

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 to be a land settlement in Ireland, 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 to 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 we 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, there 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 Union lists, 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. Moraghan 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 hearty 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 the diocese of Burlington, Vt.

THE COMING EUCHARISTIC 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 blessing and flaming Heart, surrounded 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 Our Holy Heart, 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 Communion 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 Communion received, visits made and

Masses heard, in the coming seven months? During this time then, let us try to double, even to increase tenfold, if we can, the number of Communion, 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 or 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. Dunoon to Rome and the Vatican last Monday was one of the interesting events of the week. 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 Catholic sailors present had received Holy Communion and 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 sentiments. 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 Atone-ment, 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 dissolution 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 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 Osceola, 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 reports 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 his

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 Sylvain, 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:

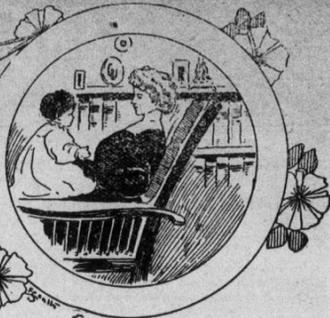
"I have real regard for the Catholic Church body, especially for the wonderful energy shown by it. In the sixteen years covered by the census (1890-1906) that body has shown an increase of six millions members, or 93.6 per cent. That is an interesting statement. Do you realize that the parochial schools 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.

A New Year's Wish.

This wish for you: that past rough roads unheeded, you march ahead, undaunted, with the hope of trust begotten.

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.

Those Frozen Pipes.

"Do not use a torch," writes a housewife. "That method nearly half burned a house in our city.

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.

Household Hints.

Velvet can be cleaned by rubbing it with a cloth dipped in powdered magnesia. Linoleum will look the better and last the longer for an occasional rub-over with a flannel cloth dipped in paraffin, which will remove all dirt and stains.

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

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.

To keep mats in place at bedroom doors try this plan. Sow 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.

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 all that is frail, weak, timid and unlovable in their nature.

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.

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.

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.

The Telephone Voice.

There is said to be an indication of character in almost every movement we make—the carriage, the pose of the head, penmanship, etc.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

Oshawa. You can gain by buying from us everything in the line of Fireproof Building Materials for Buildings Exterior and Interior. Free Materials Catalogue for the asking. PEDLAR People of Oshawa

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.

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.

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;

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every soul there is a secret chamber, In every life there is an untold tale.

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every heart there is a covered picture, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every heart there is a covered picture, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every heart there is a covered picture, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every heart there is a covered picture, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.

Thoughts in Sorrow. 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.

Thoughts in Sorrow. In every heart there is a covered picture, In every heart there is a line, deep graven, Whose meaning is to dearest friends unknown.



It Cleanses all kinds of clothes, injures none. Flannels washed with Surprise Soap never shrink. Laces washed with it are preserved as heirlooms. It makes child's play of washing. Keep in mind: Surprise is a pure, hard Soap.

Fortune came to her when her head was white. What time dark leaves were withered 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 'a' 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 gazed, 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, is 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 can surely die."

"Young men write gracious letters here to me, That ought to fill this mother's 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.

An Easy Pill to Take.—Some persons have repugnance to pills because of their nauseating taste. Par-melee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared as to make them agreeable to the most fastidious. The most delicate can take them without feeling the revulsion that follows the taking of ordinary pills. This is one reason for the popularity of these celebrated pills, but the main reason is their high tonical quality as a medicine for the stomach.

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,

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS AND ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO MESSRS. PUBL. CO. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS

THURSDAY, JANUARY 6, 1910. MORRISON & ADVOCATES, Barristers at Law, 14th Floor, Banque du Commerce, 97 ST. JAMES PLACE, MONTREAL. HON. SIR ALEXANDER KAVANAGH, LALOR ADVOCATES, 501, 7 PLACE D'ARCADE, MONTREAL. ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS AT LAW, 1400 PLACE MONTREAL. BROSSARD, CHOLET ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS AT LAW, 1400 PLACE MONTREAL. BARNARD & ADVOCATES, Savings Bank Building, Bell Telephone. Conroy 193 CENTRE ST. Practical Plumbers, Gas Fitters, Estimators, Jobbing Promptly. Lawrence PLASTERING Successor to John Piley, 15 Paris Street, PO. T. I. WELLS Caterers and Confectioners, 112 BERNARD STREET. SOCIETY DIR. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY. Hated March 6th. ated 1868; Meets Monday of the month. Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Shady, P.P.; President, Kavanagh, K.C.; Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Ponding Secretary, T. P. Tansey; Assistant Secretary, Mr. M. E. Shal, Mr. P. Conolly. Synopsis of Canadian HOMESTEAD RE. ANY even numbered year Lead in Manitoba and Alberta, except not reserved, may be by any person who is male of age, to the extent of 160 acres, not more than 100 acres. Entry must be made in the local land office in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may be made on certain conditions. Father, mother, son, or sister or other of an individual. The homesteader is bound to the conditions of the act with under one of the plans: (1) At least six months upon and cultivation each year for three years. (2) If the father is deceased, the homesteader must be a resident of the land as to requirements as to residence, he must be a resident with the father or mother. (3) If the settler is not a resident upon the land, he must be a resident of the province. (4) The homesteader must be a resident of the province. (5) The homesteader must be a resident of the province. Deputy Minister of N.B.—Unauthorized in this advertisement.



