

Garden of the Salle
de Lectures
Feb. 19 1906
Assemblée Législative

The Time

TESTIS IN CÆLIS FIDELIS

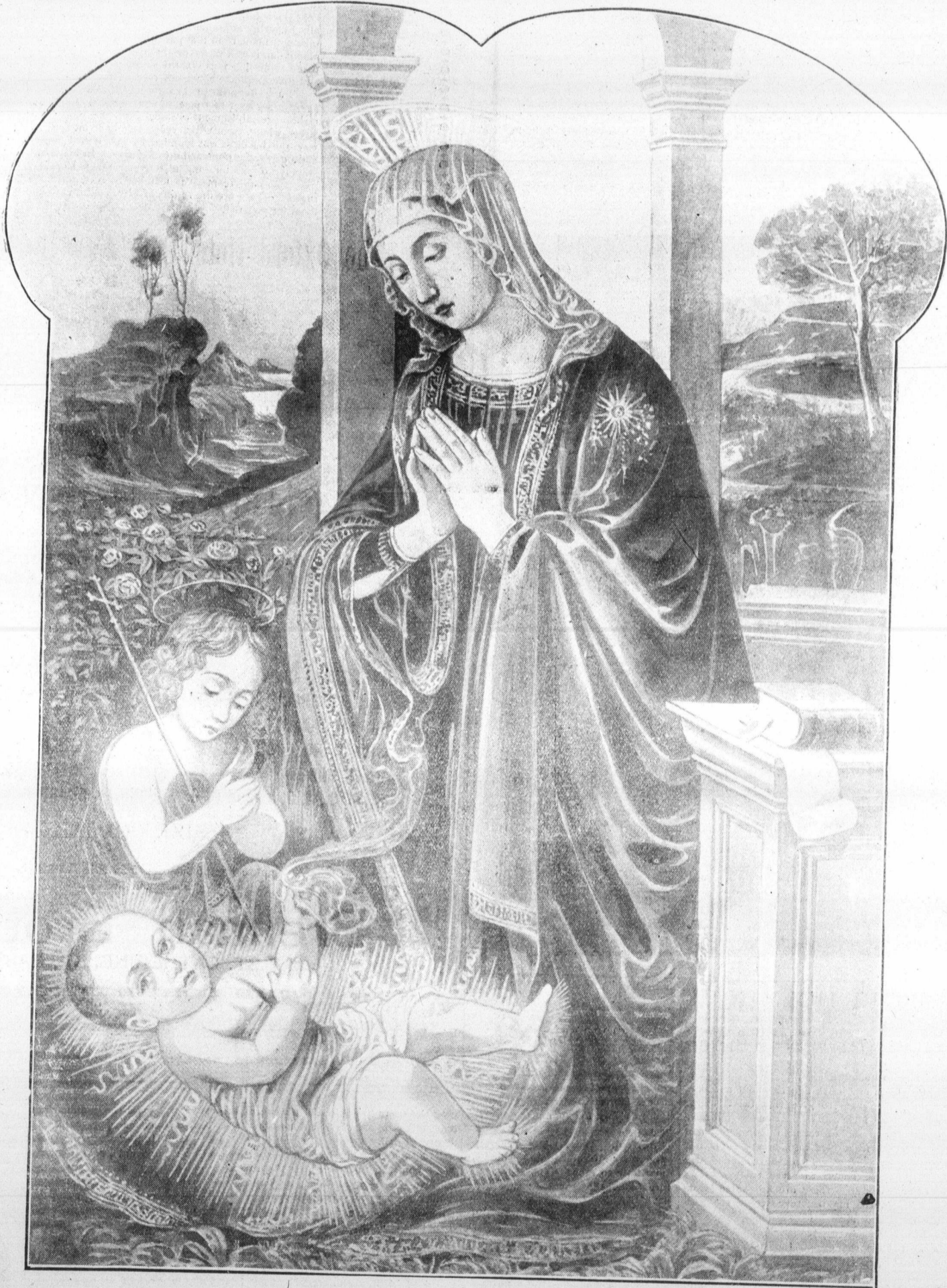
Witness

Vol. LVI, No. 24

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1905

PRICE FIVE CENTS

Peace on Earth to Men of Good will.



FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.

Christmas with the Fur Traders.

(Agnes C. Laot.)

For six, seven, eight months of the year the fur trader's world in Northern Canada is a white wilderness of snow; snow water-waved by winds that sweep from the pole, snow drifted into ramparts, round the fort stockades till the highest picket sinks beneath the white flood and the corner bastions are almost submerged, and the entrance to the central gate resembles the cutting of a railway tunnel, snow that billows to the unbroken reaches of the circling sky-line like a white sea. East, frost-mist hides the low horizon in clouds of smoke, for the sun which rises from the east in other climes rises from the south-east here, and until the spring equinox, bringing summer with a flood-tide of thaw, gray darkness hangs in the east like a fog. South the sun moves across the snowily level in a wheel of fire, for it has scarcely risen full-sphere above the sky-line before it sinks again, etching dirt and tip of half-buried brush in long, lanky, fading shadows. The West shimmers in long purplish grays for the moist Chinook winds come over the mountains, melting the snow. North is the cold steel of ice by day and at night, northern lights darting through the polar dark like burnished spears.

great jangling of bells announces the huskies (dog trains) scampering over the crusted snow-drifts. A babel of barks and curses follows, for the huskies celebrate their arrival by tugging themselves up in their harness and enjoying a free fight. Dogs unharnessed, in troop the trappers to the banquet hall, flinging packs of tightly-robed petries down promiscuously, to be sorted next day. Our Indian enters just as he has left the hunting-field, clad from head to heel in white caribou, with the antlers left on the capote as a decoy. His squaw has toggled out for the occasion in a comical medley of brass bracelets and finger-rings, with a bear-claw necklace and ermine ruff, which no city connoisseur could possibly mistake for rabbit. If a daughter yet remain unappropriated she will display the gayest attire—red flannel galore, red shawl, red scarf, with perhaps an apron of white fox skin and moccasins garnished in colored grasses. The beaver outfit even a vain young squaw. Whole fox mink or other skins have been braided to the end of their hair and hang down in two plaits to the floor. Whitest of buckskin has been ornamented with brightest of beads, and over all hangs the grandest of blankets, if may be a muskox skin with the fangs, masks and scalp-locks, bringing back of the warrior in rude drawings on

line. In the large forts are libraries, whither resort the officers for the long winter nights. But over the feast wild hilarity reigns. A French-Canadian fiddler strikes up a tuneless jig that sets the Indians pounding the floor in figure-less dances with moccasined heels till mid-day glides into midnight and midnight to morning. One such mid-day feast in Red River settlement prolonged itself past four of the second morning. Against the walls sit old folks spinning yarns of the past. There is a print of Sir George Simpson behind one racoon-Laur's head. Ah, yes, the oldest guides all remember Sir George, though half a century has passed since his day. He was the governor who travelled with flags flying from every prow, and cannon firing when he left the forts, and men drawn up in procession like soldiers guarding an emperor when he entered the fur posts with couriers and all the flourish of royal state. And there is a crucifix high on the wall, left by Pere LaCombe, the last time the famous missionary to the red men of the far north passed this way, and every Indian calls up some kindness, some sacrifice by Father LaCombe. On the gunnack are old muskets and Indian masks and scalp-locks, bringing back the days when Russian traders in-



THE HOLY NIGHT

Christmas day is welcomed at the northern fur posts of the Hudson's Bay Company by a firing of cannon from the snow-muffled bastions. Before the stars have faded chapel services begin! Frequently, on either Christmas or New Year's day, a grand feast is given the tawny-skinned habitués of the fort, who come shuffling to the main messroom with no other announcement than the lifting of the latch, and bilit themselves on the hospitality of a host that has never turned hungry. Indians from its doors.

For reasons well known to wood-craftsmen, a sudden lull falls on winter hunting in December, and all the trappers within a week's journey from the fort, all the half-breed guides, who add to the instinct of native craft the reasoning of the white, all the Indian hunters ranging river course and mountain, have come by snowshoes and dog-train to spend festive days at the fort. A

the smooth side. A few years ago it would not have been safe to give this treat inside the fort walls. Rations would have been served through loop-holes, and the feast held outside the gates, but so faithfully have the Indians become bound to the Hudson's Bay Company, there are not three forts in the fur territory where the Indians must be excluded.

"Of the feast, little need be said. Like the camel, the Indian lays up store for the morrow, judging from his capacity, for weeks of morrows. His benefactor no more dines with him, than a plantation master of the south would have dined with feasting slaves. Elsewhere a bell calls the company officers to breakfast at 7.30, dinner at 1, supper at 7. Officers dine first, white hunters and trappers second, that difference between master and servant being maintained, which is part of the company's almost military discipli-

stigated a massacre at this fort, and white traders flew at each other's throats as Nor'wester struggled with Hudson's Bay for supremacy in the fur trade.

"Ah, oui, those white men, they were brave fighters, they did not know how to stop! Mais, sacre, they were fools, those white men, after all! Instead of hiding in ambush to catch the foe those white men measured off paces, stood up face to face and fired blank—oui—fired blank! Ugh! Of course, one fool he was kill' and the other fool most like he was wound'! Ugh! by Gar! What Indian would have so little sense?"

"Of hunting tales the Indian's store is exhausted. That enormous bear skin stretched to four pegs on the wall brings up Montagnais, the Noseless One, who still lives on Peace River, and slew the largest bear ever killed in the Rockies, returning to this very fort with one hand drag-

ging the enormous skin and the other holding the place which his nose no longer graced.

"Montagnais? Ah, bien, messieur! Montagnais, he brave man! Venez beeg loup-garou! Montagnais, he ic' bien—bien!—so—I tole you 'bout beem," begins some French-Canadian trapper, with a strong tinge of Indian blood in his swarthy skin. "Bi-gosh! He brave man! I tole you 'bout dat happen! Montagnais, he go stumble t'rough snow—how you call dat? Hill, steep, steep! Ouh! by Gar—dat vas steep hill; de snow—she go slide—slide—lak' de gran' rapaed—see?" emphasizing the snow slides with illustrative gesture. "Blen, done! Mais, Montagnais, he stick gun-stock in snow stop beem fall—so—see? Tonner! Bigosh!—for sure she go off wan beeg bang! Sacre! She make so much noise she wake wan beeg ol' bear sleep

in snow! Montagnais, he tumble on hees back! Mais, messieur, de bear—diable! 'fore Montagnais wink hees eye de bear jump on top lak' wan beeg loup-garou! Montagnais, he brave man—he not scare—he say wan leetle prayer—wan ban' he cover his eyes!—'oder han'—sacré—dat grab hees knife out hees belt—sz—sz—sz—messieur—for sure he feel her breast—diable—for sure he fin' de place her heart beat—Tonner! Vite! He stuck dat knife in straight up hees wrist—into de heart dat bear! Dat beest'ing do—for sure de leetle prayer dat tole him best ting do! De bear she roll over—over dead's wan stone—c'est vrai! she no mor' jump top Montagnais, he roll over—leetle bit scare! Mais, hees nose! Ah—bigosh—de bear she got dat, dat all nose he ever haf no more! C'est vrai, in Messieur, bien!"

And with a finishing flourish the story-teller takes to himself all the credit for Montagnais' heroism.

THE OXFORD HOTEL, Cafe, and Ladies' Dining Rooms

An institution distinctly unique: it belongs to no class: it stands alone—without a model, without a rival, without a copy. Impressively and conspicuously original in design, down to the minutest detail, exhaustively complete in every part beyond the cavil of the most finical fault-finder and finished in a style of simple, yet sumptuous splendor, it stands an imposing spectacle of tasteful magnificence, a marvel of perfection in decorative art, to which its many high-class patrons point the finger of pride when they introduce visitors to this new object of interest, recently added to these worthy of the stranger's attention in Montreal. No matter in what department we look, the same lively admiration is awakened.

The long extended bar, entrenched behind which stand its white uniformed squad of alert, courteous and competent servitors ready to dispense the choicest of earth's good things from clime both near and far. The catacomb-d and capacious cellar, whose rich and ample store lacks nothing that the connoisseur delights in, or the most fastidious might call for.

The restaurant, spacious and delightful, with its adjacent compartmented private rooms, cosy in winter, cool in summer, and always inviting and appetizing in its immaculate linen and shimmering tableware, is a veritable paradise for the epicure.

The kitchen, too, whence escapes no premonitory odor of those ambrosial delights it so promptly supplies, will not only bear the scrutiny of the scrupulous, but invites the admiration of all. Superbly appointed throughout with the most modern appliances, made from the purest of materials, queen of all metals, aluminum, it well deserves the title, "a paragon." Here are prepared those delicious Oxford soups, which have won celebrity, and that exquisite coffee deservedly designated a dream.

Each department has its head and corps of assistants, aggregating over fifty persons employed on the premises. This elaborate establishment evolved from the old Oxford across the street, where, twenty-five years ago, in a modest, unpretentious way, this business was founded by Mr. Wm. Kearney, our genial and deservedly popular host of to-day. In his favor we need to employ no high-sounding adjectives. His place and his patronage speak for themselves trumpet-tongued and drown our petty praise. These are the results of his thought, care and labor. See them for yourself.

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THE CORRECT STORE.

Christmas Observed in Ireland

Christmas in Ireland is a Christian country, in every city, town and village, preparations are made for the coming of the great day, the atmosphere of the year is for days before the happy excitement pleases lost when gone.

The young people string leaves together, mistletoe decorated with good Irish mothers, dark-eyed colleens, ingredients that make pudding which will be dinner table Christmas homes of the well-to-do. The Christmas dinner is a family affair, boys are home from girls from convent; mother, brothers and sisters and nieces join in happy family gatherings.

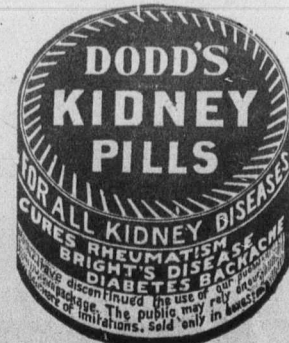
In many parts of Ireland Mass is celebrated. The priest has been present at one will never forget the and simple devotion people. Immense numbers these midnight Masses by eight on an early night to see the priest.

Christmas and Joy

Joy and good cheer associated with Christmas thought of human sinfulness shadow over the blessing it is pre-eminently the and childhood is our for innocence.

