

HOME RULE CAUSE IN GALWAY.

The University Question, the Irish Party and the Political Crisis Subject of Mr. Gwynn's Speech.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn, M.P., at a recent meeting in Galway, having dealt with recent beneficial legislation in Ireland, said the University Act was not a measure that brought any great financial advantages to Ireland, although the great thing about the University Act was that it established in a great department of Irish life, the department of Irish education, Home Rule. He was sure if there was one man whom the people of Ireland trusted in this matter of University education it was the Archbishop of Dublin, who had been made Chancellor of the National University. His name was in many senses a guarantee for that University. What had been the result of the Act in Belfast? The result had been that whereas they had before that a College open only to one section of the population, manned only by the people whom the Government thought fit to appoint, they had now a College and the University governed by the people nominated, in the first instance, but hereafter so be popularly chosen; and nominated, he thought, wisely, in the first instance. The governing body had consisted of men who were representative of all classes of the community, not only of the Protestant community, but of the Catholic sector, and for that, he thought, they had largely to thank Mr. Joseph Devlin (applause).

GREATEST BOON FOR IRELAND.

He believed if nothing had been done by the Act except the foundation of a really and actually non-sectarian college in the North of Ireland for Protestants and for Catholics alike, that this University Act would have been one of the greatest boons that was ever conferred upon Ireland. The first point in the new Land Act was that the Irish ratepayers had been relieved of an enormous burden that fell upon them by process of law if the Wyndham Act continued to be in force. In the second place, under the Wyndham Act there was a sum of £12,000,000 voted for the bonus of the whole transaction. Mr. Wyndham thought that the transaction was going to be a matter of £100,000,000, but it appeared now it was going to be £180,000,000, and the £12,000,000 of bonus would not hold out at the rate at which it was originally fixed. What Mr. Wyndham contemplated was simply to transform the existing occupiers into owners of their own holdings, but when the Act came to be administered, and when the people of Ireland came to observe the working of it, they had a word to say on the matter. They said: "If there is gold, let us have a settlement which will undo the results of the last confiscation of land in Ireland, when men were replaced, not by men, but by bullocks." In other words, the cause of the landless men has come in for settlement. Thirdly, the Connected Districts Board had been thoroughly established and fully and adequately endowed. But there were two things possible in the coming general election.

POWER SHOULD BE LIMITED.

One was that the Liberals would come in with a smashing majority. In that case, there was no doubt that the Irish Party would not have control of them; but, then, the bigger the Liberal majority the more complete is the defeat of the House of Lords (applause)—the more certain was it that their power would be limited. For his part, the one thing he regarded as of solid influence was that the power of the House of Lords should be limited, because if they limited the power of the House of Lords he believed that they would remove the only obstacle that remained to Home Rule. He read that morning that a clergyman in a neighboring diocese said that in regard to the question of Home Rule they were exactly where we were twenty years ago. Now, that was not so. That gentleman did not know England. Take a single proof. At Oxford, which was a place very conservative in its associations, it would have been absolutely impossible twenty years ago, in the great debating society there, to get anything like a reasonable proportion of the votes in favor of Home Rule. Within the last two years he had twice heard Home Rule debated in the University at Oxford. Mr. Redmond made an extraordinarily good speech there and carried the young men off their feet. On that occasion they voted for Home Rule by about two to one. He thought that that might only be a rhetorical triumph; but he went and quietly discussed the matter with them, and they carried Home Rule by

about fifty or sixty, which was good enough for him (loud applause). The same thing took place in the Union at Cambridge. He had seen Home Rule resolutions carried in every University Debating Society up and down England. There is no use in telling any intelligent man that that was not a straw to show the way the wind was blowing.

WITH IRISH PARTY RESTS POWER.

There was another result of the general election, and that was that neither Liberal nor Conservative might get a strong majority in the House of Commons, and in that case undoubtedly, the balance of power would rest with the Irish party. But whether they put in Liberals or Conservatives, he wanted his constituents, and the people of Ireland, to realize one thing, that whichever party was put in the taxation of Ireland, so long as the Union lasted, was going to be increased, and heavily increased. That was absolutely certain. He had no hesitation, talking in the broad European sense, in saying that he was a Liberal in politics—for the side of the poor, not for the side of the rich (applause). It was quite possible that within the next month they should have to hit the Liberals. If they would not give them the pledge to which they were entitled, they should have to hit them and to make them feel their power. He hoped this would not be necessary, but if it was they should want all the unity and force they could get, but if—as he hoped and trusted they would—they got a pledge from the Liberal Government that would justify them in throwing themselves into this struggle upon the side of the democracy in England—if they were able to go into this fight with the House of Lords on the side, not only of the Liberals, but of the Labor Party he was certain that the Irish throughout England and here in Ireland would work more unitedly and more gladly, because the men for whom they were working had never hindered but had always helped them (applause).

K. C.'s Will Go to Genoa.

Knights of Columbus in all parts of the country are preparing to make a pilgrimage to Rome and Genoa, the birthplace of Christopher Columbus. Although the pilgrims will not leave until next August, the details of the journey have already been outlined under the direction of the original incorporators, of the order, Mr. Daniel Colwell, Dr. M. C. O'Connor, and Mr. William M. Geary.

The Rev. P. J. McGivney, brother of the founder of the order, has encouraged the project, and it is expected that this will be the largest pilgrimage to Rome that has ever gone out of this country. The Right Rev. J. J. Keane, Bishop of Cheyenne, Wyo., will be the spiritual director of the pilgrims and will present them to Pius X.

The Columbus Travel Society will co-operate with the original incorporators of the Knights of Columbus to promote the pilgrimage and to keep the Knights throughout the country informed of its progress. Professor James C. Moranahan is president of this body. Its secretary is Mrs. B. Ellen Burke, of New York, a well-known writer on educational works. Mr. D. P. Toomey, the treasurer, has recently opened a general headquarters in the Metropolitan building, from which he will direct the efforts of the organizers of the pilgrimage in all parts of the United States, Canada, and the Southern Republics.—N. Y. Evening Telegram.

The Movement to Rome.

The recent trial of the Anglican divine, the Rev. Hudson, before the Consistory in St. Paul's cathedral, London, for preaching known Catholic doctrine instead of that of the Church of England, shows clearly that there is a strong movement to Rome among the better informed Episcopals. The Rev. Hudson was accused of burning as many candles in his church as do the Catholics, of contemplating the building of a chapel in his church patterned after the Catholics, with pictures and a communion rail, and of using the Catholic mass books at the services. To these charges the reverend presbyter refused an answer, but to the charge of having taught Roman Catholic doctrine he replied that the great majority of his congregation were heartily in accord with him and that the charges were brought by a half dozen disgruntled fanatics. The case was taken under advisement by the Consistory and their decision is looked for with some anxiety by the preacher and his flock.

BISHOP OF BURLINGTON.

A despatch from Rome, dated Jan. 4, gives news of the appointment of the Rev. J. J. Ripe, of Northbridge, Mass., as Bishop of Burlington, Vt.

THE COMING EUCCHARISTIC CONGRESS.

Worthy Preparation For Great Event Urged Upon the Faithful.

As our Associates need not be told, the object of our devotion is the Sacred Heart itself. The ever adorable Heart of the flesh of Jesus Christ our Lord, a human heart like ours but divine because the heart of a Divine Person, is the material object of our devotion. The formal object is the love of our Blessed Lord for men. "Behold the Heart that has so loved men." And when we study the perfections of His Heart and recognize and honor it in the various manifestations of its love, we prove that we have seized the formal object of the devotion to the Sacred Heart, which is the love of Jesus Christ Himself for men.

A UNIQUE DEVOTION.

A significant fact has attracted the attention of ascetic writers. They tell us that among the many manifestations of the boundless love of the Sacred Heart, there is one which He specially wishes us to honor, namely, His Real Presence on our altars. Though He did not reveal Himself as He is in the Blessed Eucharist, and though He Himself adopted as a symbol of His love, not a monstrance or a chalice, but a bleeding and flaming Heart, surmounted by a cross and encircled with thorns, yet the practices He taught Blessed Margaret Mary, and which through her efforts He wished to see spread throughout the world, almost all relate to Himself in the Blessed Eucharist. In His revelations to her, He urged her to spend an hour—the Holy Hour—in the chapel from Thursday night till Friday morning, to work for the establishment of the feast of the Sacred Heart of which Holy Mass is the center and attraction. He urged her to spread the practice of going to Holy Communion on the nine First Fridays.

The great Eucharistic movement of the last two decades, the Congresses held in the different cities of the Old World, the decree on Holy Communion, and the renewal of spiritual life among the faithful which is now being experienced, are due mainly to the extension given by the devotion of the Sacred Heart to the cult of the Blessed Eucharist. Every month and in thirty-four languages, the Messengers of the Sacred Heart proclaim the Eucharistic message to between twenty and thirty millions of Catholics throughout the world. The results have been most gratifying. As men grow in love of Our Blessed Lord in love of the Eucharist, they seek Him where He is corporally, that is in the Tabernacle, which means that wherever the League takes root in a parish, there the number of Holy Communions rapidly increases.

PROMOTERS' INTENSE ZEAL.

We desire to give public testimony that our Promoters and Associates throughout Canada have done their share. Realizing that indifference is infinitely painful to One who infinitely loves, they have labored strenuously, as far as our own country is concerned, not to merit the reproach which the Sacred Heart might address to many, of not returning love for love. To give but one instance: Thanks to their active zeal, we have in the past three years sent out to the various parts of Canada, nearly half a million leaflets explaining the decree of Frequent Communion.

The present year, the year of the International Eucharistic Congress, must eclipse all previous ones, and we must try to outdo all we have done so far for the Sacred Heart. In the Sacrament of His love, Canada is to have, in the month of September next, the signal privilege of paying extraordinary homage to the God of the Eucharist. Prelates will reach our shores from all over the world; the Holy Father will send a special envoy, one of the Cardinals, to represent him, and the eyes of the world will be turned toward us eight months hence when the first Eucharistic Congress will be held in Canada. This will be an unique event one that may not occur again for many years.

What then should we do? What does the Sacred Heart expect us to do? No doubt many of us will have the opportunity to take part in the triumphant pageants of the Congress, and to form an escort to our King in the streets of Montreal. But external glamor is of secondary importance unless it marks an interior spirit of love and reverence.

DAILY COMMUNION URGED.

What more fitting preparation can we make for the coming Congress, what more pleasing homage can we offer Our Lord at His triumphal coming in September, than the good works and prayers, especially Communions received, visits made and

Masses heard, in the coming seven months? During this time, let us try to double, even to increase tenfold, if we can, the number of Communions, and let us influence others to do the same. The desire of the Holy Father, plainly expressed, as it is undoubtedly the desire of Christ Himself, is that all Catholics should approach the Holy Table frequently, and if possible daily, and partake of their "daily Bread."

May we not also visit Him more frequently in His temples? And speak with Him more lovingly during the coming seven months? Can we not find a way of assisting much more frequently than we do at the Adorable Sacrifice? All these means are in our hands, and we feel sure that our members throughout Canada will distinguish themselves above all others, in giving these unmistakable proofs of their true and practical love of Christ. The occasion is favorable; let us profit by it.

As a fitting offering to Our Lord during the coming Congress, it is our intention to prepare a Eucharistic Album, similar to the one offered to the Holy Father last year. By special arrangement with the Archbishop of Montreal, this beautiful Album will be laid on the altar of the Blessed Sacrament during the solemn Exposition. More beautiful than triumphal arches, or draped with waving banners, will be in the eyes of Our Lord the little book of the offerings of our six hundred thousand members of the Canadian League.—H. W. P., in Canadian Messenger.

Pope's Audience to British Sailors.

The visit of over fifty sailors from H.M.S. Dundee to Rome and the Vatican last Monday was one of the interesting events of the week. All but two or three of them were Catholics, and they were accompanied by their chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Bray and by Engineer Commander Black, First-Surgeon Hodnet de Court MacSherry, Lieutenants de Halpert, O'Reilly and Collet, R.M.A., all of whom except the first are Catholic. Students of the Bada were waiting at the station to conduct them to the Pontifical Hospice of Santa Marta, where they were met by Mgr. Prior, Auditor of the Rota, who had made all arrangements for their reception by the Holy Father. After breakfast in the Hospice they spent the remainder of the time before the hour fixed for the audience in seeing the wonders of the Vatican. The officers and chaplain were first received separately by the Holy Father, and then his Holiness proceeded to the Consistorial Hall for the general audience. Nearly all the British prelates in Rome were present for this: Mgr. Stonor, Titular Archbishop of Trebizond, Mgr. Stanley, Titular Bishop of Ephesus, Mgr. Prior, Mgr. Fraser, Mgr. Butt, Mgr. Cronin, and Mgr. Mackintosh. The Pope first went from one to another of the men giving his hand to each to kiss, and as he passed a medal was presented to each as a souvenir of the visit. When the Holy Father had completed the round he addressed the officers and sailors briefly, but evidently with much feeling. He declared that it was a real pleasure to see British sailors again in the Vatican. He had been told that on the previous morning all the Catholics present had offered up their prayers for him, and he wished first of all to thank them for this, and then to express once more his great gratitude to them for the services, for the humane and courageous services, they had rendered at Messina after the dreadful disaster of a year ago. He had been told that immediately they heard the news they had hastened to do everything in their power for the victims and that they had been the means of saving many lives. He had already sent a formal expression of his thanks for this, but he took the present opportunity to repeat the same sentiment. Mgr. Prior translated the Holy Father's words, and as his Holiness, after blessing all present and those dear to them, left the hall a hearty cheer followed him on his way. The prelates and officers present then paid a visit to Cardinal Merry del Val on the floor underneath, after which all proceeded to luncheon at Santa Marta. At the close Mgr. Stanley in felicitous words proposed the toast of the "Pope and King," and Rev. Dr. Bray proposed the health of Mgr. Stanley, referring to his well-known love for sailors, and to Mgr. Prior, who had been the silent organizer of all the arrangements made for the present visit. Mgr. Stanley, in replying, said that his love for sailors had been fostered by his knowledge of them, and told how he had cruised thirty years ago on a warship with Commodore Goodenough, and Mgr. Prior contented himself, after expressing his thanks, with continuing his role as a "silent" one. During the afternoon the sailors were shown some of the principal sights of Rome by students of the Scots and Bada Colleges.

BECOMES CATHOLIC MONASTERY.

Anglican Convent Dedicated by Archbishop Farley With Imposing Ceremony.

Directly opposite West Point, upon the very peak of the Mount of Atopment, one of the highest of the hills that encircle the Valley of the Hudson, stands the Convent of the Society of the Atonement, says the New York Times.

From its founding in 1900, until a few weeks ago, the convent has been an Anglican order, conducted under the guidance of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal church.

On Wednesday, Archbishop Farley, in person, conducted the final consecration services which transferred the convent itself, its friars and sisterhood together with its tertiary members who are in the outer world, to the Church.

The Catholic Church has always opened her doors to converts to her doctrines, whether they returned to her from the Anglican Church, which was once an integral part of herself, or turned to her from some other than the Christian denominations. But such converts have, without exception, made their professions of faith as individuals into the Church.

There is no single instance of a Roman Church as a body, and there has been a settled conviction that such an entrance was impossible.

The reception of the convent and the Society of the Atonement by the Church under special dispensation from Pope Pius X. has established a new order of procedure which, in other corporate religious bodies heretofore deterred by fear of their disapproval from application for entrance into the Church of Rome.

Almost ten years ago, in the summer of 1900, Paul James Francis, now known as Father Paul, the founder of the order, made his profession of faith upon the peak of the mountain upon which the convent now stands.

Civilization has crept nearer to the mountain now than it had then. Even now the spot is an isolated one, five miles from Garrison, the nearest village. High above the surrounding hills, commanding a view of the country for miles about, the Mount of Atonement rears its head. Upon its apex in the deep woods a tent was erected, called by Father Paul "The Tabernacle in the Wilderness."

In this tent the late Episcopal Bishop Coleman of Delaware, received the profession of Paul James Francis, the founder of the order.

Other recruits followed until a band of twelve was formed. The order thus established is one of the Franciscans, obeying the rules that St. Francis gave to the Friars Minor. The customary vows of poverty, chastity and obedience were supplemented by a distinct and definite purpose—that of working for the unity of the Christian Church as a whole—"New World."

Tragic Death of Christian Brother.

Much sorrow has been evinced at the terrible death which came to Brother Michael, principal of St. Francis school, Toronto, a week ago. He and Brother Matthew, were returning to the Community House when, while crossing the street, they were struck by an oncoming car. Tenderly the two men were lifted and carried into the drug store of J. W. Struthers, of 207 Euclid avenue. Dr. McKay was called, and, in response to a startling summons, Rev. W. A. McCann, pastor of St. Francis, hurried to the scene of the accident, and, in the hush of a great sorrow, gave the Church's last anointing to his dying friend and the faithful teacher of his schools.

Brother Michael, who, before becoming a member of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was known as James O'Reilly, was born on Jan. 6, 1870, in Oscoda, County Renfrew, Ontario. He entered upon his novitiate with the order at Amawalk, Westchester County, New York, where he remained until 1890, when he went to Toronto, and continued his studies at the De La Salle for five years longer. He then taught at St. Paul's, in that city, for a year, after which he worked for two years in the schools of St. Francis parish, which, by his talents and unremitting attention to duty, he elevated to a standing second to none among the schools of the city. By his conference of the community of which he was so edifying and distinguished a member, as well as by the talents of the boys entrusted to his charge, Brother Michael was considered one of the finest teachers in Toronto; his instincts and his training both tending to make him

such. He was the first to introduce the Society of the Holy Name into Toronto. Having seen its workings in New York and listened to the children during recreation hours when their tongues were sometimes heedless of the lessons of the school and home, he inaugurated the society amongst his pupils. This great organization has now many thousand members in Toronto. Brother Michael also had personal charge of the sanctuary boys, and the boys' choir, violin, orchestra, and athletics, in all of which he took an enthusiastic interest.

The funeral took place at nine o'clock on Monday morning. The boys from the De La Salle Institute lined the walk between the presbytery and church, and hundreds stood grouped about, awaiting the casket as it was borne in their midst, by six Brothers of the order. The pallbearers were Brother Sylvian, Patrick, Alfred, Denis, Stanislaus and Theobald. Following these came between five and six hundred children of St. Francis and other schools.

The music of the Mass was sung by a special choir composed of volunteers from almost every parish in the city, and of the boys of St. Mary's, under the direction of Mr. Donville.

