



The Senate Reading Room

Episcopate and Napoleon I.

The Episcopate of the First Empire has left in history the reputation of having been of the most mediocre type, writes Father Duden, S.J., in *Etudes* (Paris). The Bishops are accused by historians of having been too pliant and docile an instrument in the hands of the terrible Corsican, though there remains sufficient evidence to show that they were worthy prelates and that there were particular reasons why they should appear to be weak in the face of Napoleon's iron despotism.

It must be remembered, says Father Duden, that the Bishops appointed by Napoleon under the terms of the Concordat, in 1802, were all men of the ancient regime. Among sixty of them, twenty-eight had already governed dioceses, and the youngest of them was well over forty.

Now, among the clergy of the days preceding 1789, the love of the sovereign was "an hereditary passion," a passion, moreover, which, lost nothing in the Ludovician era, when the absolutism of the Kings was attained at the expense of the rights of both the clergy and the nobility. In 1802, a new era opened for the Church. The Gallicanism of the later ages of the Bourbon princes gave way to the Concordat which really accorded the Church more specific freedom than it had known for several generations. The old national religion, moreover, became once more an object of veneration and protection after ten dire years of revolutionary persecution, during which it had been humiliated without mercy or succor. And as the rescue of the Church and religion was due to the power and genius of one man, whose good fortune seemed to mark him out for a providential destiny, it is hardly to be wondered at that he was welcomed by the clergy as a savior, if a harsh one. Alone among all the skeptics, hostile ministers and ambitious generals of 1789, he recognized the necessity of making terms with the Pope.

It was with the same unerring eye for his men, always shown by him in choosing his lieutenants, that Napoleon chose Bishops who were likely, out of pure gratitude for his having restored to France her religion, to evince towards his own person, and towards his policy, a piety which should enable him to retain the supreme mastery of France which he coveted.

In choosing his own instruments, it is, however, to his credit to remember that he selected only such prelates as possessed the true spirit of their calling, and who were worthy of the name of priest.

Talleyrand, the ex-bishop of Autun, for instance, would never have received from him, had he wished it, the appointment to a vacant see. What he looked for, especially in his nominees, was the possession of

those qualities which should win for them the confidence of the people as priests, as rulers and as men of affairs.

When, for example, at Ostend, the Emperor, in 1807, heard of the death of the Bishop of Vannes, he ordered that a statue should be erected to the memory of the deceased prelate as "a man who possessed all the apostolic virtues of a true bishop."

It is not without a humorous interest of its own to note that Napoleon's idea of a perfect bishop was "one who was convinced that the spirit of Christian charity did not include kindness to the enemies of the State."

And so Napoleon, in making his selections, would note the political prejudices of a likey man, would find out if he was in close relationship with the old nobility, and if he had ever been in favor with the late King or his family.

It is not to be wondered at, then, that the great soldier conceived the "apostolic perfection" in a Bishop to depend on his "spirit of conciliation and moderation"—in other words in the willingness of any prelate to accept everything the Corsican believed in, as the consummation of all human wisdom. Nor, indeed, is it to be wondered at, that this genius, who appeared to be the spoiled child of Providence, should win over to his policy men who had, under the rigorous state rule of the old regime, been forced to surrender their wills to the King, without in any way advancing the interests of the Church.

Nevertheless, when in 1806, Napoleon drew up a catechism of his own for the use of the schools of France, and in which every act of rebellion against his own government was declared by him to be a "revolt against God," the Bishops, for the greater part, protested.

Their request, again, to be allowed to hold periodical councils for the settlement of temporal and spiritual affairs, was refused them, the result being that since the clergy hardly ever met, there was no possibility of unity whereby to oppose the action of Napoleon. And so the statement of d'Haussonville that these Bishops were worthy men, remains true.

They were Gallicans and so could not understand the Catholicity of Pius the Seventh's attitude towards the Empire.

From the old regime they had brought their courtly servility and spirit of compromise, and in the face of Napoleon's dazzling omnipotence it is hardly to be marvelled at that they showed themselves undecided, wavering and flexible. Had they been permitted to hold their free canonical reunions, it is probable that the historian of Napoleon's French Bishops would have had another story to chronicle.

Father Mathew.

Protestants on Record as to the Remarkable Character of the Priest.

Thackeray, the English novelist, who met Father Mathew in Cork, bears witness in his "Irish Sketch Book" to the beneficence of his work and the rare charm of his manner. Even the cynical Carlyle, who happened to come upon him as he was administering the pledge, could not listen to him unmoved. "I almost cried to listen to him," he said, "and could not but lift my broad brim at the end, when he cried for God's blessing on the vow these poor wretches had taken."

Mrs. Carlyle was still more deeply moved when she beheld a similar scene as she writes to her husband: "You know I have always had the greatest reverence for the priest, and when I heard that he was in London and attainable to me, I felt that I must see him, shake him by the hand and tell him that I loved him considerably. He made me sit down on the only chair for a moment, then took me by the hand as if I had been a little girl, and led me to the front of the platform to see him administer the pledge. Two thousand took it, and all the tragedies and theatrical representations I ever saw melted into one could not have given me such emotion as that scene did. There were faces both of men and women that will haunt me while I live: faces exhibiting such concentrated wretchedness, making you would have said, its last struggle with the power of darkness. And in the face of Father Mathew, when one looked from them to him, the mercy of Heaven seemed to be laid bare. I could not speak for the excitement all the way home. When I went to bed I could not sleep. The pale faces I had seen haunted me, and Father Mathew's smile."

Rev. William Channing, the distinguished Unitarian minister of Boston, speaking of Father Mathew, said: "History records no revolution like this; it is the grand event of the day. Father Mathew, the leader of this moral revolution, ranks far above the heroes and statesmen of the times. However, as Protestants, we may question the claims of departed saints, here is a living minister who, if he may be judged from his works, deserves to be placed in the Calendar of Saints, not far below the Apostles."

The Russian traveller Kohl gave his impressions of Father Mathew as follows: "He is decidedly a man of distinguished appearance, and I was not long in comprehending the influence which it was in his power to exercise over the people. The multi-tude require a handsome and imposing person in the individual who is to lead them, and Father Mathew is unquestionably handsome. He is not tall, he is about the same height and figure as Napoleon, that is, thoroughly well built, and well proportioned. Without being corpulent, his figure is well-rounded and in excellent condition. His features are regular and full of expression. His movements and address are simple and unaffected. Altogether he has something about him that wins for him the good will of those he addresses."

Napoleon's Appeal for Irish Faith and Fatherland.

It is not a little curious that the Emperor Napoleon I. should have addressed to General Count Maurice Lacy, then in the service of Russia, a letter invoking his aid in and co-operation in behalf of Ireland and the Catholic faith. Napoleon was seeking at that time to combine against England the Continental powers and interests. Hence the unusual sympathetic tone of his letter to Count Lacy. Here is the document: "General—Your illustrious master permits me to address you. Your country and your faith have all my sympathies. The noble devotion of Ireland's sons, which has produced such sacrifices through so many ages, inspires the hope that you will seek to benefit your country and your faith, and restore her proscribed sons. Your name will inspire confidence; thousands will flock to your banner and the ancient enemy of our common faith would be humbled to the wishes of both your royal master and myself. Think of this, and, if favorably, let me hear from you. Accept my high consideration of your renown and your ancestry."

"Napoleon."

Death of Mgr. Richard.

Mgr. Richard, superior of the College of Three Rivers, died on Monday last at the age of 70 years. The deceased prelate passed his whole life working for the cause of education, having been connected with the College of Three Rivers ever since its foundation in 1864. He was an authority on the history of the Province, and has left several valuable works on the leading French families of Canada. Mgr. Richard was also a musician of merit, and he composed several valuable pieces of sacred music. He was appointed Apostolic Prothonotary, with the title of Monsignor, in 1900. The funeral will take place to-morrow.

The Irish Papal Brigade

"The Irish Brigade" in Italy, contributed to the Seven Hills Magazine, published by the Oliver Plunkett Society, of Rome, Italy, by Father Conry, details the story of the 1100 Irishmen who, banded together in 1800, left their native land to join the Papal army. Although the writer details the heroic stands and charges of the cosmopolitan little army that rallied from France, Austria, America, Belgium, Italy and Ireland to the peninsula, he still depicts nearly all space to proving the Irishmen, "beads in one hand, and sword in the other . . . showed themselves on the plains of Italy what their predecessors had been recognized to be on the slopes of France—Christian men, sans peur et sans reproche." While they bled in Italy, the English press did not forget them, for true to the traditions of seven centuries, it left no means untried to blacken the fame of men who were for the time being unable to retaliate.

"Throughout the war," says the writer, "the Irish Brigade had been shamefully calumniated by the press of England, especially by the Times. They had been branded as men of whom Ireland should feel ashamed, mercenaries who might well be regarded by the Pope as traitorous friends and timid foes. Their misfortunes gained the widest publicity from this lover of truth; their gallant stands were either suppressed or attributed to others. 'base, cowardly hirelings,' 'the rabble and outscourings of Ireland' were gentle epithets used by that leading factory of English thought! And at this while the Times seemed unmindful of the fact that English generals have invariably succumbed to the habit of assigning to Irish soldiers 'of an inferior type,' the high honor though rather doubtful pleasure, of the front rank in battle.

Bustling Business

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"On the return of Papal soldiers, the Times was taken to task and publicly challenged either to pass or retract its statements. Abundant proof as to their falsehood was forthcoming, but it was found impossible to get the editor to break the cold chain of silence." He would neither prove nor retract the malicious libel of his paper. At length, in 1861, a pamphlet was published and extensively circulated, in which the Times' statements were confronted by official reports of a contrary nature from the pens of General Moricere and Famar on Victor Emmanuel's staff. This ended the matter for the Irishmen; their friends and enemies on the continent had fully vindicated them; only the leading organ of an interested step-ladder had attacked them—and she hung her head in sullen silence."

The footsteps of the Irish soldiers are followed minutely over every battlefield, and their gallant efforts to shield the Pope-King from his own countrymen and Garibaldi's minions are dwelt upon with a pardonable pride.

OBITUARY.
REV. FATHER D. J. STAFFORD, D.D., pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Washington, and one of the most noted theologians in the country, died on Friday last at Providence Hospital, following an operation last Tuesday. Dr. Stafford was born in Toronto 47 years ago. His eminence as a Shakespearean scholar and pulpit and platform lecturer was widely recognized.

A Wide Sphere of Usefulness.—The consumption of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has grown to great proportions. Notwithstanding the fact that it has now been on the market for over thirty-one years, its popularity is as great as ever, and the demand for it in that period has very greatly increased. It is beneficial in all countries, and wherever introduced fresh supplies are constantly asked for.

Birrell Promises Irish University.