MORRISON & HATCHETT
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors,
4th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers,
97 ST. JAMES STREET.

AVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ETC.
7 PLACE D'ARMES
E. KAVANAGH, K.C. PAUL LACOSTE, LL.B.
J. LAJOIE, K.C. JULES MATHIEU, LL.B.

BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors
160 ST. JAMES ST.
Guardian Bldg

Barnard & Desautels
ADVOCATES
Savings Bank Building, 150 St. James
Bell Telephone Main 1679

Conroy Bros.
193 CENTRE STREET
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters
Estimates Given.
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

Lawrence Riley
PLASTERER
Successor to John Riley, Established in 1866
and Ornamental Plastering, Repairs of
all kinds promptly attended to.
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

L. I. WELSH & CO
Caterers and Confectioners
41-42 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.
Bread Caramels and Everton Toffee.
Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal
Attention. PHONE MAIN 5301

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.
ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Estab-
lished March 6th, 1856; incorporated
1868; Meets in St. Patrick's
Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first
Monday of the month. Committee
meets last Wednesday. Officers:
Rev. Chaplain, Rev. Gerald Mc
Shane, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J.
Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-Presi-
dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-
President, W. G. Kennedy; Treas-
urer, Mr. W. Durack; Correspond-
ing Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-
ningham; Recording Secretary, Mr.
T. P. Tansey; Asst.-Recording Sec-
retary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-
shal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Mar-
shal, Mr. P. Conolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS
ANY unencumbered section of Dominion
land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta, excepting 3 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 therewith
under one of the following
plans:
(1) At least six months residence
upon and cultivation of the land in
each year for three years.
(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the 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 upon said land.
Six months' notice in writing
must be given the Commissioner of
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-
tention to apply for the land.
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.
Mrs. Herman Dickenson, Benton, N.B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and I can now eat anything without it hurting me. I will highly recommend it to all who are troubled with stomach troubles."
Burdock Blood Bitters has an established 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. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE EXPERIMENT

By Frederick M. Smith.

In the cool of the day I saw Charlotte and 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," she said.

"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 you might make you happy even 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 a relaxing visit," she said, relaxing visibly.

"Sit 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. "Isn't he 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.

During the next few days we talked it over frankly and decided to be married. Looked at from all points of view, it seemed a sensible arrangement. If we each did our part there was no reason why it should not be a success; and in my own mind I determined that Charlotte should not be disappointed. I should do my share of renouncing; it should be necessary; and we both anticipated that it would. Also I

To Awaken the Liver

Costed Tongue, aching head, biliousness, indigestion, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, feelings of depression and illness.

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

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

THE DOCTOR SAID HE COULD NOT LIVE

An Almost Fatal Illness Followed An Attack of LaGrippe.

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 admission 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 pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

INSTITUTIONS DESIGNS DONE APPLY TO THE PUB. CO.

The True Witness

Published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co. 812 Laguchetiere St. West, Montreal P. O. BOX 1188

Subscription price: Canada (City Excepted) and Newfoundland \$1.00; United States and Foreign \$1.50. Terms: Payable in Advance.

When a change of address is desired the subscriber should give both the OLD and NEW address. SUBSCRIPTIONS will be continued until order to stop is received and all arrears paid up.

Correspondence intended for publication must have name of writer enclosed, not necessarily for publication but as a mark of good faith, otherwise it will not be published.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST: CITED.

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 Catholic 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 Jerusalem; 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 Bethlehem of Juda, in the days of King Herod, behold there came wise men from the East to Jerusalem, saying: 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."

"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 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 attending 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 lowly of earth and the humble of heart.