None who think at tian fashion but go to and Calvary before they the empty tomb of the viour; and the cross is on Easter day, albeit flowers.

Yet it is not according to the discipline of penitence. The discipline of Advent than that of Lent, but denial still, and the our human frailties, the beginning of the year, is opened with Cl prophecy of His second last judgment, and its tents. Coming with nance-cleansed to the



Christmas Observance in Ireland.

Christmas in Ireland, as in every Christian country, is a time of gladness and rejoicing. The Irish heart, too, always warm and kind, overflows during the holy season with good nature and hospitality. In every city, town and village, enthusiastic preparations are made for the coming of the great festival. Indeed, the atmosphere of Christmas prevails for days before its arrival; nor is the happy excitement of the people soon lost when Christmas has gone.

The young people gather holly, string leaves together, and with the mistletoe decorate their homes. The good Irish mothers, helped by their dark-eyed colleens, prepare the ingredients that make up the big plum pudding which will be carried to the dinner table Christmas Day. In the homes of the well-to-do, the Christmas dinner is a family reunion. The boys are home from college, and the girls from convent, and father and mother, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces join hands in a happy family gathering.

In many parts of Ireland midnight Mass is celebrated. Whoever has been present at one of these Masses will never forget the wonderful faith and simple devotion of the Celtic people. Immense multitudes attend these midnight Masses. It is a pretty sight on an early Christmas morning to see the crowds of people

wending their way over the hills or through the lanes to the Christmas Mass. After Mass the congregation gather around the crib, and on bended knees make their heart's offering and adoration. Every church in Ireland, no matter how poor or secluded, has a crib. Sometimes these cribs are not very artistic, but nevertheless they are always surrounded by believing hearts. In Dublin many of the churches erect very costly and artistic cribs. The beautiful churches of the Passionists and Oblate Fathers have in past years brought visitors from far and near to see the wonderfully life-like and beautiful representations of the stable and the new-born Saviour.

But while the song of the angels in that far-away long ago is being re-echoed in the hearts of the Irish people at home, millions of her exiled children are thinking of Ireland on distant shores. Nothing so easily awakens in the hearts of these Irish exiles such tender memories of home and kindred as the thought of Christmas in Ireland. It recalls a picture of that dear old Homeland and Motherland, with its green mountains rising so proudly above the storm-tossed billows. In thought the exile sees once more old scenes, and old friends. He hears the bells of Ireland's greatest cathedrals, abbey, and churches pealing throughout the length and breadth of the Isle of Saints. From the ancient City of Armagh he hears the bells of the national cathedral of St. Patrick. Amid the historic hills of Donegal he listens to the chiming of

St. Eunan's, Letterkenny. Over the ramparts and walls of Derry comes a sweet message from the bells of St. Eugene's Cathedral. Across the green fields of Monaghan are heard the peal of bells from the magnificent cathedral of St. McCartan. Down the bay of Dublin the breezes bear the deep rich tones of the chimes of old St. Patrick's, accompanied by the music of a hundred bells from the Irish metropolis. The bells of St. Mel's, Longford, and St. Mary's, Kilkenny, proclaim the Christmas tidings through the midland plains. Along the beautiful River Lee the world-famous Shannon bells are softly playing the Christmas hymn. Near by, the bells of St. Finbar's, Cork, are telling joyful news to the southern rebel. And from above the heights of Queenstown Harbor the bells of St. Colman's magnificent new cathedral are sending far out on the western sea a greeting to Ireland's exiled sons and daughters.

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Ladies, are fascinated by the elegant cut of our Jackets. Our fit is guaranteed. Ladies, if you want to be well fitted, come and see us for your Jacket.

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Irish, Irish, Every one.

John Hurley, of Litchfield, a student of Gaelic etymological history, after years of research in regard to the derivation of the names of Shakespeare, has concluded that he was an Irishman. He says that the name of Shakespeare's mother, Mary Arden, is of Irish origin, and that early in the fourteenth century a Lord Arden was a member of the Irish Parliament.

Virgil, the great poet, Hurley says, was born 70 B.C. and was undoubtedly of Irish origin in name because he was connected with one of the most remarkable historical events recorded in the history of Ireland. Fearghail (in Latin Virgil), now Farrell, the Irish astronomer who discovered that the earth was round in the eighth century, was a cousin of the great St. Virgilius, Bishop of Salzburg, in Germany. Both were Irish, and related to the Irish King Fearghail, also known as Virgil, and Fearghail, as he was known in the different languages. Virgil, the Latin poet, was neither Roman nor Latin, but by adoption, and belonged to an Irish settlement.

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President Suspenders. Style, comfort, service. 50c everywhere.

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King to Visit Ireland.

King Edward is to pay a visit to Ireland early in the spring, landing at Cork, instead of at Dublin, and will tour in the southern counties making brief stays at various country houses before going to Dublin where he will make his headquarters at the Viceregal Lodge, in Phoenix Park. The lodge is already being subjected to extensive alterations, decoration and furnishing in preparation for the stay there, which is

expected to extend three weeks. The King, while at Dublin, will not be in any sense of the word the guest of the Viceroy, but will be under his own roof at the Viceregal Lodge, which is being turned over by Lord Aberdeen.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Mother Gray's Worm Expeller. It is a safe and effective



Midnight Mass in the Penal Days in Ireland.

Christmas and Penitence.

Joy and good cheer are so closely associated with Christmas that the thought of human sinfulness casts no shadow over the blessed day. Then it is pre-eminently the children's day, and childhood is our sweet synonym for innocence.

None who think at all in Christian fashion but go to Gethsemane and Calvary before they dare to seek the empty tomb of the Risen Saviour; and the cross is with us still on Easter day, albeit wreathed with flowers.

Yet it is not according to the spirit of the Church to forget the preparation of penitence for Christmas. The discipline of Advent is milder than that of Lent, but it means self-denial still, and the remembrance of our human frailties. The season, the beginning of the ecclesiastical year, is opened with Christ's solemn prophecy of His second coming, the last judgment, and its dismal portents. Coming with hearts, penance-cleansed to the crib to com-

memorate the first meek entrance of the world's redeemer into His own creation, we shall have naught to fear against the day of doom. Douglas Hyde has made a lovely Christmas play, "The Nativity," which is the story of two women who were harsh to the young Virgin and St. Joseph on their way way to Bethlehem. The one refused the travellers a night's lodging for fear of her husband, who was a rough man, but on their pleading finally consented to let Mary rest in the barn where the flax was kept. The gentle Virgin repaid this grudging hospitality with a miracle of healing, but the travellers were on their way again before the woman was able to make amends.

But the other, with no excuse but native niggardiness, refused the tender Maiden a taste of the abundant fruit she craved. Repentance finally falls on both, and they meet before the closed doors of the stable of Bethlehem. Hardly have they exchanged their sorrowful confessions when from the west approach the shepherds and from the east the kings. St. Joseph opens the doors

to the guests, and makes known to them that the Child in the manger is the King of the World, and Mary Mother, adoring her Baby, whispers: "He is the Son of God."

Then as the shepherds give their lowly gifts; and the kings their gold and frankincense and myrrh, the two women, feeling that there is no forgiveness for their sin, are fain to steal away and hide themselves in the earth. But Mary Mother, rising up, with hands outstretched, stays their flight.

"Come over here," she says, "Come to this cradle. The Son of God is in this cradle, and His cradle is nothing but a manger. But yet He is the King of the World. There is a welcome for the whole world coming to this cradle, but it is those that are asking forgiveness will get the greatest welcome."

The tender story comes home to every heart as Christmas draws nigh. It is not being sinners which will exclude us from the sweet presence of the Child and the Mother, but the refusal to repent of the sin and atone for it.—The Pilot.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tired than when they went to bed.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

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

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace. "as easy as none," 50c.

Christmas During the Reign of Terror.

It was during the year 1793 the revolution was filling every city and village of France with bloodshed and terror. Christmas might have come, and the inhabitants of small towns in Brittany had determined to have their Christmas Mass. Their churches had been desecrated, so they were forced to prepare a barn in which to offer the Holy Sacrifice. They covered the sides with fine linen and decorated them with shining holly berries. A rustic table was used for an altar, and two rosin torches, set in iron candlesticks, were placed upon each side of the crucifix.

Here, at midnight, came priest and people, in fear and trembling, to celebrate the mystery of God made man. Like the shepherds, they came to worship in a stable, the Divine Babe of Bethlehem. Death would be the penalty of their act if they were discovered, but this did not

appal them. The venerable priest was a confessor of the faith. Only a few days before he had been delivered up to the executioner, but by a miracle, as it were, he had been saved from death. Amid tears and sobbing the Holy Sacrifice went on and at the Communion every one approached the altar to receive his Saviour and his God, and thus carrying Him in their heroic hearts, they returned to their homes rejoicing and ready to die for Him if it was His holy will. "I have celebrated this holy feast," said one who was present at this midnight Mass, "in the lofty Cathedrals of Europe, and even under the dome of St. Peter's, but never has the Holy Sacrifice been to me so solemn or made so deep an impression upon me, as that Christmas Mass in a stable."

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Painless. Can be used in your own home without anyone knowing it. Send 6 cents (stamps) for particulars. STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

WOMAN'S PAGE.

It would be well if people would endeavor to carry some of the good cheer that abounds on Christmas day along with them through the entire year. A little sprig of holly bright with sparkling berries, should adorn our deeds all through the year. We are apt to be recklessly lavish on this day. We seem to board all our kindness and generosity for one grand pyrotechnical explosion—that takes place only once a year. Why not use a little of it each day; there'll be a goodly supply of it left by the end of the year, and we will have heightened the joy of anticipation. Let us remember that a kind word to-day is worth a litany of regrets to-morrow. Let no day of our lives pass without having done some thing or said something that will make others happy and better for having known us. There are so many opportunities given us in the course of a year for doing good, and which we allow to pass by unheeded.

It is often that we could lighten the burden that rests heavily on the shoulders of some neighbor or friend, if we would only bear in mind that it was for our fellow man, as well as for us that the Christ child came into the world.

Selfishness is, unfortunately, the motive that regulates our daily conduct. But the lesson we can learn on Christmas day is one that should teach us the virtue of unselfishness and the true spirit that animates us on this day should permeate our deeds through life. With selfishness most of us combine thoughtlessness. If we were a little more thoughtful—a little more concerned about others, we would make the entire year one grand Christmas celebration.

THE WASSAIL BOWL.

The picturesque old "wassail bowl," a relic of the Saxon days, from which each man drank spiced ale with a "wassail" or "Here's your health" to his neighbor, was always a feature in the old time celebration of the closing night of the year. Hence, grew, the custom among the poor of going door-to-door, carrying a ribbon decked band from door to door and singing songs that would enable us better to enjoy a celebration similar to that of our richer neighbors.

THE GIVING OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It is a good thing to send gifts to our friends and relatives, but it is a better thing to give them after a thoughtful or unthoughtful manner. Upon receiving a present from some unexpected source or from some one not on your list, it is not good form to hustle to send something back. It is better to write a note of thanks and wait until another year to return the compliment. Giving with the expectation of getting something back is not good form. Neither is it wise to give the same value in return or the same kind of thing each year.

If it seems best to give the same thing every year for instance, a check or a roll of money—use a little ingenuity in dressing it up or change the value for the sake of the surprise it will carry.

A card should always accompany every gift, but stilted words are out of style. A "Merry Christmas" is sufficient unless we can be delightfully original. Those who give to the poor may omit the card if they choose. This is the occasion when anonymous communications are good form. Neither is it necessary to tabulate gifts to children. Let them enjoy Santa Claus just as long as possible.

Gifts among friends and relatives should be selected with the utmost tact and delicacy, and those to the servants should be chosen for the purpose of giving pleasure. The utilitarian aspect should not be always paramount. A check or a new gown or an overcoat may be given where the motives are understood, but these should be concealed in something frivolous. The true spirit of Christmas calls for the unattainable. Give something to somebody, but if possible let that something be the very best thing that the "somebody" cannot buy for one's self. The gift should be a

luxury rather than a necessity, but if that be unattainable, then let the practical gift be smothered in luxury or foolishness. If we give a check or a crisp ten dollar bill to somebody, let it be concealed under a few simple Christmas flowers, in a bunch of holly, in a box of sweetmeats, or in a dainty but longed-for book.

HER CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Mary Mother, be good to him. Be kind to him this day— 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

I promised him a world of toys If he would only stay— Sure, heaven's full of little boys That sing and laugh and play. But you would have the smile of him Among a thousand more. His smile will make all else dim When you call him "Astoria."

THE YULE LOG HAS ITS ORIGIN IN SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

In the Scandinavian feast of Jul, when they burned huge bonfires in honor of Thor, we discover the origin of the Yule log. The descendants of the old Norsemen, who no doubt are responsible for the custom in England, carefully preserved half of the log with which a fresh haul was to be burned at next Yuletide.

The Druidical contribution to the modern Christmas celebration originated in the annual feast given in honor of the Druid god Tutanus, who corresponds to the Phoenician sun-god Baal. His favorite among all trees and plants of the forest was supposed to be the mistletoe. The number three was held in reverence by these ancient people, and because the leaves and berries of this parasite grow in clusters of three, in addition to the glory of being Tutanus' favorite, made the plant sacred, and annually there was a great festival given in its

honor. And at the present day in Devonshire, as a relic of this pagan reverence for this tree, we find the Christmas flag made of ash sticks, bound tightly together by green withes or bands of pollard oak. As each wither bursts, a quart of cider is passed around, and healths are drunk, amid great glee and rejoicing. The gypsies, too, and the wild hill people of Bavaria and Bohemia reverence the ash, although their legends attached to it are Christian in their origin.—Boston Herald

HOW TO DECORATE THE TABLE.

Of the many ways of decorating the Christmas dinner table perhaps the most appropriate is the "lily tree" all decked out in Santa Claus array with its candles and tinsels and many bright colored balls. These may be bought at different prices, from 50 cents up, ready to put upon the table. But if you prefer you can make one yourself out of a branch of a fir tree. This you can

the middle you could not have a prettier decoration.

HOW THE DATE DEC. 25 CAME TO BE ESTABLISHED.