Over in Ireland Mr. Birrell is again promising a satisfactory solution of the Irish University question. Speaking of it at the inaugural meeting of the University College Literary and Historical Society, Stephen's Green, Dublin, he said: "I pledge myself to the very best that mortal man can do in this next session of parliament, and if I fail, why then, gentlemen, I can promise you that you will be troubled with me no more." Success, then, in dealing with the Irish University question is of vital importance to Mr. Birrell, seeing what failure would mean. It will be no small triumph for him, if he finds a solution for this difficult problem and places higher education in Ireland upon a basis satisfactory to Catholics and Presbyterians, as well as to members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. But it is well that the Chief Secretary's pledge should be clearly recorded, for since 1845, when Sir Robert Peel carried the bill founding the Queen's Colleges, there have been a large number of promises in this matter which remained unfulfilled and projects which proved failures. How Mr. Birrell intends to carry out his promises—whether by following the lines laid down by Mr. Bryce or by a scheme of his own devising—there has been, so far, nothing to indicate. Of this he can rest assured—that if his scheme gives evidence of a disposition to mete out equal justice, the Catholics will raise no needless or frivolous objections. They only desire that in drafting his bill he should keep before him the principle, which they have asserted by resolution again and again, that perfect religious equality involves equality in

NOTICE.
The Fabrique of the Parish of Holy Angels, Lachine, have decided to enlarge the Catholic Church of this parish, and being duly authorized to this effect, give notice that they will apply to the Quebec Legislature at its next session, to obtain the passing of a law authorizing a special loan with assessments on part of the immovable property of Catholic landowners, to enable them to undertake the cost of the enlargement, and all the expenses proceeding therefrom, create a Synodal office, having all the powers, rights and obligations required and necessary for the purpose of enlargement, assessment and everything required in such cases.

JOS. A. DESCARTE
Cressé & Descartes
Attorneys
Montreal, Jan. 7, 1908.

Newman Not a Modernist.

Mr. W. T. Williams, B.A., having written to the London Times to say that he and certain other English Catholics consider the Encyclical on Modernism as a condemnation of Cardinal Newman and resent it as such, the following letter has also been sent to the Times, showing that it is not Newman but some of his false interpreters who are condemned:

Sir: May I beg Mr. W. T. Williams, B.A., and his friends on whose behalf he writes, to consider well before giving up the faith to which they have been led, or in which they have been confirmed, because that which has hitherto helped them has, in their opinion, been declared to be unsound? Such a proceeding would be not unlike the action of one who, having been saved from shipwreck and having found a foothold upon a rock, would cast himself into the troubled waters again because some one was supposed to have suspected the soundness of the raft that had landed him safely upon it. cannot understand, if I may say so, Catholic faith based upon grounds such as Mr. Williams seems to contemplate—namely, the authority of this or that great name. The Catholic religion to me, and I venture to think to all "educated Catholics," rests, indeed, not on the authority of any individual, whether he be an Augustine or a St. Thomas, but upon that supreme authority to which alone is committed the right and duty of teaching the universal Church—namely, the Pope. I am amazed at the tone in which Mr. Williams, who, I suppose, still calls himself a Catholic, writes about one whom he must regard as the Vicar of Christ. Even if I could not follow or fully understand the late encyclical I should deem it my obvious duty and only safe way to bow to the directions it contains, and the very tone of disobedience and disloyalty in many of the letters that have appeared has been to me the surest indication that some action on the part of the Pope was called for.

But the main point of Mr. Williams' letter is the assumption that Cardinal Newman is aimed at in the Papal encyclical, and that "every characteristic proposition for which that writer made himself responsible" is condemned by it. Nothing can be more false, mischievous, and misleading than this assertion. Most of us English Catholics owe so much intellectually and spiritually to this great master and thinker, that we should judge Mr. Williams mistaken and believe that he must have read into the encyclical a meaning which is not expressed or intended. As a matter of fact we know on the highest authority that no theory, no idea, no opinion ever put forward by the great cardinal has been either implied or indirectly set aside, let alone condemned, by the late encyclical. It is a well-known fact that for years past some mischief-makers have been spreading a report in Rome and elsewhere that an eventual condemnation of Newman's ideas and methods was in contemplation by the Holy See. Their purpose was obvious: they meant to convey that their own peculiar aberrations could not be reprobated without reflecting on the orthodoxy and soundness of the teaching of the most illustrious thinker and theologian of the nineteenth century. The event has proved that they were mistaken. One would wish that the great Cardinal could appear for a very short time on the scene; he would disown in the most telling and scathing language the ludicrously absurd interpretations put upon his writings.

While more prevalent in winter, when sudden changes in the weather try the strongest constitutions, colds and coughs and ailments of the throat may come in any season. As the first sign of derangement use Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Instant relief will be experienced, and the use of the medicine until the cold disappears will protect the lungs from attack. For anyone with throat or chest weakness it cannot be surpassed.

Chief Secretary Birrell on Michael Davitt.

Praise of such an Irishman as Michael Davitt coming from a Chief Secretary for Ireland is a significant and, needless to say, very rare development in Irish politics. At the time of Davitt's death Mr. Bryce, presently British Ambassador at Washington, who was then Chief Secretary, wrote to the son of the deceased a letter of condolence which contained some complimentary remarks on the character of the dead patriot. Still stronger words of eulogy we find reported in a speech delivered the other day at a meeting in the North of Ireland by Chief Secretary Birrell, who in referring to the Land Purchase Act of 1903, took occasion to mention and speak as follows of the man to whose labors and sacrifices Ireland is mainly indebted for all the land legislation that has been of any value to the Irish people.

"That Bill was subjected to such criticism. I am not bound to defend it from all the criticism to which it was subjected. I had at that time a great friend, a distinguished Irishman, the late Mr. Michael Davitt. He was a genuine Irishman if ever there was one—a man who was sincerely enthusiastic for Ireland. I have never known a

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HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

The baby climbed up on a chair near the mantle the other day, reached his little hand toward the beautiful vase, and the next moment there was a crash and the vase lay on the hearth in fragments. How easy it is to destroy! It takes very little time, little strength, no skill whatever. To make the vase would require the co-operation of a number of skilled workmen, after an artist had designed it. To criticize and dishearten and throw cold water on a woman can be done by a single man in a few minutes. To encourage and cheer up a woman can be done by a single man in a few minutes. To make a woman more serious and more careful about engagements. The sanctity of marriage means the preservation of society, of the home, of the country.

make people more serious and more careful about engagements. The sanctity of marriage means the preservation of society, of the home, of the country. "We are working shoulder to shoulder with other denominations to stamp out the awful evil of divorce. In the last twenty years there have been 1,300,000 divorces—in other words, 2,600,000 men and women have broken the vows they took before God. Everybody who has the interest of this great country at heart is interested in keeping down the terrible evil of divorce. "Selfishness is the cause of divorce. It will always be found on one side or the other. Sometimes there is the great selfishness of being unfaithful. "If you loosen the ties of the Bible you loosen the ties of matrimony. Modernism is the cause of this loosening of the ties of the Bible, and therefore a cause of divorce. "An awful mistake made by our Protestant brothers is to state that there are only two sacraments—baptism and the Lord's Supper—and that matrimony is a contract. The Catholic Church declares there are seven Sacraments, and one of the most holy and important is the Sacrament of marriage. "Our brothers of the Episcopal Church make a great mistake in allowing divorce for the statutory offense—unfaithfulness. "When the State says: 'This is only a contract, so many pounds of flesh, is it not degrading?' The State says: 'I have the right to all legislation about matrimony because it is a contract.' One should despise such a doctrine. The first law of matrimony was pronounced by God Himself, when there was no State in existence—only two human beings. "Surely no State will say God Almighty submitted this union to State legislation! Where was a State? There was none! The law of matrimony is primeval. It is promulgated by God Himself."

LIFE.

A little dreaming by the way. A little toiling day by day. A little pain, a little strife, A little joy—and that is life.

A little short-lived summer's morn. When joy seems also newly born, When one day's sky is blue above, When one bird sings—and that is love

A little sickening of the years, The tribute of a few hot tears; Two folded hands, the falling breath, And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dreaming, loving, dying, dying so, The actors in the drama go— A fitting picture on the wall, Love, death, the themes; but is that all?

A TEST OF CHARACTER.

Finishing what one has begun is one of the severest tests of character. Beginnings are not difficult. We do not gauge a woman's ability by what she starts; the veriest weakling may commence as many enterprises as a skilled promoter. The real test is in having the grit to hold on until the task is ended. It is just here where so many girls fail. They cannot carry any undertaking to a conclusion. No matter how keen is the enthusiasm that is brought to the inspection of their enterprises it soon wanes and before the first real difficulty it vanishes. Don't turn back, girls, on what you have begun, provided the beginning was justifiable. Whatever you attempt, do not "fall down" on it. Even in trifles persistence is a good trait to cultivate.

There are girls who never can write "finished" after anything. They have quantities of uncompleted pieces of fancy work hanging around; a book is never read through; in school one study after another is taken up, only to be abandoned when half mastered. Even in pleasures and amusements they never become skilled in any one sport. In seeking a business career it is the same. One thing after another is started with ardent enthusiasm, but soon there are whisperings of a missed vocation, interest lags and a change to something else is made. Don't do it, girls, don't turn back. Nothing is so fatal to stability of character as leaving unfinished threads in life's web. Learn to hold on. Stick-to-itiveness is what you need unless you are to reckon with a life full of half-finished tasks.

NUTRITION IN NUTS.

Nuts are very nutritious, and if eaten at proper times afford a good substitute for meat. At this season, however, they are not of good quality and can only be served salted or in cooked dishes. Olive oil, cream and butter are all nourishing and should be indulged in freely. Macaroni, spaghetti and the various noodles are healthy as well as digestible.

HEM TABLE CLOTHS BY HAND.

Table linen should be hemmed by hand. Not only does it look better and more dainty, but there is never a streak of dirt under the edge after being laundered, as with machine sewing.

TAKE MARRIAGE OFF THE BARGAIN COUNTER.

"We are trying to take matrimony from the bargain counter and place it in the sanctity of the church. That is the only cure for the divorce evil."

The speaker was Rev. William O'Brien Fardow, S. J. He was addressing a meeting at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Faith.

"When the Pope speaks about engagements between man and woman," said Father Fardow, "and insists upon their being drawn up in writing, he does not at all say that man and woman could not become engaged without having the matter drawn up in writing. He refers to engagements that are broken through fickleness, not when they are broken for good reasons. "As everything connected with the great sacrament of matrimony is in a certain sense complicated, it is desirable that the teaching of the Church become absolutely familiar in our minds. The Church is doing everything that can be done to

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure Anaemia.

Pale Faces, Dizzy Spells, Palpitating Heart, Headaches and Shortness of Breath Are Symptoms of Anaemia.