"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 followed whithersoever it led them. They might have asked for the evidence of miracles, or for the evidence of prophetic 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 catechism of doctrine to offer, presents a false version of the Bible he openly attacks in his sermons, cites and quotes the first scamp and scoundrel who happens to have honored the Church with his slime and slander. There is no talk of thorough 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 instructs his priest 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 permissible 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 moment's warning, and, as far as we can see, just as he had lived. His days he had spent in riot and debauchery; blasphemy and abomination had been ever on his tongue. Though the child of good parents, he had proved a monster. For confession 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 attend, 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 indulge 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 effective 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 earthly 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 insanity. 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 ministrations 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 thoroughly Catholic training. Of course, one alone is the judge of life and death: One alone can punish or reward—God! But aside from the facts of any particular case, what may explain the death of a Catholic willingly deprived of the Church's help? Many reasons. Pernicious books, secret societies, evil associates, pride and all the other deadly sins. No good Catholic irretrievably falls from grace in an instant. Hardness of heart is not the making of a moment's weakness. Chiniquy 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 impenitent as yet; and no agency of destruction can ruin the soul more fatally than lust or the pride of intellect. 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 deprived 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 immortality of fame, even the greatest, will die with the last man, while the memory of the pious and impenitent shall be swallowed up in eternal perdition.

MARK TWAIN.

Mary Twain! We have heard the name before. They say he is a humorist! 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 mockery 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 Firley Peter Dunne, we could reach an adjustment. There is no philosophy to Twain's books, but there are heaps of ridicule. 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 curiosity's sake. We failed.

THE CHAMPION LIAR'S TRADE.

We were once asked why some regarded, instead of talking to the full license of the out-and-out infidel and libertine, chose, rather, to preach in heretical bawling-tubs. We answered that, as the fellows generally wasted money, they found it a good financial venture to enlist their efforts in the cause of religion 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 statement:

"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 Protestant 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 privileged 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-Governor of Nova Scotia. Still the thing was done, 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 Terra-del-Fuego, past Dumfrieshire, to Etah in Greenland, there is hardly any question of doctrine or of true religious 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 issues, 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, busybodies 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 Hartigan, like "Charley on the Spot," arrives in time to save the old man's life, by telling him that "Tally-Ho" came out first in his school amongst the other dogs. Jack gets his bride.

REMEMBER HIM AT BRENNAN'S

Hundreds of gentlemen friends have been remembered from our stores.

All that's desired for men, in smart, new creations, are fully represented--Ties, Mufflers, Scarfs, Fancy Vests, Stick Pins, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, and a host of other hints.

BRENNAN BROS.

Hatters and Men's Furnishers 251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST Phone Up 3627. 7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone East 246

"Tally-Ho" goes down a place or two in the following year's examinations. 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 exclamations, 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 "unavailable."

Now, the magazine in question may 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 this great work the world knows 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 exceptions to this, it is also a fact beyond dispute, that the lives of successful men and women are usually monuments of honor to the thorough goodness of home and the personal supervision of a sane father and mother.

The child who has warring, discontented parents is like a helpless little sheep in a vast sea. There is no certain hope on which he can rely for safety. He soon adopts the devious course of either parent, rather than the good qualities of both and later grows up into a vacillating manhood, astray in conduct and religion, an idler by starts and a worker as necessarily demands. The prayers learned at home stand the test of many years and vicissitudes, 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 savor-dropping. "Tell me, father," said the woman, 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 several moments, followed by questions and answers. At last, as the priest

Religious Pictures For Framing.



No. 2862, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Hoffmann Plate size 6 x 8.

These subjects are printed in black only. Ecce Homo, Mater Dolens, Immaculate Conception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodenhausen, Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Ferruzzi, 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 believe that my Savior was in the church, I would spend the rest of my days before the altar in adoration."

There is a lesson here for us Catholics. 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 TRIBUTE.

With no intention of making invidious distinctions between the various 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 religion of Christ, slowly lifting them from barbarism and putting them on the way to a progressive civilization. In its unity, aim and purpose, and its rigid disciplinarianism lies the great strength of the Roman Catholic organization. At the base of all creeds lies faith, and the Catholic Church commands, or demands, implicit obedience to the beliefs promulgated by it, strict obedience to the tenets of its creed, presenting to the membership of the whole, the single alternative of belief of the spiritual as preached by it, or excommunication. It is intolerant of strife and division in its ranks, and to keep down such it constitutes itself the exclusive dogma builder. Taking the Master at His word in naming Peter for the primacy of His Church, the Catholics have found in his writings the strength which constitutes it the most potential religious organization in the world to-day.—The Post, Houston, Tex.

If you are a sufferer from colds get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and test its qualities. 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, because it is the best, having stood the test of years. All the best dealers sell it.