Protestant Bishop's Views

Until within quite recent years the position of the Catholic Church on the education question was condemned by all non-Catholic clergymen. But nowadays it is not uncommon to hear of a Protestant clergyman who speaks in praise of the Church's stand for a combination of religious and secular education. Thus, the other evening, speaking before the Hamilton Club, of Brooklyn, Bishop Burgess, head of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Long Island, declared it is his hope to see very soon the establishment of Episcopalian parochial schools in New York, if not throughout the country. Quoting from the United States census from 1890 to 1906 he showed that the growth in the church of which he is a Bishop has been 67.7 per cent. In the same period of time many of the smaller Protestant sects have disappeared. The latter, unlike the Episcopal Church, did not have parochial schools in which the minds of the pupils were imbued with religious teachings to bear fruit in after years in the shape of loyalty to the Protestant sects with which their parents were affiliated. Godless schools begot religious indifference that prepared the way for the final disappearance of the Protestant sects, which, according to the United States census, have gone out of existence during the last sixteen years.

Bishop Burgess believes that the schools should be the strongest bulwark of the State. But he realizes that this they will never be if the boys and girls of to-day, who will be the men and women of to-morrow are taught nothing more than the three R's in school hours. The Bishop, in referring to the noble work of the Catholic Church in providing proper schools, says:

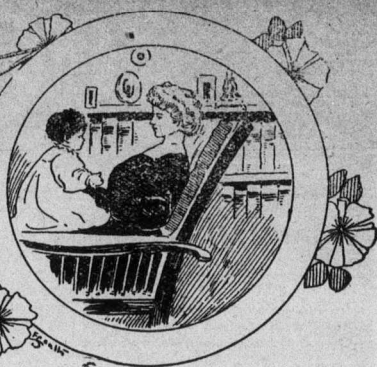
"I have real regard for the Catholic Church body, especially for the wonderful energy shown by it. In the sixteen years covered by the census (1890-1906) that body has shown an increase of six millions members, or 93.6 per cent. That is an interesting statement. Do you realize that the parochial schools which are fostered by this Church are the biggest factors in this growth? In New York city alone the Catholic Church has parochial schools that have an aggregate of a hundred thousand pupils. There the children are taught the Christian truths as they have been received by the Catholic Church. We are forced to realize that the real educational force is the teaching of these truths, and all education must include religious teachings."

Bishop Burgess would have the Episcopal Church imitate the example of the Catholic Church in furnishing parochial schools. "Our Church," said Bishop Burgess, "would do well to establish such schools, and I hope that we may soon see the establishment of parochial schools. The children in the Catholic schools learn loyalty to their religion and affection for their teachers. The public schools are a drawback to religion, as they give no religious teaching."

This Episcopal Bishop has certainly paid a high tribute to the Catholic Church's wise educational policy. Many years ago our priests predicted that the time would come when earnest Protestant clergymen would realize that an educational system that ignored religion was by no means an ideal system. They are arriving at that conclusion in large numbers to-day. Meanwhile the Catholic Church by means of her Catholic schools and Catholic colleges has been strengthening the faith of her children, with the result that one never hears from a Catholic pupil a cry about empty churches.—Catholic News.

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



All men have their frailties and whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves notwithstanding our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

A New Year's Wish.

This wish for you: that past rough roads unheeded
You march ahead,
Undaunted, with the hope of trust begotten
To win life's bread;
To wear a smile 'en when tears be your portion
With sighs unsaid;

To find fair blooms from last year's brown leaves springing,
Upon your way,
To reap the worth of deeds gone by that left you
A bit more gray.
A bit more strong to live and love with others
From day to day.

In fruitful fields may Time think wise to give you
A gentle part,
With love of home and friends to twine about you—
May this year start—
Blue skies to cheer, and peace of God to guide you,
O faithful heart!

—The Outlook.

"A man or woman who says the beads every day," declares the Western Watchman, "is on the high road to perfection."

The Mother of God.

Our confidence in the Mother of God must be ever on the increase; like our love, it must know no measure. It must fill us with an assurance that despite our unworthiness and past ingratitude, this tender Mother cannot and will not refuse us anything, especially in what appertains to salvation and sanctification. Oh, that we only knew the depth and tenderness of her love for us, her solicitude for our every interest, her intense desire to aid us! Never, never doubt her willingness to listen to and hear the prayers addressed to her. Go to her, feeling that a favorable answer is awaiting and do not grieve her heart by your want of childlike confidence.

From the time the Virgin Mother held the Infant Savior in her arms to this hour, woman has been the great lover of Christ and the unwearied helper of His little ones; and the more we strengthen and illumine her, the more we add to her sublime faith and devotion, the more power of knowledge and culture, the more efficacious shall she work to purify life, to make justice, temperance, chastity and love prevail.—Archbishop Spalding.

Those Frozen Pipes.

"Do not use a torch," writes a housewife. "That method nearly half burned a house in our city. Instead, take hot water, a good-sized pail of it, and apply the whole length of the pipe with a large towel. Even treat the faucet, which should be open, with hot water. Apply the water, as hot as your hand can stand it, a second and a third time if the first trial doesn't prove effective."

"It is always best to start at the outermost end, as that is more likely to be the seat of trouble, but pass over all of the pipe as quickly as the circumstances permit. Few are aware of the great heat capacity of water. You do not need to feel the warmth on the pipe."

"I saw an article which advocated thawing pipes by slaking lime upon them," says another contributor. "As an acquaintance of mine is doomed to go through life with only one eye in consequence of standing too near when lime was being slaked, I feel that it is well to sound a warning."

When lime is slaked for plaster, such a quantity is used that the steam bursts through, splattering the upper layers in all directions. For thawing pipes, a small quantity only need be used, and there will be no danger. However, if one wishes to take further precautions, cover the pipes with burlap after water has been poured on the lime. This will keep the heat where it is wanted.—Good Housekeeping.

How to Remove Mildew.

Should the clothes be mildewed the stains may be removed by a mixture containing equal parts of soft soap and starch, half as much common

salt and the juice of half a lemon. This may be spread over the spots, and the article should be laid on the grass all day and all night until the stain entirely disappears.

How to Preserve Grapes in Winter.

Carefully selected fruit may be kept till the early spring. Select large fruit that is perfect and not overripe, line the bottoms of wooden boxes with brown paper and lay the grapes in carefully, taking care that the bunches do not crowd or overlap. On this layer place another layer of fruit, and so on till the boxes are full. Cover the top thickly with paper, tucking it in well around the sides. Keep in a cool place.

Household Hints.

Velvet can be cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in powdered magnesia.

Linoleum will look the better and last longer for an occasional rub-over with a flannel cloth dipped in paraffin, which will remove all dirt and stains.

Potato parings should not be wasted. Dried, they form excellent kindling for a fire, and boiled and added to barley meal or bran they make very good food for ducks and chickens.

Clean furniture before polishing it. Few people apparently think of washing their polished furniture. Yet if the dirt were removed by washing it with a little vinegar and water, or even plain warm water, the cream used to obtain a polish would have a much better and more lasting effect.

Unused silver will keep bright if laid away in a box of flour, for the flour will exclude the air.

Paraffin oil will produce a better light and last longer if a piece of common salt about the size of a nut is placed in the reservoir of the lamp.

When ironing between buttons on a blouse place the buttons on a folded Turkish towel. The buttons will sink into the towel, and the space between them will be ironed beautifully smooth.

The pipe of a lavatory basin may easily become clogged with soap. Then the remedy is to mix together a handful each of common salt and soda, and to force it down the pipe. Leave for half an hour or more, then pour down a kettle of boiling water, and flush well with warm water.

To keep mats in place at bedroom doors try this plan. Sew a small brass ring at each corner of the mat and two tiny rounded cuphooks into the corners of the doorway close to the floor. Slip the rings over the hooks and the mats will be held in place; and, as there are rings at each of the four corners, the mats may be turned frequently, so as to wear evenly. The hooks must be very small and rounded, or dresses will catch on them.

Don't "Coddle" Your Boy.

Many parents who think they love their children are in reality their greatest enemies. They bring out the worst that is in them because they appeal to the worst. They appeal to all that is frail, weak, timid and unlovable in their nature, by catering to their selfishness, indulging every whim—no matter how unreasonable or vicious—by doing everything for them, instead of allowing them to do things for themselves and thus strengthen their faculties and power of self-reliance.

They are allowed to stay at home from school when they "play" sick, as so many children do, and are petted and coddled and fussed over, when there is really nothing the matter with them. If they fall or hurt themselves they are sympathized with and encouraged to cry, by expressions of pity, instead of being taught to bear a little pain or hurt bravely and manfully and not to whimper like a weeping.

In a hundred such ways, weak, foolish parents cultivate the selfishness of their children, until they become unbearable; they destroy their courage and self-reliance; make cowardly and weaklings of them and pave the way for their destruction. Many men and women have lived to curse in bitterness of heart the weak, criminal indulgence of overfond parents, who were the primal cause of their ruin.

Do not do for your children what they ought to do for themselves. Do not allow them to trample on the rights of others in order to gratify their own selfish desires. Show them the beauty of the Golden Rule, and insist upon their practicing it in their games, with their playmates and with older people. Teach them to respect the rights of others, and don't forget that they also have rights which should be respected.—Orison Sweet Mardie, in Success Magazine.

Costliest Selection of Snuff Boxes.

It is said that Lord Rosebery possesses the costliest collection of snuff boxes in the world. Many of them are solid gold, and some are set with brilliants. A curiously inlaid snuff box was at one time the property of Napoleon Bonaparte; a small black box studded with three diamonds belonged to the eminent statesman Pitt; while another, plainly inlaid with gold, was used by Fox. Although the collection only comprises twenty-two boxes altogether, its estimated value is \$175,000.

The Telephone Voice.

There is said to be an indication of character in almost every movement—make the carriage, poise of the head, penmanship, etc. I wonder if the tone of the voice is characteristic, what should be made of the telephone voice?

A very dear friend of mine, who is so tender-hearted that she positively suffers in sympathy with every distressed creature she comes across, and who gives, not only money, but a great deal of precious time to the consolation and relief of the unfortunate, answers a call over the 'phone with so repellent a "Well!" that the faint hearted would be impelled to hang up the receiver and creep away with hushed steps.

Another always says "Yes" with an inflection that seems to mean "state your business as briefly as possible, please."

The other day I was fairly staggered with a response to my very courteous inquiry "Is this Mr. So-and-So?" which, in words, was only "Yes, what do you want?" I didn't "want" anything, as it happened. I had something to give. But I didn't give it.

"I used to know a man whose responsive 'hal-loo' was so sweetly mellow, soothing and inviting. I liked to call him up just to hear it. It was cultivated, I know, and often when interrupted in his business by some trivial question, he would have liked to say things which would do the occasion justice, I am sure, but the natural tendency, or acquired habit of courtesy never forsook him.

Perhaps the exasperation so often attendant on making telephone connections arouses a spirit of antagonism which is unwittingly conveyed to the inoffensive ear at the other side of the line, but the impression often given is that the telephone is used mostly for bluffing off beggars and dodging duns.

The question is, wouldn't it be consistent with good breeding and general culture to exercise at least the same degree of courtesy in answering a telephone call that one would in addressing any stranger before his business had been made known?—Agnes McEnery, in Southern Messenger.

The Banana to the Rescue.

A veritable godsend in these days of high prices for meats, vegetables and flour, is the banana, with its 20 per cent of carbohydrates or fuel-giving nourishment. A small variety of the banana is allowed to ripen, so the carbohydrate becomes ripened, and is then dried and preserved, making a very sweet and palatable food.

The banana preserved by the latest scientific skill is very rich, and is used like figs, dates and raisins as a table delicacy. The preserved bananas are good eating raw, and make a palatable ingredient in cakes and puddings. They give a new and indescribable flavor to mincemeat. Cut up in fritters they are exceedingly hearty.

A beverage made from the banana and served hot is smooth and fruity of flavor, with a delightful aroma. It is taken like coffee, with cream and sugar.

Banana flour, of which the reader probably knows, is combined with wheat flour and imparts a new and pleasant flavor to muffins, puddings and cakes. Tests made in our experimental station have been entirely favorable in their results. The cakes made by the Culinary Editor were truly delicious.

A simple cup cake recipe was used, merely substituting one cup of the banana preparation for one cup of wheat flour.

Banana Cup Cakes—One-half cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, one cup of milk, one cup of wheat flour, one cup of banana flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt.—Good Housekeeping.

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What is Worn in London

December 29, 1909.

Now that we are well into winter and the strenuous life has us in its grip once more, there is one garment in particular that should not be forgotten, and that is a rest-gown that satisfies the demands of both comfort and beauty. For every woman who respects her looks will make sure of at least an hour's complete rest before the dressing-bell sounds. It may seem curious, but it is a fact, that many people do not in the least know how to rest their bodies. They lie stiffly on a sofa for a certain time, and are much surprised that when they stand up they feel as tired as when they lay down. The woman who knows the extraordinary benefit of real rest will first make her body comfortable by getting into a loose soft gown, in which she can lie full length at her ease; and when she is stretched on her chaise-longue she will deliberately relax all her muscles and nerves to their fullest extent. She should expel every atom of stiffness and rigidity and let every muscle collapse until she feels as if she were almost sinking through her couch. Her brain should be emptied of all irritation or obsession, as far as possible, and if she gives herself this complete rest of body and mind for even half an hour after her fatigues of the day, she will feel an extraordinary freshness when she gets up to face her toilette in answer to the dressing-gong. Such a rest-hour will do more to keep a woman's looks untouching by the hand of Time than all the cosmetics in the world.

The rest-gown of which I write, and which I saw a few days ago, may be made up in either velvet or velveteen. At this time of year we all have a leaning to velvet for all our gowns; it is so soft and pleasant to the touch and so beautiful in coloring. Imperial purple, a gorgeous color, looks better in velvet than in almost any other material; and of Imperial purple velvet was this rest-gown made. It was cut in one of the many versions of the Princess robe, as this style is always the most becoming for any kind of robe d'intérieur, but in the centre of the back and of the front, where it was fastened by a big square dull gold buckle. This gave a suggestion of an under-robe, which was still further emphasized by the side panels which hung almost straight over the belt and gave the Princess effect of the lovely continuous line. At the hem of these panels and all round the back of the skirt was a narrow edging of dark fur, which stopped short at the side, leaving the front panel to accentuate the effect of a separate skirt by being draped up in folds to the level of the knees and caught with a large fancy button in dull gold. The fronts of the bodice were slightly draped also, which helped the idea of comfort and ease, and were edged with a narrow band of fur ending at the waist-buckle, while in between was a tiny inner-vest of Russian embroidery. The loose velvet sleeves turning back at the elbow to show the lining of old gold satin, were caught with fancy buttons in dull gold like those on the skirt, where the golden lining also showed in the waterfall movement of the folds. In such a gown a woman could rest all the better for the consciousness of its simple picturesqueness and that if an unexpected call is made upon her precious rest-hour by some unexpected arrival, she can "face the music," secure of the perfection of her appearance. A charming idea for a rest-gown of an even simpler description comes from Paris, and consists of a long coat in soft thick black Ottoman silk reaching below the knees, semi-fitting to the figure, and cut out in a point at the neck behind as well as in front. The coat is lined with white satin and the wide sleeves which reach just below the elbow are split up to the shoulder, and held together with buttons of strass and jet. The coat is meant to be worn over one of those lovely Princess petticoats of lawn and Valenciennes, run through with pretty ribbons, which are such a charming and useful development in the modern lingerie; and certainly as a rest-gown nothing could be more comfortable or easier to get into once one has shed one's day garments.

All soft silks and satins make delightful rest-gowns, in some ways even better than the velvets and velvetines, for they are less likely to "hold" on the material with which a chaise-longue, or sofa, may be covered in another house than one's own. Of course, on chintz any material will slip easily, but tapes, tricot and materials of that kind—rot to mention velvet coverings which one encounters sometimes on one's visits or in hotels—will grip and hold a velvet gown in a most uncomfortable manner. For this reason corduroy, which makes exceedingly pretty rest-gowns, had best be avoided, as it is apt to sin in this way. Fine zennas are also a delightful material for a robe d'intérieur; and I lately saw one built of this silky warm stuff which pleased me greatly. It was in a lovely shade of peach-blossom, that delicate color which lies between pink and mauve, which shows to great advantage on the embossed surface. It was a long, loose-fitting robe made somewhat in Empire fashion, opening in front over a panel of fllet guipure which was adorned with a running design of Louis XV. bows executed in tiny quilted ribbons in shades of pale rose and mauve, reaching from breast to hem. The fllet lace was carried up to make an inner border to the décolletage,



which was pointed back and front, leaving the neck quite free, a most important item in a rest-gown. The Empire effect was marked by the whole of the upper part of the bodice being covered with the running design in pink and mauve ribbons, and the same design adorned the cuffs of the loose elbow sleeves, from which fell engorged flounces of killed white chiffon. The delicate coloring and silky warmth of this zenna rest-gown made it an ideal garment; and though good zenna is expensive to buy it lasts wonderfully and has the immense merit as regards a rest-gown that it never shows a crease or looks tumbled.

POET'S CORNER

SELF-RENOUCEMENT.

Teach me, O God, gladly to lack the things
That men most seek and crave, as wealth and fame,
And wife and children, and the crowd's acclaim,
And all to which the heart most fondly clings;

That I may find the source whence pure joy springs,
And make Thy love of all my life my aim,
With not a thought or wish to thwart Thy claim
To my poor heart, which to Thee nothing brings.

"Who loves his life shall suffer loss of it;
Who hates his life shall know the life divine."
This is the bread, the water, and the wine,
Of those who at Christ's blessed table sit—
They taste, and ask of Him no other sign.
—Archbishop Spalding.

THOUGHTS IN SORROW.

"In every soul there is a secret chamber,
In every life there is an untold tale.

In every heart there is a covered picture,
That human hands can never dare unveil.

In every heart there is a line, deep graven,
Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.

In every character there is a stronghold,
The key of which lies in God's hands alone.

"In every soul there is a chord of feeling
Too subtle to be seen or understood.

Which vibrates with a certain sad discordance,
Swept carelessly by heedless hand or rude.

In every heart there is an undercurrent,
Whose depth is fathomless by love or hate.

In every soul there is a sanctuary,
Which neither friend nor foe can violate.

"So there lies hid in every human bosom
An unknown world of evil and good.

And all of us at times, each in our measure,
Misunderstand, and are misunderstood.

For since the golden days of stinless Eden,
No one has fully read another's soul;

He only searches all things to their center
Whose calm, clear eye surveys and guides the world."
—Rosa Lee.

THE CONFESSIONS OF MY NEIGHBOR.

(After she had been fortunate.)
Yes, this is what my neighbor said that night,
In the still shadow of her stately house,

(Fortune came to her when her head was white.)
What time dark leaves were weird
In withering boughs,
And each late rose sighed with its latest breath,
"This sweet world is too sweet to end in death."