Watery blood is an open invitation to disease to take possession of your system. Watery blood is responsible for nearly all headaches and backaches and sideaches that afflict womankind. Watery blood is responsible for the dull eyes, sallow cheeks, and the listless, dragged out feeling that is found in so many growing girls. Good blood means good health, and good blood actually comes through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Weak, ailing, despondent women who use this medicine are made active and strong; listless, pale-faced girls are given new health, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and a new sense of happiness and security. Mrs. E. S. Nightingale, Chesley, Ont., says:—"My daughter was ill for a long time with anaemia, and would often be confined to bed for three or four days at a time, and we feared she was going into a decline. A lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a half dozen boxes. By the time these were used, there was a marked improvement, and I got a further supply for her. The change these pills have wrought in her condition is so great that you would not think that she was the same girl I will always have a kindly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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

So the little girl went with the jug, and as she reached the counter of the store she pulled the cork out of the jug with a pop, swung the jug on the counter with a thud, and said to the astonished clerk: "There! Smell of that and give me a quart!"

Blue Ribbon Tea advertisement with coupon for a free package of 40c Blue Ribbon Tea.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

REASON ENOUGH.

The youthful orator came down from the platform at the close of his address, and many people pressed forward to shake him by the hand. He accepted their congratulations with a smiling face, but his eyes were on a certain auditor who lingered in his seat. The young lecturer pressed through the throng about him, and extended his hand to the waiting man. "I want to thank you," he said, "for the close attention you gave to my remarks. Your upturned face was an inspiration to me. I am sure you never changed your earnest attitude during my lecture."

SHE COULD COUNT.

A teacher who was instructing a class of young pupils in history asked one of them how many wars England fought with Spain. "Six," the little girl answered. "Six," replied the teacher, "enumerate them, please." "One, two, three, four, five, six," said the little girl cheerfully and confidently.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

After a short meeting a little singing was indulged in by some of the members of a social gathering, and half-way down the programme the name of Miss Augusta Brown figured. Alas! however, when the time came for her to appear a messenger arrived to say that the lady was suffering from a very bad cold, and, therefore, the chairman had to excuse her to the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to announce that Miss Brown will be unable to sing, as announced, and therefore Mr. Green will give us 'A Song of Thanksgiving!'"

HE KNEW HER FATHER.

A Brooklyn teacher relates how she once endeavored to convey to a nine-year-old pupil some idea of beauty in the abstract and its effect upon the cultivated individual.

"Now, William," said the teacher, "we will suppose that your mother should place a vase of beautiful flowers in the centre of the dining-table. What would your worthy father say as he sat down to eat?" "What are those weeds doing there?" said William promptly.

HOW SHE GOT IT.

A little girl was sent by her mother to the grocery store with a jug for a quart of vinegar. "But, mamma," said the little one, "I can't say that word." "But you must try," said the mother, "for I must have vinegar and there's no one else to send."

The result of their deliberations was embodied in an address to the clergy and laity of Ireland, calling on them in the name of their country and of their faith, to forget their past feuds and to join in resisting the enemy that had invaded their native land.

Very soon after the publication of the Bishops' manifesto there appeared "A Declaration of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the undoing of deluded and seduced people; which may be satisfactory to all that do not shut their eyes against the light, in answer to certain late declarations and acts, formed by the Irish Popish Prelates and Clergy in a convulsive at Chomacnois." It was issued at Youghal in the latter part of January. This document is too long, and its style too involved, to interest our readers. A few extracts will show its character and purport. It begins with denying all distinction between clergy and laity, and imputes to this assumed distinction the want of union that existed during the war.

"You say your union is against a common enemy. Who was it that created this common enemy? You, unprovoked, put the English to the most unheard of and barbarous massacre, without respect of age or sex, that the sun ever beheld; and at a time when Ireland was in perfect peace. . . . If there was no other quarrel against you but this, standing for the rights of your Church, to engage people and nations into blood therefore, this alone would be your confusion. You are a part of Antichrist, whose kingdom the Scripture so expressly says should be laid in blood, yea, in the blood of saints. You have shed great store of that already, and ere it be long, you must all of you have blood to drink, even the dog of fury and wrath of God, which will be poured out unto you. "You warn the people of their danger, which you make to consist in the extirpation of the Catholic religion, in the destruction of their lives, and in the ruin of their fortunes. Concerning the losine their religion, you tell them of resolutions to extirpate the Catholic religion out of all his Majesty's dominions, and you instance Cromwell's letter to the Governor of Ross. By what law

STRONG SUPPORT.

Three-year-old George was being carried home on an icy winter evening. Suddenly his uncle, who was carrying him, slipped and by a superhuman effort managed to save himself from going down with his burden. George regarded his porter with a patronizing air. "I guess, Uncle Spencer," he remarked complacently, "you would have gone down then if you hadn't had me to hold on to."

No Ability To Digest Food Nervous System so Exhausted that Vital Organs are Feeble, In Action!

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

The digestive system is a wonderful piece of machinery, but power is necessary to make it effective. In this case the power is the nerve force contained in the body, and if the nerve force is lacking the digestive system becomes crippled and there is suffering from indigestion, nervous headaches, neuralgic pains, dizzy spells, weakness and discouragement.

Strength cannot be regained from the food you eat so long as digestion is so imperfect, but you can be restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which contains in condensed pill form the very elements of nature which go to form new nerve force. Overwork, worry, anxiety and excessive mental effort exhaust the nervous system at a tremendous rate and repair must be made before some dreadful form of nervous disease sets in. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food invigorates the nerves which control the digestive fluids, sharpens the appetite, is slightly laxative, so as to encourage the action of the bowels, and strengthens every organ of the body. You can use this treatment feeling certain that every dose is doing you at least some good, and can prove it by noting your increase in weight. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanon, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Cromwell in Ireland

To seek some remedy for the evils that had fallen on their native land, twenty Irish prelates met at Chomacnois and issued a manifesto endeavoring to unite the various discordant parties into which the country was split, to assemble an army scattered throughout the provinces, in a word, to make one last effort for their country and their religion.

WITH THE POETS

SURSUM CORDA.

Lift up your hearts: give the best to the Lord; Bind not to earth what above should far soar; Not in this life may come aught of reward,— God, Who is just, keepeth watch evermore!

What is this world that our hearts should e'er let Hope for their happiness rest on a whim? Man makes a promise, but man will forget,— God will remember; trust only Him.

Bury the past, for the future take cheer; Have no regrets where they may not avail; Lift up your hearts: face another clear year; God is your helper; His strength will not fail.

Lift up your hearts: take your crosses each day,— Life-tired you may be,—yet, lay them not down,— Christ, Who awaits you, once walked the same way; Follow His leading till reach you your crown!— Amadeus, O.S.F., in Donahoe's for January.

BEATI MORTUI.

Blessed the dead in spirit, our brave dead Not passed, but perfected; Who tower up to mystical full bloom From self, as from a known alchemic tomb;

Who out of wrong Run forth with laughter and a broken thong; Who win from pain their strange and flawless grant; Of peace anticipant; Who late wore cerements of sin, but now,

Unbound from foot to brow, Gleam in and out of cities, beautiful As sun-born colors of a forest pool, When Autumn sees The walnuts splash in, from her thinning trees,

Though wondered at of some, ye, feared almost As any chancy ghost, How sight of these, in hermitage or mart, Makes glad a wistful heart!

For life's apologies read most true In spirits risen anew, Like larks in air, To whom flat earth is all a heavenward stair;

They from yon parapet Scorn every mortal fret, And rain their sweet bewildering staves Upon our furrow of fresh-delved graves

If thus to have trod and left the wormy way Leaves men so wondrous gay, So stripped and free and potentially alive,

Who would not his infirmity survive, And bathe in victory, and some to be

As blithe as ye, Saints of the ended wars? Ah, greet me, give me, Turn not, too fugitive; But hastening towards us, hallow the foul street,

And sit with us at meat; And of your courtesy, on us unwise Fill of those purer eyes, Fix in ourselves who love them, dwell

The same sure light ineffable; Till they who walk with us in after years, Forgetting time and tears, (As we with you), shall sing all day instead:

"How blessed are the dead!" —Louise Imogen Guiney, in the January Atlantic.

OUR LIVES ARE HASTENING ON.

Our lives are hastening on; the shadows, lengthening. Slope eastward on the spring tide's flowery leas, Where bloom the friendships of our youth, still strengthening,

Where blow the breezes from those smiling seas, Laden with memories.

Our days are speeding on, the hours remaining Are fruits of all the blossoms dropped away;

Let us, with joy and free from all complaining, Treasure the visions of that glorious day, The golden hours of May.

Weep not, fond youth, o'er joys forever hidden,

of horse and dragoons and about tions for the siege, the war would be at an end. Towards Kilkenny, therefore, Cromwell led his army with all speed. The history of the spring campaign is given in such graphic detail in one of Cromwell's letters to the Speaker of the House of Commons, that we cannot do better than to set it before our readers, supplementing it when possible from other sources. It was written from "Castletown," which was a seat of the Archbishop of Cashel, and dated February 15, 1650: "Having refreshed our men for some short time in our winter quarters, and our health being pretty well recovered, we thought fit to well recovered, we thought fit to take the field, and to attempt such things as God by His providence should lead us to upon the enemy. Our resolution was to fall upon our enemy in two ways. The one party, being about fifteen or sixteen troops

Save in the pictures of fond memory's bowers, Till blinding tears flow down our cheeks unbidden; The past—the blessed past—is ever ours, With all its plenteous flowers.

Our souls are outcomes of the living essence Of life, expanding from the source unknown; Our paths are journeys lit by iridescence, Through rites of sunlight on the pathway thrown From yonder rainbow throne.

And these are treasures by the angels tended, Why crystallize the hours to jewels rare; When loving friends before us have ascended, Oh! tell us, do they crowd the fields of air, That we their life may share?

Our spirits are immortal emanations From the far-off, sources of the unbounded clime, Born long ago of living exhalations Of that vast ocean round the spheres sublime— The central sun of Time.

Our destiny, who can, in trance or vision, Or in the rapture of ecstatic dreams, Gain one glad glimpse of that untold transition That tides the spirit through the shadow gleams Back to the fountain streams.

Then let us count each hour a diamond shining, When memory backward turns with radiant sight; When love pours out her life—herself resigning, When hope beholds the gate of death pearl bright With an immortal light.

—Boston Transcript.

A HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.

By "Una"—(Mary A. Ford), in N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

The surging sea of human life forever onward rolls. And bears to the eternal shore its daily freight of souls;

Though bravely sails our bark to-day, Pale Death sits at the prow. And few shall know we ever lived a hundred years from now.

O mighty human brotherhood! why fiercely war and strive, While God's great world has ample space for everything alive?

Broad fields, uncultured and unclaimed, are waiting for the plow Of progress that shall make them bloom a hundred years from now.

Why should we try so earnestly in life's short narrow span On golden stairs to climb so high above our brother man?

Why blindly at an earthly shrine in slavish homage bow? Our gold will rust, ourselves be dust, a hundred years from now.