Are Poised You

THE boy move day, to in health. If the waste is the system a self blood Poor dig of bile in the or weak contraction bowels, m Constipation Abbey's E

Echoes and

Are you going to this year? The Toronto Globe number did not give the picture of the schoolhouse. We hope one of presents will be purged and ventilated the "country cousin" too.

All the arts are in son. It can chain the skies; it can soothe the deep. But it is a sure sign a limited when the thly Dryden says: "Reason's glimmer Was lent, not to assuage way, But guide us upward day."

The old fad of refecting of the Church of immortalizing or dying out. Such a man as Pasture, such an as Dr. Hingston, writer as Brunetiere borrowed steps to fe

Miss Katherine Ell first time since she the "map" of America reported engagement Abuzzi, has succeeded five days in New York asked as to why broken off her engage Duke. The dailies ar with scandals, howev

An English curate the opinion that the crows by wet weather the wickedness of Asc ment. We once thought limit had been reached radian member of P said the National Po the hens lay bigger of those English curates for a sermon theme e Bible was cast overbo

Our pious friends of Grande Ligne Mission during the church year had 32 laborers in th 32 preached 729 32 converted converts 1140 Bibles and port Scriptures, 50,000 pag tracts, made 6251 vious houses, entered 2 to offer the Word of I religious conversations more than 2000 ch Word of God to Roma The figures were not

And now a preacher is going to do away w and use a powerful sea thus expects to reach t Another preacher's Ob dealt with the chances Jeffries stands of whi Johnson. And that is all religion! Is it that there are thirty-fi unchurched Protestants ed States? In Canada, not nearly quite so b rank paganism was, taught in a Toronto B of theology.

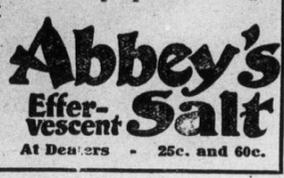
The way of the Prote is hard, remarks P Ever since Bishop (P.E. Little Rock, Ark., pub book urging a corporate Protestant sects under the historic (Episcopal gate he has had all kin with his clergy and t truth is laymen make b constants than do the

RENNANS'
have been re-
nant, new cre-
ties, Mufflers,
ins, Dressing
ther hints.
ROS.
ishers
ERINE ST. EAST
one East 246
s Pictures
raming.

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. 47



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 lunge 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.

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."

And all this discontent was because of a girl's face, because he could not forget the sweet, dark little head of 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, doctor, an' ye can take Miss Marica 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 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.

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.

"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 Marica—she is injured and needs attention. I also want to tell you your're the biggest idiot I ever met. Good-by," hanging up the receiver without waiting for a reply.

Two 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.

"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:

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 whither they are drifting.

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

Two Sisters of the Order of Franciscans of Milwaukee, have started on a journey that takes them 10,000 miles to the island of Jap 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 Jap is one.

"An Anglican view of the 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 organizations by M. Combes, demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that to root up religion the government had adopted the long, but sure, means of inculting free-thought into the minds of the rising generation by its educational establishments. "As since 1882 the normal school

pupils, who now constitute the vast majority of the school teachers, have received an education tending to deprive them of all religious belief and to inspire them with contempt for the Catholic Church, it is not astonishing that many of them have found it difficult, if not impossible, to observe the religious neutrality required of them by the text of the law. They have, moreover, been encouraged to violate that neutrality by the example of the government and parliament, that seized every opportunity to discredit the doctrines still professed by the vast majority of the nation. Then, little by little, the school books were what is called 'revised.' On the pretext of religious neutrality the name of God was effaced from the history of France, and handbooks of Christian morality were replaced by others based on philosophy."

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 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.

The Church and Freemasonry.

Apropos 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."

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.

Archbishop Scores Criminal Rich.

In a sermon at the dedication of the new St. Bernard's Church and school at Madison, Wis., Archbishop Messner 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

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 abysses 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 these 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 13,710 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 Frank 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.

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

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. Attilios Offesh, Chahcen Aboud, Essa Boosamra, Salim Boosamra, Najeb Tabah, Faked Tabah, Mansour Shattila, 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



Mrs. D. D. Miller, Alandale, 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."

class and there are greater tricks to prevent publicity." In defending the parochial schools he cited statistics showing the high scholarship averages made by children in the larger cities.

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 who are nursing the victims of that dreaded malarial, the "Sleeping Sickness," in Africa, seem to be miraculously protected against the contagious disease.

DOES YOUR HEAD

Feel As Though It Was Being Hampered? 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, had 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 see my name as I think that others should know of the wonderful merits of Burdock Blood Bitters."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



CONDUCTED BY AUNT BETTY

THE WAY TO SHADOW TOWN.