There is some disagreement as to the origin of Christmas day. The legend runs that in the earliest period of the Christian Church some communities of Christians celebrated the festival of Christmas on January 1st, others observing it on the 6th of that month. In some of the eastern churches it was kept about the time of the Jewish Passover, near the end of March. There is also some evidence of its having been observed on September 29th, being the feast of the Tabernacles. In the year A.D. 325, when the Emperor Constantine legally established Christianity in the Roman Empire, Christmas was observed at the beginning of the new year, while in the Eastern church it was celebrated on January 6th. Pope Julius eventually effected a compromise, and the

said that neither flocks nor shepherds could have been at night in the fields of Bethlehem. This strange objection is considered of such importance that it is incorporated in almost every encyclopaedia and dictionary which treats of Christmas. It is one of the curiosities of literature. The present writer has been in those parts at this season of the year, and has found no difficulty in "keeping watch by night" in the open fields of Palestine. What is possible for a western traveller, unused to living in the open air, in the nineteenth century, must have been far easier for a band of eastern shepherds at the beginning of the Christian era.

"IT'S ONLY A COLD, A TRIFLING COUGH"

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled a Consumptive grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

It is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all throat or lung complaints, relieving or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other potent remedies. It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mr. Julian J. LeBlanc, Belle Cote, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with a bad cold and severe cough, which assumed such an attitude as to keep me confined to my house. I tried several remedies advertised but they were of no avail. As a last resort I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and one bottle cured me completely."

FUNNY SAYING.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

A good Bishop was visiting an outlying portion of his diocese for the purpose of confirming some of the rising generation. The pastor had ranged the brave little band in a line, and the Bishop, after asking a few leading questions, requested a little girl to state the definition of matrimony. And with hands folded, eyes half closed, and a generally modest mien, the little one rapidly recited off the startling announcement that "matrimony is a state of terrible torment which those who enter it are compelled to undergo as a partial punishment for their sins and in order to prepare them for a brighter and better world." The pastor, who had taken great pains to prepare his class, was greatly annoyed at this blunder, and sharply said: "No, no, Katie; that is not marriage at all, that is purgatory." "Leave her alone, Father James," said the bishop, with a meaning smile, "leave little Katie alone. What do you or I know about it?"

In the early eighties two Irishmen, one of whom has since become a resident of South Boston, and is noted for his ready wit, came to America, landing in Boston. One had, among other things, a fine flute upon which he was an excellent performer.

They started in to see the sights, and in the course of the day landed in the Chinese quarter of Harrison avenue. Their attention was attracted by a large sign over a restaurant, which was printed in Chinese characters, and Dan said to Jim: "Say, Jim, can ye read that?" "No," said Jim, "but he thunder, if I had my flute I think I could play it."

PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

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CHE. DESJARDINS & CO., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St. East. Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1586. 1887.



There was no room in the Inn.

I promised him a splendid tree, With candles all aglow. O Mary Mother, you can see 'Twas me that loved him so. And surely, surely, you will see My boy so sweet and slim— His eyes are hungering for me. As my eyes are for him.

Mary Mother, be good to him. Be kind to him this day— 'Twill be the only Christmas time That he has been away.

honor. In the choice and selection of the Yule log the ash tree plays a very important part. In Scandinavian mythology it is Odin's tree and was most noble, for its wood made the spear and the javelin, the oar and the mast. In their language ash means man, and the legend runs that when the sons of Bor, who were sons of Odin, formed the first man and woman, they were made out of a piece of ash. This man was nam-

purchase for a very small sum, and then you can put whatever you choose on it in the way of gifts. There is another idea, though, that might be suggested. Make a red rose of something that is firm enough to hold a candle, say a stiffer red paper, and set firmly on a stem with green wound around, or some leaves would make it more natural. You perhaps could take some from the flowers on your summer hat. With a red candle stuck in

25th day of December was established. These historical statements have been called in question by some, but John Chrysostom, the eloquent preacher at Constantinople, in the fourth century, confirms them.

It is a curious circumstance that some difficulty has been found in accepting the date of December 25th as the probable day on which Christ was born, because, the close of December being usually the height of the rainy season in Judaea, it is

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1866; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P. President. Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Alexander street, at 8.30 p.m. Committee of Management meets in same hall on the first Tuesday of every month, at 8 p.m. Rev. Director, Rev. Jas. Killoran; President, J. H. Kelly; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Donnell, 412 St. Paul street.

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Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty.
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A Christmas Message

(Milton E. Smith, in Catholic Standard and Times.)
Herbert Durant was lonely, although it was Christmas eve and the street in front of his luxurious home was filled with evidences of joyousness. As he sat in his study, an unopened book on his lap, there came to his ears a faint echo of the hustle and bustle of the merry crowd passing with loads of good things for the great feast. He could not read. In spite of himself his thoughts went back several decades to his childhood, when his good Catholic parents, notwithstanding their poverty, were so busy preparing to celebrate the coming of the Babe of Bethlehem. In imagination he saw the forms of those who gave him life and laid the foundation of his future success.

"Were it not," he said to himself, "for the thoughts that, unwelcome, come from days long passed, I would say the street is filled with silly fools, who endure the discomfort of crowded stores and the cold for an absurd idea. Why this waste of time and money to celebrate a certain day? One day is as good as another, unless there is a decline in stocks. And yet so many make a fuss, that is the right word, over Christmas. It has no place in the calendar of sciences, and is only the invention of designing monks. It is true I was taught to reverence the day, but a few years at college dispelled the illusion my poor parents created for me. Christmas, like Santa Claus, could not stand the light of reason, and when I was a man it disappeared just as effectually as old Santa did with the coming of long breeches. Still, I am sad to-night, and feel that disaster of some kind is not far off. The house lacks something money cannot purchase. I am lonely. It may be that I made a mistake when I gave up Clara because her father's fortune went with so many others on that Black Friday. I was then only beginning my financial career, and of course, could not form an alliance with the daughter of a bankrupt. Money came, but not happiness."

"The soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the butler, carrying a silver tray, on which was a visiting card.

"James," said the master, as he took the card, "I am not at home to-night."

The butler bowed, and was about to leave the room, when he was told to remain. Mr. Durant examined the card, and was surprised to see that it contained the name of George Deberg, one of the leaders of the stock exchange.

"Show the gentleman into the reception room," he ordered, "and tell him I will join him in a few minutes."

"Deberg," murmured Durant, "has repulsed all my advances and seemed determined to know me only as a broker. I tried to cultivate him or rather become acquainted with him socially, for he is worth knowing, but failed. What has brought him here to-night, of all others? Certainly not business, for no man would invade a private home on Christmas eve to talk business. Well, I shall see him and solve the riddle."

Durant greeted his visitor cordially while trying to conceal his surprise at seeing him.

"I see that you do not wish to be placed in either of these classes, but do not forget that we are estimated not so much by our words as we are by our lives."

Durant had at last obtained control of his emotions, and replied with the indifferent air he so often assumed in Wall street:

"I suppose I must be placed in the third class, among the few whose love stirs no responsive chord in the heart of the loved. So I should have your sympathy, should I not?"

"Certainly you should, and I sympathize with you so much that I shall withdraw the curtain that you may see pictures of the past. It may enable you to enter with a proper spirit on the celebration of Christmas. First, we see the picture of a noble youth, faithful to all his duties as a son and Christian. Then we have the gay young man who has forgotten his old parents and his religion. Next the successful man of business, who, after winning the love of a noble girl, forgets his words of affection as soon as her father's fortune vanishes. Do you care to study these pictures? I have not come here to find fault with you, but to point out your mistakes, that I may help you, help you undo, as far as possible, a great wrong. You have not forgotten Clara Walsh? She is dying, and has expressed a wish to see you before she is separated from you by the river we cross but once. Will you go with me to see her?"

At the mention of a name he had not heard spoken for the last twenty years the color left Durant's face. He had tried to forget, and thought he had succeeded. Yet the tidings that she was dying made his heart beat more quickly than it had for a score of years. When his astonishment gave place to sober judgment, he said in a sad voice:

"Then she is still living? I thought as I had not heard from her for years, that she was dead."

"Yes, she is living, but the physicians say there is no hope for her. She is at my house, and has been governess for my children and companion to my wife since the death of her poor father. Will you come to her?"

Durant forgot that he was the stoic, who no longer believed life could bestow happiness, or that there was any use in seeking it unless it could be found in the acquisition of money. In an instant he recalled the days he had spent in the company of Clara Walsh, and he again felt that it would be a joy to see her, though on her death-bed.

"I will go," he said, "at the risk of opening old wounds in her heart and in mine."

An hour later he was ushered into the sick-room. He was more deeply moved than he would have cared to acknowledge. A veritable tempest of emotion swept over him, and in the midst of it all he found himself marvelling that time had dealt so kindly with her whom he had treated so cruelly. True, the ravages of dread typhoid were only too evident, but they could not conceal the fact that in health the victim had been a handsome, well preserved woman.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

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

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

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

Pills 25 cents, or 5 bottles for \$1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.



The effort was too much for the invalid. Her head sank upon the pillow. Durant vainly tried to conceal his emotion. Speak he could not, so deeply touched was he by the words of his former fiancee, bearing a message from the grave. In a few minutes the sufferer regained her strength.

"Herbert," she repeated, "my moments here are numbered, and you must answer now. Do you refuse the only request I ever made to you?"

The battle was won. Durant, moved to the innermost depths of his soul, was only too eager to retrace his steps—to begin all over again. He had succumbed. With his first step over the threshold of the sick room he had felt the aims and aspirations of the recent past slipping away, and the spirit of the earlier happier days returning. This appeal from the other world, transmitted by one whom he believed to be on the verge of eternity, obliterated the last remnants of his power of resistance.

"No, Clara," he replied, and there was a world of tenderness and regret in his tone. "I do not refuse. The sight of your face has brought me to my senses, and I realize now my mistake. Money came to me, but not happiness. Yet I should not complain; for I received no more than I deserved. I grant your request. Will you not grant mine? Don't give up. Make an effort to live, for while there is life there is hope. Live to help me undo the past. The doctor orders me to leave you. Before I go let me re-

turn what was once yours."

Then, knowing that Mr. Deberg was president of a conference of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, he asked for the name and address of some poor family, and was directed to the most destitute family on the list. For at least a quarter of a century he had been unfamiliar with scenes of poverty, and was not prepared for the spectacle that greeted him on the upper floor of an old tenement. Here a woman and five children made their abode. The room was almost bare, there being no fire and but a few pieces of furniture to relieve the desolate scene. He asked but few questions, and then called the oldest boy, a manly little fellow of twelve years, to go with him to the nearest department store, where he purchased an oil stove and a basket of provisions, which they carried in their arms.

CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magnetawan, Ont.

PSYCHINE

50c. Per Bottle
Larger sizes \$1 and \$2—all druggists.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

Then he went to late Mass. In the evening, his heart now chilled by dread fear, and again beating wildly with strange hope, in which the prayers and commusions of the widow and her children figured as a foundation, he called at the Deberg residence. There his cup of happiness was filled. The patient had rallied, quite unexpectedly the physician said, and it was even thought she had passed the crisis and was permanently on the road to recovery.

Durant did not see her that day, nor for many days, but at their next meeting it was decided that the old engagement should be renewed, last have what it long had needed—and that his lonely house should at a mistress.

Fate of Catholic Bible.

It is to be regretted that the magnificently illuminated Bible, the work of years of loving toil on the part of the monks of Cluny, which was recently sold at public auction, could not have been purchased by a Catholic and found its natural resting place in a Catholic Church. The Bible was secured by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan for \$25,000. Four thousand dollars was exacted as duty on the Bible, though the Custom House officials explained to Mr. Morgan that if the book was intended as an art treasure for his own private collection, the duty would be reduced in accordance with the law that applied in such cases. Mr. Morgan, however, desired to present the book as a Bible, at its proper valuation, to the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of New York, and paid the duty without demur.

FATHER BERNARD VAUGHAN'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

In the Christmas number of the Pall Mall Magazine, Father Bernard Vaughan writes a Christmas sermon, of which the following is the text:

"In the Parliaments of the world there is no room for God, for there men are pledged to party politics. On 'Change there is no room for Him, for there men are gambling on the fluctuations of the market. In society there is no room for Him, for society has long since discovered that it can get on better without Him and His religion, which is out of date and dull. Is there any room for Him in our schoolrooms? No, for He will not come without introducing dogma, and dogma is a forbidden science. No, nor may He enter the law courts, for there His teaching about divorce is laughed to scorn. And above all, keep Him out of the workshops, lest the sweat-drops of labor might feel the lash of His scourge as well as of His tongue!"

West Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed - 50c.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS
B
CURES
Dyspepsia, Bolls, Pimples, Headaches, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, and all troubles arising from the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood.
Mrs. A. Lethbridge, of Ballymore, Ont., writes: "I believe I would have been in my grave long ago had it not been for Burdock Blood Bitters. I was run down to such an extent that I could scarcely move about the house. I was subject to severe headaches, backaches and dizziness; my appetite was gone and I was unable to do my housework. After taking two bottles of B. B. B. I found my health fully restored. I warmly recommend it to all tired and worn out women."

THE POET'S CORNER

BETHLEHEM THOUGHTS.

(By a Sister of Mercy, in the Guidon.)
Lily-Mother, clasp thy Baby
Close unto thy gentle breast;

Ah, soft golden ringlets, clinging
To that stainless Baby-brow,
'Neath dread coronal of anguish

Tiny feet, so rose-leaf perfect,
Must ye tread a thorny road?
Baby shoulders, who could bear to
Lay on ye the cross's load?

Gift-bearing, heart-touching, joy-
bringing Christmas,
Day of grand memories, king of
the year.

In volume majestic deep anthems are
pealing,
Harmonies heavenly swell on the
air;

Day of the poor, bringing Jesus the
lowly,
Bearer of burdens and giver of
rest,

Comforter: Savior, Redeemer most
holy;
Christianity's birth-time, eternally
blest,

Come to Me when morning breaketh;
Come to Me at noontide hour;
Come to Me when evening falleth;
Come, and learn thy Father's
pow'r!

THE HAPPY MOTHER.

Two small, bright eyes, two little
hands, two feet—
A voice that croons so lustily;
These were the gifts, flung from
God's pure, white hand,

And Mary took the opening rose, so
still,
To her warm breast glad, tenderly;
Love was too sweet—she did not
feel the thorn

Pass we the nectared chalice round,
For it is Christmastide;
Let friendship's stars be mirrored
fair

On life's uncertain tide;
Let love's soft language, spoken low
Be balm for wrath or pride;
And laughter mingle with the bells
That sing of Christmastide,

For them He came—the God of mer-
cy came!—
For that bronze hunter where fierce
monsters are,

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL
TO MEN.
All around about our feet shall
shine

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And, kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will
to men."