Why prize so much the world's applause? Why dread so much its blame? A fleeting echo is its voice of censure or of fame.

The praise that thrills the heart, the scorn that dyes with shame the brow. Will be as long forgotten dreams a hundred years from now.

O patient hearts that meekly bear your weary load of wrong! O earnest hearts, that bravely dare, and striving, grow more strong!

Press on till perfect peace is won; you'll never dream of thorn; You struggled o'er life's thorny road a hundred years from now.

Grand lofty souls, who live and toll that Freedom, Right and Truth Alone may rule the universe, for you is endless youth;

When 'mid the blest, with God you rest, the grateful lands shall bow Above your clay in reverence bow a hundred years from now.

Earth's empires rise and fall, O Time! like breakers on thy shore; They rush upon the rocks of doom, go down, and are no more;

The starry wilderness of worlds that gem thine radiant brow Will light the skies for other eyes a hundred years from now.

Our Father, to whose sleepless eyes the past and future stand An open page, like babes we cling to Thy protecting hand;

Change, sorrow, death are naught to us if we may safely bow Beneath the shadow of Thy throne a hundred years from now.

two thousand foot, were ordered to go up by the way of the Carrick into the County of Kilkenny, under the command of Col. Reynolds; whom Major General Ireton was to follow with a reserve. I myself was to go with a reserve of Mallow over the Blackwater into the County of Tipperary, with about twelve troops of horse and three troops of dragoons, and between two and three hundred foot. I began my march upon Tuesday, January 29, from Youghal.

If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled, when awake, with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

BOYS

LOVINGEST FA

"I love you, man said, As close to my head, "I love you lots a kiss, "The best of all ma is.

"And I think, in my eyes With a glance that grave and wise "That you've got face. Oh, oh I'm glad you're you so."

What was the pr me To the love of th on my knee? And this was my the eyes That were smiling wise, "May the face of be The loveliest face thee!"

Dorothy's

"Oh, dear! T them—the very la her small self lin est rocker, her se from her knees to one.

Aunt Lois looki ing, just a little paining tone. It what loss might rothy. Dorothy irresponsible. Sh of hairpins, as h the disorder of brown hair.

"Yes, that's on rothy exclaimed, "I resolved solem hair smooth ever this year. Now v unhourly it needs fu hour in the day, dreadful this afte last?" Aunt Lois into the perplex The hair problem hopeless unkemp at least within th had written "Jar of a letter that v "No. The last, not talking bac, temper, exactly, fled up and lettin loose ends, when about something. ed of it a hundred down with the res New Year's day, "my tongue," and p der it. And I've a June morning—a bit snily-flatte while that my fac to the new lines. lass sprang somet afternoon—nothing Julia can be saw, like the othe "Reading somet day—I think you about that," Aunt were thoughtful tacles.

"That fell thro day—or was it the replied disconsola callers two or thr the lessons seeme that they'd ever

"I see," Aunt I the situation sym was one of Aunt with Dorothy that much less laugh a deal more. "Yo ing on a moment, I think it was, whether you had th the same treatment solutions."

Dorothy's fair intolines of inquiri just as it did wher arithmetic had been to the finding of a "I don't believe I acly, aunty," she "When you resolv and don't do it, th it. Everything's s might as well. A Aunt Lois' plifted my dear, not 'sp over marn the patte not hinder you wea

follow every Sun S You wonder the clothes so with so little r It is just SO with peculiar ing clothes. Wash. Read i

SURPRI

BOYS AND GIRLS a Pause in the Day's Occupation.

LOVINGEST FACE IN THE WORLD

"I love you, mamma," my little one said. As close to my heart crept her golden head...

Dorothy's Resolution

"Oh, dear! That's the last of them—the very last." Dorothy flung her small self limply into the nearest rocker...

of the youthful hero is worthy of their imitation and bound to inspire at least resolutions of Catholic manliness.

THE WHOLE GRUFF FAMILY.

Once upon a time there were three billy goats. Their names was Gruff, There was Little Gruff, and Big Gruff and Biggest Gruff.

A BOY'S PROMISE.

There is a pretty little incident related in "Church Progress," which that paper suggests should be read to the children.

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE

WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health. The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

"And God said: Let there be a firmament made amidst the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters.

Water, the fishes' atmosphere, is also composed of two elements. The one (which is also in the air as we have seen) is what we breathe and makes combustibles burn; and the other is the one whose use is so widespread for cooking and lighting purposes.

History of the Church.

(Continued.) This light which was created the first day, was not from the sun; that orb had not yet shone.

Light, then, existed, and with it, heat; for light and heat appear to be the effects of one principle.

ROOF RIGHT NOW

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The PEDLAR People (Incl. 1881). Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 9, 1908.

Bishop's Approval.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would soon make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country. I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

† PAUL.

Archbishop of Mo. cal.

O'CONNELL AND REDMOND.

Something is doing when the Daily Witness of this city finds good in any advice given by the Pope or matter for admiration in the career of Ireland's great Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. We know how well-informed the Witness is in all matters issuing directly or indirectly from the Vatican, how careful our colleague is in examining the correctness of its reports, and how considerate it always is where Catholics and Irishmen are concerned. Time and again it looks to the sighting of its guns that they may not miss. What might once have proved injurious would under changed circumstances be quite remedial. The Witness is quite prepared for the emergency. The other day it came out with a lengthy and complimentary sketch of O'Connell. There seemed to be the old patronizing tone about it. O'Connell may not have been good in himself, as the Witness has often testified. But when he is compared with the present leader, John Redmond, he is angelic, loyal and ever Anglo-Saxon. The comparison is suggested by some word which The Witness claims to have received from Rome: that our Holy Father the Pope "had advised or commanded Mr. Redmond, the leader of the Irish Nationalists, to follow Daniel O'Connell in all things." We do not know what authority our Daily "friend the enemy" has for this statement: we do not correspond with either the Pope or Mr. Redmond, and we are not important enough to enjoy the confidence of one or the other. The statement is too thin. Mr. Redmond has been, at least up to the Christmas holidays, touring through England and Wales—nowhere near Rome, not likely to go for some time. Whether the Holy Father ever gave any advice upon Home Rule or not, whether he ever spoke to Mr. Redmond a subject which concerned deeply to the point. He had a perfect right to express his opinion upon a subject which concerned deeply a faithful Catholic people, a subject likewise which has attracted the attention of the world. The high position occupied by the Holy Father gave him a right to offer advice which in its nature would be most servicable to a leader. But whether he gave this advice or not, whether he looks upon O'Connell as the best type to be followed, we protest against the innuendo contained in the statement made by the Witness. The Sovereign Pontiff is too astute, to say the least, to be ensnared. And as for commanding any political leader, Irish or Canadian: that is only in the imagination of "our friend, the enemy." It is a common remark. When Sir Wilfrid Laurier visited Rome, instructions were said to be given him. And if we may judge by newspapers of the Witness stamp, the Pope never lets the opportunity pass without reading a lesson to politicians.

The comparison between the two leaders is made with the purpose of approving the methods employed by

O'Connell and condemning those of the Irish Party. It is not fairly done. Both agree in the main, that peaceful agitation is the only means, and that the battle must be fought in the field of politics. They also agree in the final purpose at which they aim, union with Home Rule. It is in the circumstances under which they pursue their aims that the greatest differences will be found. England and Ireland were both very different a hundred years ago when the great Liberator was starting out to organize a campaign which seemed a forlorn hope. Democracy is to-day stronger, more organized, more definite on party lines. Most of all is England's condition very different. The position of the Catholics of England who at that time were not citizens, decided O'Connell in the policy he should adopt. It was the beginning. We have not yet seen the end. It is all very well to pass an eulogy upon a great patriot like O'Connell—a leader of the stamp of Judas Maccabaeus—sixty years after his death. No praise or compliment was paid him in life. We do not compare him with any Irish leader since his time. He stands towering over all, not so much by his superior patriotism or more devoted services, as by the ability and energy he displayed—his faith and piety—the glory of his courage and the fruitfulness of his genius. The historian Cantu said of him: "He who seeks for a personage who may be compared with this great agitator must recur to the times of robust beings, to the days when a Peter the Hermit, a St. Bernard, a St. Anthony drew to their standard hundreds of thousands of men." O'Connell was the leader of a people, Redmond is a leader of a party. Both are patriots, struggling for the rights of their kindred. We are sure, and every son of Ireland is confident, that Redmond and all his party are too eager to follow in the footsteps of Daniel O'Connell. It should not be forgotten that whilst Daniel O'Connell's agitation was peaceful, the Duke of Wellington avowed at the time of the Emancipation Bill that the extensive organization foreboded evil. Rather than have civil war the Iron Duke not only yielded the bill, but said he would prefer to sacrifice his life. If Ireland's agitators have gone beyond O'Connell it is also to be remembered that England has gone much further in the details of coercion. We have many reasons for pride in the manly courage and single patriotism of Ireland's leader, John Redmond, even though he be not a Daniel O'Connell.

NABOTH'S VINEYARD.

Achab, King of Israel, being anxious to get possession of a vineyard belonging to Naboth, proposed to buy it. The owner did not wish to sell. A plot was formed and Naboth was stoned to death. Thereupon the King took possession of the coveted land. Something very similar is now happening in Germany. History repeats itself betimes with sufficient accuracy to draw the parallel even though some of the details are dissimilar. Within the past twenty-five years the German government has struggled hard to rob the German Poles of their land and their language. Which was the "vineyard," the land or the language, it is hard to find out. Why a government should wish to rob a people of their language, and make them learn a tongue which is itself so varied in idiom and pronunciation is unaccountable. It was an idea that two languages would not do in the Fatherland. To bring this about the best way was to intersperse German landholders in German Poland. A vote of 100,000,000 marks was given for that purpose. At first it succeeded. After a time the Poles rallied their strength, formed committees and bought back the estates. A second attempt is to be made—more drastic than before. If the Polish Naboth will not sell this time he will have to vacate anyway. According to the first law he could sell or not, just as it pleased him. Now a Prussian officer will tell the Pole: "Your estate is worth so much; here is the sum. You have no choice. The land is mine, the money is yours." To accomplish this tyrannical scheme 400,000,000 marks are voted by the Landtag. A German university was established with all its subsidiary institutions. The country is crowded with German teachers and functionaries, whose chief duty is to flog Polish children because they persist in reciting their catechism in their mother-tongue. That is not the English method in dealing with French-Canadians.

GOOD READING.