Sway to and fro in the twilight grey; This is the ferry for Shadowtown. It sails away at the end of the day...

The Stepping Stones.

It had been raining, raining, raining, and Betty had not seen her Aunt Mary for three long days...

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.

It Takes Courage

To speak the truth, when by a little prevarication you can get some great advantage.

Hal's Wireless Telegraphy.

Hal Clayton looked very rueful. His mother found him after the company had gone, sitting on the back steps—alone!

ed Hal, enthusiastically. "There," after the code was written out, "suppose we practice a little, to be sure we have learned the signals," suggested Mrs. Clayton.

First Year's Work on Vulgate.

The Benedictines, under Abbot President Gasquet, are actively prosecuting the work entrusted to them by Pius X of revising our present text of St. Jerome's Vulgate.

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...

News by the Irish Mail.

The members of Donegal National Teachers' Association and others recently 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.

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

The sum of money raised by the lay admirers of Rev. Dr. Henly, Archbishop of Tuam, on the occasion 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 domestic prelate and formally presented with the Papal brief announcing his elevation to that dignity on Thursday, December 16.

Miss Sheridan, Ashgrove House, Felturbet, has given her tenants a voluntary abatement of 8 shillings in the pound on the year's rent.

The Central Committee of the Irish Nationalists, at a recent meeting in Dublin, decided to support the Liberal in the general election.

Speaking at a Synod of the Protestant 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 matter each year.

The beautiful silver shield presented by the Home Rule Club, Kilkenny, for competition amongst the schools of the County at the annual Kilkenny Feis for the past five years, was presented recently to the pupils attending St. John's Infant School, at the Lake, who at the recent Feis obtained the highest number of marks in the specified competitions.

Colonel Richard Irwin, J.P., D.L., of Rathmore, Castlereagh, died recently in Dublin at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

One-eighth of an Irish acre of ground in the village of Ballytrain, was sold at £30 and commission, or the colossal sum of £240 per Irish acre.

The town of Callan, Kilkenny, has just been illuminated for the first time by electricity.

Speaking at a meeting of the Nenagh Branch of the United Irish League, Mr. R. P. Gill, C.E., said that he was in the position to inform the members that arrangements were almost completed for the starting of a large woollen industry in town.

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 declined enormously in country towns through depopulation and other causes.

In sending a cheque to Mr. Lardner, M.P. for the Monaghan collection for the Irish Parliamentary Fund, Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, Bishop of Clogher, says he desires to mark in a small way his appreciation of their great services, and of Mr. Lardner's able and patriotic discharge of his duties as representative of the division, of which his constituents are justly proud.

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 unanimously: "That we, the Committee 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 begins, in the new University, and that proper provision be made for the teaching of Irish in all the Colleges 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 tendered bore an acknowledgment of the debt due to the Irish Nationalist representatives, and particularly of the assistance derived from the Irish Purchase Acts, whose best features reflect the toil and ability of the party.

It was recently discovered that the Mormon missionaries have been secretly in and under cover plying their trade in and around Dublin. Investigation proved that they have been at this work for three or four years, and yet without any apparent success.

The number of emigrants for October, 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 "prospective Ulster," and the destinations of 2,209 of the total was the United States.

Rev. Dr. Henbery, who has been appointed Professor of Irish Language 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, Waterford, and is a beautiful speaker of Irish.

Threats of legal action against Church authorities who have condemned text-books used in the schools of France are now being carried out.

Speaking at a meeting of the Nenagh Branch of the United Irish League, Mr. R. P. Gill, C.E., said that he was in the position to inform the members that arrangements were almost completed for the starting of a large woollen industry in town.

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.

Advertisement for Creosolene medicine, listing ailments like Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, etc.

Nearly all children are subject to worms, and many are born with them. Spare them suffering by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, 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 British Isles, and of the many booklets 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 reason for the existence of that land.

Advertisement for a medicine to cure a bad cough and 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.

Vertical text on the far right edge of the page, including the word 'Philip' and various fragments of text.

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 blues, 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 bonus so much as a map," she said. "It positively hypnotises one. We shall take no maps. Life on the open road is full of incident, and to get the full flavor out of an incident one must be guided 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!" said Meg. "Let us take the middle road and hope for the best."

For the next hour or two Meg was thinking that wherever the other roads might lead to, the middle one must surely be leading them to the best. Philippa, as driver, had her own joys and exhilarations; 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 throtled 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, obviously 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.

curbed 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 well 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 this 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 'Sorghum 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, for miles over 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

WE PRINT

Letterheads, Billheads and
General Commercial
Work at the Right Prices.

