

MARCH 8, 1910.

TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Reduced Fares

FROM MARCH 1st TO 31st, 1910, INCLUSIVE.

Class Colonist fares from

TORONTO, VANCOUVER, PORTLAND, SEASIDE, LOS ANGELES, SAN DIEGO, ANTIPODES, etc., and many other points.

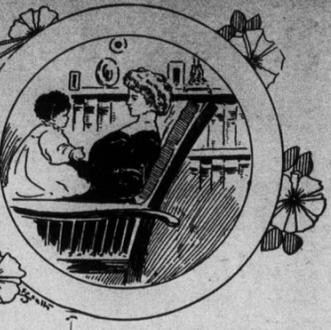
ST SLEEPING CARS.

Real Mondays, Wednesdays at 10.30 p.m., for the accommodation of passengers holding second-class tickets to the PACIFIC COAST—nominal made for berths, which are reserved in advance.

TICKET OFFICES, 1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15, 17, 19, 21, 23, 25, 27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43, 45, 47, 49, 51, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 63, 65, 67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, 79, 81, 83, 85, 87, 89, 91, 93, 95, 97, 99, 101, 103, 105, 107, 109, 111, 113, 115, 117, 119, 121, 123, 125, 127, 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 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HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



We are firm believers in the maxim that for all right judgment of any man or thing, it is useful—may, essential—to see his good qualities before pronouncing on his bad.—Carlyle.

Girls' Increasing Height.

A search of the garret for old-fashioned clothes to dress up in does not yield so much as it once did. Behold, when great-grandmother's gloves come to light they are all too small for the younger generation. It is not a mere matter of stays and busks, for if it were, a tightened corset lacing might be endured for a single evening. But the girl of to-day is hopelessly taller than her forebear, and there is no remedy for the skirt, waist and sleeves too short.

The increase in the height of American women has doubtless gone on steadily for fifty years, but measurements have altered markedly in the last ten years. A skirt of forty-one inches was considered long in 1885. Now skirts of forty-four and forty-five inches are made by wholesale. Grandmother stood barely five feet in her shoes, but her daughter measures five feet four inches, and her athletic granddaughter measures from five feet seven to five feet eleven in her stockings.

The increase in height is not an unmixed good. To begin with, long clothes cost more than short ones. Six inches added to length of skirt and bodice make an actual increase in the cost of material. Moreover, tall girls, especially if they are slender, are not so easily fitted in the cheaper ready-made garments. The larger sizes all seem calculated for stout women.

Strangely enough, the average stature of the men of the coming generation has not increased so fast as that of the women, and there are many men not so tall as the girls of their own age. Such a man fears to dance, walk or even talk with a woman to whom he must look up physically, whatever he may prefer in her of moral superiority. It is little short of tragic when a long line of tall girls files past a group of short men, each avoiding the other with blank gaze and the secret reflection, "How I should look with him—her!"

Belgium's Queen is a Qualified Physician.

All Catholics are familiar with the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose virtues hallowed the thirteenth century, and who bore the beautiful title "Patroness of the Poor." At the present day Europe has another noble lady whose name is also Elizabeth and whose charity towards the poor and the afflicted is very notable and very beautiful. This is the new Queen of Belgium, wife of King Albert I. She studied medicine as a girl and was graduated with the degree of M.D. at Leipzig shortly before her marriage. She never practised, but she takes a direct and personal interest in the dispensary for poor consumptives she and King Albert founded some years ago. She is one of the few women upon whom the Pope has conferred the Order of the Golden Rose.

Turpentine Prevents Silk Stockings From Fading.

There was once a time when black silk stockings were considered fashionable with every toilet, but now it has become the fashion among well-dressed women to have everything to match, and from the crown of the head to the tip of the toe must be a blending of one color, which does not permit of the hard contrast of a light shoe and stocking against a black gown.

The only trouble with silk stockings is the washing of them. If the laundress is not an expert in that line a delicate and expensive pair can be easily ruined. The best way is to fill a basin with warm water and soapuds. Let the stockings soak a few minutes, then rub gently and rinse again in water of the same temperature. If the stockings are white a little bluing should be put in the water both times. In that way you will avoid having them turn that peculiar shade of yellow that all silk is sure to do.