In these days when books are multiplied in such numbers, when errors are subtle and manifold, it becomes all the more important that Catho-

lics should indulge in no reading except what is really good. Purity of faith and delicacy of conscience are sullied so easily that one cannot be too careful. There is nothing we should value so highly as faith and conscience. Faith is that which has overcome the world, and conscience ought to be our guide. Reading will nourish and strengthen our soul, or weaken its energies and stultify its powers. For one thing we are not serious enough in our reading. We find it hard to take up, not a mathematical work or treatise on dogmatic theology, but even one of Father Faber's works. How much refined thought lies between the covers of so many books we have before our eyes which serve to form our character, which give life to the vague thoughts flitting through our minds, and which are more valuable to us than gold and silver. Books are too often made for money—but there are many others which were written for much higher purposes, every letter of which is an ingot of gold. Those made for money concern not the readers' best interests; they are too frequently a detriment to those interests. But good reading is a plant, or rather a fruitful tree. It needs cultivation and care. The soil itself must be something better than the bare rock, nor should thorns be allowed to grow lest when the seed be cast upon the soil they choke it. Knowledge, character, sanctification are helped or hindered, made or spoiled by our reading.

THE INSPECTION OF PENITENTIARIES.

In our issue of the 11th April last we drew attention to the fact that, while large numbers of the prisoners in the Canadian penitentiaries are Catholics, there are only two Inspectors, and they are both Protestants. We pointed out that French is the language of many of the prisoners in the penitentiaries in Manitoba and Dorchester, and that it is the language of the great majority of officials and prisoners at St. Vincent de Paul. We expressed the hope that it would only be necessary to the attention of the Department of Justice and that at once the matter would be rectified. Contrary to our hope, nothing has been done though months have gone by. However, we have not lost hope nor do we intend to abandon the subject.

If under the same conditions the two inspectors were Catholics, we should not have long to wait for an example of energetic action on the part of the Protestant people and clergy. They would protest against such a state of things, and they would keep on protesting loud and as long as the injustice continued; and they would be absolutely right and would command our admiration.

Irresponsible government of penitentiaries would speedily lead to dangerous abuses and so it was intended that the management should be supervised by inspectors who should report to the Department of Justice. But in order to effect its purpose this supervision should be constant and thorough, and, of all necessity, it should be made by inspectors perfectly competent to investigate. There are several sources from which the facts of this investigation must be obtained, namely (1) The wardens and other officials, (2) The chaplains and physicians, and (3) the prisoners themselves. Now in the first place there are Catholic and Protestant chaplains whose province it is to attend the spiritual needs of the Catholic and Protestant prisoners respectively. Hence it becomes eminently desirable that the Chaplain, and the prisoner in some cases, should be able to make representations, complaints and recommendations to an inspector of his own faith.

No one will question the direct advantage that should result from the observation of these chaplains. They probably become more intimately in touch with the prisoner than any one else, their experience of the working of the penitentiary might be valuable to the Department, and the Protestant chaplain should be made to feel that he could make his representations and complaints, regarding either the prisoners or management, to an inspector of his own faith who would best understand him, while the Catholic chaplain should be in the same position.

However, this phase of the subject, so far as the chaplain is concerned, may be dismissed by some because they will say it is merely the cropping up again of the tiresome old religious question which after all is only a matter of sentiment. And yet, let it not be forgotten that mere sentiment, even in this work-a-day world and practical age, still is a very vital and powerful motive,

that it is not a negligible quantity but a thing to be taken into the reckoning. Even we Canadians do not pretend to be more practical or less sentimental than the Americans to the south of us, and yet when the U.S. ship Maine was blown up by the Spaniards, as it was thought, a very flame of sentiment blazed through the Union, and the very practical, unsentimental Americans never stopped till they had taken Cuba from the Spaniards and avenged the Maine. It was outraged American sentiment which made "our war" possible.

Then there is another and a very practical consideration to be taken into account. Though it has been said that French Canadians do not give our people credit for being as friendly to them as we ought to be, we pointed out in April last that one of the Inspectors of Penitentiaries should be able to speak French. This seems to us not only just and fair, but most necessary. How can a proper investigation and inspection be made by a man who does not speak French in a penitentiary where all, as at St. Vincent de Paul, or very many, as in the penitentiaries of Dorchester and Manitoba, are French-speaking prisoners and officials? Such inspection would be a travesty and a farce. What sense would there be in sending a man who could not speak English to make an inspection and report upon the penitentiary at New Westminster? One of the inspectors at least must be able to speak French.

There used to be three inspectors, one of whom was a French-Canadian and there should be now. At present Inspector Dawson lives in Ottawa and is supposed to inspect the penitentiaries from the Atlantic to the Pacific. If he were stationed out in the far West and his jurisdiction restricted to the West a very considerable amount of money would be saved in travelling expenses; moreover, he would be nearer the scene of trouble when wanted.

It is an open secret that for some years the management of penitentiaries in Canada has not been satisfactory. There may be a number of reasons for this and among them it may be that under the administration of both political parties the tendency has been to appoint men on account of their political service rather than on account of fitness for the office. Thus it happens that the Governor or Warden of the penitentiary and the Inspector may be old political companions in arms, who have fought on the same side through many political campaigns, voted together through sessions of Parliament, and who cannot now be expected to report against each other. Under such conditions the inspection is likely to become a perfunctory affair: where there is a complaint against the warden how can the Inspector do otherwise than maintain and support him against all comers through thick and thin, because forsooth he represents authority. So far as the warden is concerned such inspection becomes worthless, and the warden becoming actually irresponsible, abuses are sure to creep in. There should at the very least be three Inspectors, the Department cannot be too fully informed as to the condition and government of these institutions, and one of the Inspectors should be a Catholic and be able to speak French perfectly.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is a singular fact that in proportion to the wealth of melody of a nation so does its emotional side develop. Remarkable instances of this kind are to be found in the United Kingdom. In Scotland, Ireland and Wales—countries rich in national songs—the emotional nature is strong; in England, where the melodies, if sweet, at any rate are not so touching and appealing, sentiment is slight.

Rev. Father Gregory, O.S.B., the priest artist of Sacred Heart Abbey, Oklahoma, has received the first prizes for his exhibition of paintings at the Oklahoma State Fair.

In the course of his sermon at the First Methodist Church, Buffalo, N. Y., Rev. George E. Mayer paid a marked tribute to the work of the Paulist Fathers. He said that he had followed the results of their efforts in Schenectady, Utica, and other cities, and that they had been the means of turning many hundreds of men towards a better life. Praising their earnestness and zeal, the speaker ended his approving words by saying: "God bless the Paulist Fathers and send more such men to work among us." He predicted that the time was not far distant when the "great Catholic Church and many of the numerous branches of the Protestant Church would be

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An object of much interest is to be seen at present in the Basilica of St. Paul outside the walls of Rome. It is a medallion in mosaic of Pius X., with those of the long line of Pontiffs from St. Peter down to the present Pope. This work of art has been executed by order of the Minister of Public Instruction in the Silvestrino Institute in Venice. It has been much admired.

Death of Catholic Editor.

One of the ablest publicists and most brilliant theologians of the Church in this country, is lost in the death of Rev. Thomas E. Judge of Chicago, editor of The New World, and pastor of St. Finbarr's Church, who died last week after a short illness of valvular heart disease.

Father Judge was only forty-two years of age, and his untimely death is thought to have been hastened by his unsparring zeal and activity. It was his ordinary custom to teach classes in the morning at St. Finbarr's school, spend the afternoon in editorial work in the New World office, and after school hours hold normal school classes for the sisters. He was intensely interested in all educational movements, and was the founder and editor during its existence of the Review of Catholic Pedagogy, an educational monthly of high rank. He was a voluminous writer and his latest works were a translation and commentary of the recent encyclical on Modernism and a treatise on the "Immaculate Conception"—on which last he was stricken with his fatal illness.

Father Judge was born in County Sligo, Ireland, studied at the Christian Brothers' Classical College, Dublin, and at Maynooth, where at the age of twenty-two he took the concursus for the chair of philosophy and passed with high honors. He occupied this chair for six years, being ordained shortly after he was chosen for the place. He studied for a year at Rome, where his brilliant gifts attracted the attention of Archbishop Ireland, who invited him to become professor of theology at the seminary of St. Paul. He held this post for two years and then went to Chicago, where he was first assistant at Holy Angels' Church and later pastor of St. Finbarr's. He assumed the editorship of The New World in September, 1905, and his editorials attracted wide attention and are said to have doubled the circulation of that journal. In the spring of this year he went to Rome, where the title of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him after an examination conducted in the presence of the heads of all the religious orders in the Eternal City. In 1902 he took a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago.

Father Judge was also known as a lecturer, chiefly on educational topics. He was a leader in Irish movements in Chicago, and an enthusiastic supporter of the Gaelic League. His death is a great loss to his own archdiocese and to the Church at large, his profound learning and incisive pen making him easily one of the intellectual leaders of Catholic movements. His funeral was attended by a vast concourse of the clergy and laity.

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Special line of L 25 cents each. One table of Cor and Amber, for 2 One special lot Bunches of Tape, One special line less 50 per cent.

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Youths' and Men's Tweed Suits, sizes 33 to 44, prices \$15 to \$22, less 50 per cent.

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Youths' and Men's Black and Grey Melton Overcoats, sizes 33 to 44, prices \$12 to \$30, less 20 per cent.

Youths' and Men's Navy and Black Serge, Vicuna, and Cheviot Suits, prices \$12 to \$25, less 10 per cent.

Dress Suits, Frock Suits, Tuxedo Suits, less 10 per cent.

Boys' Tweed Norfolk Suits, sizes 26 to 33, prices \$6.50 to \$9.50, less 10 per cent.

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Boys' Eton Suits, Boys' Blue and Black Suits' English Sailor Suits, in white duck or serge, less 10 per cent.

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(15 per cent. Discount off.)

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A line of Colored Cloth and Silk Applique, less 70 per cent.

A line of Colored Fancy and Pull Braids, less 50 per cent.

A line of Colored Beaded Gimps, to clear at 8c per yard.

Smallwares Department

Special line of Leathers Belts at 25 cents each.

One table of Combs in Shell, Grey and Amber, for 25c.

One special lot of Taylor's Imperial Pins, large papers, for 5c.

Bunches of Tape, less 10 per cent.

One special line of Cushion Cords, less 50 per cent.

China Department.

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A special line of Ladies' Costumes, values from \$25.00 to \$50.00 for 15.00.

100 Misses' Mantles, special lines, to clear, less 50 per cent.

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40 dozen English Mocha Gloves, Dents' make, knit lining, \$2.50, for \$1.75.

1 table of Heavy Ribbed Half-Hose regular 40c, for 25c a pair.

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Ladies' Felt Shapes; values \$1 to \$2.50, for 25c each.

Ladies' Felt Shapes; values \$2.75 to \$4.50, for 75c each.

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The Sacerdotal Jubilee of Pius X. September 18, 1906, the Universal Church will celebrate the golden priesting of its Supreme Head and Pontiff, Pius X., gloriously reigning. When reminded of this anniversary, His Holiness remarked that he would prefer to have it go by unperceived by the faithful at large.

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY. ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 6th, 1866; incorporated 1868; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Officers: Rev. Director, Mr. F. J. Curran, P.P. President.