A CORNER OF KERRY.

As I write, the pleasant Kerry
voices still ring in my ears, and
the sweet Kerry scents are in my
nostrils.

No wonder that one of Ireland's
greatest men, her people's Liberator,
was born and lived in Kerry, and
was, in truth, by no means unfa-
miliar with the very spot of which I
write.

At every step one comes on some
spot associated with Dan O'Connell,
as the people fondly called him. On
this cone-shaped hill he stood and
watched his pack of beagles hunting
over the bleak mountain-sides, and
often, we may be sure, he woke
the echoes, as he hallooed to them in
his stentorian voice.

Small wonder that every second
boy in the countryside answers to
the name of "Danny." Perhaps I
ought to say "should answer," for,
by reason of their overwhelming shy-
ness, strangers have small chance of
extracting an answer from any lad
who has not attained to manhood.

One day walking along the cliffs
we noticed three children following
us. They wanted to talk to us,
but were shy. Whenever we turned
to speak to them, down on the grass
went the three, hiding their faces
in the funniest way, which reminded
one of the ostrich burying its head
in the sand and thinking that
thereby it escaped all observation.

"The days of the Kerry dancing"
are not over and gone here. All the
children learn the Irish steps at
school, and every Sunday, early in
the afternoon, the dancing com-
mences on a green knoll, above the
harbor. It is pleasant to watch
the girls tripping it in their bright-
est skirts and fawn-colored shawls,
opposite partners in their Sunday
best, and wearing, for the most part,
ties, besides which the emerald
would sink into insignificance.

Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say,
St. Leon drives all ills away.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS.

ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE
Good going Dec. 24th, 25th, 1906, good to return
until Dec. 28th, 1906; and on Dec. 31st, 1906;
Jan. 1st, 1907; good to return until Jan. 2nd,
1907.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS
Going Dec. 24 and 25. Ret. limit, Dec. 26, 1906
until Dec. 31, 1906; and on Jan. 1, 1907
Return limit Jan. 2, 1907.

Intercolonial RAILWAY
BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT
SUMMER TRAIN SERVICE.

7.25 DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe,
Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Mur-
ray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna,
Bio, Rimouski and Little Metis.

7.30 "OCEAN LIMITED" for Levis, Quebec,
Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere
du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Ma-
tapedia, Moncton, St. John and Ha-
liifax.

11.45 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and
intermediate stations.

FOR DYSPEPSIA OR WEAK DIGESTION
DRINK
St. Leon Mineral Water
after each meal.

Constipation For
take it before breakfast.

St. Leon Water Co.
12 Craig St. East, Montreal

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COBALT AND CARSLLEY

The two words of interest to Montreal buyers to-day.
Cobalt's value lies under the soil; Carsley's value lies not
only in Toyland (The Basement) but in six floors above,
as well.

A Noteworthy Silk Waist Sale.
Our Xmas Stock of Silk Waists is at its very best now,
thousands of waists to choose from at prices never seen
before in Montreal.

Regular Price \$8.25, Sale \$4.90
500 Magnificent Waists of Messaline and Taffeta Silk, made up in
several very new and pleasing styles, in pretty shades of pink, sky blue,
white and black, trimmed with lace yoke, shirring and lace edging
around collar and cuffs. Regular price \$8.25. On sale at \$4.90

Xmas Cards and Also Calendars for 1907.
Special line of Calendars in Plaque design reduced from 50c to 25c.
Splendid line of Tuck's Calendars from 4c to \$4. Including
the Christy Calendar, Harrison Fisher Calendar, Life Calendar, A spec-
ial line also of Scriptural Calendars, now 20c, beautifully and artistical-
ly designed.

REAL FRENCH KIDS FOR \$1.50
Ladies' Real French Kid Gloves, "Le Brabant," reliable make, in all
the newest shades, also black and white, 2 stud fastener, fancy silk
points, perfect fit, sizes 5 1-2 to 8. Sale price \$1.50

"ARMONIA" \$1.50 LADIES' WAIST.
Solid Gold Ladies' Watch, O size, hunting case, nicely engraved, fitted
with our special movement, "Armonia," fully guaranteed.
Special \$10.50

TOYS INNUMERABLE XMAS GROCERIES.
Noah's Arks 19c English Plum Pudding Reg. Fri.
Trumpets, polished, 18in. 12c 2 1-2 lb. bowls \$1.00
Lions, Elephants, moving 81c 5 lb. bowls \$1.00
Boys' Sleighs 19c Redpaths Granulated Sugar 20 lb.
Hook and Ladder, in iron 53c \$1.10, 95c.
Stables 28c English Chestnuts lb. 25c., 20c.
Tool Chests 29c 28c Mixed Nuts..... 20c., 17c.
Magic Lanterns 27c Lissina Lemons per doz.....20c, 15c.
Steel Shovels 10c 27c Five Rose Flour 1-2 barrel very
Boys' Cans 15c suitable Xmas present \$3.15, \$2.90
Blackboards 24c Seeded Raisins, 2 pkgs.....30c., 25c.
Corn and Peas 3 tins .. 30c., 25c.

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McGALE'S Sprucine

For 25c. PER BOTTLE
COUGHS, COLDS, LUNG TROUBLES
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE

Good Cooks Always Ask

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SOLD EVERYWHERE
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PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

We go direct to Persia,
where they raise Persian
Lambs; we choose our own
skins. We have the advan-
tage to choose from the choic-
est skins. We pay cash for
all our skins, therefore, we
can give you a very much bet-
ter value for the same money
than you can get elsewhere.

CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE.,
The largest retail Fur House in the
World.
485 St. Catherine St. East.
Corner St. Timothy.
Bell Tel. East. 1537.

ple with the juice. I should like an
Irish artist to stand on the moun-
tain tops and see them
All flushed with heather down the
braes,
And golden gorse between.
—Meta Brown, in Irish Monthly.

CO

C

Canes

A large and choic
trimmed, handles me
to \$15.

Umbrellas—Made
etc. Prices, \$1.50
Special—2 doz. U
gun metal, and silver
Special showing o

CHIN

Biscuit Jars, Lin
Biscuit Jars, Aus
Syrup Jugs, Lim

A LEADER

40 pieces China T
English China Tea
Muffin Dishes, Lin
Muffin Dishes, Bay
Porridge Sets, Au
Chocolate Jugs, A
Chocolate Jugs, I
97 piece Dinner S

Limoges China Fr
Beautiful Decorat
Bavarian China Fr
Bavarian China G
Austrian China Fr
Limoges China Fr
Limoges China Ice
English China Des
\$50.00 per doz.

Brush and Comb
Fancy Cake Plates
Large collection of
Bread and Butter
Bread and Butter

FINE

American C
Chateau of
Peter Pan,
Hiawatha,
Evangeline,

Books illus
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A fine sel
prices.

CATALOG Free

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COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square

OPEN EVERY NIGHT TILL CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Canes and Umbrellas

A large and choice stock of Canes in rarest woods, silver and gold trimmed, handles made of horn, gun metal and gold. Prices, \$1.00 to \$15.

Umbrellas—Made neatly, tight rolling, in silk gloria, serge, etc., etc. Prices, \$1.50 to \$15.00.

Special—2 doz. Umbrellas, very rich handles, made in horn, ivory, gun metal, and silver. Regular \$8.00, for \$5.00.

Special showing of TIES all this week.

CHINA DEPARTMENT.

Biscuit Jars, Limoges China, from \$2.00 up.

Biscuit Jars, Austrian China, from \$1.00 up.

Syrup Jugs, Limoges, from \$2.00 up.

A LEADER.

40 pieces China Tea Sets in Limoges China, for \$5.50.

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Muffin Dishes, Limoges China, \$2.50 and up.

Muffin Dishes, Bavarian China, \$1.25 up.

Porridge Sets, Austrian China (8 pieces) from 25c up.

Chocolate Jugs, Austrian China, from 50c up.

Chocolate Jugs, Limoges China, from \$2.00 up.

97 piece Dinner Sets, Limoges China, decorated with gilt edge, \$10 up.

Limoges China Fish Sets.

Beautiful Decorations, ranging from \$40.00 to \$65.00.

Bavarian China Fish Sets, from \$20.00 up.

Bavarian China Game Sets, from \$13.50 to \$25.00.

Austrian China Fruit Sets, from \$1.50 up.

Limoges China Fruit Sets, from \$4.50 up.

Limoges China Ice Cream Sets, from \$7.00 up.

English China Dessert Plates, rich decorations, from \$10.00 to \$50.00 per doz.

Brush and Comb Trays, Limoges China, from 75c up.

Fancy Cake Plates, Limoges China, from 50c up.

Large collection of Jardinières, from 50c up.

Bread and Butter Plates, Austrian China, from \$1.75 up.

Bread and Butter Plates, Limoges China, from \$2.50 per doz. up.

FINE ILLUSTRATED BOOKS.

American Girl, by Christy.

Chateau of Fouraine.

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Books illustrated by Mompes and other celebrities.

A fine selection of books at cheap prices.

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS sent Free on application.

Book Department

Bargains in Books.

ELSIE, MILDRED and BESSIE BOOKS

bound in neat decorated cloth, regular 25c, For 16c.

HENTY, BALLANTYNE, and other authors' books, Boys' and Girls' Books for 45c. each.

Special Discount on Post Card Albums and Christmas Papeteries.

Men's Furnishings Department

Men's and Boys' finely made up Pyjamas. Prices \$1.50, \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$4.00.

Sweaters for all sporting occasions, in all the best colors. Prices \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$5.00.

Gloves in Dogskin, Mocha, Reindeer, etc., etc., lined and unlined. Prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.50 to \$5.00.

Braces—Very pretty, silk embroidered and plain, all nice shades. Prices 75c, \$1, & \$1.50.

Silk Handkerchiefs, fancy borders. Prices 35c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00

Silk Handkerchiefs, initialled. Prices 35c, 60c and 90c.

Mufflers, special value, REGULAR \$2.00, FOR \$1.50

Also large assortment of Mufflers FROM \$1.00 TO \$5.00.

Hosiery in new designs, new shades, in Lisle Thread, Cashmere, Silk, etc., 50 to \$3.

Optical Department

Eyes Tested Free of Charge, by an Expert Refractionist.

Staz-on Eye-Glasses, in gold filled and solid 10k gold; gold filled \$4.50; 10k gold \$7.00.

These prices are for spherical lenses only. Special prices for cylinder and compound lenses, according to prescriptions.

Eye-Glass Chain, gold filled, 10 years' guarantee, \$1.50 and \$1.75.

Lemaire Pearl Opera Glasses, ranging from \$8.50, \$10.50, \$12.50 up.

Lemaire Black Morocco Cover Opera Glasses, from \$5.00 up.

Chevalier Pearl Opera Glasses, from \$4.50.

Lorgnettes [face a main]—Mounted in Tortoiseshell, Gun metal, Gold, Silver, Oxydized, etc., long and short handles, ranging from \$8.50 up.

Large assortment of Fancy Thermometers, very suitable for holiday gifts, ranging from 50c up to \$3.00.

5 per cent discount for cash and special attention given to mail orders.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

ST. MARY'S PARISH.



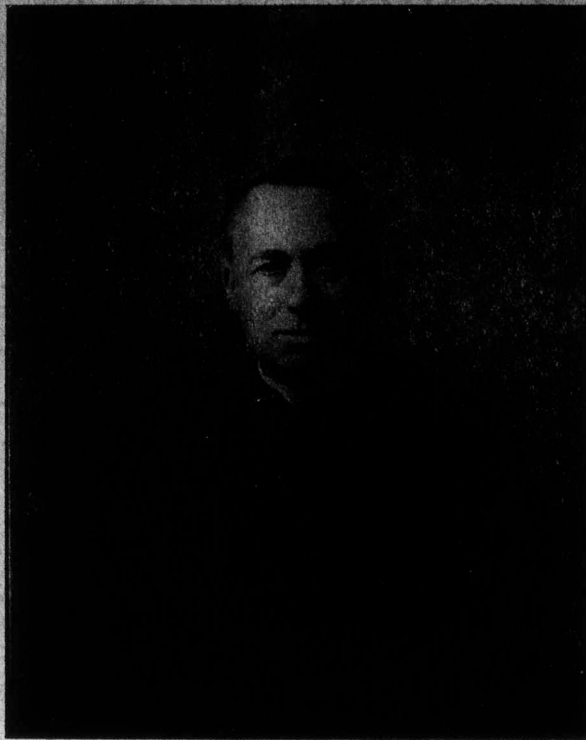
A Retrospective Glance.

We are certain that a short sketch of the progressive parish of St. Mary, which has just celebrated its silver jubilee, would be of much interest to our many readers, and we therefore take pleasure in giving the following authentic facts:

Canonically erected by decree dated Dec. 20, 1879, the certificate of said proclamation was placed in the hands of their parish priest, Rev. James Lonergan, on April 19, 1880. There had been heretofore a certain number of English-speaking families of the district who belonged to the parish of the Sacred Heart and were on the 2nd of April, 1880, formally handed over as members of the newly-formed parish.

The tenders for excavation and other work were given on April 29th, 1879, and on June 12th of the same year the corner-stone of the sacred edifice was solemnly blessed

by Rev. Fathers Brown and Auby, as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. Quite a large number of priests and invited guests occupied seats in the Sanctuary. The following are a few names which, through the kindness of the present pastor, Rev. Father Brady, we have been able to obtain, viz.:—His Worship Mayor Deaudry, Messrs. C. J. Coursool and M. P. Ryan, M.P.'s. E. Carter, Q.C.; J. J. Curran, Q.C.; F. X. Archambault, Aldermen Allard, Jennette, Donovan and Tansey, Messrs. J. Lonergan, N.P.; F. A. Quinn, J. O'Brien and J. Benoit; also J. Barry, first acting church-warden of the parish. Father Jas Lonergan was appointed parish priest on August 14th, 1879, with his brother, Rev. S. P. Lonergan, as special assistant. On the day of consecration of the main altar, Feb 19th, 1882: His Lordship promised to appoint Rev.