But this is what my neighbor said to me:
"I grieved my youth away for that or this,
I had upon my hand the ring you see,
With pretty babies in my arms to kiss,
And one man said I had the sweetest eyes,
He was quite sure, this side of Paradise."

"But then our crowded cottage was so small,
And spacious grounds would blossom full in sight;
Then one would fret me with an 'I'dia shawl,'
And one flash by me in a diamond's light;
And one would show me wealth of precious lace,
And one look coldly from her painted face."

"I did not know that I had everything,
Till—I remembered it. Ah me! ah me!
I who had ears to hear the wild-bird sing,
And eyes to see the violets. . . .
It must be
A bitter fate with jewels and grey hair
Which once was golden and had flowers to wear."

"In the old house, in my old room,
For years,
The haunted cradle of my little ones
Would hardly let me look at it for tears. . . .
O my lost nurselings! I stay on and on,
Only to miss you from the empty light
Of my low fire—with my own grave in sight."

"In the old house, too, in its old place,
Handsome and young, and looking towards the gate
Through which it flushed to meet me, as a face
For which, ah me! I never more shall wait—
For which, ah me! I wait for ever, I
Who for the hope of it can surely die."

"Young men write gracious letters here to me,
That ought to fill this mother-heart of mine,
The youth in this one crowd all Italy!
This glimmers with the far Pacific's shine.
The first poor little hand that warmed my breast,
Wrote this—the date is old: you know the rest."

"Oh, if I only could have back my boys,
With their lost gloves and books for me to find,
Their scattered playthings and their pleasant noise!
I sit here in the splendor growing blind,
With hollow hands that backward reach and ache
For the sweet trouble that the children make."

—Sarah M. B. Platt, in "The Witch in the Glass," etc.

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came to her when he was white. The dark leaves were weeping boughs, late rose sighed with its breath, and the world is too sweet to death."

what my neighbor said, and my youth away for that. my hand the ring you babies in my arms to said I had the sweets, sure, this side of Pa-

our crowded cottage was. grounds would blow in sight; I met me with an 'a' lash by me in a dis- light; I showed me wealth of lace, coldly from her paint-

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house, in my old room, red cradle of my little let me look at it for unelings! I stay on and you from the empty re—with my own grave ouse, too, in its old and young, and looking the gate h flushed to meet face ah me! I never more t— me! I wait for ever, hope of it can can sure-

write gracious letters, to fill this mother- mine, this one crowds all with the far Pacific's little hand that my breast, date is old: you rest, could have back my st gloves and books find, playthings and their noise! the splendor growing hands that backward ache trouble that the ch- Piatt, in "The Witch" etc.

THE EXPERIMENT

By Frederick M. Smith.

In the cool of the day I saw Charlotte on the awning piazza at the rear of their house, so I crossed from our yard to theirs and went up the steps. With a nod and a wave of the hand she welcomed me, her movements being accompanied by the very faintest crackle of fresh garments. She was in pale lavender; her arms, bare to the elbow, shone firm and white; her cheeks were milk and roses; her eyes deep grey. We're old friends, Charlotte and I; for years our families have been neighbors, and, as the phrase is, "we were raised together." So I didn't hesitate to comment on her appearance.

She smiled slightly in answer and put to me, "How old do I look?" "A woman's age," said I, "is a subject that is best left alone." "But to avoid it implies that you think I look old." "You look younger than I've seen you this twelvemonth. Let's say twenty-five." Her smile became a little graver, but was frankly triumphant. "I'm thirty-two," she said. "The nicest age for a woman."

"The age when they begin to call one an old maid," said Charlotte as she turned from me and looked out over the lake which lay broad and blue in front of us. All the houses on our street have piazzas at the rear where, from May to October, one may sit and watch the sunset or the crescent moon. It was sunset now; a bank of clouds just above the horizon was all aflame, and the far shore of the lake was a darkening line of shadow. A fine picture, but I could see that Charlotte was not looking at it. Her thoughts were out past the sunset; there was something reminiscent in her eyes.

"Thirty-two," she pronounced again. "Twenty-five," I persisted. "But why this juvenescence; why have you got your hair done up that way?" She put up her hand, and with the tips of her slim fingers patted and pressed her dark brown coils; for to-night she had discarded the "rats" and puffs of fashion, had parted her thick hair smoothly and wound it loosely on her head. "I used to do it like this. Do you remember?"

"When you were in college. I always liked it." "Did you? Does it seem long ago?" "Only yesterday." "It's ten years since I graduated, and already I feel out of it. They shelve one early here."

"The penalty of living in a university town. A short youth but a merry one." Charlotte chuckled. "We did have good times, didn't we?" "You did," said I. "I had no more affairs than many others, if that's what you mean."

"A good many," I maintained. "Yes, a good many," she suddenly agreed. "You've nothing to complain of. Whose fault is it that you're sitting on this piazza calling yourself names?"

"Oh, I'm not denying that it's mine in one way. I was expecting something I never found." "Why did you break it off with Jim Dabney?" "It wasn't the real thing."

"But you were in love with him." "Not in the way I wanted to be. He didn't come quite up to the ideal."

"I wonder," I grunted, "if you weren't too particular?" "Perhaps I was. I was romantic; I believed in real love. I thought that some day I should find a man I couldn't get along without, a man who would inspire a real passion. I believed in that sort of thing."

"Is that why you've waited?" She nodded. "I gave myself ten years." I took a minute to let this sink in, for it was rather an astonishing statement. "You mean you haven't married because you haven't found a man who would simply carry you off your feet, and that you set a limit to the time you would wait for him?"

"I suppose it amounts to that." "You gave yourself ten years—and then what?" "Perhaps I shall marry anyway," she said quietly. "It's the right way to live. Why shouldn't I acknowledge it? I see now that it may be better to marry a man one can respect and honor than not to marry at all. A good man that loves if you didn't love him."

"I've heard married people say that it's the love that comes after marriage that counts. And the psychologists say that love is a matter of propinquity, and also something a matter of will. According to them there is no reason why any two sane, sensible people should not fall in love with each other. If they make up their minds to it."

"It wouldn't be what I call love," said Charlotte, "but I'm trying to tell myself that one would get along happily."

"Is there anybody in particular?" I began, but at that moment the burr of an electric bell below stairs made a paragraph in our conversation. Charlotte did not move, definitely, but I detected an added expectancy in her pose. We waited a little, but no one was announced. "Probably someone to see Father," she said, relaxing visibly.

"Grit with it," I demanded. "Whom are you expecting; who's the hair?" She laughed guiltily and said,

But suddenly a cloud higher than the rest caught a gleam of the dying sun; a rim of gold shot round its edges and the glow extended till every cloud cap was illuminated and the west was on fire. A breeze sprang up, sweet and satisfying, bringing the perfume of pine woods and of far-off meadows.

I went home that night impressed anew with the charm of Charlotte, with her surpassing health, the smooth rose of her skin and the honesty of her eyes.

Events link themselves curiously in this un-understandable world. The next morning at breakfast my mother said to me, "It would please me very much if you would consider getting married. You're old enough, you know, and you oughtn't to put it off any longer. There are plenty of nice girls who would make good wives if you would only think so."

My mother must have thought me unusually unsympathetic, for I laughed aloud. But that right I went over to see Charlotte.

"Charlotte," said I, "you have known me a good while. I am an excellent type of the innocuously academic. As an instructor in English I am sufficiently commonplace. I can read French novels in the original. If I marry I want my wife to be the sort who likes afternoon tea and who goes to lectures. I live in a town where you can have all the comforts of home. How would I do?"

"Do?" said Charlotte. "As a man to marry?" She stared. "Don't be flippant." "I was never more serious in my life."

"I didn't think you'd feel called on to come to my rescue that way. I talked frankly to you because—well, because we are such old friends."

"I'm asking you to come to my rescue," said I. "Let's be as honest in talking about ourselves as we were about other people. I know I ought to marry and I think you ought. You acknowledged that yourself. Have you any violent personal objection to me?"

Charlotte threw back her head and laughed. "Why, man, after talking it over the way I did, it absolutely looks as if—"

"Oh, I quite understand that you never thought of me as a possible husband. I acquit you of that." "But it looks—why the idea! You are just a brother. Haven't you lived next door for dear knows how long?"

"So long," said I, "that we have both of us forgotten our real positions. I'm not a brother; I'm an eligible bachelor of thirty-five. Now let's be serious."

Charlotte's unfathomable gray eyes rested on me for a moment, then said gravely, "Very well." "The psychologists say that love is a matter of propinquity."

"Nonsense; you were going to be serious." "Then you want me to leave out love?"

"Haven't we better? I still cling to my romantic notions. You know we're not in love with each other; don't try to pretend that we are."

"Then, as a practical matter, couldn't we marry and get along happily—be happier together, in fact, than we are single? You would like to be mistress of a house and I would like a home of my own. You almost persuaded yourself to try the experiment with one man because you honestly believed that a woman should marry in order to get the full good out of life. Try the experiment with me. Marriages are successful when people accommodate themselves to each other. Well, couldn't we do that?"

"But there would have been love on one side in the other case." "There will be true friendship on both sides in this case."

"It sounds horribly material, doesn't it?" "Perhaps from one point of view, but from another it sounds sensible. You know our people would like it."

She gave me a shy glance and after a second's silence said, "Who'd have thought that I'd ever come to take such an everyday view of marriage? I had no idea that you would."

"But in the long run marriage is for every day. Too many people forget that." There followed another period of silence; then she said, "I'll be honest with you. I do want to marry and I can understand why you do. I suppose it would seem perfectly fitting to all our friends if we married each other; they'd think we were in love."

"Will you think it over?" I asked, rising, for I did not want to hurry her. She did not appear to be paying much attention, but answered with a nod.

"You don't dislike me?" I asked. "She put out her hand by way of saying good-night. 'You know I like you,' she said. 'Do you really think it would work?'"

"I really do," said I. I went home to light a pipe and smoke by the window. I was thinking of Charlotte as I had never thought of her before. How strong and finely bred she was. Yet how sweet and womanly withal. A man might go farther and fare worse; and I was egotist enough to feel that Charlotte might also.

was sure I could depend on Charlotte. In our case a long engagement did not seem the thing, and we decided to be married within two months or in the early autumn. This decision once made, we found ourselves in the thick of plans.

Our fathers and mothers were mightily pleased, as we had foreseen. We did not tell them the truth about the matter, they would not have understood. We let them think we were in love. Each family wanted us to live with them, but that was not what we were getting married for; we were going to keep house.

A very few days found us house hunting. It was not so bad as I had anticipated, for we went at it as if it were a kind of play. I had a class in the afternoon at the university summer school, and I usually found Charlotte waiting for me with the phaeton when I came out.

Then we started on a tour of inspection. We idled up one street and down another, we hitched and explored all the new houses that were building; and in each we told ourselves what changes we would make if it were ours.

We should have built, I expect, but one day I was offered a cottage on our own street, that, with a little alteration, was just what we wanted. It even had a back piazza looking out over the lake that made us feel thoroughly at home. So I took my money out of the Building and Loan and purchased the place.

When it came to fixing it up I really began to get interested. We spent hours there. Charlotte picked out the spots where she could plant a vine to trail over the piazza; and I suggested that the garden afford ample space for a fig tree.

As time went on I found that there was growing in me a new sense of my own importance. I felt a lot older, but it was not the age that leads to decrepitude; it was the age of greater responsibility, greater strength, and I hoped, greater wisdom. Charlotte acknowledged that she was enjoying it all, and that getting married wasn't so bad even if we did have to do without the romance. It affected her differently from what it did me for some reason, she seemed to be getting younger.

A month passed like a swift-flying bird. We went to Chicago and bought our furniture. One day when we were getting it installed we were detained at the cottage till supper time. So Charlotte suggested that instead of going home we get some things downtown and have a little sapper all to ourselves—the first in our new home. I fell in with the plan and the weather being fine, we supped at fresco, laying our table on the piazza.

I remember how charming Charlotte looked in her big gingham apron as she sat opposite me cutting the bread for the sandwiches while I opened the potted chicken. Her smooth arm moved so gracefully; her hair flowed enchantingly in the little breeze. And already she had the indelible air of a matron; I quite liked her in the part. I felt more and more that I was a person of property. Was I not sitting in my own house? Was I not the lady of the manor?

Everything combined to make the moment satisfying. The lake lay fair blue just beyond our garden wall; above the water the night hawks were circling; and in the distance we saw a lone heron flying across the yellowing sky. Before it was dark the silver cycle of the young moon appeared.

We rose and stood by the railing to look out toward our estates in the West. The breeze blew a strand of Charlotte's hair across my cheek, but she captured it, much to my disappointment, and tucked it back. Then my hand on the railing touched hers. "Charlotte," said I, huskily, "I believe it's coming true."

"What?" she asked. "That psychologist business about propinquity and that sort of thing."

"Really?" said she. "I've changed in the last month. I've found out something."

She did not say anything this time, but I noticed that as she half turned to me there was a queer little dancing smile in her eyes.

"I've found out that I'm in love with you," said I, but I did not speak very plainly; there was something the matter with my throat.

But Charlotte understood, and she turned her face to me. The pink roses in her cheeks flamed red, and there came a suspicion of mist into her grey eyes; yet the queer little smile was there, too, like sunshine after rain. She laid her hand on my arm. "Honest?" she whispered.

"Honest," I answered, "getting tight hold of her fingers." "Isn't it funny," she said, "and there seemed to be something in her throat, too; isn't it funny? I've found out that I'm in love with you."

A prayer book which was printed in the United States and sent to Belgium for fancy binding, cheaper than the binding could be done in America, was recently refused free entrance at the United States custom gates. The government holds that under the new copyright law the re-importation is prohibited of books printed in that country and then sent abroad for binding. They must be printed and bound in the United States from type set there.

Preparations are being made in Spain to celebrate the centenary of the birth of the Rev. Jaime Luñero Balmes, the noted Spanish priest, philosopher and publicist, whose "European Civilization: Protestantism and Catholicism Compared" is a monument of learning, and a splendid defence of the Church.

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Followed An Attack of La Grippe.

The danger from grip is seldom over when the characteristic symptoms, the fever, the headache and the depression of spirits, pass away. Grip leaves behind it weakened vital powers, thin, watery blood impaired digestion and over-sensitive nerves—a condition that makes the system an easy prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, rheumatism, nervous prostration and even consumption. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of strengthening the blood and nerves during convalescence, and for this purpose no other medicine can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which contain the elements necessary to enrich the blood and restore weakened nerves. Mr. James L. Whitman, Mulgrave, E.S., says: "Following a severe attack of La Grippe I was completely prostrated. The doctor who attended me said that my whole system had gone wrong. My heart was affected, my kidneys weakened, digestion impaired, and to make the trouble worse, I had a hemorrhage of the bowels, and nearly bled to death. The doctor said I could not live, and told my wife to tell me that I had better settle up my worldly affairs. I did not care to live, my sufferings were so intense. I could not sleep, my ankles and feet were swollen, and my complexion very yellow. Friends came to see me for the last time, and one of these, more hopeful than the others, persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. While I had but little faith that they would help me I decided to try them. Quite soon they seemed to benefit me, for my appetite improved and my heart became stronger. Continuing the use of the Pills it was not long before I was able to be out of bed, and after using fifteen boxes I am in good health for a man of my age. The doctor and those who know of my case look upon me as a living wonder, as none of them expected me to get better."

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

Late at Mass.

Why is it that some people come into church at just the last moment, and even a few minutes late? Let us leave aside for the present the consideration of the fault committed by missing any part of a Mass of obligation. Let us regard it from the devout and reverend and—we will use the words—the courteous and business like side of the question. If we knew we had to catch the train for our daily work, we would do it. Yet we trifle with God's time on the one day He has asked us to give to Him exclusively. If we were invited to dine with a friend we would not rush in, hurriedly and out of breath, at the last moment. That were discourteous. But our best friend—ah! how differently we act toward Him! We delight in long conversations with those we love but we hurry into church a minute before Mass begins and out again before the priest has left the altar, as if we were fairly anxious to be over with our prayers—our "conversations" with our Lord whom we ought to love the best.

The Paris Mission Society maintains in India, Hindustan, China and Japan thirty-two missionary districts with 37 Bishops, 1371 priests 305 Brothers and 4075 Sisters.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is A Remedy Without An Equal For COUGHS, COLDS, And All Affections Of The THROAT AND LUNGS.

Coughs and Colds do not call for a minute recital of symptoms as they are known to everyone, but their dangers are not understood so well. All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the admonition to all persons affected by the insidious earlier stages of throat and lung disease, as failure to take hold at once will cause many years of suffering, and in the end that terrible scourge of "Consumption."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a cure for Consumption but for affections tributary to, and that result in, that disease. It combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe. So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pines trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY unencumbered section of Dominion
land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 8 and 36
not reserved, may be homesteaded by
any person who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years of
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-
tion of 160 acres, more or less.
Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother
or sister of an intending home-
steader.

The homesteader is required to per-
form the conditions connected there-
with under one of the following
plans:

- (1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the home-
steader resides upon a farm in the
vicinity of the land entered for, the
requirements as to residence may be
satisfied by such person residing
with the father or mother.
- (3) If the settler has his perma-
nent residence upon farming lands
owned by him in the vicinity of his
homestead the requirements as to
residence may be satisfied by resi-
dence upon said land.
- (4) Six months' notice in writing
should be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for patent.

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

Was Troubled With Dyspepsia.

For Years Could Get No Relief Until She Tried

Burdock Blood Bitters.

- Can Eat Anything Now.
- find that few me-
dicines can give
such relief in dys-
pepsia and stomach troubles. I was
troubled for a number of years with
dyspepsia and could get no relief until I
tried Burdock Blood Bitters. I took
three bottles and became cured and I can
now eat anything without it hurting me.
I will highly recommend it to all who are
troubled with stomach trouble.

Burdock Blood Bitters has an establish-
ed reputation, extending over 34 years,
as a specific for dyspepsia in all its forms
and all diseases arising from this cause.
For sale by all dealers.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn
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To Awaken the Liver

Coated Tongue, aching head, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, feelings of depression and ill-temper.

These arise from sluggish torpid action of the liver.

Relief comes after the use of one of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and cure within a few weeks after the use of this great regulator of the liver.

With the liver right there is usually no disturbance of the digestive system or bowels. Therefore get at the cause of the trouble by awakening the liver to action by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Mr. L. Phillips, Virgil, Ont., writes:—"I have used a number of boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and consider them excellent for torpid liver."

25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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

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IN vain will you build churches.
give missions, found schools—
all your works, all your efforts will
be destroyed if you are not able to
wield the defensive and offensive
weapon of a loyal and sincere Cath-
olic press.

—Pope Pius X.

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.

I heartily bless those who encourage
this excellent work.

PAUL,

Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910.

THE THREE KINGS.