IF PRINTED BY US IT'S
DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co.

An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work.

Phone
Main 5072

Printing

316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

Geo. W. Reed & Co.

Limited.

Contractors for:

**General Roofing
Cement and Asphalt
Paving
Sheet Metal Work**

337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

TREASURES OF THE VATICAN.

Secreted For Nearly a Third of a Century They Are to be Brought Forth for Inspection.

Hidden from the public view since 1870 because of the fear that the Italian government would seize them, the vast treasures of St. Peter's, Rome, are soon to be taken from the vaults deep beneath the church and are to be placed in two halls where all may see them.

The treasures of the church which have been thus secreted for nearly a third of a century are practically priceless; no sum could buy them, of course, but their intrinsic value is many millions of dollars. Some of them date from the time of the great Charlemagne, others were gifts of last year.

One of the most valued parts of the collection is a set of candlesticks and other altar appurtenances of solid gold, fashioned by the famous Benvenuto Cellini, worth more than half a million dollars. It is used only seldom, and then on the altar of the cathedral. There are diamonds and diamond-studded jewelry galore, including a crown composed of 12 diamond stars presented to Pope Pius IX. at the time he defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin in 1858.

Another valued gift is the set of vestments given by the Catholic women of France in 1898, consisting of 80 pieces, all of woven gold and valued at \$80,000. They were used only once by the late Pope at a solemn pontifical mass in St. Peter's.

Then ever since 1870 a Catholic society has presented the Church with a precious chalice, and hundreds of other chalices were sent to the late Pope at the time of his jubilee.

PRICELESS GEMS ADORN.

Among the gems which will be put on exhibition are specimens of practically every known kind of precious stone. Hundreds upon hundreds of them are embedded in ecclesiastical vases, ornaments and in episcopal rings from which collection the Pontiff draws occasionally to provide bishops with them.

During the years all this vast store of treasure has been in the vaults of the church very few eyes have seen them. It was a very present dread which it was put away and locked up behind heavy bolts and bars, but with the new era of better feeling between the Vatican and the Italian government, the dread of confiscation has passed. So it comes about that the Pope has decided that those visitors to the Vatican who are admitted shall be able to feast their eyes on this most wonderful collection.

Mgr. de Bisogno, custodian of the Basilica Vaticana, where the art treasures of St. Peter's are exhibited, in speaking of the Vatican collection, said a few days ago:

"As far back as the fifth and sixth centuries the Popes began collecting articles of Christian art, but when the Moslems sacked the Vatican, A. D. 846, many of the earliest treasures were lost.

CARDINALS' REQUESTS.

"In the second half of the twelfth century the collection was enriched by many notable gifts. It has been the custom of the cardinals buried in St. Peter's to leave their official robes and their chasubles and other garments to St. Peter's treasury, which, as a consequence, is exceedingly rich in precious stuffs, gold and silver embroideries, ancient lace, etc.

"In 1480 Cardinal Orsini left his wonderful library to the treasury; great paintings and mosaics were added from that time on. As to gold, silver and jewels, most of those had to be sold in 1796: to pay the war contribution lived by Napoleon.

The most valuable pieces of the collection are the Dalmatica, Carolingian, a high priest's garment of blue silk, embroidered and painted and one of the finest mementoes of old Byzantine. This garment dates from the eleventh century. There are also candelabra of precious metals made by such artists as Michael Angelo, Palladio and Cellini.

His Friend Said

"If They Don't Help or
Cure You I Will Stand
The Price."

Mr. J. B. Rusk,
Orangeville, Ont., writes: "I had been
troubled with Dys-
pepsia and Liver
Complaint and tried
many different re-
medies 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."
Price 25 cents a vial or 5 for \$1.00, at
all dealers, or will be sent direct by mail
on receipt of price.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,
Ont.

Superiority of Catholic Education.

The following is an extract from the Catholic Times and Opinion. In it a non-Catholic says what he thinks of Catholic education in general, and of the New York parochial schools in particular:

"A different tale is told of the Catholic schools, built up by Catholics at enormous sacrifices, receiving nothing from the rates and taxes to which, like us in England, they pay their share. Under the control of the Catholic Church, the greatest educational exponent and teacher in the world, that humanized, Christianized and civilized all the barbarian ancestors of our modern civilization, the parochial schools of America are more than holding their own, even in the secular education of the children of the United States. The New York World quotes a manager of a great warehouse who needed 200 young men and women to start from five to seven dollars per week. This man states: 'I was so discouraged with letters and application blanks written by graduates from our public schools that I decided to try the parochial schools. I went first to the priest of St. Joseph's parochial schools at Sixth avenue and Waverly place. I thought I would like to get boys from that parish because it is so close to the business section. Father Spellman was courteous but could not oblige me. Every one of last year's graduates had been placed in store or office by some business men in the Wall street district. I am not a Catholic. . . . I sent two of my men to uptown parochial schools and found the same conditions prevailing—every boy had a place waiting for him. I am a good American, too, but I must confess that the best boy for the business man to select to-day, as a beginner, is the lad who is fresh from Ireland with her common school education. He cannot do gymnastics, he has never seen a plot of flowers or a bowl of goldfish on the window ledge of his schoolroom; he cannot cut out paper or knit reins for his little brother, but he can write a legible hand, spell correctly, and figure accurately. Furthermore he regards his elders with respect—not as a joke."

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.—In most ailments the first care of the medical man is to see that the bowels are open and fully performing their functions. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so compounded that certain ingredients in them act on the bowels solely, and they are the very best medicine available to produce healthy action of the bowels. Indeed there is no other specific so serviceable in keeping the digestive organs in healthful action.

Why suffer from corns when they can be painlessly rooted out by using Holloway's Corn Cure.

NORTHERN

Assurance Coy

Limited.

OF LONDON, Eng.

"Strong as the Strongest."

INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908

Capital and Accumulated Funds \$49,490,000

Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and Interest on Invested Funds Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of Canadian Policy Holders

\$ 9,015,000

\$ 465,580

Head Offices—London and Aberdeen
Branch Offices for Canada.
88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal

ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

MONTREAL CITY AGENTS.
ENGLISH DEPARTMENT

ARTHUR BROWNING, FRED. G. REID,
228 Board of Trade, 39 St. John St.
Tel. Main 1743. Tel. Main 1206

WILLIAM CAHENS, 33 St. Nicholas St.
Tel. Main 539.

CHAS. A. BYRNE, JOHN MACLEAM,
88 Notre Dame St. W. 88 Notre Dame St. W.
Tel. Main 1539. Tel. Main 1539

FRENCH DEPARTMENT

N. BOYER, GHO. H. THIBAUDT,
88 Notre Dame St. W. True Witness Bldg.
Tel. Main 1539. Tel. Main 5979

Chive's Preparations

Are The Best.

Specialties in Guaranteed
French Trusses.

For Colds use
Chive's Cough Syrup

In use for Twenty Years with
the Best Results.

ADDRESS:
Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts.
Montreal, P.Q.

PHONE MAIN 1484.

J. E. CARREAU LTD.

Successor to C. B. LANCOY.

Importers of Church Ornaments, Banners
and Altar Wines.
Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens,
Way of the Cross and Statues.

Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral
Hangings and Religious Articles for
Pilgrimages and Missions.

14 & 16 Notre Dame Street West,
MONTREAL.

Heart Trouble Cured.

Through one cause or another a large majority of the people are troubled with some form of heart trouble.

The system becomes run down, the heart palpitates. You have weak and dizzy spells, a smothering feeling, cold clammy hands and feet, shortness of breath, sensation of pins and needles, rush of blood to the head, etc.

Wherever there are sickly people with weak hearts Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will be found an effective medicine.

Mr. Wm. Elliott, Angus, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I suffered greatly from heart trouble, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicines but received no benefit. A friend advised me to buy a box of your pills, which I did, and soon found great relief. I highly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from heart trouble."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

St. George's Baking Powder

has taken hold of my customers."

"They say it makes lighter
tender, finer-grained Biscuits and
Cakes than any other they ever
used"

Send for our new
Cook-Book—free.

National Baking & Confection Co.
of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

Cough

OF YEARS.

IT WOULD
TO

ption.

It be laid on the
catheters cold it
immediately or
sw.

a consumptive

or Cold, it can
It leaves the
affected.

Mrs. A. E. Brown,
Lawa, Ont., writes:—"I have
a very bad
every winter
a number of
which I was
and would turn
at a great many
it temporary re-
of Dr. Wood's
after taking two
I am never
Pine Syrup."

the Syrup is
the strikes at
the lung com-
ing Coughs,
Croup, Sore
ing Pneumonia

success of this
ly natural that
to imitate
on by taking
Put up in
pine trees the
The T. Milburn

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.

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.

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.

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 the south transept wall.

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 olden days rather than wait for a natural death." With the foregoing as an introductory paragraph, Warrington 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.

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.