REV. P. J. BRADY, THE PRESENT PASTOR.

to the lamented pastor, and who is at present pastor of St. Michael's, acted as administrator awaiting the appointment of the new pastor. During the course of the month, Sept., 1886, Rev. J. J. Salmon, first pastor of St. Gabriel's, was appointed as new pastor to St. Mary's, with Rev. P. F. O'Donnell as assistant.

In the fall of 1892 the Rev. Father O'Donnell was appointed pastor, with Rev. Father Shea as assistant.

In the year 1897 the little gem which had cost so much time and labor, and so many acts of heroic sacrifice to behold in what might be called a finished condition, was, in a very short space of time, left a mass of crumbling, blackened ruins, to be mourned over by those to whom it had proven such a source of consolation and happiness. The spirit of both pastor and flock, far

liring efforts which they put forth towards the furtherance of every good work which it falls to their lot to undertake.

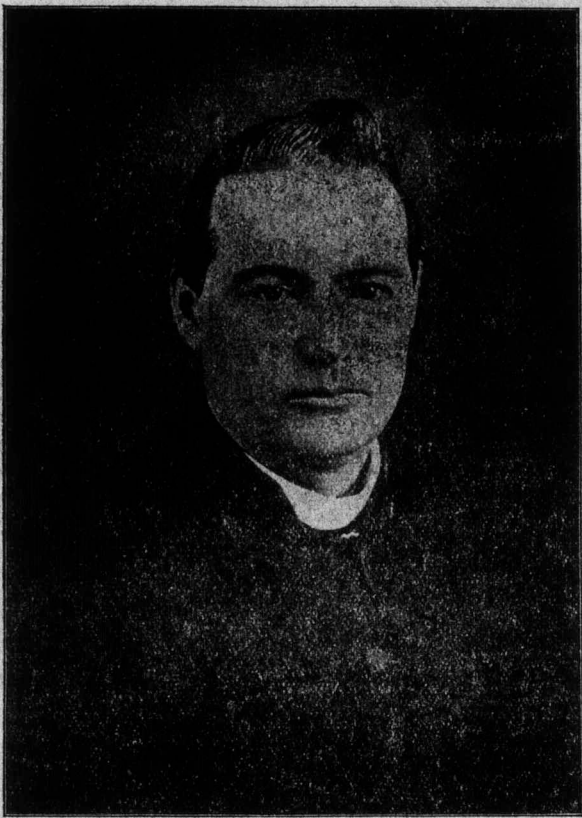
During the course of the week, among other events a banquet was held to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the erection of the parish. Nothing was left undone to make this equal to the occasion. It is, therefore, our pleasure to publish a few of the kind words expressed by the Rev. Martin Callaghan, P.P., of St. Patrick's, and Hon. Justice Curran. Father Callaghan said:

In the name of the parish over which I preside I bring a message of congratulation. St. Mary's parish may pride and rejoice in the silver jubilee it is celebrating. This jubilee reminds me of the days I spent in

every heart. It will always be a pride to associate the name of Father Brady with the names of Fathers O'Donnell, Salmon, and James and Simon Lonergan. Father Brady is a Canadian by birth. The maple leaf is dear to his heart. Of all the colors in the rainbow, the green has in his eyes a fascination to which he lovingly yields. He clings to all the traditions of his ancestors, and considers it his bounden duty to perpetuate them. May he see the golden jubilee of the parish with which he is entrusted by Divine Providence, and to which he is consecrating all his energies and resources with the happiest results.

Hon. Mr. Justice Curran said it was needless to assure them that he complied with no ordinary gratification with the invitation of the Rev. Chairman to say a few words. Yet the celebration of the silver jubilee

his first acquaintance with Father Brady. He had heard him, then a very young clergyman, one of the assistants in Ste. Onegonde, puzzling the people as to whether he spoke more fluently, more zealously or more eloquently in the French or the English language. At all events he had done good work there. Since that time Father Brady had filled many positions of importance, in each he had, to say the least, been equal to the duties imposed upon him. Speaking of Father Brady, he might say he had only one fault to find with him. Here he saw him surrounded by a vast gathering of his parishioners, whose hearts he had won, who were perfectly sincere in calling him "Father." This made the speaker feel that he himself must now be relegated amongst the more or less venerable relics. He had enjoyed the friendship of every pastor of St. Mary's. They were all

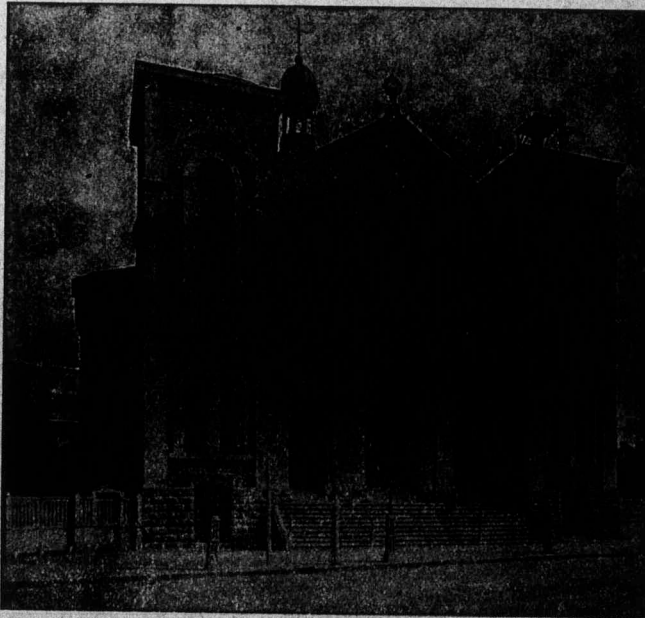


THE LATE REV. FATHER JAMES LONERGAN, ADMINISTRATOR.

by His Lordship the late Mgr. Fabre, who also dedicated it on June 10th. He was assisted at the Throne by the Rev. Canon Plamondon, of the Palace, and Rev. M. McAuley, P.P. of Stanstead as deacons of honor. The sermon of the occasion was preached by Rev. Father Lefebvre, then superior of the Oblates. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. A. Dugas, of St. Bridget's, assisted

S. P. Lonergan, regularly, as pastor of the then new parish; which he did on the following day, Feb. 20th, 1882. The new pastor had hardly been three years on the scene of his labors when death came to claim him as its own on Nov. 11th, 1885, he being still in the full flower and vigor of his manhood, only 37 years of age.

Rev. J. P. Kiernan, then assistant



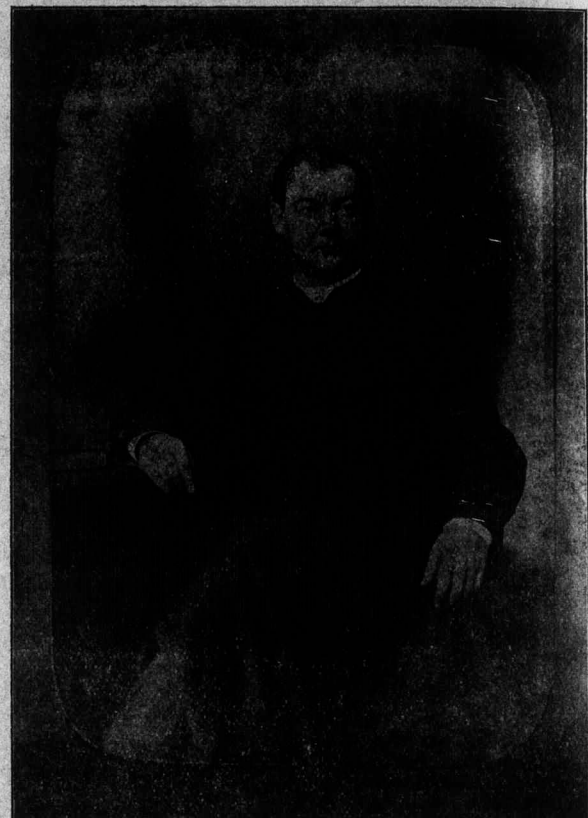
ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

from being broken by the disastrous event, seemed, on the contrary, only to have received a new impetus; for all set to work with heart and will and in a surprisingly short space of time a new edifice, even more grand and beautiful than the former one, had been, raised its head to the broad firmament, on the same site. The Rev. F. F. O'Donnell died on Dec 22, 1900, and the present pastor Rev. P. J. Brady, was appointed his successor on Dec. 24, 1900. This edifice, in 1902, was fully restored to all that can be desired in a building of its nature, and the priests and people of St. Mary's may feel justly proud of the spirit of unity that reigns in their midst and of the success which stands boldly forward as an evidence of what can be accomplished where all are working with one end in view.

Much credit is due to the respected pastor, Rev. P. J. Brady, and also to his able assistants, Fathers MacDonnell and Cullinan, for the un-

this section of the city. I began my ministry under Father Campion, who was all kindness to myself and all devotedness to his flock. This priest was a native of France and an ex-Vicar General of the United States. It was he who received into the Catholic Church Rev. Father Bakenwell. I taught catechism as a deacon in the old St. Bridget's Church. Occasionally I played improvised obbligatos on the violin when, during the services, Miss Reed sat at the harmonium and the Misses O'Neil did the singing.

The parish of St. Mary is held in great esteem by all the English-speaking Catholics of this city and of this island. The spirit of religion it displays is deserving of the most glowing admiration. The present pastor is truly a man of God. His rare talents and virtues are too roughly appreciated. In the discharge of his functions he shows himself a worthy successor of pastors whose memory is treasured in



REV. FATHER J. J. SALMON, SECOND PASTOR.

and blessing of St. Mary's was the marking of an epoch in the history of the Irish race in Canada, and deserved an address epitomizing the decades of struggles, trials and triumphs. No spontaneous remarks, however fervent, could do justice to such an occasion. He must thank Father Brady for having honored him by an invitation to their really splendid banquet. He remembered

good priests. It would be invidious to particularize the virtues of each. On such an occasion, however, it would be unpardonable not to refer, in an especial manner, to the late lamented Father James Lonergan. Upon his shoulders had fallen the herculean task. He had never flinched before the most trying situations. His life had been one continuous sacrifice, during the many



THE LATE REV. FATHER SIMON P. LONERGAN, FIRST PASTOR.



THE LATE REV. P. F. O'DONNELL, THIRD PASTOR.

years he had been the serious illness of him before his death of the unceasing effort for their spiritual welfare. He had gone but he was not forgotten and his memory would long as a stone rest on the sacred earth of St. Mary's. For his own part he witnessed the organization of the parish. He had known sturdy, sterling bar the stalwarts of the they were styled. of them had made a generation. No more of our fair Don where he found, yet love the land of the parish could never present position with true to every noble history of St. Mary written in letters of struggles were simple think that when the almost reached their have been nearly sw devouring conflagration renovated and en with a very large debt wiped off, was nument to the zeal Father Brady. In h only a model priest, would lead all the prizes to a successful young men and wom ly round him, as th mothers had flocked good Father Lonergan doubt, there was a store for their parish ed, many years of ness for, the gene sacrificing priest to best interests had be

An Amsterdam

The Society of Jes produced a large nu tists. Its astronom Secchi, of Italy, Per and Hagen, of Amer in the front rank. servatory at Manila and if the fraternal should have been the ed between it and at Hong Kong—and operation was not th —the terrific loss of phoons of last Septe coast of Hong Kong greatly reduced, if n Now another inven efficient aid in wir has appeared in the Rev. Frederick L. Od St. Ignatius College. The discovery was dent as the priest-sc ting in his laborator night of November 2 sound on the telegrap er than a pin drop. was not on a charge time. Wonder at t gave way to an inv many hours into delicate receiver, p day, intensified the knowledge of the M the clew. A telegra terpreted them. "The telegraph inst dinary one, is on a l nects with the cerono strument for recor said Father Odenbach came absolutely cert wireless messages ver the wire. "I invented the sys years ago. "Recently, in an e the most delicate ree perimented with an o less coherer apparat pence. It would not however, and I contin ements. After some e ly hit upon placin across two steel pin ones, the kind which dry goods store. Th however, were poor. graphite leads, also fr my instruments began catch lightning storm as St. Louis now. "On this line I had soulder, which clicke was a lightning flash electrical discharge et ceiver on the roof, ch therer, excited an ordi ticks on the soulder. "It was while sittin laboratory the other noticed a faint sound er. It was regular f sions, and lasted for every half-hour. I want to make of it. day I purchased a del receiver and put it in I shall not say where is half the invention." Father Odenbach de

years he had been in charge, and the serious illness that had afflicted him before his death was the result of the unceasing effort he had made for their spiritual and temporal welfare. He had gone to his reward, but he was not forgotten; his name and his memory would be revered as long as a stone remained upon a stone in the sacred edifice of St. Mary's. For his own part, he had witnessed the organization of their parish. He had known the strong, sturdy, sterling band of Irishmen, the stalwarts of the "East End" as they were styled. Alas! the most of them had made way for a later generation. No more patriotic citizens of our fair Dominion could anywhere be found, yet, how they did love the land of the Shamrock! Their parish could never have attained its present position without such men, true to every noble tradition. The history of St. Mary's deserved to be written in letters of gold. Its early struggles were simply heroic—and to think that when the goal had been almost reached their temple should have been nearly swept away by a devouring conflagration. To-day the renovated and embellished edifice, with a very large portion of its debt wiped off, was a standing monument to the zeal and ability of Father Brady. In him they had not only a model priest, but one who would lead all their church enterprises to a successful issue. Let the young men and women of to-day rally round him, as their fathers and mothers had flocked to the aid of good Father Lonergan, and, beyond doubt, there was a great future in store for their parish, and, he trusted, many years of unalloyed happiness for the generous and self-sacrificing priest to whose care their best interests had been confided.