"Arise, be enlightened, O Jerusa-
lem; for thy light is come, and the
glory of the Lord is risen upon
thee." And at length, there came
the fulfillment of what Isaiah had
foretold. In the second chapter of
St. Matthew's Gospel we read that
"When Jesus was born in Bethle-
hem of Juda, in the days of King
Herod, behold there came wise men
from the East to Jerusalem, say-
ing: Where is He that is born King
of the Jews? For we have seen His
star in the East, and are come to
adore Him." Isaiah had said: "The
multitude of camels shall cover thee,
the dromedaries of Media and
Ephra; all they from Sabae shall come,
bringing gold and frankincense,
and showing forth praise to the
Lord." And in Matthew: "Enter-
ing into the house, they found the
child with Mary His mother, and fall-
ing down they adored Him. And
opening their treasures, they offered
him gifts: gold, frankincense and
myrrh."

"The Eastern Kings before Him
knelt,
And rarest offerings brought;
The shepherds worshipped and adored
The wonders God had wrought:
They saw the crown for Israel's
King,
The future glorious part;
But all these things the Mother
kept
And pondered in her heart."

And thus Jesus the Son of the
Living God manifested Himself to
the shepherds, through an angel; to
the Magi, through a star; to the
multitude, through the wonders at-
tending His baptism by John; to
the Apostles, by the miracle in
Cana of Galilee. Having come to
save all men, our Saviour showed
Himself unto all the classes of
mankind, but first of all to the low-
ly of earth and the humble of
heart. "Evangelizans pauperibus
misit me." The shepherds hearken-
ed to the voice of the spirit-messen-
gers, and the wise men from the
East followed in the wake of the
Star. What a lesson for us in
corresponding with God's grace!
Their obedience to Heaven's voice
was prompt, generous, and con-
stant: "For we have seen his star
in the East, and are come to adore
Him."

"O Star! which led to Him whose
love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts
above

May we still gaze on Thee?
In heaven Thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim,

Send them to guide us yet,
O Star which led to Him!"

The three Magi were the first
fruits of the Gentile believers. The
only evidence they had was the
star in the East. This they follow-
ed whithersoever it led them. They
might have asked for the evidence of
miracles, or for the evidence of pro-
phesy; or for the evidence of deduc-
tive reasoning. But no. They were
content with the star. They were
satisfied with the slender evidence
God had given them. The internal
instrument the Holy Spirit uses in
us is the faculty of conscience. That
is our star in the East. The Vatican
speaks of the arguments of miracles
and prophecies as additions to the
internal helps of the Holy Spirit.
These are necessary to show that
our faith is a reasonable belief. The
simpler our faith, however, the
better. "Simple, childlike faith,"
says Maurice Francis Egan, "is more
precious than the wealth of the
world."

BY METHODS DIFFERENT.

It is well for our "separated brethren"—in English, our non-Catholic
friends,—to contrast the methods
used by priests and preachers in
winning a soul to their respective
churches. When a preacher wishes
to convert a bad Catholic (or tell
what the Catholic Church teaches),
he has recourse to lying books and
pamphlets, calls some unfortunate
fallen priest to his pulpit, spreads
barefaced lies about convents and
monasteries, has no definite cate-
chism of doctrine to offer, presents
a false version of the Bible he open-
ly attacks in his sermons, cites
and quotes the first scamp and
scoundrel who happens to have hon-
ored the Church with his sime and
slander. There is no talk of thor-
ough instruction, no real bother
about prayer.

When a Catholic priest wishes to
help a non-Catholic enter the Church
the methods he uses are altogether
different. Here are the things he
does:

- (1) He makes the neophyte pray;
- (2) He never admits a convert to calumniate Protestants, and Catholic converts would not so act;
- (3) He neither buys, sells, gives nor lends any lying or scandalous book or pamphlet;
- (4) He offers the neophyte a definite catechism of doctrine;
- (5) He obliges the intending convert to seriously study the Church's claims;
- (6) He does not admit the neophyte to baptism until convinced of his sincerity and willingness;
- (7) Very often the priest instructing is himself a convert;
- (8) The priest may point to such conquests as Newman, Manning, Faber, Ripon, Brownson, etc., etc., with two thousand Anglican ministers since 1835;
- (9) The priest may illustrate the sanctity of the Church through the defection of Chiniquy and the Reformers;
- (10) He may appeal to history at every step.

A CONTRAST OF LIVES AND DEATHS.

A short while ago there died two
men among many others; one died
in the fullness of his years; the other
a young man. Now, the older man
had spent his long days, up from
young manhood, in the service of
God, a religious, a humble lay brother.

True, he had been obliged, through many a long year, to do
without many of even the permis-
sible joys of earth; he had had
to submit to the orders of various
superiors and different; had risen
before dawn for his daily work
through the years; was humble,
pious, self-sacrificing, nothing in
the eye of the worldling. He died
the death of a saint, and his soul
was wafted into eternity on the
wings of prayer. His crosses are
over, and the trial at an end.

On the other hand, the young man
of whom we speak died the victim
of a sad accident, without a mo-
ment's warning, and, as far as we
can see, just as he had lived. His
days he had spent in riot and de-
bauchery; blasphemy and abomina-
tion had been ever on his tongue.
Though the child of good parents,
he had proved a monster. For con-
fession and communion he had but
little use; the warning of the priest,
friend, and parent he had lazily
spurned. Missions or retreats
in the parish he had failed to at-
tend, and of his religion he had not
cared to hear. Death surprised him
in his sins, to all appearances. Oh!
what a passing! "Which of the two
departed ones was greeted the more
kindly by God? Let your future
lives give the answer. Let
the young men whose days are spent
in sin and riot remember that there
shall be an awful reckoning. It may
be hard, in their eyes, to live as

did the good old brother, but there
is a heaven for eternity. It may
seem pleasant, for the while, to in-
dulge one's passions and fulfill one's
sinful longings, but there is a hell.
Notwithstanding the open contrast
in the manner of their deaths, may
both the young and the old man
have found mercy with God!

FALSE CHARITY.

Some weeks ago the editor of a
Maritime weekly scandal-sheet was
put in jail. For months his paper
had kept up a campaign of slander.
Nobody, not even an honest man or
woman, in the town where the rag
was printed and published, was safe,
or were the doors of his or her
home strong enough to prove effec-
tive screens from the vicious eye of
the editor. Honest men found him
guilty, and, as we said, he was sent
to jail. But now, lo and behold
you! one or two excuses for editors
have rushed to the rescue. One of
them, a strange kind of individual,
declares that the convict's paper
was not at all what thousands found
it, and he wants the Government
to interfere and discharge the
prisoner.

Now, we do not want any man's
life or purse, but we do want to
see our Canadian liberty respected.
If that scandalous editor had lived
and written in the Southern States
he would long have ended his earth-
ly days. Scribbling blackguards
must find out that here in Canada
a man's home is his castle, and his
name a belonging sacred and stern.
True, the Maritime scandal-sheet
never attacked the Church. True, it
would never have published the lies
and calumnies against us that some
pious Protestant weeklies do; but
their editors can rightfully plead in-
sane. No! No! Canadians are
not going to let a petty thief serve
his full term and ask pardons for
polished criminals.

DYING WITHOUT THE PRIEST.

It is sad news when we read about
any Catholic having refused the mi-
nistries of the Church in the
hour of death, and doubly sad when
the one who so died happened to
have enjoyed the benefits of a thor-
oughly Catholic training. Of course,
One alone is the judge of life and
death: One alone can punish or re-
ward—God! But aside from the
facts of any particular case, what
may explain the death of a Catholic
help? Many reasons. Pernicious
books, secret societies, evil associ-
ates, pride and all the other deadly
sins. No good Catholic irretriev-
ably falls from grace in an instant.
Hardness of heart is not the mak-
ing of a moment's weakness. Chi-
niquy advanced through a long
succession of steps, and Voltaire's
final iniquity was the result of a
long life of vice and moral decay.
No young Catholic with a clear
mind or a pure heart ever died im-
penitent as yet; and no agency of
destruction can ruin the soul more
fatally than lust or the pride of in-
tellect. Happily, deaths with the
priest determinedly banished are
rare among us, yet even one in a
hundred years is one too many. And
what honor is there in dying like
the beast of burden, or the dog de-
prived of an immortal soul? Did
the great men of the Christian
world so die? Is an impenitent
death the only claim some have to
immortality among men? The im-
mortality of fame, even the great-
est, will die with the last man,
while the memory of the perversé
and impenitent shall be swallowed
up in eternal perdition.

MARK TWAIN.

Mary Twain! We have heard the
name before. They say he is a hu-
morist! We had thought "Mr.
Dooley" was, and are convinced he
is; but that cannot be. At any rate
had "Mr. Dooley" only the ability
of a Mark Twain, he could never
have made a fortune at his work.
All Mark Twain has done is furnish
fun for people who do not know
what either wit or humor is.
There is another phase of Mark
Twain's work we wish to treat in
a few words, and that is his mock-
ery of everything holy. He jests
with Hell, Heaven, religion and the
sacraments. He even introduces the
sacred mysteries for a laugh, but
his jokes had already preceded him
in a score of authors. Personally,
we would not waste ten cents on
Mark Twain, were we in quest of a
joke or a laugh, and certainly we
are only voicing the opinion of a
tremendous multitude. Mark thinks
he is funny, but we know "Mr.
Dooley" is. Had Samuel Clemens
the brains of Finley Peter Dunne,
we could reach an adjustment.

There is no philosophy to Twain's
books, but there are heaps of ridi-
cule. Little fellows who are grow-

ing too intelligent to go to church
like Twain's jokes, and think them
really choice. They are welcome to
their finding, and Twain is welcome
to their tribute. It is hard for a
man with even the shadow of wit
and humor in his soul and spirit to
find six good comical sayings in
any of Twain's books. We would
not even sell them if we had kept
any of them, and would not have
read them, were it not for curiosi-
ty's sake. We failed.

THE CHAMPION LIAR'S TRADE.

We were once asked why some re-
gades, instead of taking to the
full license of the out-and-out in-
fidel and libertine, chose, rather, to
preach in heretical howling-tubs. We
answered that, as the fellows gener-
ally wasted money, they found it a
good financial venture to enlist their
efforts in the cause of religions that
needed lies, slander, and calumny to
buttress their claim to truth and
apostolicity. True, the game no
longer pays as it once did. The
following from the New York
Catholic News bears out our state-
ment:

"Of course," says the editor, "the
anti-Catholic accusations against the
Church that are so widely circulated
do considerable harm to Catholicity.
But it must not be forgotten, too
that they often do some good. Many
an honest and intelligent Protest-
ant has been led by extravagant
anti-Catholic charges to make an
investigation of Catholic teachings,
and has been finally brought into
the Church itself. A sample case is
furnished by the London Catholic
Times. In a letter to that paper
Mr. A. de Reya, a merchant sailor,
writing from the steamship Drake,
relates how he has investigated
charges against the Catholic Church
and in every instance found them
to be false. The result is that he
has decided to become a Catholic.

"I have been going to sea now, on
and off, for the last seventeen
years," he writes, "and in that time
I have visited nearly all parts of
the globe. I am a Protestant, and
am shortly to become a convert to
the one and only true faith. I have
in my travels the last few years read
and heard a great deal that has
been said against the Catholic
Church. In my spare time I have
investigated, as far as it has been
possible, what I have heard and
read, and in every case I have proved
these statements to be the most
wicked and outrageous lies that ever
could be invented. As a man who
has seen much and traveled far for
many years, I feel very strongly on
this subject, and I say that it is
more than scandalous that such lies
are told, and also written, about the
Church of Rome. I have not stated
here the exact nature of these base
falsehoods, as it is not worth while."

INSULTING THE AUTHORITIES

People who deem themselves pri-
vileged to teach their fellowmen
must not either by word or deed,
appear as enemies of authority. We
know that with the doctrine of the
free-and-easy, go-as-you-please self-
interpretation of Scripture may
grow enraged when they are told
they must listen to the voice of
authoritative teaching; but that does
not mean that the Presbyterian
preachers of the Maritime provinces
or anywhere else, are permitted to
publicly attack the Lieutenant-Gov-
ernor of Nova Scotia. Still the
thing was done, down by the sea,
a short while ago. As a result, the
preachers are entitled to praise
from the Anarchists and Socialists,
with their unscoured brethren, the
Nihilists of Russia! In all these
Presbyterian synods, from Tierra-del-
Fuego, past Dumfrieshire, to Etah
in Greenland, there is hardly any
question of doctrine or of true re-
ligious activity. The greatest thing
the Maritime Synod did was to
criticize what Lieutenant-Governor
Fraser eats at his dinner-table and
how many glasses the government
has given him! Very serious is-
sues, eh? And all that nonsense,
while Presbyterian ministers, in
many a pulpit, are attacking the
very vitals and fundamentals of
Christianity, tearing up confessions
and condemning the Bible. A
synod's members who can do no
better than pass resolutions on bills
of fare, should go into the horse-
swapping business. But, then, busy-
bodies will ever be busybodies, in
spite of religion.

A STORY WE DON'T LIKE.

We lately came across a "Tally-
Ho" story in one of our very best
Catholic publications of New York.
We do not like the story. We say
"we", in order not to interfere with
the solar system. "Tally-Ho" was
written by a lady writer; it took
her a half-dozen of pages to tell us
what Rip Van Winkle's sister could
have told us in five lines, with
much more effect. Here it is: A
dog wins first prize. A lawyer
"bamboozles" a will. Jack Harti-
gan, like "Charley on the Spot," ar-
rives in time to save the old man's
life, by telling him that "Tally-Ho"
came out first in school amongst
the other dogs. Jack gets his bride.

REMEMBER HIM AT BRENNAN'S

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ations, are fully represented--Ties, Mufflers,
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Hatters and Men's Furnishers

251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST

Phone Up 3627.

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"Tally-Ho" goes down a place or
two in the following year's exami-
nations. The old man dies when he
hears the news.

A very pathetic story! Of priest
or minister there is not a word.
The old man evidently lived
and died for the dog's sake. The only
indication of prayer, or religion, is
summed up in dogs' howling, the
Banshee, an old woman's holy excla-
mations, with an old man's half-
suppressed oaths. Truly and surely
an admirable piece of literature! It
was evidently made and intended
for a Catholic magazine, even if it
had worn a more Irish coating it
might have been found "unavail-
able."

Now, the magazine in question
can well afford to do without such
story-stuff as "Tally-Ho." Were
we awarding a merit note for it,
we should say 3 on 10, 2 being
granted gratuitously.

What Other Editors Say.

A HIDDEN FORCE.

The Church works upon the soul in
the confessional. There the purer
law and adherence to the higher
Catholic, and the grace is given to
him to live up to them. There is no
beating of the air, no waste of
words. The law is applied to each
penitent according to his needs. Of
nothing, yet it is one of the greatest
dynamic forces in modern life.—The
Pilot.

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES.

It is one of the hallowed beliefs
that the training of the child for
good belongs to the home influence
and parental precept. While there
are many incidents that are excep-
tional to this, it is also a fact be-
yond dispute, that the lives of suc-
cessful men and women are usually
monuments of honor to the thor-
ough goodness of home and the
personal supervision of a sane fa-
ther and mother.

The child who has warring, dis-
contented parents is like a helpless
little sheep in a vast sea. There is
no certain hope on which he can re-
ly for safety. He soon adopts the de-
vicious course of either parent, or
rather than the good qualities of both
and later grows up into a vacillat-
ing manhood, astray in conduct and
religion, an idler by starts and a
worker as necessity demands.
The prayers learned at home stand
the test of many years and vicissi-
tudes, and are often the saving of
a world-weary soul when death is at
hand. But the question is, How can
those who are the cause of children
being born, satisfy their conscience if
they do not do their duty? And
not only their duty, but what they
should love with all their hearts to
do—patiently train their children
from the first thought to the going
out of the well-prepared world
fighter.

There must be peace in the home
or there will be none in our social
order. There must be love in the
home or else the home will fall into
ruins.—The New World.

"LIFT YOUR HATS, BOYS."

The other day we happened to be
in a neighboring city. On a street
car were half a dozen men, one of
them a priest, and one woman. The
woman occupied the seat with the
priest. It could easily be seen they
were not acquaintances. Presently
a church came in view, and strange
to relate every man save one lifted
his hat. They were Catholics and
the church bore a cross.

Shortly after passing the edifice,
we noticed the woman in the case
pass her card to the priest. Now
our readers will kindly forgive us
if we do a little eavesdropping.

"Tell me, father," said the wo-
man, addressing the priest, "why do
you lift your hat when you pass a
church?"
The clergyman was evidently taken
by surprise, for he did not reply
at once, finally saying simply, "Our
Lord is there."

Then there was a silence of sever-
al moments, followed by questions
and answers. At last, as the priest

Religious Pictures For Framing.



No. 2862, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoff-
mann Plate size 6 x 8.

These subjects are printed in black only.
Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Con-
ception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of
Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the
Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodenhause, Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Antho-
ny of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia,
Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Fer-
rucci, Madonna Sicché.

Write for catalogue of larger sizes.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.
13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

prepared to leave the car, we heard
the woman say, "If I could only be-
lieve that my Savior was in the
church, I would spend the rest of
my days before the altar in adora-
tion."

There is a lesson here for us Cath-
olics. Some of us apparently
have not sufficient respect even to
lift our hats in recognition of our
Blessed Lord in the Sacrament. We
have become so vulgarly familiar
that when we enter a church we
make, not the genuflection we should
but a mere crouch in the knee. We
are "blessed with the gift of faith;
we believe that our Divine Lord is
there in the tabernacle, still we pass
by, we offer Him insult by taking
His sacred name in vain; we treat
Him as we do any other common
acquaintance. What will He do
for us when the time comes for us
to appear before Him in all His
majesty? Will He look upon us
as coldly as we have upon Him?—
Syracuse Catholic Sun.

BEAUTIFUL NON-CATHOLIC TRI-
BUTE.

With no intention of making invidi-
ous distinctions between the vari-
ous Christian churches, justice to
the Catholic Church compels the
statement that its organization
traces back to Peter, who was the
first Bishop of Rome. Though many
crimes were subsequently charged
against that Church, the marvelous
work it has done for civilization,
and is still doing, entitles it to the
reverence and respect of every true
follower of the Nazarene, whose
whole life was one of humility and
desire to uplift man.