A Question Unanswered. The Catholic press has its limitations—and these very limitations constitute its greatest strength and security. No self-respecting Catholic editor would surrender to the passions of the vicious and the prurient by exploiting in his paper the crimes and scandals that contribute so largely to the popularity of the secular sheet; neither would he stultify himself and bring disgrace to his honorable and holy profession by throwing open the pages of his magazine to the discussion of subjects of questionable morality under any form whatever, whether in the guise of the problem novel or otherwise.

New Postal Regulations BETWEEN CANADA & UNITED STATES. At a conference recently held at Washington between postal representatives of the United States and Canada, the postage on newspapers passing from Canada to the States was not only increased to sixteen times the former rate, but it was decided to make Canadian publishers affix stamps to the papers instead of paying on bulk weight as formerly.

About the Vatican. The word Vatican is often used, but many do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length and one thousand feet in breadth. It is built on a space once occupied by the garden of Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who in the early part of the sixteenth century erected a humble residence on its site.

Truly a Struggling Mission In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk. HELP! HELP! HELP! of the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

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A Marriage. Katherine was thoughtful at last, the day had gone, the room, which was but unhome-like, had been brought to her as she was safe as had turned the key on her trunk. But after all, it was to be alone. If it were out from every room, she need not resolved to wait a then to seek out the one whose place she found momentary, madly disgest. That girl honest face; from the address of a job she could live with for work. She heard five o'clock went into the street for a prayer at St. directly to the est fashionable import mantaux. "The place was a hotel. It was a p no sign of business. "The French words in a black background dant opened the door a chair for her. "You are Miss O. "Madame will be moment." "She need not Katherine said. "of the young woman she is! Will you here?" The girl, who sa forward at once, after a glance at —as Katherine ha

PROTORY.

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A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of 'The Land of St. Laurence,' 'Tales of Sexton Maginnis,' 'The Fate of John Longworthy,' 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'The G... in Hamlet,' Etc

CHAPTER XXII.

Katherine was alone with her thoughts at last. The best part of the day had gone, a soft glow filled the room, which was well appointed, but unhome-like...

The girl's face flushed as she saw Katherine; she seemed startled for an instant, and then she went forward with a smile. Katherine rose from her seat as the girl approached her...

"I am going to ask you a favor," Katherine said, in a low voice, "and I hope that you are able to grant it." "I am at your service. I am sure Madame will permit me to do anything that Miss O'Connor requires."

"Thank you," said Katherine, "and now I may say that the last frock Madame made for me was a trifle tight on the right shoulder. You may tell her that."

which permeated the air of the houses she had visited at this hour. Some-what earlier she had enjoyed the sense of being alone; now she longed for the young girl to enter; it was not pleasant to be alone at dusk with nothing to contemplate but a vague future.

At the convent the bell for supper would soon ring, and then everybody was busy with many interests and plans, in which she, who had been so much of the life there, had now no part. Did her old friends ever think of her? In a little while her aunt would come home to dinner and find her note. Would she come after her, to storm and rage? Katherine did not care much—better this unhome-like room, and the solitary cup of tea, than life with Mrs. Sherwood and the sacrifice of principle!

"Right is right, since God is God, And right the duty must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin."

But, as the lights appeared on the opposite side of the street, and the darkness deepened, Katherine was seized with an unreasonable panic. The mood appalled her. Perhaps it would have been well to have married Wirt Perival. He would have been kind—many girls married outside the Church. Alone in the darkness she thought this over. He was rich and respected. He could have given her everything that the world admires—except sympathy in that most essential of all things, religion. Of love she had been told little at the convent, and the novels she had read were few; but Mother Ursula, who spoke often to the young girls on the practical duties of life, had insisted on perfect respect and sympathy in marriage. How could she partake of the great Sacrament of Matrimony with one who did not believe it to be a sacrament? How could she respect one who denied the divinity of Christ—her All in all? And there was Lord Marchmont, an avowed Agnostic, keener and cleverer than Perival, but from whom she shrank with a woman's intuition that surpasses all logic! No; not even to save herself from death in the right, from the terrors of an unknown future, would she marry Lord Marchmont! The uncertain future was better than that. She knelt and said her beads, bathed her face on which the tears had stood—for a young girl has a great capacity for self-pity—turned up the gas, rung for more tea and bread, and began to bustle about in preparation for the coming of the young woman from the shop. There was a grate in the room and she had a fire made. Things took a more cheerful look. She would never look back again; her face must be set forward.

A bell boy came up to announce that a lady wanted to see Miss O'Connor. Katherine asked that she should be shown up to the room. After a short time she heard the click of the elevator, which was near her room, and she opened her door. She stretched out both hands to welcome the girl, who entered rather timidly.

"Why, it is raining," Katherine said, "your coat is wet!" "Just a little," said the new-comer, "I ran very fast—between the drops."

DRINK Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

Is the best of all Beverages. It assimilates with, and helps to digest the food and is absolutely pure. THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

rich and respected. He could have given her everything that the world admires—except sympathy in that most essential of all things, religion. Of love she had been told little at the convent, and the novels she had read were few; but Mother Ursula, who spoke often to the young girls on the practical duties of life, had insisted on perfect respect and sympathy in marriage.

"More Terrible Than War!" More terrible than war, famine or pestilence, is that awful destroyer, that hydra-headed monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else. Price 25 cts.

Miss Leta Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in the house."

"If you knew what it is to stand on your feet from eight o'clock in the morning until half-past six at night, you would find how restful it is! I am always so glad to get home. And you are very kind. Madame kept us half an hour later tonight."

Katherine watched her enjoy the tea, the light and the warmth. "You are very kind," she said, putting down her cup. "I am afraid that they will worry about me at home, but I shall get down more easily, for at this hour the car is not so crowded."

"Who will worry about you?" "My sister and John—John is my small brother."

"You will forgive me for detaining you—but I will see you part of the way home, if you like—"

"Oh, no!" said the girl, "I am used to it, and you would be obliged to go back alone. You were so kind to me that I should be ungrateful not to be anxious to oblige you."

"I am anxious to find a room, with meals, if possible, in a quiet place, as I told you, and I can not afford to pay much for it. You are surprised that I am poor? But I am. I liked your face; you seemed to me like a good and gentle girl, and I thought I would go to you for advice. I am to be a working girl."

"It will be very hard." "Everything is hard in this world—unless we learn to do it for the love of God."

The girl sighed, and then spoke with heightened color. "You must forgive me for speaking very plainly. I know," she added, with a quick glance at Katherine's face, "that one had better die than live wrong. But, if one can keep one's self-respect at all and also have leisure and comfort, it is best to bear some crosses. It is, indeed! I am so tired on Saturday, after the week's work, that I can scarcely get strength enough to go out to confession when the first Sunday of the month comes. Besides, Miss O'Connor, you do not know what poverty means; it means care and fear and anxiety; it means dependence; it means the endurance of slights and the feeling of inferiority."

"I should not mind," said Katherine, wondering at the girl's choice of words; she was certainly not uneducated.

"Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread, and that will be very hard for you who can afford to buy flowers like that. They are lovely!" said the girl, looking at the roses.

"You may take them home!" said Katherine, putting them in the girl's hands. "You will please me very much!"

The girl's eyes sparkled. "Oh, they are lovely! We grow flowers in our yard in the summer, but I have never had roses like these. You must pardon me for speaking frankly—I can only show you what poverty means by speaking of myself. I awake every day with the fear that I may get sick. My sister at present can do little to earn money, and my brother must not leave school yet, and so, if I fall sick, the support of the whole of us depends on Madame's and my own."

"You who buy your gowns at Madame's and only ask who made them in Paris, and care very little about the price, will find it dreadful to have to make an old dress last years—yes, years. It would not be so hard if I had not a debt to pay. Our house is mortgaged, and I should like to call it our own, but I can scarcely pay the interest. How will you bear the strain of working from day to day, all the year round, to find you have nothing that you can call your own? Sometimes I fear that my sister will lose her mind—she gets so blue thinking of the debt through, and she so helpless."

"Is she ill?" "Ill and unhappy!" "I should not be unhappy if I had a sister's love," said Katherine, gravely.

"Ah, you don't know," said the girl, shaking her head. "You are running away from—you have been disappointed—but if you knew how despondent they are—that is, if they think, you would pause before you leap from the height of luxury and appreciation to a depth where life is—oh, so different. Not that I have known a life very different from my present life—but I can imagine it."

Katherine did not speak at once. She looked at the girl thoughtfully; she saw a sweet and gentle face, too thin about the temples, and with dark brown hair, waving a little over the low broad brow, with a straight line of care or sorrow bisecting it—a young girl, but with a look as if she might suddenly become old. Her simple brown cloth dress was neat and carefully kept. Her face lost its tenderness as she sipped the tea, and enjoyed the warm fire and the scent of the roses. For a moment she seemed to forget Katherine, who reflected that, at least, it was something to be able to give this tired being a little rest. But the girl aroused herself.

"I must go," she said. "But, first, will you find a boarding-house for me?" "I shall try, if you—"

"A sudden glow of hope lighted up the girl's face, and then it disappeared. A vague likeness in it to somebody she had seen before struck Katherine—who was it?"

"It—"

"But we are too poor to take you into our house—I want to live among the poor—in there a Catholic Church near your house?"

"Oh, yes, there are two very near."

"If you have room I shall live with you. And I have," added Katherine, with a confident smile. "And I shall be able to help you."

have somebody take our spare room. But if you knew—Oh, nobody can ever make us happy again."

"Our Lord—"

"By a miracle—a miracle!" said the girl, hastily. "There are even worse things than penury. To bear a broken heart in one's breast—to have the light taken from one's life—to be despised by those we loved!" the girl went on, vehemently.

Katherine listened in amazement, but with interest. "When will you come to see our house?" the girl said, remembering herself. "I must go!"

"To-morrow, in the morning."

"Good-bye—thank you—thank you." She shook Katherine's hand, took the roses, and, throwing her coat over her arm, went towards the door. Katherine saw that she rose thus hastily to hide her tears. She looked at the card which had been written in pencil; she read the words in pencil:

"Jane Mavrick, care of Mrs. Cayre." And then followed the addresses that had appeared in the two mysterious notes.

CHAPTER XXIII.—At Mrs. Cayre's.

Katherine read the address over and over again. It was in the handwriting of the notes she had previously received. There was no doubt of that—"Jane Mavrick, care of Mrs. Cayre." On the back of the card were the directions for finding the house. It was far down town. Katherine saw that she must take two lines of street cars to reach it.

