manner of the celebration.

Rev. Father Cullinan, speaking as another son of St. Ann's parish, endorsed all that had been said by Rev. Father McCrory and the pastors who had spoken before him. While celebrating the silver jubilee of the priesthood of the Father Rector and Father Flynn, they were also celebrating the silver jubilee of the advent of the Redeemers in the parish. Their coming was not viewed with unmixed feelings, and it is a commentary on the changed feeling that whereas on the first Sunday on which they came to officiate in St. Ann's Church the choir was empty, except for the organist, that the silver jubilee of their coming should be celebrated by music of the highest order, rendered by the finest choir in the city under such brilliant leadership.

Mr. Justice Curran presented his hearty congratulations to the Rev. Father Rioux, whose silver jubilee was being celebrated, and expressed his regret that Rev. Father Flynn was kept away by his duties as a missionary. He was afraid that his friend, Ald. O'Connell, was in league with the priests to make him sneak on such an occasion after the priests had said all there was to say. He felt like a man who, being called on in the British House of Commons to speak after Edmund Burke, declared that all he could find to say was "ditto."

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for December 1908, listing days of the week, feast days, and saints.

watched with pride and pleasure the progress of the parish and particularly of the institution for young men in whose hall they were foregathered, founded in 1883, and held up as a model for young men's associations all over the city, as indeed St. Ann's parish was a model for all the others.

Rev. Father James P. Killoran, another St. Ann's boy, who had just managed to get inside the hall, was next spoken to. He was not so old, he remarked, as Canon O'Meara, but he wished to be just as short in his remarks. He had come as a St. Ann's boy to express to the reverend jubilarians gratitude for all they had done for St. Ann's parish at large and for the speaker in particular.

whether Prof. Shea would make good his boasts of the ability of the combined choirs to present a programme of the highest class of music. He must admit that what they had heard so far was even better than they had been led to expect. He hoped that when they were called upon next year to celebrate Father Donnelly's silver jubilee they would have three to four hundred singers of the different choirs of the city.

Rev. Father Flynn returned from his mission in the United States on Monday of this week. On Tuesday evening the members of the League of the Sacred Heart met at the presbytery, and presented their spiritual director with a splendid cap and collar of fur, as a souvenir of his silver jubilee, and expressed regret that he had been unable to attend the concert prepared in his honor and that of Rev. Father Rioux.

Dr. J. J. Guerin added his congratulations. Father Rioux was well for his highest ambition was to serve the best interests of the people confided to his care. He and Father Flynn, his worthy conductor, had passed the silver milestone of their priestly journey of life, and the rector must feel happy surrounded as he was by such a concourse of the people of the parish. Might the mutual love and good feeling manifested on this occasion long continue.

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Good to return until Dec. 1st, '08.

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