Using a few drops of turpentine in the water with the soap will prevent the most delicate shades, such as pink, green and blue, from fading. Tan stockings are the most difficult of all to manage. They will get a greenish tinge to them that is impossible to keep them from running, no matter what care is taken, and the water in which they are washed is sure to be discolored. The best way is to wash a new pair first. Though the stocking

may fade a very little, the water will be a dark brown. Then take an old pair and let them soak in the water, in that way dyeing the old ones the original color.

No fine stockings should ever be ironed. After washing they should be shaken out and hung over a towel rack or the back of a chair. The hot iron removes the gloss and makes the stockings look as if they were cotton, not silk.

How to Wash a Plume.

The advice given by one woman for washing a plume is as follows: Lay the plume in a suds made of good white soap and cold water and let it stand for two or three hours. Then put into hot water, where it should remain for about twenty minutes. Then, with a piece of soft cloth or silk dipped in soapuds, remove any dirt which may remain. Lay it on a clean towel and touch with a piece of cloth rolled up to restore the curl. When almost dry shake until fluffy, place in tissue paper and put it in the warming oven of the stove to dry thoroughly. If necessary use the dull side of an ivory paper cutter in restoring the curl.

Word Most Often Misplaced.

"Oblige," of all the words in the English language, is the most frequently misspelled. This assertion is made by W. Stewart Thomson in a new edition of his "Public Examination Spelling Key," and is based upon practical experience and from evidence provided by the papers of competitors in civil service examinations.

"Not five per cent. of educated Englishmen," Mr. Thomson adds, "spell correctly, even in standard books and high class newspapers, the simple word 'repellent.'" The English language is a living and a growing thing and, dictionaries as a rule are about fifty years behind the times. There is perhaps no more common fallacy with the experienced writer than the idea that in these days of free education and strict Government inspection, "every schoolboy" can spell all the fairly common English words and that a spelling book should, therefore, contain only such as are of considerable difficulty.

One sad day when the sun's gold crown Jeweled the desolate, dreamy west, I came with a burden and laid it down Under the lilies and leaves to rest. And, weeping, I left it, and went my way, With the silence whispering, "God knows best!"

One sad day—it was long ago And thorny the way my feet have pressed, Since the tears and kisses I laid it low— Soul of my soul, and life-of my breast! And kneeling now in the dark to pray, There comes with a song from the surges west, The same sweet voice that I heard that day— The silence whispering, "God knows best!" —Frank L. Stanton.

Japanese Floral Calendar.

Reference is frequently made to the floral calendar of Japan. What this calendar is explained in the Housekeeper. The Japanese are extremely fond of all flowers, and they have therefore made a calendar from them, giving to each month a favorite blossom or leaf. Thus the pine—the emblem of lasting prosperity and life—belongs to January, and its branches are used to decorate all houses on New Year's day. To February belong the blossoms of the plum tree, which stand for purity, and the beautiful blossoms of the peach tree, to which young girls are compared, are associated with the month of March. Next the cherry blossom, the most beloved of all flowers, is held to belong to April, and to May are assigned the gorgeous clusters of the wistaria vine. The iris flower, to which is compared the strength and beauty of young boys, belongs to June, and July has the glory and perfume of the water lily. The flowering hibiscus tree attaches its beauty to the month of August, while September lays claim to the exquisite charm of the azalea. The royal flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum which forms part of the crest of the imperial family, belongs to the month of October, while to November is given the maple leaf, admired for its decorative quality. Finally, with December is associated the beautiful camellia, which blooms in the gardens even in the midst of snow.

The Moulding of the Little Ones.

(Specially Written for the True Witness.)

How smoothly and beautifully would life glide along if the main object of existence were to make children wisely happy. I say wisely and I say happy. "That is all ye know on earth and all ye need to know." Therein lies the quintessence of happiness for all, the blue flower of joy, the crown of earthly success. Reduce your maxims, your axioms, your theories to this one—the world was made that little ones should be wisely happy. I wrote wisely and I wrote happy. This is an age in which the simple life is advocated. Could a simpler precept exist than that.

How the old world would revive under the new regime if men and women looked into their hearts and souls and questioned their use and duty in this life. What is it but to perpetuate the race to the best advantage? Bringing children into the world, feeding, clothing and keeping life in them is not all or even part of their duty. They must be made into good, strong, happy men and women, honest, willing, kindly. And how shall they be all those things if the seed is not planted in their young hearts. The growth is slow but sure, "as the twig is bent so the tree inclines." Fathers and mothers cannot shake their heads and say, "Look how they have turned out." Ah! No. They were weak, helpless handlings of humanity when they first lay in their hands, to be stamped with their inheritance, their example, their power. "Look how we have turned them out." Children do not form themselves. According to God's plan they are to be formed.