What was in store for her? What would this lead to? If Katherine had been a sentimental girl she would have constructed a strange romance upon this and sought high and low for a confidant. The white satin heroine in the old sentimental plays always had a confidante in white muslin, and the sentimental woman in our times finds great happiness when she is unhappy by pouring forth her tale into sympathetic ears. But Katherine was not sentimental. Mother Ursula had not let her feast on all sorts of novels and had discouraged day dreams; consequently she was without silly conceit or self-consciousness. It must be admitted that it had been a different kind of young woman who might have had some reason to believe that she was specially marked out for special favor. Had she not been made a belle on her first entrance into society? Had not the most sought after man in town proposed to her? And was not a Lord—truly only a Lord by courtesy—waiting for her now?

But Katherine saw nothing remarkable in all this. She was not a remarkably brilliant girl; she was only a naturally good girl, perfectly trained to see clearly right from wrong and not to put undue value on earthly things.

At funerals sometimes, when the priests speak about the worthlessness of earthly gain, the onlookers say to themselves, "Ah, if he had not paid attention to money-getting he would not have silver handles on his coffin." But Katherine would not have cared for the silver handles, she saw with a straight simplicity beyond. She was simply the result of the teaching of the nuns, who had voluntarily chosen the Lady Poverty as their mistress.

On the morning of the next day, she went out to Mass, and then breakfasted in her room. Would her aunt come? Well, if she did, there was only one condition for a return to Kenwood—Lord Marchmont must not be mentioned. But her aunt did not come; a telegram did.

"Come back at once or you shall never come back. A sensation or even a scandal will not frighten me."

Katherine tore up the papers. She could see that her aunt thought she had run away, to make a sensation. She took the Chestnut street car and rode towards the river. It was a bright morning and she enjoyed the drive.

She changed cars and went down another street—down through a neighborhood whose horrible squalor appalled her. She shrank back in horror; she had never seen anything like this. Early as it was, dishevelled women, white and black, set down on the lower doorsteps or lounged about the damp and dirty pavements, and groups of all ages, men, women and children, mostly black, were gathered about stands, where oysters and crabs were sold. There were strange smells, and the car was obliged to stop in order that a wretched woman, scolding and mad with drink, could be conveyed from one side of the street to the other.

Katherine had never seen this sort of poverty, poverty and laziness, and sin—poverty the result of self-indulgence. Farther down and farther down she drove, until she came almost in sight of the green fields. Then the conductor told her that she had reached her destination. The houses for many squares had pleased her by their neatness and cleanliness, but rather wearied her by their monotony. Red brick and white paint seemed to stretch for miles—brick scrupulously red and paint scrupulously white. Everybody visible seemed to be engaged in cleaning the front of their houses. Some of the houses were fine and handsome but all without one patch of green in front of them—or, when there was a patch of green, it was tanked in by two other houses. This struck Katherine as odd. A world without a patch of green had no attraction for her. Not a flower or a shrub in all this vast expanse of brick wall—not a half acre in which little children could play. It is true, she saw some daisies in the gutter, and an attic bench at. She walked upon the three snowy stone steps, and pulled a dazzlingly brilliant bell-handle.

"It will be a great help to us to"

(To be continued.)



The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

Cure biliousness, sick headaches, constipation—they purify the blood and stimulate stomach, liver and bowels.

McGale's Butternut Pills.

Reliable in any climate, any time, for children, adults and the aged. Get a box, 25c, at dealers or by mail.

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited.

MONTREAL, Canada.

Notes and Comment.

In this Canada of ours there probably never was a time of greater importance for the country in its highest and greatest interests than the time we are living in at present. We are living in a time of transition, a time of building up, a time of new comers, a time of apparent clashing of interests between the civilization of the east and the west. It is, too, a time pregnant with greatest possibilities for the Church of God in this land. What we are sowing to-day in all probability the generations for ages to come will reap the fruit thereof. We need men of apostolic spirit to man all the places that are vacant on all sides around us. The harvest is great but the laborers are few. In times past such circumstances as ours in other lands have inspired the generations then rising with zeal for the great work to which the providence of God had called them, and that zeal having spread abroad on all sides, aroused men of apostolic spirit willing and anxious to carry out the noble mission which was theirs. Instances of this kind are to be found in the history of nearly all the Christian nations. Even Judea itself sent forth the first band of Christian apostles. She had her St. Stephen, her St. Peter, her St. Paul, and innumerable others ready to spread the faith and to shed their blood for its sake. Old Rome, though corrupted with luxury and paganism, gave to the world eminent heroes in the first Christian ages. France, which is to-day the greatest and most complete apostate of the nations, in the dawn of her history had her Charlemagne and her Pepin for the service of God and country, and for the carrying out of that country's high and holy destiny. England had her Canutes, her Alfreds and her Edwards, as noble examples of Christian statesmen and heroes. The land of our forefathers, Ireland, not only had her myriads of great and good men for the purpose of founding a grand old Catholic race, but also through her statesmen, scholars and saints she held aloft the torches of truth and religion through that terrible period when the barbarians of the north brought turmoil and darkness to the nations of Europe. In the great Republic of the South of us, notwithstanding all the blemishes that mark their civilization there, the Catholic Church has been awake to the wants of the times and the needs of the people of that great land and her children have from all appearances become imbued with the requisite spirit for the fulfilling of the true mission of the Church there.

and apparently we are satisfied with this state of affairs. We have the teachers of falsehood and error rapping at our very doors and daring to strive to mislead even the children of the Church and all this with zeal and boldness worthy of a better cause. We have journals printed and scattered throughout the land propagating falsehood and slander (of the most impudent and startling kinds and where are our zealous defenders of the truth? Our men are few in number for the great tasks they have before them, and already cut out for them, in their respective spheres. Our Catholic Truth Societies of other days have come and gone and left only a memory of what they were behind them. Where are our defenders among the laymen? Even the secular press teams with vile stuff from day to day and week to week reflecting discreditably upon ourselves, our holy faith, its teachings and its practices, and yet we stand calmly by and take all this as a matter of course. There is the old spirit with which our fathers were imbued who forfeited education, social standing and even the ordinary comforts of life, aye, even suffered, fled into exile, starved at home, and died rather than allow that precious gift of faith to be taken from them, or in aught be marred by the manufacturers of new creeds? Are we, the children of these heroic spirits, now ready, not only to calmly stand by and see that holy faith derided and scoffed at, but also to give our support to such as carry on this unholy work? Where is our Catholic press? Oh, we have it, and at least of this it may be said that there is something. But it is not supported. Many Catholic homes are to be found where the secular daily or weekly is plentifully on hand, but where a Catholic paper is unknown. These are the homes where the young men grow up imbued with great ideas about secular education and the glory of the public schools and an absolute distaste and even intolerance for the separate Catholic school. Often however, the Catholic press, whatever be the cause, is a poor excuse for the name it bears. There are, of course, notable exceptions, but it must be admitted that too many Catholic papers are sadly wanting in the militant spirit needed for our times, and give too much space to the little local functions, social and otherwise, of their respective localities. We need a virile press, filled with apostolic courage, ready to combat falsehood, error and slander wherever such demons raise their heads. What is to become of the great West? Even here in the East men are scarce to minister to our wants at the altar of God. This is particularly so among the English-speaking people who are almost all Irish and Scotch. And what of the great West? Is it to be abandoned to heresy? In Toronto, the other day a man who makes his living in the publication of slander against the Catholic Church was elected by a very large majority to an important position in the gift of the people. It is, of course, true that Toronto is a peculiar city, nevertheless we believe, if we were alive to our own interest as we ought to be, such a shameful state of affairs could not exist even in Toronto. A paper published in Toronto boldly demands of the government of this country to exclude Catholic people from coming into the country. The organ of the Presbyterian Church in Canada glorifies the memory of the immortal apostate and disturber Chiquiquy, and a Presbyterian Church in Toronto bestows the privilege of its pulpit on a self-styled fallen nun. When shall we have a purely Canadian congregation of clergymen going abroad throughout the country and spreading the light of Christian truth to the poor benighted but often sincere Orangemen, like the American Paulists are doing in the United States? When shall we have a branch of the Catholic Truth Society in every city and town, and when shall we find our youth growing up inspired with enthusiasm for faith, its principles, its schools, and its ideals? To cure a disease it is necessary to make a thorough diagnosis of it. Let us try to realize our position at the beginning of the New Year, with the hope of awakening interest and directing the attention of capable minds to the great wants of our land. There is almost half of Canada's population Catholic, and with the consciousness of our strength, as the bulwark of truth, we should be able to make the Church in this land a glory to her children and a fast.

OUR MONTHLY CALENDAR

1 January, 1908.

- W. 1 The Circumcision of Our Lord.
Th. 2 St. Macarius, M.
F. 3 St. Genevieve, F. M.
S. 4 St. Titus, Bishop of St. Paul.

Octave of the Holy Innocents.

- S. 5 St. Telephorus, P. M.
M. 6 The Epiphany of Our Lord.
T. 7 St. Lucian, M.
W. 8 St. Severinus, Ab. C.
Th. 9 St. Julian and Basilissa, M. M.
F. 10 St. Agatha, P. M.
S. 11 St. Hyacinth, P. M.

Octave of the Epiphany.

- S. 12 St. Arcadius, M.
M. 13 St. Veronika, M.
T. 14 St. Hilary, B. C. D.
Th. 15 St. Paul, First Hermit.
F. 16 St. Marcellin, P. M.
S. 17 St. Anthony, Ab.
S. 18 St. Prisca, P. M.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

- S. 19 Feast of the Holy Name.
M. 20 St. Fabian and Sebastian, M. M.
T. 21 St. Agnes, P. M.
W. 22 St. Vincent & Anastasia, M. M.
Th. 23 Epiphany of the B. V. Mary.
F. 24 St. Timothy, P. M.
S. 25 Conversion of St. Paul.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

- S. 26 St. Polycarp, B. M.
M. 27 St. John Chrysostom, B. D.
T. 28 St. Margaret of Hungary.
W. 29 St. Francis of Sales, B. D.
Th. 30 St. Martin, P. M.
F. 31 St. Peter Nolasco, C.

compensation for the estrangements and apostasies that have taken place elsewhere.

Here is an example of how the Egyptian darkness effects the publisher of the Orange organ of Toronto, as found in its issue of Dec. 12th. We quote as follows from that issue: "A Preplexed Presbyterian Lady"—A Huntsville lady, Mrs. D. G. Hoyer, writes: I notice in the Presbyterian catechism (of which I am a lover) this question: Which day of the seven hath God appointed to be the weekly Sabbath? The answer given is: "From the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, God appointed the seventh day of the week to be the Sabbath, and the first day of the week ever since, to continue to the end of the world, which is the Christian Sabbath." Now, sir, I cannot find where God changed it. Would some Presbyterian minister or layman kindly enlighten this good Presbyterian lady? But this question was never answered either by the Orange organ or its Presbyterian clerical friends. That would be a dangerous nut for a Presbyterian missionary to crack. The Seventh Day Adventists would tell her that Rome did this. Sure enough, Rome, that is the Church of Christ, did it, but Presbyterians do not wish to hear such historic truth.

MARTYR.