To the remotest wilds of the
earth, wherever the human tongue
is spoken, Catholic missionaries
were the first to penetrate and
make lasting converts to the re-
ligion of Christ, slowly lifting them
from barbarism and putting them
on the way to a progressive civiliza-
tion. In its unity, aim and pur-
pose, and its rigid disciplinarianism
lies the great strength of the Re-
man Catholic organization. At the
base of all creeds lies faith, and the
Catholic Church commands, or de-
mands, implicit obedience to the be-
liefs promulgated by it, strict ob-
edience to the tenets of its creed, pre-
serving to the membership of the
whole, the single alternative of be-
lief, or excommunication. It is in-
tolerant of strife and division in its
ranks, and to keep down such it
constitutes itself the exclusive dog-
ma builder. Taking the Master at
His word in naming Peter for the
primacy of His Church, the Catho-
lics have found in his writings the
strength which constitutes it the
most potential religious organiza-
tion in the world to-day.—The Post,
Houston, Tex.

If you are a sufferer from colds
get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Con-
sumptive Syrup and test its qual-
ities. It will be found that no praise
bestowed on it is too high. It does
all that is claimed for it, and does
it thoroughly. Do not take any
substitute for Bickle's Syrup, be-
cause it is the best, having stood
the test of years. All the best deal-
ers sell it.

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But guide us upwar
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Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning.

Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation.

Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines.

Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood.

Good in all seasons for all people.

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

The Doctor's Christmas Gift.

It was the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December, and night was beginning to fall, cold and cheerless. The doctor stood at his office window with his hands in his pockets and bit the end of his cigar viciously as he watched the lights come out and the street cars lounge and roll past with their loads of happy folk finishing up the last end of their shopping tours. People were hurrying past on the sidewalk below, and merriment and holly seemed to be everywhere.

But the doctor hated it as he had never hated festivities in his thirty-two busy years, the years in which he had worked his way through college and medical school, and then through more school in Europe. He was tired, for all day his rooms had been filled with waiting sick, and all day they had filed from his consultation room with hope or despair in their hearts. Phillip Antrim always told his patients—and himself—the plain truth. He had been called out several times that day on long, cold drives, he had attended faithfully to charity cases, but through it all was that dull feeling of "What's the use?" What was he doing it all for? His people were all dead—his nearest relations were a few uninterested cousins. Who cared whether he succeeded?

And all this discontent was because of a girl's face, because he could not forget the sweet, dark little head the pretty small figure of Marian Stelling. Then he hated his brother physician across the street, John Pembroke, with whom he had been on such friendly terms, until a few months before. After all, he thought, why should he be angry at Pembroke? No mortal man could help loving her, and at first she had seemed impartial. The doctor's bitter reveries of how she had gradually seemed to prefer Pembroke, and of how he himself had gone to see her less and less, were broken by the entry of a bent old Irish woman. "Oh, it's herself, is it, doctor?" an office hours long past, too, an it's were out ye look, an' I hate to ask ye to come see my small Kathleen, but she's that sick, the crather an' nobody can put the life in the wee ones like yerself, doctor. An' o' think of it's bein' Christmas Eve, an' the child sick, an' ye not a cent to pay ye wid ill I wash fer her face, but he reassured her.

"It's all right, Mrs. Mulvaney, I'd come if you never paid me a cent, but I know you will, and I'll be along as soon as ever I can close up here. What's the number again?" She gave it to him and noted instantly that it was on a little side street not far from Marian's lovely home. That was another thing that stood against him: he was young and already becoming noted through his skillful surgery, but he did much work out of a kind heart and had loved little. But Pembroke had always had money—his profession was a pleasure, not a necessity, and his practice was among the very rich—his old friends. He was kind and gay, but had never been poor, and what could he know of the sorrows of the poor? Mrs. Mulvaney never would have come to Pembroke.

"All right, doctor, an' come when ye're ready—it ain't such a hurry, doctor."

She went out and he closed his desk, donned his coat and looked about him before turning off the lights. It was cheerless enough, but hardly less so than his apartments in a fashionable hotel, hardly more like home. He thought, and as his unseeing eyes revealed in a dream home with Marian in it, someone opened the door. The doctor turned and saw Pembroke. They both stood rather embarrassed a moment and then Pembroke put out his hand; the doctor took it.

"Look here, Antrim, we used to be friendly, and we ought to be now—unless you have anything against me. If you have man, spit it out, and I'll do my best to clear things out."

"I have nothing at all against you, Pembroke, I am sure," he tried to be cordial, and he thought he spoke the truth. Pembroke had as much—yes, more—right to love her as he himself. But Pembroke was not satisfied. He went on: "We're in the same set, and I respect your ability and like you, and still I never meet you anywhere. You turn down invitations, you shun the club, and perhaps I'm a fool, but I thought you avoided me. What have I done? I have no right to say it, to mention it, for I have no business to assume that you care, but it has come to me, that perhaps you thought I had not played fair with—oh, hang it all, man, I'm trying to say that I've always stood in your way, but, of course, I love her, you can't blame me for that, and I've done what I could to win her fairly. This is Christmas Eve, and I'm going to her house to call her downstairs and ask her flat to marry me. I have no idea whether or not she will. I have even thought she liked you much more. I thought I'd tell you. If you say so, I will let you go first—if you care to."

The doctor picked up his medicine case and tried to think in a flash. His first impulse was to tell Pembroke he was mistaken and send him about his business, then he came back as usual to the good, solid truth. It was fair of Pembroke and very generous.

"Well, I will not deny that I want her. You know it anyhow, but she seemed to care less and less about seeing me, and I kept away for my own peace of mind. I shall

continue to do so, Pembroke. I shall not see her, and—I wish you luck. You have always had it," he added, a little bitterly, "and that must be because you deserve it. I have a hurry call on B street, and at the risk of seeming inhospitable I must start."

"Well, thank you, Antrim, and I'll walk part of the way with you. It's not far from her house," the two walked along in silence till they reached Marian's door, the doctor going on to Mrs. Mulvaney's. His knock at the door of the little house was answered not by his mistress, but by Marian! He started and paused—he had not seen her for several months to speak to, and even he had failed to remember all her loveliness. She led him to the sick child or the old sofa while Mrs. Mulvaney called down Irish blessings on her head for coming to see her washerwoman's child, for being an "angel" in general and a "real neighbor" in particular, and for the big basket of Christmas cheer she had brought the children. The doctor found nothing very serious the matter with the child, left her some drops and took up his case. Marian looked at him doubtfully and then Mrs. Mulvaney came to the rescue. "Oh, doctor, an' ye can take Miss Marian home safe, for it ain't fit for her goin' alone!" And before he knew it he felt the little hand on his arm, and was walking gloriously down the snowy street, telling her that he was very busy in answer to her gentle reproaches that she never saw him these days, and missed him. He could have sworn he detected more than mere friendliness in her blush when she opened the Mulvaney door and saw him, but now he dared not speak—he could not be less generous than Pembroke and take advantage of this blessed chance meeting to hinder him from his right to ask first. He walked as fast as he dared and at her door steadfastly refused to enter. She was hurt and showed it, but he hurried away. He knew Pembroke awaited her within, and he went wretchedly back to his office. He could not have touched dinner, and he would study up that case of Brown's and try to forget it. An hour later he sat with his head in his hands, when the phone rang. He rose wearily to answer it. It was Pembroke's voice.

"Antrim," Pembroke said, "I am at my office, and in a hurry, and you must do exactly as I say. Go to the Stelling house immediately and see Miss Marian—she is injured and needs attention. I also want to tell you you're the biggest idiot I ever met. Good-by," hanging up the receiver without waiting for a reply.

Mystified, dazed, half angry, the doctor started. Could she be really injured? Had she fallen? If so, would they have sent for him instead of an older, less interested man? He boarded the first car. He swung off and hurried to the door. A servant met him.

"This way, doctor," and he was ushered into a dim, lovely sitting room. Marian, flushed with glad eyes, came toward him from the glowing hearthfire. He stood staring at her, but she reached him both hands; then he took them and stammered:

"Was Pembroke joking? He told me to come here—he said you were injured—he—" Her eyes suddenly filled with tears.

"Oh," she said, "I am—I am! It's an old hurt," she put her hand to her heart and looked away from him. "Can't you see? John Pembroke—told me—he said that you—oh, Phil—must I say it?" He suddenly took her into his arms and held her close, then he put her into the big chair and knelt beside her.

"Dearest—do you mean it? Am I to have you for?"

"For a Christmas gift," she laughed, through a mist of tears. "I thought you'd never come, never see. How could I tell you? Poor John. I'm sorry about him," she said, softly, and her face sobered. Then she put her hands on his shoulders where he still knelt. She spoke slowly.

"I believe you're a good doctor. Phil—my heart is better already—better for the change."

The doctor's answer was unspoken.

THE BEST FLOUR IS

BRODIE'S

Self Raising Flour

Save the Bags for Premiums.

Echoes and Remarks.

Are you going to be a better man this year?

The Toronto Globe's Christmas number did not gain anything by the picture of the "little red schoolhouse."

We hope one of our New Year's presents will be a City Council purged and ventilated. Let us hope the "country cousins" will diminish, too.

All the arts are indebted to reason. It can chain the lightning in the skies; it can sound the abyss of the deep. But it is limited.

It is a sure sign a man's reason is limited when he thinks it is not. Dryden says:

"Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upwards to a better day."

The old fad of refusing the last rites of the Church for the purpose of immortalizing oneself is fast dying out. Such a man of science as Pasteur, such an eminent physician as Dr. Hingston, and such a writer as Brunetiere do not need borrowed steps to fame.

Miss Katherine Elkins, for the first time since she appeared upon the "map" of America, through her reported engagement to the Duke of Abruzzi, has succeeded in spending five days in New York without being asked as to whether she had broken off her engagement to the Duke. The dailies are well supplied with scandals, however.

An English curate has expressed the opinion that the spoiling of the crops by wet weather is caused by the wickedness of Asquith's government. We once thought that the limit had been reached by the Canadian member of Parliament who said the National Policy had made the hens lay bigger eggs. Some of those English curates are hard up for a sermon theme ever since the Bible was cast overboard.

Our pious friends of the Baptist Grande Ligne Mission tell us that, during the church year of 1909, they had 32 laborers in the field, that they preached 729 sermons, made 32 perverted converts, "distributed 1140 Bibles and portions of the Scriptures, 50,000 pages of religious tracts, made 6251 visits into various houses, entered 18,710 houses to offer the Word of Life, held 3850 religious conversations, have read more than 2000 chapters of the Word of God to Roman Catholics." The figures were not taken from Puck.

And now a preacher in New York is going to do away with the bells, and use a powerful searchlight. He thus expects to reach the wayward. Another preacher's Christmas theme dealt with the chances James J. Jeffries stands of whipping John Johnson. And that is what they call religion! Is it any wonder that there are thirty-five millions of unchurched Protestants in the United States? In Canada things are not nearly quite so bad, even if rank paganism was, until lately, taught in a Toronto Baptist school of theology.

The way of the Protestant unifier is hard, remarks Father Phelan. Ever since Bishop (P.E.) Brown, of Little Rock, Ark., published his book urging a corporate union of all Protestant sects under the aegis of the historic (Episcopalian) episcopate, he has had all kinds of trouble with his clergy and people. The truth is laymen make better Protestants than do the Churchmen.

Too much learning is death to Protestantism. Then, Protestantism is by its very nature centrifugal. All the Protestant churches are bodies thrown off from the great Catholic Church; they pursue their separate orbit courses, or come into fatal collision.

It is rejoicing to read that all our papers have to say concerning Very Reverend Father Fallon's elevation to the episcopate. The (London) Catholic Record is very jubilant, and with good reason. "He is soon coming to us," says that paper—"and none more welcome. The fact that he is the appointee of the Holy See is his first and deepest welcome. All our faith and religious loyalty we cast at his feet on this account. . . . Christmas is made doubly joyous to London, by reason that Rome has sent us a Bishop in the person of the distinguished Oblate—The Reverend M. P. Fallon." But the Catholic Record is not more pleased than we are.

It is to translate our creed into action that we come to adore the new-born Infant Jesus. Every throw of the little Sacred Heart means a paroxysm of the eternal passionate love of God for man. Every movement of the little Hands means a deluge of gifts from the eternal bounty. Every look of the little eyes means an eternal look of pity at men casting away the gifts. Every murmur in the little Voice is but the call of the Eternal Father welcoming back the children that have been lost. The goodness and kindness of God our Saviour has appeared. We come to adore. We come to the source of all joy and life. For "this is eternal life, that we may know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

Rev. J. G. Brown, D.D., a Toronto Baptist, preached in the church of that denomination in London last Sunday. Perhaps, we should not have said preached, because the pulpits of some of our separated brethren are fast becoming merely platforms or rostrums. The subject of the discourse was, "The Safety of the British Empire." The rev. gentleman told us that luxurious living is eating the heart out of England, that wealth is the greatest danger to any country. "In many cases," he continued, "with the increase of wealth a man loses his head, heart, religion and morality. The degeneracy which comes from excessive wealth has ruined most of the old nations, for excessive wealth leads to degeneracy." This is a revelation. For generations we have been told over and over again by preachers of the gospel that the blessed reformation ushered in untold prosperity to Protestant nations and that the Catholic Church was the cause of the decline and fall of Catholic countries. It has been the boast of Englishmen, that the wealth of her country is her glory. But the Rev. Mr. Brown tells us that it is leading her to degeneracy. Our separated brethren will find upon examining below the surface in Catholic countries a depth of piety and a fear and love of God which is rarely found in the so-called prosperous nations who have cast off their allegiance to Rome and who are sailing without chart or compass, not knowing whether they are drifting.

Two Sisters of the Order of Franciscans of Milwaukee, have started on a journey that takes them 10,000 miles to the island of Japan in the Pacific Ocean. The Milwaukee Sisters go as volunteers and will devote their lives to the education and uplifting of the natives of the Caroline Islands of which Japan is one.

The Church and Freemasonry.

Appropos of the Church's attitude toward Freemasonry, Father Lambert has published in the Freeman's Journal an interesting reminiscence of his early priesthood. Colonel Ashley, of Illinois, a man of ability and education, a Protestant and a Freemason, once suggested to Father Lambert that he should undertake, as his great life work, "the reconciliation of the Catholic Church and Freemasonry." Even in those days the future demolisher of Ingersoll was too trained a dialectician not to demonstrate the impossibility of the proposed work; and some years later, renewing his acquaintance with Colonel Ashley, who had in the meantime become a Catholic, the priest asked him about his old-time plan. "Oh," said he, "that was mere fool talk! There is a radical antagonism between the Church and Freemasonry. They are two great moral and social forces in our civilization. They are face to face, and the ultimate success of either implies the fall of the other."

"The more we have thought of these words of Colonel Ashley," says Father Lambert, "the more profoundly we believe them true."

Irish City at Auction.

One of the Irish landlords, the earl of Ranfurly, has decided, it is said, to put the town of Dungannon up for auction and it will be sold in lots in a few days time. The auction is to take place in Belfast, and as seldom a whole town comes under the hammer, the event will be watched with unusual interest. The lots include not only the house property, but the town markets and town parks. The competition will ders.

be practically confined to local bidders. Dungannon is one of the most prosperous towns in the north of Ireland and is invested with much historical interest as the birthplace of the Irish volunteers, who, in 1782, won Grattan's parliament from England by force of arms. It is, therefore, one of the Meccas of Irish historians.

Application to the Legislature.

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

Montreal, 15th December, 1909.

BARNARD & BARRY,
Solicitors for Applicants.

BRONCHITIS

Bronchitis is generally the result of a cold caused by exposure to wet and inclement weather, and is a very dangerous inflammatory affection of the bronchial tubes.

The symptoms are tightness across the chest, sharp pains and a difficulty in breathing, and a secretion of thick phlegm, at first white, but later of a greenish or yellowish color. Neglected Bronchitis is one of the most general causes of Consumption.

Cure it at once by the use of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine SYRUP

Mrs. D. D. Miller, Allendale, Ont., writes: "My husband got a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for my little girl who had Bronchitis. She wheezed so badly you could hear her from one room to the other, but it was not long until we could see the effect your medicine had on her. That was last winter when we lived in Toronto."

"She had a bad cold this winter, but instead of getting another bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I tried a home made receipt which I got from a neighbor but found that her cold lasted about twice as long. My husband highly praises 'Dr. Wood's,' and says he will see that a bottle of it is always kept in the house."

The price of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is 25 cents per bottle. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, so, be sure, and accept none of the many substitutes of the original "Norway Pine Syrup."

Anglican View of French Situation.

The principal organ of the English Established Church publishes a letter from its Paris correspondent, in which the following passage occurs: "The inevitable has happened. The Roman Catholic Church in France could not allow the very idea of God to be wiped out of the mind and heart of the people without a desperate struggle, which has now begun in earnest. Long before, and especially since, the separation of Church and State in 1905, the government of the French republic and its supporters in and out of Parliament made no secret of their ambition to de-Christianize the country. 'The secularization of the State schools enacted by the law of 1882, the dispersion of the unauthorized religious orders, and the comparatively recent suppression of even the authorized religious educational congregations by M. Combes, demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that to root up religion the government had adopted the long, but sure, means of inculcating free-thought into the minds of the rising generation by its educational establishments.'"

"As since 1882 the normal school

Archbishop Scores Criminal Rich.

In a sermon at the dedication of the new St. Bernard's Church and school at Madison, Wis., Archbishop Messmer combatted the oft-made charge that the so-called lower class breeds criminals.

"It always provokes me to hear about the ignorance of the poor and to hear the lower classes put down as the only class of criminals," he said. "It is a lie. It is a foolish statement made by foolish people. If a study of the lives of the rich be made it will be found that greater crimes are committed by that

Does Your Head Feel As Though It Was Being Hammered?

As Though It Would Crack Open?

As Though a Million Sparks Were Flying Out of Your Eyes?

Horrible Sickness of Your Stomach?

Then You Have Sick Headache!

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

will afford relief from headaches no matter whether sick, nervous, spasmodic, periodical or bilious. It cures by removing the cause.

Mr. Samuel J. Hibbard, Belleville, Ont., writes: "Last spring I was very poorly, my appetite failed me, I felt weak and nervous, and sick headaches, was tired all the time and not able to work. I saw Burdock Blood Bitters recommended for just such a case as mine and I got two bottles of it, and found it to be an excellent blood medicine. You may say my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

General News.

Rev. Dr. Hartman, O.F.M., of Ander Lan-Hochbrunn, Munich, was decorated with the order of Queen Isabella, the Catholic by King Alfonso of Spain. Dr. Hartman is the composer of the oratorio "The Seven Words of Christ on the Cross," which he dedicated to the King of Spain.

Many of the German papers comment on the importance of the autograph letter sent by the German Emperor to the Holy Father on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee. The National Zeitung writes: "Prussia is the only great Protestant state with an embassy at the Vatican. The fact that the king of Prussia is the only one who congratulated the Pope is well worthy of attention."

The religious congregations of the White Fathers and the White Sisters are nursing the victims of that dreaded malady, the "Sleeping Sickness," in Africa, seem to be miraculously protected against the contagious disease.

Wonderful Cure.