Are You Just Right?

Many women spend their days lamenting their lack of or excess of flesh when possibly, if they but knew it, they are just the right weight for their height:

Table with 2 columns: Height and Weight. Rows range from 5 feet 1 inch to 6 feet.

Hints for Housewives.

When making catsup, cream soup, etc., to strain vegetables use a flour sifter with a crank. It can be done in one-third the time as when a colander is used. To keep grape juice when bottled, lay each bottle down on its side in a drawer or box, in this way keeping the cork moist with the juice. This prevents the air getting in. To preserve jelly from mold use the following method: Beat the white of an egg until stiff. Spread on top of jelly and cover. When baking sweet potatoes save time and gas by placing a pan of water in the oven and they will bake in half the usual time and the skins will not be so thick and dry.

Invert all hard cooking dishes over steam or hot water for a few moments and every particle will wash off easily, especially dishes used for bread, syrup or pastry dough. For sandwich filling take equal parts of sardines (boned and skinned) and cream cheese mashed to a pulp. This produces a combination which tastes exactly like goose liver paste, though much cheaper and more easily digested. To can cranberries, pick over berries, wash and fill glass cans, then add all the cold water the cans will hold, put on rubbers and cover, keep in a cool place do not let freeze and they will be nice all winter.

To drive away roaches mix equal portions of borax, plaster of paris, and white sugar and strew plentifully in their haunts over night. To make rugs last longer—When shaking or clearing rugs never take hold of them at each end, but always at the side. This will retain the original shape of the rugs and at the same time protect and keep the ends from ravelling.

To keep cake fresh.—Cut an apple in half and put in the cake box. The cake will always be found moist and fresh if this is done.

Lenten Dishes.

OYSTERS COOKED WITH RICE. Pick over and wash thoroughly one pint of rice, put in a deep dish,

add one pint of oyster liquor which has been scalded and strained. Pour into a double boiler, cover and cook until the rice is tender and the liquid is absorbed; stir into it while hot one half of a cupful of butter and two beaten eggs. Season highly with salt and partially fill patty pans with the rice. Cover it with oysters. Dust them with salt, pepper and buttered crumbs. Cook about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

EGG OUTLETS WITH CREAM SAUCE.

Make a thick sauce from two tablespoonfuls of butter, three tablespoonfuls of flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of white pepper, and one and one-half cupfuls of milk. Have ready six hard-boiled eggs coarsely chopped. To the sauce add a half teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and the eggs, then set aside until chilled. Flour the hands slightly and mold in small outlets, dip each in egg and then in cracker crumbs, and fry golden brown in deep fat. Drain and serve on a hot platter with the following sauce: Melt together in a saucepan one tablespoonful and a half each of butter and flour. Slowly stir in one cupful and a half of hot milk and continue stirring until it is smooth and thick. Season with salt and pepper, draw to one side of the stove and simmer five minutes. Add one-half of a teaspoonful of peas, cook a few minutes longer and remove from the stove.

CHEESE FRITTERS.

Put one cupful of water, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper in a saucepan over the fire. When the water boils throw in quickly one and one-quarter cupfuls of flour and stir until the mixture leaves the sides of the pan. Take off, cover closely and set aside to cool. Then beat in, one at a time, three large or four small eggs, stir in one-half of a cupful of grated cheese and set aside for half an hour. Then drop by the teaspoonful into smoking fat and cook until golden brown. Serve hot or cold.

DEVONSHIRE OMELET.

Beat separately the white and yolks of eight eggs until light, add to the yolks one cupful of milk and one tablespoonful of flour blended with a little of the milk, the juice of one small onion, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and ten drops of lemon juice. Add the white and beat together for five minutes. Melt one teaspoonful of butter in a frying pan, pour in one-half of the mixture, turn and fold over until done. Take out on a heated dish, cook the remainder of the mixture and serve at once.

BAKED FISH WITH MUSTARD.

Select one large fish or several small ones. Dredge with salt and pepper and spread over with a paste made by rubbing half a cupful of butter into equal quantity of flour. Select some large, crisp mustard leaves, such as are sold in cans, wash and dry them and roll the fish in them until it is entirely covered. Bake in a buttered pan until done. This is very nice cold.—Western Watchman.

About Apples.