An Amsterdam Jesuit Inventor

The Society of Jesus has always produced a large number of scientists. Its astronomers, including Secchi, of Italy; Parry, of England, and Hagen, of America, have stood in the front rank. The Jesuits' Observatory at Manila is world-famous, and if the fraternal relations which should have been the rule had existed between it and the Observatory at Hong Kong—and the lack of cooperation was not the Jesuits' fault—the terrific loss of life in the typhoons of last September off the coast of Hong Kong might have been greatly reduced, if not averted. Now another inventor of a most efficient aid in wireless telegraphy has appeared in the person of the Rev. Frederick L. Odenbach, S.J., of St. Ignatius College, Cleveland, O. The discovery was made by accident as the priest-scientist was sitting in his laboratory late on the night of November 20. He heard a sound on the telegraph sander fainter than a pin drop. The sander was not on a charge line at the time. Wonder at the phenomenon gave way to an investigation lasting many hours into the night. A delicate receiver, purchased next day, intensified the sounds. A slight knowledge of the Morse code gave the clew. A telegrapher later interpreted them. "The telegraph instrument, an ordinary one, is on a line which connects with the coronograph, an instrument for recording lightning," said Father Odenbach, after it became absolutely certain that the wireless messages were coming over the wire. "I invented the system about six years ago. Recently, in an effort to obtain the most delicate readings, I experimented with an ordinary wireless coherer apparatus of some expense. It would not do the work, however, and I continued my experiments. After some endeavor I finally hit upon placing pencil leads across two steel pins, black-headed ones, the kind which you buy at any dry goods store. The pencil leads, however, were poor. I tried pure graphite leads, also from pencils, and my instruments began to work. I catch lightning storms as far away as St. Louis now. "On this line I had the telegraph sander, which clicked when there was a lightning flash. The least electrical discharge strikes the receiver on the roof, charges the coherer, excites an ordinary relay and ticks on the sander. "It was while sitting up in my laboratory the other night that I noticed a faint sound in the sander. It was regular in its intermissions, and lasted for a minute or so every half-hour. I didn't know what to make of it. So the next day I purchased a delicate telephone receiver and put it into the circuit. I shall not say where, because that is half the invention. Father Odenbach began the study

of the Morse code and has made rapid progress within the last few days. His system is equipped with one of the largest receivers in the country. The ordinary wireless office is equipped with a high pole upon which are suspended numerous wires. Father Odenbach has connected the entire copper-sheathed roof of the college, and has a receiver covering 8000 square feet. It was at his request that a telegrapher visited Father Odenbach's laboratory and took several messages which came from the Thomas E. Clark wireless telegraph station in the Detroit & Cleveland Navigation Company's offices both in Cleveland and in Detroit.

Now that the value of the coherer has been established, it is probable that every effort will be made to perfect it for wireless use primarily and for use in the coronograph secondarily. The invention has been made for scientific purposes purely. Father Odenbach declares, and will not be used for commercial purposes.

Out of School Because of Colds

THOUSANDS OF CHILDREN WILL ACQUIRE LUNG TROUBLES, WHICH COULD BE AVOIDED BY USING DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

The records of attendance at the Toronto Public Schools show that ten thousand children were absent on account of colds during a single month.

"The worst enemy of all to the child, so far as keeping him from school is concerned, apparently is the common, everyday cold," said Dr. Goodchild, in his report to the Ontario School Association.

"Not only does the cold prove an enemy in this way," he continued, "but it is well known that many of the more serious disorders follow from the simple cold. As a result of the patient becoming weakened down in his resistance against disease, the germs of various infectious diseases the more easily find a place to multiply somewhere in the organism."

Parents who make a practice of keeping Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house have at hand the most certain means of curing coughs, colds, croup and bronchitis, and positively preventing more serious disease. It is sometimes forgotten that few ailments possess more possibilities of danger than a common cold.

Mrs. Herman B. Sargent, Dunkin, Brome Co., Que., writes: "My little girl was taken with a very bad cold, became hot and feverish, and coughed so hard we were afraid she would break a blood vessel. For two weeks I doctored her without any improvement, and as we were greatly alarmed, we got a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. Before the bottle was finished she was entirely cured, and we were very thankful for it."

Not only is Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine a positive cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, asthma and severe chest colds, but it is also a preventive of all diseases of the lungs.

Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every bottle.

Christmas Observance in Norway

One of the prettiest Christmas customs in Norway is the practice of giving on Christmas day a dinner to the birds. On Christmas morning every gable, gateway or barn door is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on the top of a tall pole, wherefrom it is intended that the birds shall make their Christmas dinner. Even the peasant will contrive to have a handful set by for this purpose, and what the birds do not eat on Christmas day, remains for them to finish at their leisure through the winter. The carolling of the birds about these poles make a Norwegian Christmas marvelously pleasant.

Teacher—What letter comes after H?
Small Boy—Dunno.
Teacher—What have I on each side of my nose?
Small Boy—Freckles.

Cardinal Gibbons on French Situation

"I am getting to be an old man now, and I think I know my countrymen. They love fair play, they love liberty, they love to see humane dealings of man with man. And the late years have shown how cordially they hate injustice, tyranny and inhumanity. And yet France has treated her noblest citizens with injustice and inhumanity, and America, which has sympathy for the oppressed of all nations, has raised no protest, nor uttered a word of sympathy. "If I believed my countrymen would knowingly see a great and beneficent organization unjustly deprived of its property, and the means of continued usefulness, would knowingly see tens of thousands of honest men and noble women robbed of their income and means of support; would knowingly see hundreds of thousands and even several millions of people brutally wounded in what they hold dearest and most sacred; would knowingly see a majority in the Chamber utterly disregard and trample upon the rights of the minority and the rights of millions of their countrymen—in the name of liberty—would knowingly see tens of thousands of men and women who happen to be priests and nuns turned out of their homes for no crime but that of loving God and serving Him—I say, if my countrymen can see and recognize all this injustice

and, if possible, to utterly destroy it out of the land. "It is easy to show that I am not misrepresenting the spirit of anti-clericals. They make no secret of their hatred of Christianity. They avow it in the press and the chambers. Let me give you a few examples of the language of these men, and you can judge if the American people have ever heard anything similar from their leaders, or if any American statesman would dare utter such statements."

VATICAN'S COURSE INEVITABLE

After giving a brief, but comprehensive history of the origin of the present trouble from the standpoint of the French Catholic Church, and then pointing out that separation between Church and State, as in this country and in France, are not analogous, Cardinal Gibbons proceeded: "It is not separation alone, therefore, that the Holy Father is repudiating, but tyranny in the guise of separation. Hence, it was imperative upon him to resist. For the past twenty years and more the policy of the Holy See and the French hierarchy has been one of patience and conciliation. It was with the deepest regret and only after all his conciliatory measures had failed that the Pontiff at last found himself driven to a course of passive resistance. In choosing this course, the Holy Father did not run counter to the opinions and wishes of the French episcopate. A canvas of the situation has shown that the vast majority of the Bishops were with him, and all, without a single exception, have respected and obeyed his decision. Nor were the French clergy at all behind their leaders in manifesting their loyalty. Last summer at the gatherings of the clergy in almost every diocese, resolutions were taken to be forwarded to the Sovereign Pontiff, expressing their gratitude and loyalty. "For myself, I have too much confidence in the good of the French clergy, in their high-mindedness, their zeal, their courage, their readiness to suffer and to sacrifice themselves to believe that they will tamely allow religion to be strangled in France; and I have too much confidence in the French nation to believe now that they can see and realize the meaning of the measures taken and the animus of those behind them, that the natural feelings of justice and humanity and the love of liberty will not arise in their hearts and lead them to reject the leaders, who, in seeking to destroy religion, are bringing disgrace upon the name of France. And I have too much confidence in God and His protection of the Church not to feel encouraged to look for a renewal of faith and religion in France."

SPIRIT OF ANTI-CLERICALS.

"Most people over here have little conception of the French anti-clericals. They look upon the leaders of this party as enlightened statesmen seeking to preserve from the attacks of an aggressive clergy. There have been honest and sincere lovers of republican government amongst the anti-clericals, but the majority of them have far less love for the republic than they have hatred of religion. I am weighing my words, and I say with deliberate conviction that the leaders of the present French Government are actuated by nothing less than the hatred of religion. We have no spirit akin to theirs in this country. We have here much indifference to religion, but we have no body of men, no great party that makes it a chief aim to weaken the power of religion

CODE TO FRANCE.

(Written for the True Witness.)

Now is thy sceptre broken, France,
And all thy glory done,
Thou, who for honor and fair fame,
Hast glittered as the sun;
The memories of a thousand years
Which kept thy scutcheon bright,
Have vanished like the morning mist
That melts before the light.

No more the faithful near and far
Regard thy reign with joy;
They turn them to that sainted past,
Which thou wouldst fain destroy:
No more the kings of Christendom
Salute thee with acclaim;
The horror of thy fall hath stript
The glamor from thy name.

Not thou the France of sage and saint,
The generous, the just;
The garland that adorned thy brow
Lies shriveled in the dust.
Not thou the champion of the right,
Of faith, and truth, and prayer;
Listless and cold thou fallest a prey
To rogue and doctrinaire.

But, France, the France that saved
at Tours
The faith in righteous fray,
Canst thou permit that selfsame
faith
To drop or pass away?
Thou who for holy sepulchre
Hast battled undismayed,
Wilt thou refuse God shelter in
The temple thou' hast made?

Once first in zeal and generous deed,
Dost thou essay to-day
To still the strains of holy Mass?
To curb the tongues that pray?
Not thus it was when Godfrey
reigned
In Salem's blessed bound,
Not thus when rood St. Louis smote
The banners of Mahound!

The rouse thee, France, the hour is late,
God's mercy may not last;
Bestir thee ere the hosts of hell
Can make thy fetters fast.
The heart of Him Who bleeds for thee,
His grace will not deny,
And all the fiends who fret thee now
To nothingness shall fly.

So shall be seen the ancient France
Again as grand, as fair,
As when thou shookest thine oriflamme
In splendor on the air.
Thy hills shall echo naught but praise,
The wrong shall be abhorred,
And hymns and orisons ascend
In glory to the Lord.

THOS. S. BANKS.
Edward Murphy School.
Octave of Im. Conception of B. V. Mary, 1906.



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FUNNY SAYING

DECEIT.
"Sister Henderson," said Deacon Hypers, "you should avoid even the appearance of evil."
"Why, Deacon, what do you mean?" asked Sister Henderson.
"I observe that on your sideboard you have several cutglass decanters, and that each of them is half filled with what appears to be ardent spirits."
"Well, now, Deacon, it isn't anything of the kind. The bottles look so pretty on the sideboard that I just filled them half way with some floor stain and furniture polish, just for appearances."
"That's why I am cautioning you, sister," replied the Deacon. "Feeling a trifle weak and faint, I helped myself to a dose from the big bottle in the middle."—Life.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.
"Auntie, do cannibals go to heaven?"
"No, dear."
"Do missionaries?"
"Yes, dear."
"But, auntie, supposing a cannibal has eaten a missionary?"

ASTONISHED JANE.
The new cook was helping her mistress to prepare dinner. All went well until the macaroni for the pudding was brought out. The cook glowed with surprise as she beheld the long, white sticks. But when they were carefully placed in water she gave a choking gasp.
"Did you say, missus," she said, in an awed voice, "that you are goin' to make puddin' out of that?"
"Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I intend to do. Have you never seen macaroni cooked before?"
"No, ma'am," answered the cook; "I ain't. The last piece I was at we always used them things to light the gas with."

Powerful Sermon by Rev. Martin Callaghan on Present Crisis in France.

The Rev. Martin Callaghan, at High Mass at St. Patrick's on Sunday last, preached a very telling sermon on the present distressing conditions in France. He spoke as follows:

"France is starting a new period in its annals. Will this period be for its glory? No. Will it be for its ignominy? Yes. For the proper appreciation of the critical situation in which this country has placed itself it may not be amiss to recall a few things which you know.

"As our Creator, God alone has a right to be obeyed and can delegate his right to man. He is the fountain head of all authority that may be exercised in any department. In the sky there are two great luminaries—the sun to shine by day and the moon to shine by night. Upon earth there are two great powers—the spiritual, embodied in the church and the secular embodied in the state. They are essentially distinct from each other. The spiritual power is not the secular, and the secular power is not the spiritual. They have separate aims. The spiritual power has to do with the eternal interest and the secular with the temporal welfare of mankind. Hence the former ought to be superior to the latter.

"The distinction between the two powers is guaranteed by the Old and New Testaments. In the days of the patriarchs the spiritual and secular powers merged in the father—in the heads of every family. Under the Mosaic law the ruler in temporals could not be the ruler in spirituals. Moses was the legislator of the Hebrews, but he was not their Pontiff. Their pontiff was Aaron with the tribe of Levi. The first King of Israel was deposed. It was because by offering a sacrifice he did what he had no right to do, but what Samuel had a right to do. The distinction between the two powers was continued after Saul under David and his successors, until the coming of Christ. It seems to have been ignored by all pagan antiquity. The tyrants who founded the Egyptian, Assyrian, Grecian and Persian monarchies as well as the republics of Greece and Rome, arrogated to themselves the sacerdotal functions. There were temporal sovereigns who not only encroached upon the order of the priesthood but also tried to have themselves worshipped as gods.

"The Master now appears upon the scene. He does not wish that the spiritual power should be absorbed by the secular. He positively and emphatically forbids such an absorption. 'Render,' says he, 'to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.' Caesar is the ruler with the secular power. This ruler may be an Indian chief, a Shah, a King, a President, an Emperor, or anything else. He has rights of his own and they should be respected. Caesar is not the only kind of a ruler. There is a ruler with the spiritual power. He has His rights and they should not be violated. Our divine Lord is the Apostle and Champion of the noblest kind of liberty—the liberty of the human conscience. For this kind of liberty the spiritual power is of the most indispensable necessity. All those who reject it must yoke their necks to a usurper, whatever he may be called—whether czar, king, president or anything else. There is no form of slavery to be compared with the slavery in religion—with the slavery in matters directly affecting the relations between the soul and God and inevitably linked with the issues of eternity.