A miraculous cure is said to have occurred at the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor at Sunderland. Sister Germain, aged twenty-two, had been confined to bed for twelve months with tuberculosis of the foot. The sisters obtained from the local Redemptorist Fathers a small bone, a relic of Saint Gerald, and engaged in a continuous nine days' prayer for the intercession of the saint or behalf of the afflicted woman. On the eighth day the intense pain suddenly ceased, and the Sister was able to put her foot on the ground. Examination showed that it was perfectly well, and she is now able to walk about with a slight limp. Local priests confirm the authenticity of the cure.

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THE WAY TO SHADOW TOWN.

Way to and fro in the twilight
This is the ferry for Shadowtown.
It sails away at the end of the
day
Just as the darkness closes round.
Best, little hand, on my shoulder—
so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare,
Drifting away from the world we
go—
Baby and I in the rocking chair.
See where the firelogs grow and
spark,
Glimmer the lights of shadowland,
The rain drops on the window—
hark,
Are ripples lapping upon the
strand.
There where a mirror is glancing
dim
A lake lies shimmering, cool and
still;
Blossoms are waving o'er its brim,
Those over there on the window
sill.
Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky
light,
Silently lower the anchor down,
Dear little passenger say "Good
night."
We've reached the harbor of Sha-
dowtown.
—Eugene Field.

The Stepping Stones.

It had been raining, raining, rain-
ing, and Betty had not seen her
Aunt Mary for three long days, so
as soon as the sun shone bright
again she put her bonnet on and
started out to pay her visit.
Up the hill and down the hill,
through the lane where the japonica
hedges grew, by the fields and over
the stile—this was the way to
Aunt Mary's house, and Betty skip-
ped gaily along till she came to a
mud puddle in the lane that stretch-
ed across from hedge to hedge.
"Dear me," said she when she
saw this, "I can never get over this
mud puddle by myself," and she
looked about anxiously for some-
body to help her. Nobody was in
sight but a fat little frog, and he
was entirely too fond of mud to
sympathize with her. He splashed
in and out all about, and looked
as if he was thinking, "What a very
strange creature to stand on dry
land when she might be in this de-
lightful puddle with me."
Betty sat down on a big gray
stone under the hedge and watch-
ed him. Hop, jump, splash, splash
he went.
"I wish I could jump over," said
the little girl, but the mud puddle
was too wide for that.
By and by a white duck came
along. She belonged to Aunt Mary,
and of course she knew Betty at
once.
"Quack," she said, as she hurried
into the puddle. "Quack, quack,"
which meant in her language "Come
paddle right in. What are you
waiting for?"
"I wish my Uncle Jack would
come for me in the wagon," said
Betty, when the white duck had
gone on to the farmyard, but Uncle
Jack was at home and did not
dream that Betty was waiting down
there in the lane.
Sometimes the lane was full of
wagons, but that day the only one
was a buzzing bee who was
in such a hurry to get to Aunt
Mary's flower garden that she did
not even see Betty as she flew over
the puddle and far away.
"Hum, hum hum," she sang to
herself, and her song was all about
honey.
The spider and the grasshopper
and the cricket who lived in the
lane came out from their homes to
look at the little girl, and they
talked about her among themselves.
"If I wanted to get over the pud-
dle," said the spider, "I would spin
a long thread from the branch of a
tree and swing across."
"I would hop through the hedge
and into the fields myself," said the
grasshopper.
"The lane is pleasant here," chirp-
ed the cricket. "Why should she go
on? I have lived here a long time."
"She will have to go home," croaked
the frog, who had come from the
puddle to sun himself. "Hear what
I say, she can't get over," and he
had just settled himself for a nice
little nap when Betty jumped up
from her seat in such a hurry that
he opened his eyes with a start, to
see what was the matter.
"She is going to move the big
gray stone," cried all the little
watchers.
"She never will do it," said he;
but he scarcely had spoken when
the stone rolled out of its place and
into the puddle just where Betty
wanted it to go.
There was another stone in the
lane, and she did not rest until this
too was rolled into the puddle. Then
she found a red brick that had been

lying under the hedge waiting for
somebody to move it for so long a
time that not even the cricket could
remember when it came there.
"Here's a fine stepping-stone,"
cried she, when she spied it, and
she made haste to throw it into
the mud, beyond the stones, where
it fell with a splash.
"What is she going to do now?"
asked the spider, but before the
grasshopper or the cricket could
say a word, or the frog could croak
again, Betty went stepping from
stone to stone, across the mud pud-
dle, and safe to the other side.
"That's the best way to get over
puddles," she said to herself, and
away she ran, down the lane, by
the fields, and over the stile to
Aunt Mary's. "More Mother Sto-
ries,"

It Takes Courage

To speak the truth, when by a
little prevarication you can get some
great advantage,
To live according to your con-
victions.
To be what you are and not pre-
tend to be what you are not.
To live honestly within your means
and not dishonestly upon the means
of others.

Hal's Wireless Telegraphy.

Hal Clayton looked very rueful.
His mother found him after the
company had gone, sitting on the
back steps—alone! Even Emperor
William, the big Newfoundland dog,
was not with him.
"Why, Hal?" and Mrs. Clayton's
tone implied a question.
"It—it's because you said my nose
was smutty," explained Hal, strug-
gling hard to keep his voice steady—
something that every man, when
told to Hal's notion, was expected to
do. "And made me leave the room
and wash the smut off—right before
the company!"
"But my boy wouldn't want to
remain in the room looking like that,
I hope," replied his mother, gen-
tly, "and have the ladies see him."
"No-o," after considering the situ-
ation a moment. "But isn't there
some other way of—than
speaking right out, mamma? I mean
when I—I ought to leave the room
for something?"

"Why, yes, I guess so," answered
Mrs. Clayton. "We might use wire-
less telegraphy."
"Wireless—telegraphy!" exclaimed
Hal, wondering. "You cannot
do that; we'd have to have instru-
ments if we don't need any wire."
"We have—them," and Mrs. Clay-
ton assumed an air of mystery.
"Instruments?" repeated Hal.
"Yes, I have a pair and you have
a pair," and Mrs. Clayton smiled
at the incredulous expression on
Hal's face.

"Mamma, you're fooling!"
"No, I'm not, dear."
"I—I don't see." Then quickly,
"Where are they—the instru-
ments?"
"They are our eyes," replied Mrs.
Clayton. "Mine will be the trans-
mitter, and yours the receiver."
"I don't see how that can be!"
exclaimed Hal, more mystified than
ever.

"Don't?"
"No!"
"Let me explain," said Mrs. Clay-
ton and held the door open for Hal
to come into the house. "We will go
into the sitting room now, and
learn the code."

"Mamma, I still think you are
playing tricks with me," declared
Hal.
"Not at all, my dear; in a minute
you'll see I'm not."
"I hope so," doubtfully.
"Now let's imagine I have com-
pany, Hal," after they had sat
down—Mrs. Clayton by the south
window, and Hal directly opposite—
"and you come into the room with
soiled hands. Of course I wouldn't
want you to remain like that—"

"But how would I know without
your telling me—just as you told
me?" interrupted Hal.
"By using the wireless," replied
Mrs. Clayton, smiling. "For soiled
hands I'll send a message of one
wink with my transmitter. And
your eyes—the receiver—will take
the message. That will mean for
you to hurry out and wash them.
You understand so much of the
code?"

"Yes," and Hal laughed at the
mere idea. "I never thought of
that!"
"No?" For a dirty face—two
winks. Uncombed hair—three winks.
Muddy boots—four. Then for—
"Wait mamma, please," said Hal.
"I'll get some paper, so we can
write down all the code. Then I
won't forget."

"Very well," and Mrs. Clayton
went to the library table drawer for
a pencil.
"It'll be just dandy!" exclaimed

ed Hal, enthusiastically.
"There," after the code was writ-
ten out, "suppose we practice a lit-
tle, to be sure we have learned the
signals," suggested Mrs. Clayton.
"All right!" agreed Hal, happily.
"The messages come from you!"
"We'll try the one for uncombed
hair first," and Mrs. Clayton im-
mediately flashed a wireless across
the room.

Without a word Hal got up and
went out and on his return his hair
was neatly combed.
"That was awfully easy! And so
much better than to—have all the
people," pointing to the empty
chairs in the room, "know why I
left. Let's try the others, eagerly,
all of them!"

And so they went through the en-
tire code. Not a single message
miscarried!
"My! that's splendid—our wire-
less telegraphy!" exclaimed Hal, in
great delight, after the practice was
over. "How did you happen to
think about it?"

"If I recollect rightly," smiled
Mrs. Clayton, "it was you 'who
suggested the plan!"

First Year's Work
on Vulgate.

The Benedictines, under Abbot Pre-
sident Gasquet, are actively pro-
secuting the work entrusted to them
by Pius X of revising our present
text of St. Jerome's Vulgate, says
Rome. They have finished the first
year's work. A recent report con-
tains the following interesting in-
formation:
"The printing of this Bible, which
is to form the basis of the colla-
tions, has taken almost twelve
months; and the preparation of the
text and the correction of the proof
sheets alone has been no light task.
The production has also been neces-
sarily a very costly matter. One
hundred copies have been printed
upon the best hand made paper;
200 upon ordinary book paper and
600 upon thin paper, and the Com-
mission would have hesitated to in-
cur the expense had not the Pope de-
cided that this was the best system
to secure thoroughness. He himself,
too, advanced the money to pay for
the printing."

Besides the production of the Bible,
during the past year considerable
progress has been made with
the preparation of a hand list of
Latin Biblical Mass, in the libraries
of Europe. This should be found
to be of considerable utility to
others besides those engaged in this
work. A certain number of libraries
in various countries have al-
ready been visited and their con-
tents, so far as Latin Biblical texts
are concerned, have been noted and
in some instances copied or collated.
Before this report is in circulation
a member of the Commission with
some assistance will have been al-
ready for some time in Spain mak-
ing a systematic search of the lib-
raries and cathedral archives of that
country.

"Already some fifteen collabora-
tors are at work in various parts of
Europe, collating the most impor-
tant manuscripts with the prepared
authentic text. When these have
been finished, and the variants thus
noted have been received, if possible
by a second pair of eyes, they will
be bound up and added to the col-
lection, being formed at St. An-
selm's, for which already six or
seven important collations have been
made."

WORN, WORRIED MOTHERS

Much of the worry which
every mother of young children
undergoes would be spared if
the mother kept Baby's
Own Tablets on hand and
gave an occasional dose when
the child was fretful, cross or
feverish. Nearly all the ailments
of childhood can be
traced to the stomach, bowels
or teething. For these troubles
no medicine can equal
Baby's Own Tablets, and the
mother has the guarantee of a
government analyst that the
Tablets are absolutely safe.
Mrs. Ed. Suddard, Haldi-
mand, Que., says:—"I have
used Baby's Own Tablets in
my home for a long time and
always with the best results.
I do not know how I could
get along without this medi-
cine." Sold by medicine de-
alers or by mail at 25 cents a
box, from The Dr. Williams'
Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

News by the
Irish Mail.

The members of Donegal National
Teachers' Association and others re-
cently presented Mr. A. K. Dunlevy,
of Donegal, with an address and
purse of sovereigns on the occasion
of his retirement after fifty years'
service as a teacher.

Donegal Town and Townparks are
to be purchased. The tenants have
agreed to purchase their holdings
from the landlord, Lord Arran, at
twenty-four and one half years' pur-
chase, which means paying instal-
ments of 4 shillings less than the
rents.

A big deal in horses was brought
off in Waterford on Nov. 23, when
Signor L. Corbella, of Milan, pur-
chased on behalf of the Italian Gov-
ernment, for use in the Italian
army, two hundred troopers from
Messrs. John Widger & Sons, horse
dealers.

The sum of money raised by the
lay donors of Rev. Dr. Henly,
Archbishop of Tuam, on the oc-
casion of his recent jubilee, is being
devoted, in compliance with his
Grace's wish, to providing for the
Cathedral of Tuam a reproduction in
silver of the historic cross of Cong.

Monsignor Shahan, rector of the
Catholic University of America, was
invested with the robes of a domes-
tic prelate and formally presented
with the Papal brief announcing his
elevation to that dignity on Thurs-
day, December 16. Cardinal Gibbons
officiated. In compliance with the
rector's wishes, the ceremony was
one of academic simplicity.

Miss Sheridan, Ashgrove House,
Belturbet, has given her tenants a
voluntary abatement of 8 shillings
in the pound—on the year's rent.
For over twenty-five years the ten-
ants on this property have received
their rent reduction, besides being
afforded privileges which are given
on no other estate in the county.

The Central Committee of the Irish
Nationalists, at a recent meeting in
Dublin, decided to support the Lib-
erals in the general election. Premier
Asquith's declaration at Albert Hall
concerning Home Rule for Ireland
was deemed satisfactory. The re-
solution to support the government
was moved by John Redmond and
was passed unanimously.

Speaking at a Synod of the Pro-
testant Diocese of Cork, Cloyne and
Ross, Dean Bruce said the Catholics
had a great religious brotherhood
for teaching, and Protestants could
only strive to improve in that mat-
ter each year. They could not sur-
pass the teaching of the Christian
Brothers. In fact, he thought that
the teaching of the Christian Bro-
thers could not be surpassed any-
where.

The beautiful silver shield present-
ed by the Home Rule Club, Kilken-
ny, for competition amongst the
schools of the County at the an-
nual Kilkenny Feis for the past five
years, was presented recently to
the pupils attending St. John's In-
fant School, at the Lake, who at
the recent Feis obtained the highest
number of marks in the specified
competitions. The interesting cere-
mony took place in the splendidly
appointed schoolrooms at the Lake.

Colonel Richard Irwin, J.P., D.L.,
of Rathmore, Castlereagh, died re-
cently in Dublin at the advanced
age of seventy-seven years. By his
death a prominent figure in the pub-
lic and social life of Roscommon has
been removed. He was a member
of an old Catholic family, and two
of his sons are members of the Je-
suit order. Some years ago he was
High Sheriff of the County Roscom-
mon. He also served in the 5th
Battalion Connaught Rangers, of
which he was a retired Colonel.

One-eighth of an Irish acre of
ground in the village of Ballyrath,
was sold at £20 and commission,
or the colossal sum of £240 per
Irish acre. The bidding was be-
tween an old-age pensioner and an
agricultural laborer named McCabe and
a man named Burns for the pur-
chaser (Miss McConnell). Such
exorbitant prices paid for land are
never lost sight of by the landlords
who are sure to quote the latest
high figure when a tenant enters
court.

The town of Callan, Kilkenny, has
just been illuminated for the first
time by electricity. All the public
buildings were invited to the inaugu-
ration in the powerhouse in Mill lane,
Callan. Mrs. Michael Shelly put the
engine in motion, while the light
was switched on by Mrs. Shee and
Mrs. Martin Hayden. The light
proved very satisfactory. The Com-
missioners are making vast improve-
ments for the betterment of the
town. There is a scheme of cottages
now in hand which are badly needed
in the town.

Speaking at a meeting of the Ne-
nagh Branch of the United Irish
League, Mr. R. P. Gill, C.E., said
that he was in the position to in-
form the members that arrange-
ments were almost completed for the
starting of a large woollen industry
in town. Certain gentlemen were
negotiating for the purchase of a
big derelict mill for the purpose of
remodelling and fitting it with up-
to-date machinery. The estimated
total cost was \$20,000. Half of that
amount would be spent on machin-
ery, etc.

In reply to the recent strictures of
Most Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, regarding
the claims and procedure of town
tenants, the Macroom Town Tenants
League has passed a resolution
pointing out that trade has declin-
ed enormously in country towns
through depopulation and other
causes; that the altered conditions
make the rents of thirty years ago
a crushing burden on the people of
to-day, and that the house-
holders should bear their share of the loss.

In sending a cheque to Mr. Lard-
ner, M.P. for the Monaghan collec-
tion for the Irish Parliamentary
Fund, Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bi-
shop of Clogher, says he desires to
mark in a small way his apprecia-
tion of their great services, and of
Mr. Lardner's able and patriotic
discharge of his duties as representa-
tive of the division, of which his
constituents are justly proud. Mon-
aghan, he says, can justly boast of
having representatives of her own
upbringing, who eminently deserve
the gratitude and continued confi-
dence of their constituents.

At a meeting of the Committee of
the Castletown Branch of the Gaelic
League, the following resolution was
proposed by Mr. Cumisky, seconded
by Mr. J. Hughes, and passed un-
animously: "That we, the Com-
mittee of the Castletown Branch of the
Gaelic League, support the demand
that the Irish language, both oral
and written, be made an essential
subject for matriculation and up to
the point where specialization be-
gins, in the new University, and
that proper provision be made for
the teaching of Irish in all the Col-
leges of the University."

The Nationalists of the town and
district of Abbeyfeale, Limerick,
have generously responded to the
appeal made on behalf of the Irish
Party Fund. The contributions ten-
dered bore an acknowledgment of the
debt due to the Irish Nationalist re-
presentatives, and particularly of
the assistance derived from the Irish
Purchase Acts, whose best features
reflect the toil and ability of the
party. The contribution from this
district must be all the more ac-
ceptable because of the comparative-
ly assured position of the farmers,
who are now, and have been for
some time past, fee-simple proprie-
tors.

It was recently discovered that the
Mormon missionaries have been se-
cretely in and under cover plying their
trade in and around Dublin. Investi-
gation proved that they have been
at this work for three or four
years, and yet without any apparent
success. They are evidently willing
to spend more for the perversion of
one person in Ireland than for that
of ten in any other country of Eu-
rope. It is evident, too, from what
has appeared in the press, that the
Dublin Mormons have the money to
spend. Several who have been ap-
proached by these emissaries of Sat-
an give evidence that all kinds of
inducements, such as homes, wealth
and education, are offered especially
to young women who would emi-
grate to their colonies in America.

The number of emigrants for Octo-
ber, as given in the official returns,
show that 2,799, or 403 more than
in October, 1908, left Ireland. Of
this number 1,155 went from "pro-
posed Ulster," and the destinations
of 2,209 of the departures were
in the United States. The departures
for the ten months of this year in ex-
cess of the total emigration last
year, 26,866, as against 23,295. On-
ly in one month this year did the
figures fall below those of last year
—in February, when a decrease of
fifty was recorded. Ulster's painful
preference had been manifested al-
most every month this year, and
last month the emigration from the
Northern Province was practically
equal to that from Munster and
Connacht combined.