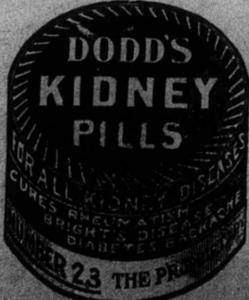
"At Kampala, the native capital, where the boy King Daudi Chwa and his ministers live, I spoke with Father Joseph Phillon, of the French Catholic order of the White Fathers, founded in Uganda, thirty years ago by Cardinal Lavigerie. These White Fathers have specialized on nursing sleeping sickness patients.

PRIESTS AND NUNS CARE VICTIMS.

"Question the natives about here," Father Phillon 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, some, 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, in growl 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. John S. 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.

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 pall-bearers were Mr. N. Summers, Ed. Burke, Jas. Lavell, Jas. Cosgrove, Jas. Dunningan, 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.



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

"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."



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, laden 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 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 1928 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 life 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 tomorrow and you will be assigned an insulated seat in this sanitary school-house.

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."

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.

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.

"Father Damien is known the world over for his work among the lepers of Molokai, but other Damien's 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 once 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. Whosoever 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 Hebrew, by a Father Molloy. Since then, with the exception of a few pamphlets, none has gone forth until "Vangeli Della Domenica o 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 unfortunate, 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.

Effects of Bad Literature.

Can the present output of the publishers be called literature? We do not think so. Much reading 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 trash 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.

Twenty Catholic members of the Italian Chamber of Deputies have held a meeting and formed a parliamentary party on the lines of the German Center party, which will be known as the Democratic Center. Its aim is to combat the probable anticlerical policy of the future Cabinet, in which it is believed the Socialists will have considerable representation.

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 9th, 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 \$3.35. Good going Jan. 18th and 19th. Return until Jan. 22nd, 1910. City Ticket Office 29 St. James Street

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.

CITY TICKET OFFICE: 130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell M. 615. H. A. PRICE, GEO. STURBER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturing Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Char. W. Stewart, Marston & Marston, New York Life Bldg. Montreal, and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

Catholic Sailors' Club

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The first in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

Church Bells

MENEELY BELL COMPANY

I, the President of the "Equitable" Mutual Fire Insurance Company, as per paragraph 164 of the insurance law, call a meeting of the members of this Company on Tuesday, the 25th of January, 1910, at the office of the Company, 160 St. James St., Montreal, in connection with the deposit to be made to the Government and in reference to the mutual system of this company. S. T. WILLETT, President. Chambly Canton, Que. Montreal, December 31st, 1909.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 216 Lakeshore Street West, Montreal, Can., by S. F. H. H. H. H.



Vol. LIX., No. Ireland

In a recent address before the Liberal Association presented Ireland's Government in a... He dwelt upon the... the power of... United States, sho... land's interests in... neglected, and con... that Ireland's dem... Jule has the uran... of the whole Amer... following address... from the Irish Worl...

JOHN REDMOND

THE present syste... the past, and, I t... continues to mean... the drawing away... the flower of her... ers. In fifty year... million of Irish peo... ed, Ireland's popula... down one-half. You... grow enormously... Europe has increas... in the period. You... had for Ireland, an... that it only indirec... country, but it do... you. Those Irish p... followed the flag... cent. of them have... Look at the work... three building railr... dueries, adding to... America by their st... teligence.

Is not that a loss... just as much as it... United States, and... this fact from your... gone from your E... hearts filled with... tem of rule which d... and they are to-da... enemies of your cou... America, and the A... conversed with me... America, and I tel... thing in the way of... between America an... existence of the Iris... long as it remain... long will the Iris... vent that alliance... the power to preven...

VITAL QUESTIONS THE BRITISH

The present syste... breakdown of your P... stitutions. There is... markable to any on... for the last few ye... of Commons than the... lity of the Parliam... to turn out work. I... imply that. If any... like the Budget is pr... if there is any pres... question like the... War, it occupies the... Parliament for the v... every other measur... the shelf. Just thin... of great social in... in your own coun... with. Why are they... cause there is no tin... accumulating—all... questions, all the... Welsh, all those Iris... on top of the other... absolute block in the... of the year, there w... to consider or to de... with a hundredth pa... questions waiting fo... That is quite natura...

Turn to the exper... countries. I won't a... at America with its... presentatives and... tures. Take the exam... own Empire. Their... millions of people in... they have eight Parl... one of these is as bu... be attending to the v... district. There is v... all; but here in the I... ment you are endeav... Assembly all the loc... teeming millions... education, land taxat... know not what; i... questions affecting S... and Ireland. In addi... by, to do all the wor... to govern hundr... of people in India... the world, and to c... relations with other... an impossibility. I t... Friend is suffering... from this Parliament... than from anything el...

THE IRISH QUESTI... THE WAY

I tell you people, w... solves democrats, an...