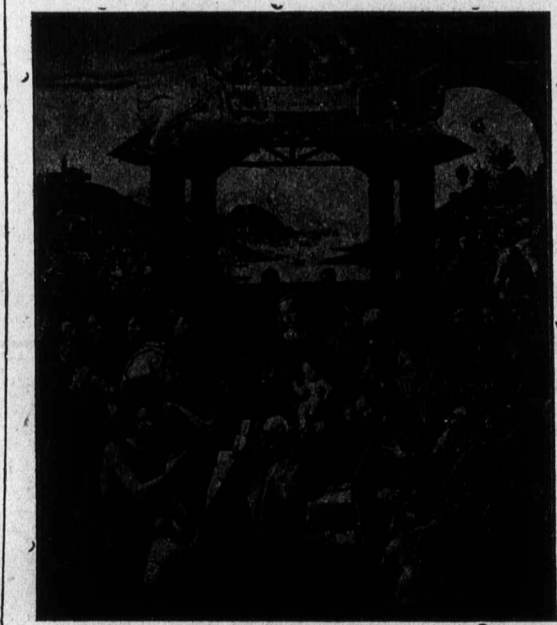
INDEPENDENCE OF BOTH.
"The spiritual power has an independence peculiar to itself. So has the secular. Nevertheless there are points of contact. The two powers may be serviceable to each other. The secular has immensely to gain by lending assistance to the spiritual. Bad Christians cannot be good citizens or true patriots. Good Christians are worthy citizens and staunch patriots. Listen to Origen: 'The more a Christian fears God, the more loyal he is to his emperor.' The two powers complete each other. They are like the two golden cherubim shadowing with their wings the Ark of the Covenant. The Church and state should work in harmony. They should have a mutual understanding which nothing should disturb and which everything should foster and develop. 'The policy adopted and pursued by the French Government towards the Catholics under its control is a blot of infamy upon the pages of contemporary history. It is

fraught with the most tremendous and appalling consequences. It is diabolical in its ingenuity and shameless in its audacity. It is most flagrant in its absurdity. This policy has reached the climax of perfidy, injustice, barbarity, sacrilege and blasphemy. The twentieth century is witnessing the ne plus ultra stage of governmental rascality. By breaking the concordat the French Government is false to its engagement. By refusing to subsidize the clergy it is dishonest, and by driving them adrift from their residences it is heartless and merciless. By sequestering the ecclesiastical property it is appropriating for itself what exclusively belongs to the Most High. By banishing from the soil the Papal Nuncio, by interfering with the priests in the discharge of their office, and by divesting them of their citizenship it is striving to decatholicize the country. What it has principally in view is the extermination of God, of Christ, and of His Church. Will it succeed? If it should it would be to its discredit, to its disadvantage and ruin.

"It may seem to win the day. The future will tell in trumpet notes that it egregiously failed. The Church may be assailed a thousand times and in ten thousand years. She will suffer no injury.

"Strong as the rock of ocean which stems A thousand wild waves on the shore"

"The Church is wise, patient and loving. She may have to walk the earth like her divine Spouse with a crown of thorns upon her head. She may have to be scourged in many a pretorium and laden with a cross through many a Jerusalem. Like Christ she bears a charmed life. In the language of Dryden, the British poet, she is 'doomed to death, but not fated to die.' She is a pilgrim. Her home lies beyond the



heavens. All that she asks is a free passage on her journey; to be left unshackled and untrammelled.

"Immortality is written on her virgin brow. She is ever ancient and ever new. Though she may have to contend with the fiercest passions of men and the gates of hell, still she will wear the laurel wreath she has worn for the last nineteen centuries. Rely upon the assuring past, and say with the illustrious Cardinal Newman:

Bide thou thy time,
Watch with meek eyes the race of pride and crime,
Sit in the gate and be the heathen's jest
Smiling and self-possessed
O Thou to whom is pledged a victor's sway
Bide thou the victor's day."

"All eyes are intently fixed upon the Sovereign Pontiff. He is unquestionably a great Pope and one of the greatest Popes. We should thank God for appointing him the Chief Shepherd of the flock to which we belong. We should tenderly love him and implicitly trust him.

"Plus is not the enemy of any government in existence. He is favorably disposed towards all governmental forms which suit the times which we are traversing. Nobody else could be happier in seeing the

republic of France flourish, and nobody else could be readier to contribute towards its prosperity and prestige. He need not be told what he has to do by anybody whatsoever, not to be told even by his right bower, the eminently qualified, thoroughly tried and highly esteemed Cardinal Merry del Val, who has tingling in his veins no tiny drop of the Irish Celtic blood. He knows it by himself. He has the grace by which he can unerringly interpret the will of Providence which he should follow. Till the end he will do his duty in spite of whatever obstacles foreseen and unforeseen that may arise. He will do it most prudently and effectively. He stands in the breach, calm, fearless and un-presumptuous. No agency can dislodge him. Never will he yield a single inch of his territory. Never will he sacrifice or imperil the smallest iota of his authority.

"The venerable Pontiff who sits in the chair of Peter and wields our destinies is the Vicar by excellence of Christ and the legate of the skies. Every man, every Christian and every Catholic should rally around his banner. His cause is the cause of humanity, the cause of Christianity and Catholicism.

"He has a position—all positions the most exalted—the most important and sacred. He is not unconscious of his responsibilities and demerits. God will not abandon him. He will always be close to the helm on the bark of the Apostolic Prince which alone is chartered to cross the ocean of oceans and anchor in the harbor of Heaven. On the side of the Pope you will invariably find figuring right, truth, principle and honor. Pray that he may be given a superabundance of grace. Pray that he may be enlightened, strengthened and consoled in fulfilling the designs of God with which he is entrusted.

"The Catholics of France are our brothers. We are of the same family and have a common father in Pope Pius the Tenth. They are passing through an ordeal which will put to the severest test the genuineness of their faith, the sincerity of their allegiance to the Papacy and

and the personal character of Aglipay has become known to his followers. He is a bright, superficial, plausible, and ambitious young man, and his plan has been to organize a national church independent of the Pope, with himself as the high priest. He even had the audacity to invite the Protestant clergy of the Philippines to join him, and a memorable conference was held one day at the headquarters of the American Bible Society at Manila. He proposed that Bishop Brent of the Episcopal Church and the other Protestant pastors should join in his movement and persuade the American government to confiscate all of the Roman Catholic property, drive out all the Roman Catholic priests, and found an independent church for the Philippines, of which they, the gentlemen present, should constitute the hierarchy and share the usufruct.

The Protestant pastors who were present were not astonished at the audacious proposal, because they knew pretty well what sort of a chap Aglipay was and were prepared to hear almost anything from him, but before the meeting adjourned they gave him some wholesome admonition and advice. They explained to him the principles upon which our government is founded and told him that there was not the slightest possibility of the establishment of a national church in the Philippines or anywhere else under the jurisdiction of the United States.

Nevertheless Aglipay's appeal to the people on the theory that 'the Philippines belong to the Filipinos' brought him a very strong following. A large portion of the native padres joined him and he claimed to have 30 per cent. or more of the parishes throughout the archipelago. Archbishop Harty contended that he never got more than a hundred or so, but he probably had several hundred—most of them parishes which had been deserted by the friars and were left entirely without priests. In such places Aglipay was accustomed to install priests of his following and take possession of the church property. In several towns his followers actually threw out the regular pastors by violence. He had churches in nineteen provinces throughout the archipelago, and the largest number were in the diocese of Bishop Rooker, who used to be secretary of the apostolic legation in Washington.

Archbishop Harty, of the Catholic Church of Manila, appealed to the Philippine commission to protect him in the possession of all properties belonging to the Roman Catholic Church, but it refused to interfere, and in July, 1905, passed an act giving the Supreme Court of the archipelago original jurisdiction over all questions involving the titles to church property. Suits were brought in nineteen different provinces to eject the priests or custodians of the so-called National Catholic Church of the Philippines, and to compel the municipal authorities to take charge of the property formerly owned and used by the regular Roman Catholic clergy and to turn it over to the recognized representatives of that church. In many cases the municipal authorities immediately confessed judgment and in other cases they would not make any defence. Vast volumes of evidence were submitted, arguments were heard at length on both sides, and finally the first decision was rendered in the case of Bishop Barlin against Padre Ramirez, one of Aglipay's priests, who had taken possession of the parish church and parsonage at Lagonoy. The cable dispatches state that the decision will cover the majority of all the churches that are in contention, and will result in the ejection of Aglipay and his followers from nearly every parish where they are now installed.

The decision appears to be in the same line of that recently made by the French Council of State in the interpretation of the separation law. It refuses transfer church property to an organization that is not strictly orthodox and under the jurisdiction of the head of the denomination to which it belongs. Aglipay contended that the houses of worship and the parsonages were the property of the people of the parishes, who had a right to use them for any purpose that they desired and employ any priests they preferred. When he found a church vacant or unused he would place one of his priests in charge and organize among the people what the French call 'cultural associations,' which recognized his authority as the self-appointed head of an independent national Philippine church. In many cases the municipal authorities recognized his claims, and have protected him in the occupation of the properties belonging to the Church of Rome, which built the houses of worship and occupied them for many years.

The decision will doubtless cause the collapse of the Aglipay independent church movement. It began to go down rapidly when Rev. Father Jorg Barlin, a native priest of Nueva Caceras, was ordained as Bishop last June. That was the first time a native Filipino has ever been made a bishop, and the failure to promote the native clergy has always been a serious cause of dissatisfaction. Every bishop has been of Spanish birth, or, if born in the Philippines, of Spanish parentage; the Filipino priests were kept in the background. That is the strongest argument that Aglipay has been able to bring in support of his movement, and now

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- Gents' Handkerchiefs, plain white Irish Lawn and Pure Linen, 1-2 dozen for 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50, in fancy boxes (1-2 doz. in box); at 75c and \$1.00.
- Fancy Border "Excelsa" Handkerchiefs, 1-2 dozen in box, at 50c and 75c.
- Colored Border Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, 35c, 50c and 75c each; White Silk with Fancy Embroidered Motives and Flags 25c and 50c.
- White Silk Initial Handkerchiefs, all initials, 25c, 50c and 75c.
- Rich Silk and Cashmere Mufflers, very large variety, white, black and beautiful fancy designs, 25c, 35c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 up to \$3.50.
- Gents' Suspenders, one pair in Fancy Box, 50c, 75c and \$1.
- Choice selection of Gents' Toilet Cases, Brush Sets, Shaving Cases, Smoking Cases, Cuff and Collar Boxes, etc.
- Large assortment of Cuff Links, Scarf Pins, Shaving Brushes, Shaving Mugs, Ash Trays (10c and 15c), Watch Chains, Tobs, etc.

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- Choice assortment of Toys, games and useful Christmas Gifts, such as: Iron Trains, 35c and 65c; Horse-Ladders, 75c up; Fire Hose Reels, 50c; Fire Engines, \$1.00.
- Horses, 35c and 50c; Drums, \$1 and \$1.25; Building Blocks, 20c to 50c; Spinning Tops, 15c to 25c; Violins, 35c; Mouth Organs, 50c; Picture Story Books 15c and 25c; Drawing Slates, 20c and 25c; Paint Boxes, 20c to 50c; Pen and Pencil Boxes, 25c; Pen, Pencil and Knife set, 15c; Balloons, 10c; Iron Banks (combination lock), \$1.00.

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- Dressed Dolls, 25c, 50c, 75c to \$1.25; Walking Dolls, \$2.50; Iron Stoves, 50c and \$1; China Sets of Dishes, 50c, 60c and 75c; Kitchen Tea Set, 35c; 2 Dolls Chairs for 10c; Bedroom Sets, 35c; Dining-Room Set, 35c; Weighing Scales, 25c; Toy Dog, 25c; Musical Toy, 15c and 25c; Toy Cow, \$1; Folding Clapper Fans, 5c; Baby Rattles, 10c, 15c and 25c; Nickel Safety Ink Bottles, 25c.
- Fancy Baskets of Perfume, 25c and 35c.
- Baby Swings, 75c; Fancy Japanese Toys, 2 for 5c; Toy Ducks, 15c and 25c; Knife, Fork and Spoon Set, 25c.
- Indian Souvenir Spoons, 15c (2 for 25c).
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that a native Filipino has at last been elevated to a bishopric, it has no further significance. Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bieffe's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

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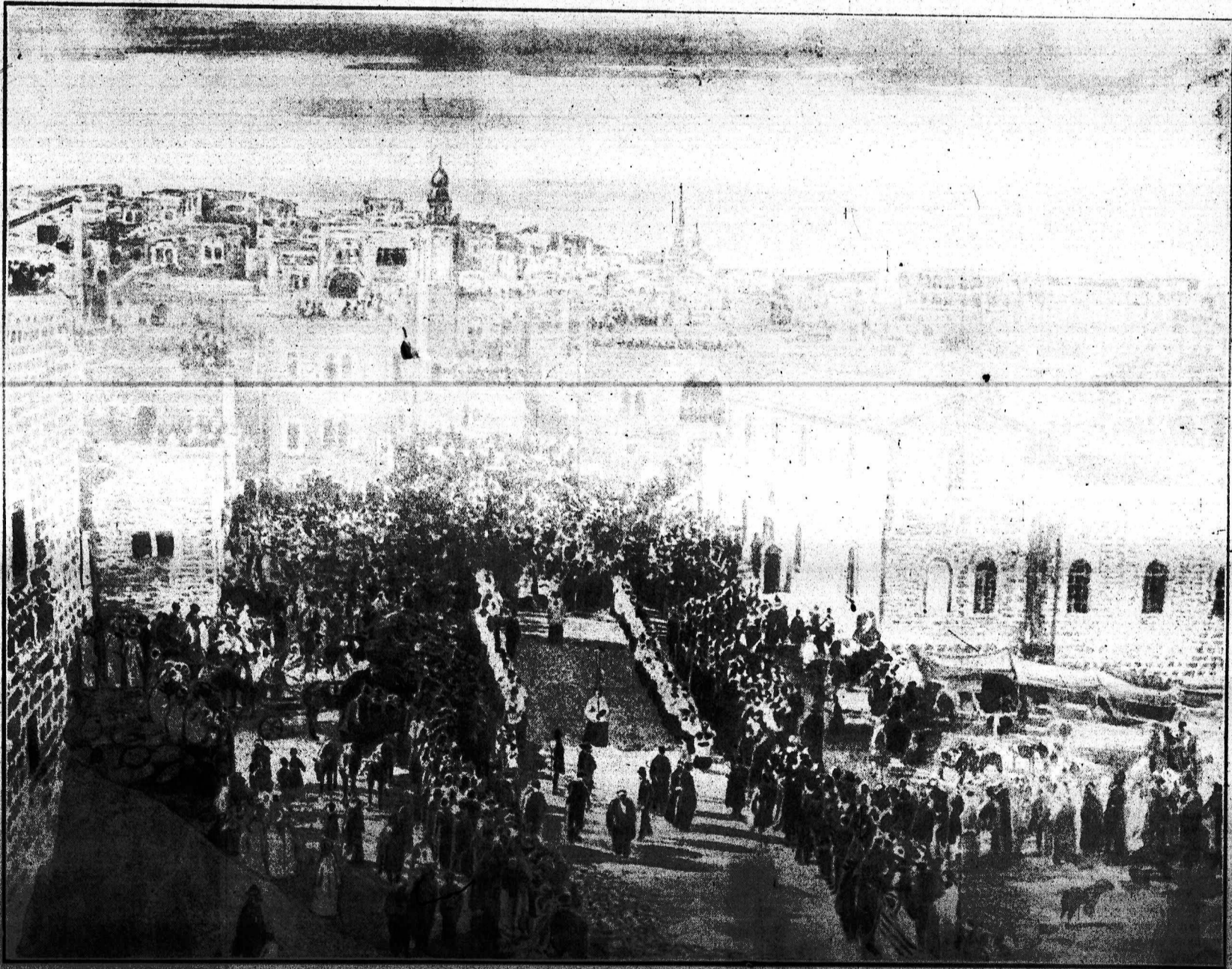
FAITH AND REASON

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.)