Rev. Dr. Heneghy, who has been
appointed Professor of Irish Lan-
guage and Literature in University
College, Cork, is one of the few real
scholars of the subject now living.
He is a native of the Decies, Water-
ford, and is a beautiful speaker of
Irish. Combined with his native
knowledge of the living speech, he
has a scientific knowledge of the lin-
guistics of the language, and is par-
ticularly interested in the literature.
He studied in Germany with the
leading philologists, and obtained
his doctorate with marked distinc-
tion. He has published the disser-
tation which he wrote for that de-
gree, a most scholarly work, enti-
tled "The Sounds of Munster Irish,"
which is regarded as a standard
work on the subject with which it
deals. Dr. Heneghy was a friend
and correspondent of the late Pro-
fessor Strachan and the late Whitley
Stokes, and he also assisted Thur-
neyson in his great work on the
Comparative Grammar of the Cel-
tic Language.

Threats of legal action against
Church authorities who have con-
demned text-books used in the
schools of France are now being car-
ried out. The Archbishop of Paris,
Mgr. Amette, has been cited to
respond to suits brought against
him by the authors of text-books,
who claim \$2000 damages.

SELF RAISING FLOUR
Brodie's Celebrated
Self-Raising Flour
The Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags
returned to our Office.
10 Bleury Street, Montreal.



For Whooping
Cough, Croup,
Sore Throat,
Coughs, Bron-
chitis, Colds,
Diphtheria, Catarrh.
"Used while
you sleep."
VAPORIZED CRESOLINE stops the
paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-ready
to act directly on the nose and throat
making breathing easy in the case of colds,
CRESOLINE is a powerful germicide,
acting both as a curative and preventive
in contagious diseases. It is a boon to suffer-
ers from Asthma. CRESOLINE'S best re-
commendation is its going into successful
for Sale by all druggists. Send Postal
note for Descriptive Booklet. CRESOLINE
Septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat,
of your druggist or from us, in stamps.
THE LEE-MING-MILES CO., Limited,
Canadian Agents,
Lee-Ming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.

Nearly all children are subject to
worms, and many are born with
them. Spare them suffering by us-
ing Mother Graves' Worm Extermina-
tor, the best remedy of the kind
that can be had.

A Trip to Alaska.

A trip to Alaska is one seldom
undertaken by the people in the Brit-
ish Isles, and of the many book-
ings undertaken by the Grand Trunk
Railway officials in London, few
tickets show the destination to be
that part far north of Canada,
where coal and gold, together with
meteorological observations, are
often supposed to be the chief rea-
son for the existence of that land.
That such a trip can be made with
little out of the ordinary fatigue of
travelling is well proved by the re-
cent communication sent to Mr. Fred
C. Salter, European Traffic Man-
ager of the Grand Trunk Railway,
from Mr. Bromley Chalkner, F.R.G.S.,
who has just returned from the North
American continent. The letter has
an added interest by reason of the
fact that on the day of the official
opening of the Grand Trunk Rail-
way's new offices at 17-19 Cock-
spur Street, S.W., Mr. Chalkner
was the first person to book a pas-
sage with the Company for Canada.
On Dominion Day (July 1st) the
trip was planned and provision made
for the journey, and, in the first
week in October, back in England
again, the well-known geographer
has been pleased to write to the
Grand Trunk officials expressing his
entire satisfaction with the easy
way in which the journey was ac-
complished. After thanking the rail-
way officials for making his means
of transportation pleasant and com-
fortable, he says: "I was very
pleased, indeed, with both the road
and rolling stock of your Company,
and in my opinion it is second to
none on the Continent of America.
The arrangements you made for me
very much added to my comfort
and enabled me to reach my destina-
tion in the quick-
est possible time, and I must say I
experienced the greatest civility
from the Company's staff during my
passage on your road. The route
you worked out for me was a most
interesting one, and coming back as
I did over the Rockies and the
Great Lakes, I did not travel over
a single mile a second time except
the short run between Sarnia and To-
ronto. Will you be good enough to
send me particulars of your 'Round
the World' Tours? I am thinking
that next spring I may have anoth-
er run out to the West, and if I do,
I should like to return home via
the East." The whole of Great
Britain is quickly put in touch
by this great railway system, with
what frequently is said to be the ut-
termost parts of the earth.—Dublin
(Ireland) Daily Express, Oct. 19,
1909.

Had a Bad Cough
FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS.
WAS AFRAID IT WOULD
TURN INTO
Consumption.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the
fact that when a person catches cold it
must be attended to immediately or
serious results may follow.
Thousands have filled a consumptive
grave through neglect.
Never Neglect a Cough or Cold, it can
have but one result. It leaves the
throat or lungs, or both, affected.
Mrs. A. E. Brown,
Ottawa, Ont.,
writes:—"I have
had a very bad
cough every winter
for a number of
years which I was
afraid would turn
into consumption. I tried a great many
remedies but only received temporary re-
lief until I got a bottle of Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup and after taking two
bottles my cough was cured. I am never
without a bottle of Norway Pine Syrup."
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the
medicine you need. It strikes at the
foundation of all throat and lung com-
plaints, relieving or curing all Coughs,
Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore
Throat, etc., and preventing Pneumonia
and Consumption.
So great has been the success of this
wonderful remedy, it is only natural that
numerous persons have tried to imitate
it. Don't be imposed upon by taking
anything but "Dr. Wood's." Put up in
a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the
trade mark; price 25 cents.
Manufactured only by The T. Milburn
Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



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Philippa: A Motor Sketch.

(By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, in The Ladies' Field.)

Meg was a little late for breakfast. She found Philippa standing by the open window with a cup of coffee in her hand, gazing with eager eyes at the white ribbon of road that wound itself into the heart of the distant blue hills.

"I can't wait a minute," she said. "Just look at the blueness, and greenness, and goldness out there! How quick can you be?"

"I must have ten minutes' worth of breakfast," said Meg. "Where do you intend to go?"

"I have no intentions. Intentions are a form of prejudice, and unless one is very strong-minded they are apt to influence one."

"But," persisted Meg, "if you don't know where you are going how can you tell which map to take?"

Philippa dismissed maps with a wave of her hand.

"Nothing creates a bias so much as a map," she said. "It positively hypnotizes one. We shall take no maps. Life on the open road is full of incident, and to get the full flavor of an incident one must be free of all incident."

"You are entirely by impulse. Why should one be the slave of a sign-post?"

"Be quick. The car is at the door." So Meg twisted a veil round her cap and was ready.

"Which road shall we take?" asked Philippa, as she let in the clutch.

"Where do the roads lead to?"

"For the motorist all roads lead to Paradise."

"Then does it matter which we take?"

"Shall I shut my eyes, then, and let the car go where she likes?"

"No, Phil. We might reach Paradise too soon! Let us take the middle road and hope for the best."

For the next hour or two Meg was thinking that wherever the other road might lead to, the middle one must surely be leading them to the best.

Philippa, as driver, had her own joys and exaltations. Meg's was a more leisurely kind of delight. She was occupied with the hills and the heather, with the woods by the roadside and the weeds in the hedgerow; marking the changing of the little villages, the cottages and the crops; and realizing for the first time the incomparable pleasures of vagabondage. As she swung through the shires, uncertain where she would spend the night, and with a healthy and even anxious interest in the next meal, she felt joyously akin to every other vagrant.

She beamed sympathetically upon the passing gypsy. The romance of the high road began to possess her, the romance of ambition of the quick step and the adventurous heart, the romance of the world's gallant tramps—Dick Whittington and the rest. The mystery of the next turn of the road kept her constantly excited. She understood now why Philippa had brought no maps.

Suddenly Philippa spoke.

"I want some beef," she said. "A good deal of beef—and pickles."

"Where can one get beef?" asked Meg, to whom the subject was not without interest.

"I believe Millington is somewhere along this road," said Philippa. "There should be beef there."

"Millington?" said Meg. "Why, that's the enterprising village with the new garage. We must look out for it."

They drove on for half an hour without speaking, while the astonishing hunger of the motorist was being revealed to Meg. Then Philippa said:

"Meg, she's hobbling. Just look at the wheel on your side, will you? Is the tyre all right?"

"Flat as a ribbon," said Meg.

Philippa throttled down the engine and got out. She looked up and down the road, frowned thoughtfully, pinched the tyre with her delicate white fingers and then sat down in the hedge.

"Can't you mend the thing?" asked Meg, in dismay.

"Oh, yes," said Philippa. "Aren't you going to, then?"

"Who can tell?" said Philippa. "Time will show."

Meg answered with some asperity.

"Well, I'm going to get out and look for food. I shall walk as far as the corner and see if there is any food in sight."

In two minutes she came running back joyfully.

"Food and help!" she cried. "Every luxury—and only a few yards away! Millington is just round that corner, Phil, and the new garage is the very first house. Come along; it's only a step and down-hill all the way."

Philippa rose, smiling, and took her seat at the wheel. The little car glided softly down the hill and round the curve. There lay the village, and a little way back from the road was a dainty garage, with new, with very fresh paint and very clean glass. Beyond it were several nice-looking houses, and beyond them again was the village street. Philippa paused for a moment, glanced at the village, looked critically at the garage, smiled softly, and turned in at the gate. Forgetting that she was driving on the rim, she whirled into the yard in a way that made Meg shudder.

"We were within half an inch of that wall, Phil," she said, severely.

Philippa apologized. "I'll try to do better coming out," she said. "One ought really to be able to go within half an inch."

In the garage were two small cars and a man. Philippa raised her veil, smoothed her grey hair and turned her soft blue eyes in the direction of the man.

"So this is the new garage," she murmured in her gentle way.

The man appeared rather amused. "Yes," he said, "this is the new garage."

"I like it," said Philippa graciously. "Is it yours? Can I have this puncture repaired?"

"Certainly—by all means!" said the man, eagerly. It was plain that the new garage was not yet overwhelmed with work. "I am sorry my man is away at this moment. Are you in a great hurry?"

"Well, we want to get on as soon as possible after luncheon. I suppose there is an inn here, or a shop, where we could get something to eat."

The owner of the garage hesitated. Then he nodded towards a neighboring gable-end.

"I daresay you would get something in there," he said, rather doubtfully. "Nothing very much, you know. But if you'll allow me, I'll go in there first and see that it's all right. They don't have many stray travellers in there. Then if my man's not back, I'll repair that puncture myself."

"Oh, that's kind of you," said Philippa, with one of her sudden brilliant smiles. "And we will wait here."

"He's a gentleman," said Meg, as soon as he was out of earshot.

"They often are," Philippa murmured, vaguely. She was examining the other cars.

"He won't make his fortune at it here," Meg went on. "He seemed awfully pleased to get something to do. Perhaps we're his first customers."

Philippa nodded. "That's highly probable," she said. "He certainly looked as if he were. That hospitable manner wears off."

A few minutes later he led them through the yard and into the gable-end house by the back way; then into a cosy room overlooking a garden.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Meg. "From what you said I thought it was going to be horrid. Phil—do let us stay here for the night. I want to stay here ever so much—do let us ask about rooms."

She looked round for the bell; but the young man from the garage stepped quickly between it and her and glanced at Philippa a little anxiously.

"I am not sure," he began.

But Philippa interrupted him gently.

"Would you be so very kind as to see about that tyre?" she said, with her sweet smile. "I want to get on as soon as we have finished this excellent luncheon. Thank you so much—it is kind of you."

As he hurried back across the yard and knelt beside the wheel of Philippa's car, there was a smile upon the young man's face which would appear uncalled for to anyone who had ever repaired a tyre.

"I hope—I do hope," he murmured, "that she won't be awfully angry."

He worked in rather desperate haste; but Philippa and Meg, as we know, were hungry, and he had nearly finished pumping up the tyre before he heard their voices.

"It is a very original inn," Philippa began at once. "They apparently don't want to be paid. We rang and rang, and nobody came. I wonder what we ought to do?"

She looked at him with her fictitious air of helplessness, but failed to obtain the response to which she was accustomed. The young man suddenly lifted the bonnet of the car and became engrossed in something within.

Philippa puckered her forehead anxiously.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" she asked. "No? That's all right, then. But do tell me what I ought to do about the hotel."

"I should leave it alone," muttered the young man into the engine.

"Leave it alone? But how can we? We must pay for our luncheon."

The young man straightened his back, closed the bonnet, and faced Philippa with a nervous little laugh.

"Excuse me, that is just what you mustn't do," he said. "I hope you will forgive me; but the inn isn't an inn. It's my house."

Philippa stared at him coldly.

"And the garage?" she asked.

"Well, I'm sorry—but it isn't exactly a garage. At least—it's my garage, you know."

"And the village? What village is this—not Millington?"

"Oh, no! It is called Wealey."

Meg was crimson with horror and confusion, but Philippa was very stiff and stern.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I couldn't help it," he pleaded.

"There's not an inn for miles round—and your tyre was so flat. How could I undecide you? You were so hungry." Then, encouraged by the hint of a smile in Philippa's blue eyes, he added: "Weren't you?"

Philippa broke down and laughed softly.

"We were—we were!" she admitted. "And you were very kind and we are very grateful, really. If you had told us the truth we should probably be hungry still; and the tyre!" She spread out her hands to express her utter helplessness in the matter of tires.

Thus Philippa forgave.

And the young man, as she waved a shapely hand in farewell, was not in the least repentant, for he had her address and an invitation to luncheon.

But Meg, as the car whirled out of the gate, was still too much disturbed to notice that Philippa had fulfilled her ideals by passing within half an inch of the wall.

"Oh, Phil!" she murmured, "wasn't it dreadful our taking it for a public garage?"

"I didn't, my child," said Philippa, "it was you who did." And after a moment's pause she added, "Besides, I do hate mending tires."

LABRADOR

PRIESTS

Perform Heroic Work Among the Fisherfolk Along the Wild Coast.

The public prints have of late contained a great deal concerning the work of Dr. Grenfell, a Protestant medical missionary, among the people of the Labrador coast. As in so many other cases and places, however, Catholic priests preceded men like Dr. Grenfell—only the priests did not supply vivid accounts of their travels and their good works to the American magazines. We have no quarrel with Dr. Grenfell or with Protestant missionaries generally for their knack of using the press; it might be better for Catholics, perhaps, if they also made known the heroic work that is done on the "firing line" in the mission field; but in justice to the priests, who did not, and who do not, advertise their doings along the coast of Labrador, we believe that when Dr. Grenfell is receiving so much attention, they also should be mentioned—at least by Catholics themselves.

It is in this spirit that W. M. Dooley writes from Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, to the Sacramento, Catholic Herald, declaring that, before Dr. Grenfell was even thought of, scores of self-sacrificing Catholic priests labored unceasingly amid the storms and ice floes of that grim northern land. "Their experiences," says Mr. Dooley, "if put into print would make Grenfell's supposedly wonderful exploits read like the incidents of a summer holiday. Unfortunately, however, these missionaries refused to avail themselves of the use of printer's ink as an aid to fame. They were back numbers, poor things. They did not write letters of self-glorification to the newspapers. They were simply contented with the gratitude of those to whom they ministered, and let the fame which might have been theirs pass into the hands of others in whom modesty is not a prominent characteristic. Newfoundland and Labrador from the days of the earliest attempts of colonization have been the scenes of many heroic exploits on the part of the Catholic clergy."

"It must be remembered that in many cases the priests of that part of the colony are poorly equipped for the strenuous duties they are called upon to perform. The communities in which they labor are for the most part scattered, and as the roads are merely rude trails through a wilderness of stumps and boulders, their hardships in the depth of winter are better imagined than described. The diocese of St. George's is one of the wildest portions of the colony and the priests who labor there are obliged to contend with almost intolerable hardships in the pursuit of their sacred calling. One of the most heroic and best beloved pastors of the diocese is the Rev. Father A. Sears, who, by the way, is a brother of the Rev. Father Sears of Lincoln, California. He is a typical 'Sogarth Aroon' and the fishermen of this wild coast hold him in the highest respect and esteem."

"For nineteen years, long before the advent of the railroad, he has ministered to the sick and dying in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the West Coast. Many incidents, which speak volumes for his self-sacrifice and heroism are gratefully recalled by his faithful parishioners. Incidents that would make Grenfell's deeds miserably tame are recounted over and over by the people of St. George's. In the early days of his pastorate he was often compelled, in answering a sick call, to trudge for miles over a horribly rough road in a blinding snowstorm, with the thermometer down to almost the last notch. On many occasions he has had to travel ten miles in a fisherman's skiff with the wind blowing a hurricane, in order to prepare some poor soul for its last journey. Such incidents

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Mr. J. B. Rusk, Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been troubled with dyspepsia and liver complaint and tried many different remedies but obtained little or no relief. A friend advised me to give your Laxa-Liver Pills a trial, but I told him I had tried so many 'cure alls' that I was tired paying out money for things giving me no benefit. He said, 'If they don't help or cure you, I will stand the price.' So seeing his faith in the Pills, I bought two vials, and I was not deceived, for they were the best I ever used. They gave relief which has had a more lasting effect than any medicine I have ever used, and the beauty about them is they are small and easy to take. I believe them to be the best medicine for liver trouble there is to be found."

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Newman Memorial Church.

Solemn Re-opening Services at Birmingham.

A fresh and striking sign of the bold which the influence of Newman has upon the minds of his Catholic fellow-countrymen was given by the great ceremony at Birmingham on Wednesday, when the new church which has been erected to his memory was solemnly re-opened after much additional work. The proposal to build such a memorial of Newman at the Birmingham Oratory was first made at the time of Cardinal Newman's death in 1890, being one of the several objects submitted to the Cardinal's friends by the Memorial Committee then formed, and a small sum of £1,600 was collected and set aside for the purpose. In 1901, owing to the state of the temporary church, which had done duty since the time of its foundation by Dr. Newman in 1861, and was now becoming too small for their needs, the Fathers revived the project and addressed an appeal to the Catholic world for funds to build a new church that should be a fitting memorial of the life and work of their illustrious Founder. The result of this appeal was to place at the disposal of the Fathers a sum of £14,000, which enabled them to put the work in hand, and the foundation-stone was laid by the Bishop of Birmingham on the Feast of the Annunciation, 1904. Then was seen a spectacle almost unique in the country of one building being completely enclosed in another. From that time forward the work progressed so well that on Low Sunday the last service was held in the old church, when the congregation had to migrate to temporary premises at Ladywood Hall until the new church should be ready to receive them. Meanwhile, further funds to the amount of £10,000 had been received, but it was calculated that about £6,000 more would be required before the church was finished and ready for consecration.