C.M.B.A. Branch Officers.

The regular monthly meeting of Branch No. 232 of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association, Grand Council of Canada, took place on Friday evening in their hall, Inglis building, a large attendance being present for the installation of the officers for 1908. After the routine business had been disposed of the impressive ceremonies of installation took place. Grand Deputy Bro. F. J. Sears was assisted by the following grand officers and deputies: Grand Trustee Bro. Dr. Alex. Germain, Chan. F. J. Curran, member committee on laws; Grand Deputies T. A. Lynch, J. Quinn, T. Kane, and Provincial Grand Deputy G. A. Carpenter. After the newly elected officers were installed, a pleasant hour was spent.

The recent convention, which was held in August last, was one of the most successful ever held under the auspices of this association, and the interest and enthusiasm shown by the members of this city augurs well for a large increase in the local membership. The following officers will have charge during 1908 of the affairs of Branch 232:—Spiritual adviser, Rev. Canon Dauth; chancellor, Bro. D. A. Gillis; president, Bro. G. Grace; 1st Vice-President, Bro. P. J. Gordon; 2nd Vice-President, Bro. A. Gillis; recording secretary, Bro. J. D. Roe; financial secretary, Bro. T. E. Quinn; treasurer, Bro. W. E. Durak; marshal, Bro. J. Donahue; guard, Bro. M. Donahue; trustees, Bro. A. Gillis, J. A. Gillis, T. A. Lynch, J. DeL. Cherry, G. A. Carpenter; medical examiner, Dr. J. A. McDonald.

This branch will hold an "At Home" in the King's Hall, March 2nd, 1908, and arrangements are now being perfected to make this successful.

Prince Albert Diocese.

His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface received on Tuesday from His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, papal delegate at Ottawa, two briefs. The first contained a communication by which the Vicariate of Saskatchewan is created a diocese. The name of the new diocese will be the Diocese of Prince Albert, having the same limits as the former Vicariate. The second brief contains the appointment of His Lordship Albert Pascal, O.M.I., as first Bishop of Prince Albert.

ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, Jan. 5th, 1908: Irish, 157; French, 46; English, 23; Scotch and other nationalities, 30. Total, 256. All had a night's lodgings and breakfast.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHEAP EXCURSIONS.

Ottawa and Return \$3.35 FROM MONTREAL.

Good going Jan. 15th. Return until Jan. 15th. ALSO Good going Jan. 21st and 22nd. Return until Jan. 25th, 1908.

OTTAWA TRAINS. LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 11:45 a.m. 7:10 p.m. 11:55 a.m. 11:40 p.m. *10:30 p.m. xParlor and Cafe Cars. Meals a la carte.

LEAVE PLACH VIGER. 18:20 a.m. 15:45 p.m. *Daily. 1 Sunday only. 1 Daily, except Sunday.

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next: Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM REDUCED FARES

OTTAWA & RETURN HOCKEY MATCH—JANUARY 11th. Tickets good going by all trains Jan. 11th. Return limit, Jan. 15th.

EASTERN ONTARIO LIVE STOCK AND POULTRY SHOW, JAN. 20th to 24th. Tickets good going by all trains Jan. 21st and 22nd. Return limit, Jan. 25th, 1908.

FARE FROM MONTREAL \$3.35 Trains leave Montreal, Bonaventure Station, for Ottawa as follows:—8:30 a.m., 11:40 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 4:45 p.m. *Daily. 1 Week days.

CITY TICKET OFFICES 137 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT TRAIN SERVICE 4 TRAINS DAILY

7:25 A.M. DAY EXPRESS, for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec and intermediate stations.

12 noon MARITIME EXPRESS, for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney. Dining Car.

3:50 P.M. LOCAL EXPRESS—Daily except Sunday, for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations. Buffet & Parlor Car. Saturday only.

CITY TICKET OFFICE. St. Lawrence Hall—141 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot. Tel. Main 615. GEO. STRUBBE, City Pass & Ticket Agent. H. A. PHILIP, Assistant Gen. Pass. Agent.

New Church for Lachine.

The people of the town of Lachine have decided to spend \$80,000 on an extension of the Catholic Church there, the one existing at present being far too small to accommodate the fast increasing congregation. The parish contains about six thousand Catholics, while the seating capacity of the present church is only 850. At a meeting of the churchwardens, plans prepared by Rev. Father Savaria and the Fabrique of the parish were accepted.

The plans include the building of two transepts and an extension of the sanctuary. This would about double the seating capacity of the church, and would give accommodation for about 2500 people. The cost of the work will be about \$80,000, of which the Fabrique will assume the half, and it was asked of the proprietors to raise a loan for the remainder.

It was proposed that the Fabrique and the cure be authorized to make application to the legislature in the shortest possible delay for the necessary authority to proceed with the carrying out of the proposed enlargements. The real estate of Catholic freeholders in the parish will be taxed to a sum not exceeding 20 cents in the \$100 for a period not to exceed thirty years. Father Savaria stated that the work would be begun in the early spring, and would likely take about eighteen months to complete.

A Word to Mother's

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother the guarantee of a Government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for teething troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail, by all cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Monument to First Bishop of Quebec.

On Sunday next collections will be taken up at every service in all the churches of the diocese for the fund being raised for the monument to Mgr. Francois de Montmorency Laval, first Bishop of Quebec, as announced in a circular from Archbishop Bruchési. His Grace states that the monument, which will be inaugurated

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED 1785 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal. THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

Store Open Evenings Until New Year.

JANUARY SILK SALE

15,000 Yards Silks, including Taffetas, Louisines, Peau-de-Soles and Bengalines, offered at prices that will quickly clear the entire stock.

- Lousine Silks, in pretty gray stripe effects, with neat floral designs. Regular price 50c yard. Sale price, yard... 49c
Taffetas, Louisines, Messalines, in plain colors of green cardinal, gray, blue, helio, reseda, mais and sky blue. Values from 65c to 85c. Sale Price, yard... 49c
Bengaline Silk, a heavy pure silk in plain colors of grey helio, terra cotta, cardinal, pink, brown, Nile. Regular price \$1.35. Sale price... 89c
Taffeta Silks, in black grounds with white stripes, 12 assorted stripes to choose from, Regular 70c yard Sale price... 49c
Black Silks, in Alexander and Taffeta Broche, Regular \$1.35. Sale price... 89c
Black Taffeta Chiffon, an excellent wearing silk. Regular \$1.25. Sale price... 95c
Black Taffeta, extra heavy quality. Regular \$1.35 Sale price... 99c
Black Gros Grain, regular \$2.00 to \$3.50. Sale price... \$1.50 to \$2.25

Carsley Shoe Store

Big Reductions Here During January Sale

- 75 pairs Ladies' Black Dongola Kid Buttoned Boots, with turn and welt soles, plain and patent tips, in sizes 2-12, 3, 3 1-2, 6, 6 1-2 and 7 only. Regular values were \$2.00 up to \$3.70. Sale Price \$1.79
45 pairs Ladies' Black Dongola and Vici Kid Buttoned Boots, with turn and welt soles, in sizes 2-12, 3, and 6, only. Regular value \$3.75 to \$4.05 Sale price... \$2.49
90 pairs Boys' Pinto Shield Waterproof Moccasins, in sizes 3, 4, and 5 only. Regular value \$1.50. Sale price... 95c

A Year's Supply of Shirts

A Fine Chance for a Man to Get a Year's Supply at January Sale Prices.

- Thousands of Men's Colored Cambric Shirts for our January Clearing out prices.
75 dozen Men's Soft Front Negligee Shirts, worth nearly double the price. Our sale price... 49c
80 dozen Men's Soft Front Shirts, neat patterns. Regular \$1.00 Shirts. Our Sale price... 59c
Our Dollar White Shirts are offered during the January sale at... 79c

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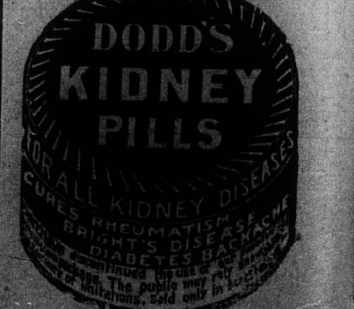
ed next summer, on the occasion of the tercentenary celebration of the foundation of Quebec, is the work of our own Canadian artist, Mr. Philippe Hebert, and will be a well-deserved tribute to the memory of a man who was the father of the church for the whole of North America.

A Double Bereavement.

Following close upon the death of her daughter, Miss Annie, Mrs. Michael Quinlan, widow of the late Mr. Michael Quinlan, who was for many years connected with the Road Department of this city, and mother of the late Mr. Thomas J. Quinlan, representative of the Queen Insurance Co., for over thirty years, died on Sunday afternoon after a brief illness at her residence, No. 8 Stanley street. Miss Annie Quinlan leaves on Saturday, Mrs. Quinlan leaves three daughters to mourn her death—Miss Eliza Quinlan, Mrs. J. P. Kavanagh, and Sister Saint William, of St. Joseph's Convent, Brooklyn, N.Y., also one grandson, Frank J. McGoldrick, of Montreal.

Of Ecclesiastical Origin.

It is interesting to learn that the group of type names, such as pica, brevier, etc., had an ecclesiastical



Vol. LVII.

The

A recent number of the "Civitas" article which among the most important of the in the great J. It is not a long sixteen pages of a profound man who can be able to do of it; it is not veals any truth from thinkers—it, you recognize pages of it that you did not is not (at least special brilliant—in fact it leaves write as good. It is called "Journalism," a pregnant sentence governed by pure by journalism," who read newspapers to do their and, as the City puts it, "in public is no other criticism, which is coined journalism."

In Catholic circles have been the Church and more than hold many Catholics have such good purpose been able to for Party, to put a kamp, to send sa, to organize ly, socially, ecci Catholics," said Catholic Congress with them a gr as a harbinger firm and faithful and the subscrif fence of the sup people and of is the Catholic ful, aggressive, and quantity it has become a life which cannot ber of newspaper has increased to nearly three and the subscri were not more thousand dividu increased to hu and millions." the public opinio tholics is respect

In Belgium a has been in pov years without a little Belgium, t country in the same time noted tholic spirit, orphan schools, orphanage ligious houses; F passed those of (not excepting Ge science and lit ably nearly all t ters and the mos of science in Fr Catholics. And y with our own eye hideous outrages on the Catholic we have seen an jority of French the polls to vote religion, and we count for this det things. It is pay for it. Through breadth of France great Catholic ne the name: "La years ago the g borrowed 25,000 "Univers," the o paper on "the con from death. He scribed 1000 francs funds of the paper, did pen to his ser friends to do the a while he was o "I could not get v—everybody was vice, but nobody money." Forty ye don, President Gen ferences of St. Vi loving letter, whi rible prophecy. "In my opinion ance of the press i understood by the thinking about b founding congrega asylums for the or poor—all of them