The simplest and most obvious lesson to be drawn from Nietzsche's life is that which has already been expressed—the danger that exists for minds like his in their attempt to scale the heavens of speculative thought and penetrate the mysteries that none can ever know.

Greeks; that his ethical teaching is only that of Callicles as set forth by Plato in the Gorgias and that his whole theory of knowledge is almost virtually to be identified with the notions of Protagoras as contained in the Theaetetus.

is sure; Reason becomes at last, impoverished, but Faith grows richer with the lapse of time; Reason sickens and falls fainting by the way, but Faith goes on serenely to the end.



Christmas Day in Bethlehem.

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and secured his frenzied faculties to meet questions in the quest.

Unthinking persons sometimes speak of mere "blind faith."

lead of Atheism that, with ghastly grin, beckons him onward when he shrinks backward snundering at the chaos's brink where yawn abyssal depths of infinite despair.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

Puzzle Competition.

Winners in Puzzle Contest.

1st Prize, \$2.50, won by Master Harold O'Sullivan, 18 Elgin street, Quebec.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF DECEMBER 6TH.

- 1. RIDDLE-ME-REE. Canary. 2. HIDDEN PROVERB. Time and tide wait for no man.

CHARADE.

Thousand. NUMERICAL ENIGMA. Mary, Ram, Sea, Year, Rose, Arm, Rosemary.

WORD SQUARE.

RESTELLA STUR TART

RIDDLE.

Why is the letter A like honey-suckle? Because it follows it.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"I don't like this game," Liese said presently. "Don't stay there, Herr Papa."

Benny watched them, and noticed how tenderly the Herr Papa stroked her golden hair; then a great passion of jealousy rose up in his little heart, and he rushed out of the room.



CHAPTER XI—WHAT THE GREAT DOCTOR SAID.

No one came to fetch Benny away, so he went with the Herr Papa and the "little mother" and Liese to their home in Germany.

They had a beautiful house with a funny name, that you would never be able to pronounce if I wrote it for you.

Sometimes friends of the professor would come over from the great capital, which was not very far away.

They went to a house where a grave gentleman pulled Benny about a great deal, and asked him many questions in very funny English.

the other, and stood so close to the instrument he was watching that the musician would have been quite angry if it had been anyone else.

Madame Bruder believed that although this was partly naughty impatience, it was also partly because he was a very excitable, nervous child, and she wondered whether all this playing was good for him.

Benny watched his face very gravely for several minutes. Then he said, "You tell that bad man to go away, and you come and be a bear and a lion in the garden with Liese and with me."

"My little one," the professor said very tenderly, "you must go and play. Herr Papa wants his children to run away and leave him alone. Go, little one."

Benny knew that Herr Papa must be obeyed, so he slipped down from his knee, but as he passed the doctor he glared at him and said, "You dare hurt my Herr Papa, 'cos I will kill you when I big man if you do."

pushed it into the doctor's ear with a shove that made that dignified gentleman jump up and dance across the room. The doctor was never very fond of Benny after that.

Madame Bruder had a long talk with him, and they went back to the shop, and brought toys and fruit and goodies, after which they got into the train again and went home. But the little mother was not nearly so bright and cheerful a companion as she had been when they were coming.

When Herr Bruder heard these words all the pleasant light died out of his face.

"Ach!" he cried, in his German fashion, "this is to me a great, a dreadful blow. Must that soul of music be silenced? Must those ears that truly love sweet sounds be shut? Ah! no, no, I cannot believe it. He is but a baby. The disease must be cured."

"It has been going on for several years," the doctor said. "The child

is small and backward for his age. This has been since he was an infant.

"Surely he can yet be cured?" The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

Madame Bruder said gently, "you take this thing too much to heart. The little one may be very happy, and we must think how to make him so in those silent days that are coming."

"The professor groaned as he thought of the great doctor's words. "Happy!" he cried. "My wife, you are good and kind, but only the musician can know what it is to have no ears. This thing is truly to me a cruel, cruel blow, for the child's sake."

And for many days and weeks after that no one heard the professor's merry laugh that so often used to ring through the happy house.

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PERSIAN LAMB JACKETS A SPECIALTY.

Our Jackets have an universal reputation. Our cut is elegant. Our prices, the most reasonable. Inspect them.

SANTA CLAUS' ASSISTANT

(By John Kendrick Bangs.) It was not long after midnight. The wee small hours of Christmas Day were just beginning to arrive.

"Humph!" he said, as he observed the tree. "Quite a fine layout. I don't know but what, after all, it's a good thing that parents give their children expensive things these days."

And then, as he bent over the group of toys and presents of a more expensive nature intended for Bobbie, his eyes glittered with joy at the prospective value of his haul.

"Hullo," said a soft voice from the portiere and at the same moment the curtains were parted and there stood Bobbie, clad in his night-gown.



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AGENTS IN CANADA—The Life Line Co., Ltd., Toronto; The Windsor Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The man gave a short laugh. "That's the first time I've been taken for any one that's half decent," he said to himself; and then he answered, in a whisper loud enough for Bobbie to hear: "Well, not exactly, sonny. I'm only his assistant."

"His what?" said Bobbie. "Sh! Not so loud, my boy—you'll wake the family; and if you did that I'd just vanish like the mist," said the man. "I said I was only Santa Claus' assistant. You see, my lad, there are so many more children now-a-days than there used to be that the boss has to get outside help Christmas Eve, or he'd never be able to finish up his work in time. So he sends for me and a few others like me—heaven help us! and we do his distributing for him. I'd just laid these things out here when you surprised me."

Bobbie approached the tree. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" he cried. "All these things for me! A watch too, just the very thing I wanted!" The man drew back as the boy spoke, and with a queer light in his eyes sat down in one of the chairs suddenly.

"Are you tired?" asked Bobbie, leaving the tree and crossing to Santa Claus' assistant. "Yes," said the man. "Very." "I'm sorry," said Bobbie, affectionately, as he took the other's hand in his and kissed it. "Don't, don't do that," said the man, huskily. "It's not—not clear."

"I shouldn't think it would be," laughed Bobbie, "climbing in by sooty chimneys can't be very clean work. Do you know, I always wonder why there's never any soot left on the toys?" "Oh, we take care of that," said the assistant. "You see, this bag keeps the soot off. But I didn't come by the chimney this time, he added hastily, observing that there was no soot on the bag either. "I thought the window was easier."

"You're all through, aren't you?" said Bobbie, looking at the bag. "How do you know that?" asked the man. "Your bag is empty. Isn't there any one else for you to take a toy to?"

The unexpected guest buried his face in his grimy hands, and a great lump rose up in his throat.

"There was one other," said the assistant, "but there's nothing for him—and—and it's all my fault. I neglected to look after him."

"And won't he get anything?" asked Bobbie.

"No," said the assistant, roughly, rising and taking a step toward the tree.

"He can have one of mine," cried Bobbie. "Here, take him this. I've got plenty thanks to you." He handed him one of the treasures beneath the tree.

The unexpected guest looked at the boy for a minute, and then he slowly reached out his hand and took the proffered toy.

"I'll see that he gets it," he said, "and God bless you for it! Good-bye, little one. I must be off or he'll wake up and be disappointed."

He moved toward the door, when Bobbie ran after him, and holding up his little face said: "Won't you take a kiss for Santa Claus from me?"

"That I will," said the other, and he bent over, and, kissing the child, fled precipitately out through the window and disappeared in the darkness of the street.

"Well," said the unexpected guest the following morning, as he watched his own pallid-faced little youngster playing with the first Christmas present he'd ever known. "that was the rummiest thing I went out to steal, and the only thing I bagged that wasn't really given to me was a kiss. It was a rich haul, but I think I'll get a more decent job—at New Year's."—Harper's Magazine.



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A CHRISTMAS APPEAL

By L. W.

(Written for the True Witness.)
Hold, busy world, for one brief moment stay
Thy restless energy, thy ceaseless strife;
Ye men and women of the world to-day,
Check for a while the throbbing pulse of life.

And come with me to where the Infant King
Lies silently in poverty enthroned;
Whilst angels make the earth and
Heavens sing
With canticles of praise sweetly intoned.

Draw near unto the manger where
He lies
His gaze upturned towards His mother pure,
While she, the trace of sorrow in her eyes,
Reflects upon the pains He must endure.

The shepherds; they are there, yea, even kings,
Directed by that wondrous Eastern Star,
Forgetting for a time all earthly things,
Have come to pay Him homage from afar.

But why does His sweet countenance portray
That silent grief within His Sacred Heart?
What is it mars the gladness of this day,
On which both men and angels bear a part?

It is because of those who will not share
The fruits of that great sacrifice He made,
Those heartless souls, who do not seem to care
For their Redeemer's love, or Heavenly aid.

Therefore, dear friends, on this glad Christmas morn,
Draw close to Him, who said, "My yoke is sweet,"
To Him Who on this day for you is born,
And kneel in adoration at His feet.



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A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM

The royal city lay asleep;
The shepherds watched their silent sheep;
The stars shone brightly overhead
And silver touched a humble shed.
A holy hush held all the air,
As if the angels were at prayer—
And there, 'twixt night and early morn
A winsome little Babe was born.

The heavens opened and a throng
Of winged ones warbled into song;
Nearer and nearer the song-waves rolled,
Clearer and clearer the harps of gold.

"Glory be to God on high,
Whose Son in lowly crib doth lie,
And peace on earth to men below
Who walk the way that He doth show!"

The morning broke in roses red,

Through Bethlehem the news was spread
"A Child was born to us this night,
A King of everlasting might!"
But Mary folded to her breast
Her little Dove, as in its nest,
And Joseph in enraptured mood
Saw visions of a Crown and Hood.
—Raphael, in the Young Catholic Messenger.

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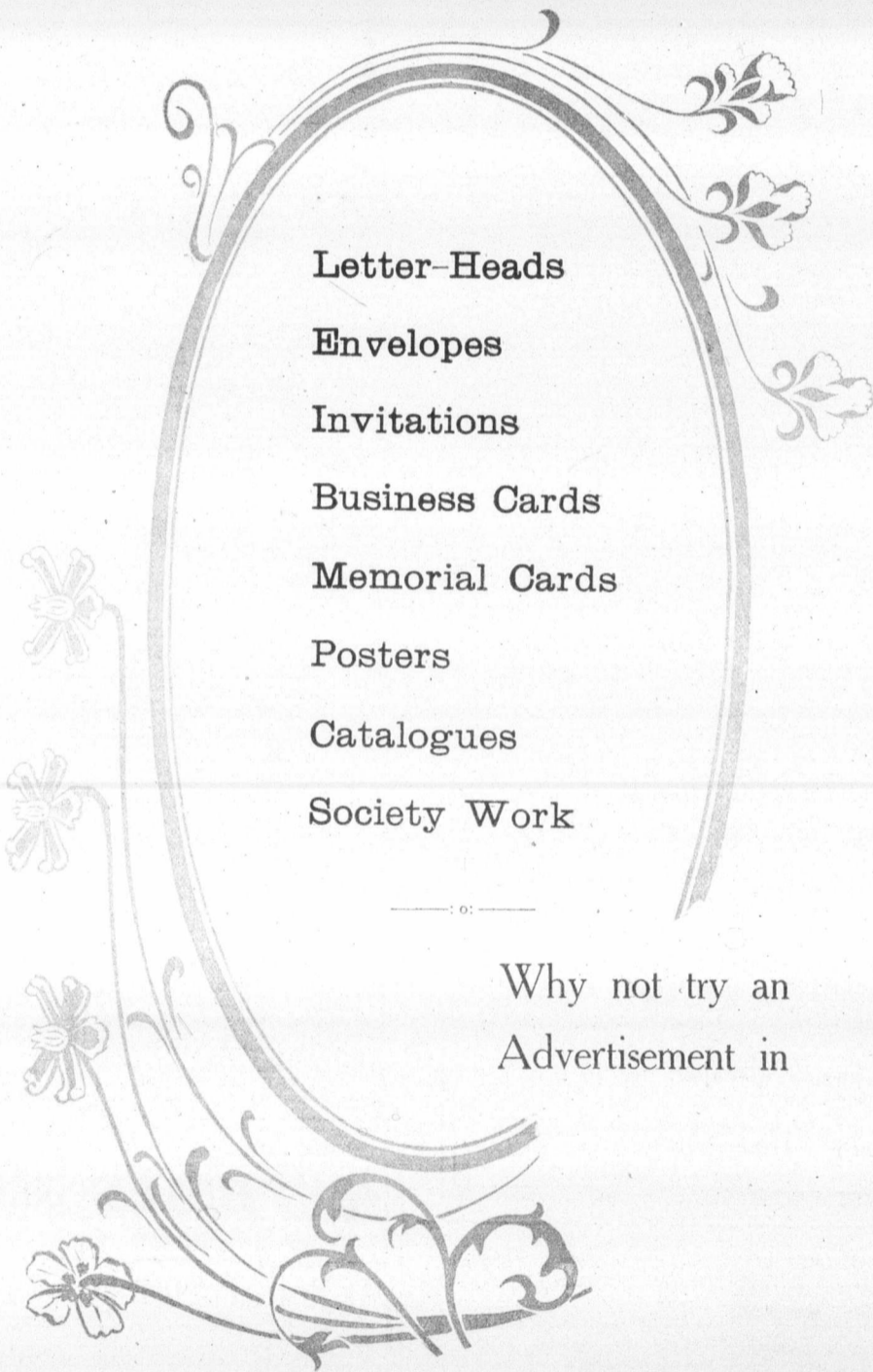
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