When three years ago the church was opened with high Mass by the Bishop of Birmingham, and a memorable sermon by the Archbishop of Westminster in presence of a large and representative gathering of clergy and laity, only the nave and aisles had been erected. The designs furnished by Mr. Edward Doran Webb, F.S.A., of Salisbury, were upon the model of San Martino al Monti in Rome, in accordance with the wishes of the Cardinal himself, who caused the exact ground plan and elevation of San Martino to be made for him in 1850. Certain slight modifications of the old design had however been introduced to suit modern requirements. In the new plans there transepts and a spacious sanctuary (which will be completed in the course of the next two years), while a barrel-vaulted roof, beautifully executed in sweet chestnut, has been substituted for the flat roof of San Martino. The scale of construction was determined by the rather restricted area available for the building and the architectural treatment of the west front has been seriously hampered by instructions relative to the preservation of the existing cloister and school buildings. The style of the building may be described as that of the early classical basilica. The external stone has been obtained from the famous Derbyshire quarries at Darley Dale, supplied by the Stancliffe Estate Company. The internal stone is supplied by the Taynton and Guiting Stone Company, Cheltenham, from their Foxhill and Taddington quarries, and has been chosen by the architect on account of its beautiful color, to harmonize with the marble columns. The columns, which are monoliths, and form one of the chief features of the interior, and bases were supplied by Anselm Odling and Sons, London, and are from their celebrated quarries at Serravezza, near Carrara, and are made of what is known in the trade as antique Breccia violet.

The following are some of the particulars and sizes of the new church: the length of the nave is 88 feet; the width of the nave in clear of the columns is 34 feet; the full height of the nave from floor to the centre of the ceiling is 40 feet 2 inches. This ceiling (which is panelled with moulded ribs) is of sweet chestnut; the whole of this wood was obtained from the estate of Lord Bath, near Longleat. The width of the aisles in clear of the bases is 8 feet 1 inch. The exact length of the shafts of the columns is 17 feet 5 inches. These columns at their base are 2 feet 2 inches in diameter. Underneath the caps they are 1 foot 10 1/2 inches. The height of the aisles from floor to apex of ceiling is 22 feet 6 inches. The total width of the church in clear of the walls is 70 feet 6 inches. The total length of the church from inside of the west wall passing under the dome to back of the sanctuary will be 164 feet. The portion of work which remains to be built, and which has just been begun, provides for two transepts, dome, sanctuary, and one chapel.

Since the church was temporarily opened three years ago, the raised concrete floor of the sanctuary and the facade towards the playground have been completed, and the new organ has been built breaking out of the south transept wall. Moreover, the open space in front of the church has been dealt with, and certain other work has been completed. The bell-tower, side chapels and much mosaic and decorative work still remain to be carried out.

Catholic Missionaries.

What They Are Doing in the Land of the "Sleeping Sickness."

"And there," said my companion, extending his arm, "lies the sleeping sickness country, where men of old prefer to be torn to pieces by wild beasts rather than wait for a natural death." With the foregoing as an introductory paragraph, Warington Dawson, writing in the New York Tribune, gives a horrifying picture of conditions in the Nile country, where the mysterious "sleeping sickness," the most formidable, because one of the hopeless maladies known to the world to-day, is annually claiming hundreds of thousands of victims, the deaths around the shores of Victoria Nyanza alone being estimated at between four and five hundred thousand within the last decade. According to Dr. A. Thellier chief veterinary bacteriologist of the Transvaal, and accepted as the greatest living authority on African stock diseases, the immediate cause of sleeping sickness is a trypanosome—i.e., a flattened blood parasite which enters the lymphatic system, and thus gets into the medullary system, and attacks the brain, causing lesions which produce the appearance of sleep.

Mr. Dawson visited one of the camps in which the victims are sequestered to die.

HARD TO REACH NATIVES.

"The chief trouble," he says, "is that many natives affected with the disease hide in the bushes and cannot be found by the English, so one never knows when there may be danger near. There is less danger from the natives in camps than from those who may hide in the bushes, because vegetation is kept down near the camps and citronella is planted, which you call lemon grass, the smell of which the tsetse fly detects. I saw men, women and children in all stages of the disease, from the first, when the fever comes intermittently and between the attacks the grown people can live and eat as usual and the children play about; then the second, when the acute pain begins, which is caused, some people say, by an atom too small to be called even a microbe and which bores like a gimlet in the bone of the spine, and then the last stage, when emaciation comes and stupor, which leaves the mind heavy at moments when the patient is not absolutely asleep and unconscious."

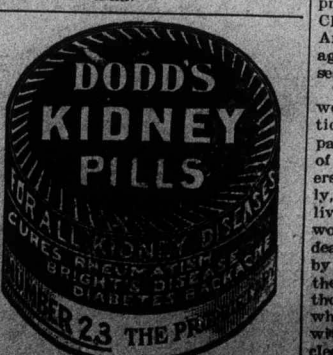
"At Kampala, the native capital, where the boy King Daudi Chwa and his ministers live, I spoke with Father Joseph Philon, of the French Catholic order of the White Fathers, founded in Uganda, thirty years ago by Cardinal Lavergne. These White Fathers have specialized on nursing sleeping sickness patients."

PRIESTS AND NUNS CARE VICTIMS.

"Question the natives about here," Father Philon said to me, "and they will tell you that we and the White Sisters were the first to shelter and care for victims of the sleeping sickness, at the time when every one fled from them and their own relatives would throw them out of doors to die; and they will tell you that still to-day it is we who sit by them in their sufferings, though they call upon us to perform for them the vilest and most humiliating services, and though they exhale at the last stage of the disease an odor sickening beyond description."

"These good Waganda feel such gratitude to us for what we have done that not only have they ceased leaving their relatives to die when affected with sleeping sickness, but they are not content to let us do all the work, and certain natives volunteer to help us in our nursing. Some have perished at their posts, victims of the terrible disease they were nursing, but next day others were always ready to replace them. We have lost some of our fathers from sleeping sickness contracted in regions whither they had gone on their duties either as priests or as educators; but strange to say, those of us who give up all our time to the sleeping sickness victims and remain constantly near them and in the most imminent danger, those, I say, appear to be immune in some miraculous way, for we have not in a single instance contracted the disease from our patients."—Pittsburg Observer.

In China there are over 1500 native priests, and many of them have made their theological course in the College of the Propaganda, Rome, Italy. The history of the native Chinese priest is full of many splendid examples of heroism. In the past many have suffered martyrdom and there is scarcely an instance of an "ex-priest" in the history of the Church in China."



EVIDENCE OF PRACTICAL CATHOLICITY.

An Incident Which Tells of the Deep Seated Catholicity of London's Mayor.

On November 8, the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament held the second of its two special annual gatherings, a social one. The Bishop of South-west presided, "and here," says a British exchange, "are facts, which should go down to posterity. Everyone knows that the Lord Mayor's procession is one of the greatest pageants of London, and that every moment of his lordship's time is taken up. Hence it was the intention of the Bishop to send to the new Lord Mayor, Sir John Knill, son of Sir Stewart Knill, a telegram of congratulation. There was no need; for before the opening of the gathering there was a murmur at the door of the hall, it grew louder and louder, then there was an outburst of applause, for in very truth, the Lord Mayor himself was there. He had suspended all other business, and come to the gathering."

The Bishop invited Sir John to say a few words to the men, and he ascended the platform, amidst loud cheering, and said: "My Lord, Rev. Fathers, and gentlemen, I was sworn in as Lord Mayor of London at 4 o'clock. Notwithstanding the claim on my time, I was determined to be with you. I can not speak at any length, for I have a cold; and you know what is before me to-morrow (Lord Mayor's Day). But it is a joy to me that my first visit after being sworn in as Lord Mayor of London is to this gathering of the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament. It is indeed my first act, but I do not come to you so much because I am Mayor, but because I am a Brother of the Guild of the Blessed Sacrament." He thanked all for the reception he had received, and regretted he could not stay.

Taken in connection with the incident of the forbidden procession during the London Eucharistic Congress, this makes rather interesting reading.

OBITUARY.

MR. JEREMIAH SHEA.

On Wednesday last there passed away an old resident in the person of Mr. Jeremiah Shea, father of the Rev. M. L. Shea, pastor of St. Aloysius Church, at the advanced age of 75 years. Deceased had been a sufferer from bronchitis for some time, but it was only within a few days of his death that he was confined to his bed. His wife predeceased him over twenty years ago, but his family of six children all survive: Rev. M. L. Shea, Messrs. John S., Jeremiah and Peter; Mrs. J. Kelly and Mrs. J. Romie. The funeral took place from his son-in-law's residence last Friday morning to St. Gabriel's Church. May he rest in peace.

The True Witness offers its sympathy to Rev. Father Shea as also to the other members of his family.

MR. MARTIN ROGERS.

A very sad incident occurred here Monday evening, December 13th, when an old and highly respected parishioner of Mayo, in the person of Mr. Martin Rogers, died very suddenly. Deceased had been ailing for a few days, but was not thought to be seriously ill, and on Monday evening he walked out of the house and had only gone a little distance when he dropped dead. Mr. Rogers was about sixty-six years of age and had been a great lover of the land of his forefathers, and had been a fluent speaker of the Gaelic tongue. He leaves a feeble wife to mourn her loss deeply. Deceased had always been a kind husband, and having no family he was all she had to depend on. He leaves one sister also, Mrs. T. Judge, of this place. The funeral was largely attended on the 16th. The service was chanted by the Rev. Father Barrette, P.P. The pallbearers were Mr. N. Summers, Ed. Burke, Jas. Lavell, Jas. Cosgrove, Jas. Dunnigan, M. Lapointe. Mrs. Rogers has the sympathy of all in this her time of sorrow. May God be merciful to his departed soul. Mayo, P.Q., Dec. 28, 1909.

Convert Answers Critic.

Father Paul, Superior of the Society of the Atonement, the community at Garrison, N.Y., whose conversion has been noted in these columns, replying to a critic in the Living Church, says: "I have not 'accumulated' any property as a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America; on the contrary, I long ago parted with every penny I possessed."

"As to the second question, were we not supported by the contributions of the faithful (of the Episcopal Church) given largely because of the endorsement of (my) brothers of the priesthood? Emphatically, No; for had we attempted to live upon such contributions we would long since have starved to death. The society was supported by the alms given our sisters when they went begging each week, and those who bestowed them were overwhelmingly Catholic, and this notwithstanding the Sisters let it be clearly understood that they were Anglicans."

Cowan's Cocoa

Let the children drink all they want. Healthy, nutritious, delightful. Absolutely pure. That rich chocolate flavor. Very economical.

The Cowan Co. Limited, Toronto.

"All this is very painful to me. Some day, those whom I still count my brethren will, I believe, understand that I am not, as they seem to consider me, an enemy."

Funny Sayings.

SHE GOT THE INFORMATION.

A recent diner at the Carleton, tells the "Bystander" of a quaint incident he noticed there the other night. The band was playing a certain popular music hall air, and a young lady at one of the tables, curious to know what it was, asked her waiter to find out. The man departed, lader with plates, but was so long gone that the anxious enquirer clean forgot her curiosity as to the tune. Well on through the dinner, she was somewhat alarmed to hear a husky, guttural voice from behind say, "I'm afraid to go home in the dark."

"What?" exclaimed the lady, in alarm. "I'm afraid," repeated the mysterious voice, in slow, impressive accents, "to go home in the dark!" The lady gave a little scream, and, turning to a male companion, said, "Is this man mad?" It was only after an anxious interval that the explanation was understood.

SCHOOL BOYS TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

Father Dunne, in Newsboys' Journal, paints the school boy of 1929 in these colors: "Teacher—Sterilized Stephen, do you bring with you a disinfected certificate of birth, baptism, and successful vaccination? Yes, ma'am. Have you had your left forearm inoculated with correct cholera serum? Yes, ma'am. Have you had your vermiform appendix removed? Yes, ma'am. Have you a pasteurized certificate of immunity from croup, cold feet, cholera morbus? Yes, ma'am. Do you promise for yourself, your heirs and assigns, for all ages, to use sterilized milk? I do. Do you solemnly covenant to soak your slate in sulphur fumes? I promise. Will you abjure every companion that sniffs? I abjure. Do you promise to use an antiseptic slate sponge and confine yourself to individual chewing-gum? Yes, ma'am. Then extract that one remaining milk tooth, tie a formaldehyde bag around your neck and make your will. Come to-morrow and you will be assigned an insulated seat in this sanitary school-house."

An Irish "Te Deum."

Thanks be to God for the light and the darkness,
Thanks be to God for the hail and the snow,
Thanks be to God for the shower and sunshine,
Thanks be to God for all things that grow.
Thanks be to God for lightning and tempest,
Thanks be to God for weal and for woe,
Thanks be to God for His own great goodness,
Thanks be to God that what is, is so.
Thanks be to God when the harvest is plenty,
Thanks be to God when the barn is low,
Thanks be to God when our pockets are empty,
Thanks be to God when again they overflow.

A Non-Catholic's Tribute to the Catholic Priest.

This beautiful tribute to the priesthood, from a non-Catholic's pen, appears in the Rockford (Ill.) Star of recent date.

"A priest led the rescuers who discovered the living miners in the shaft at Cherry."

"Wherever death and danger stalk a priest of the Catholic Church may be found. No danger is too great and no situation too severe for him to go if there are men needing the office of his Church."

"Celebrate, wedded to the Church, carrying with him the consolations and sacraments, nothing deters him from his duty. If he dies it is only one soldier fallen from the ranks and another steps up."

"Father Damien is known the world over for his work among the lepers of Molokai, but other Damien have worked and died unknown to fame. The priest who went down the mine faced unknown dangers, but he went. He knew there might be no use for the office of his position, hence some poor miner had survived and needed consolation of God."

the Mother Church as his life passed out. The mental and spiritual calm from his ministrations, even to one man, was ample excuse for his going.

"This accounts in large measure for the strong allegiance of the membership of this Church, and those of us who are not Catholics must admit it. Wherever danger is, where death stalks, where he is needed, the priest goes, unquestioning, following his duty."

An Irish Priest's Work.

It is now over two hundred years since a work published in Ireland was translated into Italian and edited in Rome, viz., a grammar of the Irish language, by a Father Molloy. Since then, with the exception of a few pamphlets, none has gone forth until "Vangeli Delle Domeniche e Delle Feste," that has just been translated in Italy into the vernacular, came before the public, recently. The work, which is originally from the pen of Very Rev. Cornelius J. Ryan, D.D., formerly professor of Scripture and Hebrew in Clonliffe College, Dublin, and presently parish priest, in addition to an introduction of over two hundred pages, treating of the geography and archaeology of Palestine, consists of two volumes of Gospels in the Greek, Latin and Italian texts, with exegetical commentary and moral reflections which have already gained the warm approbation of the Australian and Irish hierarchies. And as far as the press is concerned, even that time-honored enemy of everything Catholic and Irish, the Irish Times, Dublin, declares the volumes to be a useful source of information even for its own, the Protestant, clergy.—Roman Correspondence Standard and Times.

Here is a Busy Priest.

In addition to his duties as pastor of a large parish, Father Dempsey, of St. Louis, finds time to conduct a hotel for unemployed workers. From January 1, 1907, to January 1, 1909, he accommodated 13,404 guests, gave free lodgings to 15,131, and furnished meals without charge to 6787 persons. He obtained positions for 1032 and placed 111 in hospitals. Father Dempsey had 32 deaths in his family of unfortunates, and of this number 14 were without relatives or friends. He saw that they were given decent Christian burial. In connection with his hotel, Father Dempsey publishes a magazine every month, devoted to the noble charitable enterprise in which he is engaged.

Thy Will Be Done.

I said "Let me work in the fields,"
Christ said: "No, work in the town."
I said: "There are no flowers there."
He said: "No flowers, but a crown!"
I said: "But the sky is black—
There is nothing but noise and din."
Christ wept as he answered back:
"There is more," He said: "there is sin!"
I said: "But the air is thick,
And fogs are veiling the sun,"
Christ said: "But souls are sick,
And souls in the dark are undone."
I said: "I shall miss the light—
And friends will miss me, they say."
He answered: "Choose, to-night,
If I shall miss you—or they."

Muscular Rheumatism Subdued—When one is a sufferer from muscular rheumatism he cannot do better than to have the region rubbed with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. There is no oil that so speedily shows its effect in subduing pain. Let the rubbing be brisk and continue until ease is secured. There is more virtue in a bottle of it than can be fully estimated.

EFFECTS OF BAD LITERATURE.

Can the present output of the publishers be called literature? We do not think so. Much-raking and scandal dished up in attractive manner is not to be classed with what goes for the best in the novelist's art. Literature to be of value must have a solid foundation. The works of the old writers are still with us. How much of the gush of to-day will be on the library shelves twenty years hence? We venture to say that much of it will be forgotten. Fifty years from now who will know anything about that queen of the passion poets, Ella Wheeler Wilcox? Who will quote Jack London and the other muck-rakers?

We hear it on all sides that "we are the people." But go away back even to the days of ancient Greece and what have we to compare with the writings of Plato and Homer and Horace and the great orators of that day? Go still further back and compare the wonderful songs of Solomon and the beautiful Psalms of David with the present day output. They are not to be mentioned in the same breath—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY EPIPHANY

JANUARY 6th, 1909.

Round trip excursion tickets will be sold at Single First-Class Fare between all stations in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, Ottawa, Coteau Jct., and East thereof. Good going January 5 and 6. Return limit, January 8th, 1910.

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

CITY TICKET OFFICES,
130 St. James St., 'Phones 741-6905, 69
6907, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EPIPHANY

Excursion tickets will be sold One Way First-Class Fare between all stations in Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, Ottawa and East.

Good going January 5th and 6th. Good to return until January 8th, 1910.

Live Stock Exhibition
CHEAP EXCURSION
Ottawa and Return From Montreal \$3.35
Good going Jan. 18th and 19th. Return until Jan. 22nd, 1910.

CITY Ticket Office
29 St. James Street Next

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT

Epiphany
Reduced fares, going 5th and 6th Jan. Returning up to Jan. 7, 1910.

TRAIN SERVICE

7-40 a.m. (except Sunday), for St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Quebec and intermediate stations.
12 noon, MARITIME EXPRESS, daily, for St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Ste. Flavie and intermediate stations.
12 noon, MARITIME EXPRESS, except Saturday, for the above mentioned stations and Campbellton, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and Sydney.
4 p.m., except Sunday, for Nicolet and intermediate stations.

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We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Patent Attorneys are in New York, Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

VITAL QUESTIONS THE BRITISH

The present system of breakdown of your Parliament. There is markable to any one for the last few years of Commons than the City of the Parliament to turn out work. If the Budget is passed, if there is any question like the War, it occupies the Parliament for the very other measure the shelf. Just think of great social in your own country. Why are they with. There is no time accumulating all the questions, all the Welsh, all those Irish on top of the other absolute block in the moneys. If the House every hour of the day of the year, there would be a hundredth part questions waiting for That is quite natural.

Turn to the experience countries. I won't at America with its representatives and tures. Take the example of the Empire. There millions of people in they have eight Parliament one of these is as but attending to the district. There is v all; but here in the I ment you are endeavoring to do all the work of people in India and to relations with other an impossibility. I to Ireland is suffering from this Parliament then from anything else

I tell you people, w solves democrats, an

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