Every one knows "an apple a day will keep the doctor away," and nearly everyone likes apples, but few eat one a day. The fruit need not always be eaten raw, however, to obtain healthful results. Apples baked in the following manner make an attractive and delicious dish: Make a rich pastry as for a pie and roll into a sheet. Cover with slices of ripe apples, plenty of sugar, butter and nutmeg or cinnamon. Then roll up the sheet, wetting the edges so they will stick together; then cut the roll in pieces about two inches long, stand these in a well greased shallow pan and bake an even brown.

You will find there could be nothing more delicious than Dutch apple pie when covered with whipped cream that has been slightly sweetened and flavored.

About Silver Spoons.

Careful women have in some cases had their silver spoons dipped in gold so that the stains from eggs will not have to be fought against. They do not realize that a simple application of fine table salt on a wet cloth will take off any stain and leave the silver entirely bright. After this it should be washed in warm water and pure soap. Many women leave silver spoons in preserves from one meal to another remarking that the articles are silver and the fruit acid will not ruin them. But do they stop to think what the silver will do to the fruit? It poisons it, even though the spoon is silver. There is a chemical process between the fruit acid and metal which makes the fruit unfit for use. This is even more so where genuine silver is not used. Lard will turn a spoon green in a few days in hot weather, yet often a silver spoon will be left in the lard can.

What is Worn in London

March 1, 1910. Now is the time for pleasant hours of friendly talk by the fireside, over the tea-cups, when each fresh visitor brings in some fresh item of news, and conversation sparkles as brightly as flame the sea-logs on the crackling fire. It is just the season for such reunions; the days are not yet long enough to tempt one to stay out late, nor so cold as to

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Make one's visitors reluctant to be out of doors, and there is not the rush of afternoon functions which destroys all pleasant visiting in the season later on. This is par excellence the time of tea and talk, and as such it merits a special garb of ease and beauty, such as one we were privileged to see at a leading modiste's. It was an adaptation of a lovely *deshabille*, worn by Mile. Brandès in Marcel Prevost's play, "Pierre et Thérèse," which has been such a success at the Gymnase in Paris, and it certainly conveyed the latest Parisian ideas on the subject of grace in tea-gowns. The foundation of the scheme was the usual fourreau of satin, without which it does not seem possible to make a successful evening or indoor dress nowadays. The shade chosen was rather pale rose pink entirely covered with mousseline de soie of the same tender color, which was set in full on the shoulders and draped softly across the figure to the waist, where the folds were held by an ornament. The vest between the folds of mousseline de soie was embroidered with flowers in raised ribbon work in pale pastel colors of blue, pink, mauve, and green intermixed with silver threads; and where the bodice was cut out at the base of the neck, it was finished with a band of silver lace. Over this pink robe was a most graceful version of the fashionable transparent redingote made in mist-grey chiffon, cut all in one, with long angel sleeves that rippled in "waterfall" folds down each side, the folds being caught together very low down with a silver tassel. The coat was bordered in silver embroidery that was carried up the front at each side over the shoulder and down the back in corresponding lines, which gave a wonderfully graceful effect to the figure. The sleeves were also bordered with silver embroidery, and a little band of the same made a slight suggestion of a bolero between the descending lines of embroidery at the back.

It was, indeed, a dream of a tea-gown, soft in texture, exquisite in its blending of pale rose and grey and silver, and most obviously comfortable to wear, which was a great point in a tea gown; for nothing is more attractive to visitors, especially if they be of the masculine gender, than to find a hostess looking so supremely at her ease in her beautiful flowing garments that it gives an altruistic delight to all beholders and makes them feel a sense of repose and serenity which nurtures the spirit of friendship and conversation. It is extraordinary how many people, and usually the most brilliant, are affected by the surroundings in which they find themselves when paying visits. How can one's tongue and brain work freely when one is sitting in a room where the hostess is sitting entrenched behind a tea-table, in a stiff chair, and habited in a morning dress of dark woolen material with a short skirt and a stiff collar-band? All the babble one had ready to talk and laugh over shrivel up on the spot; and the little God of Laughter and Anecdote, the Billiken of the tea-table, and tumblers off his pedestal and lies prone and helpless among one's scattered absurdities. On the other hand, when one finds one's hostess curled up on a sofa among a pile of embroidered cushions of different but harmonizing colors, surrounded by flowers, books, and the latest reviews and papers, herself garbed in some such exquisite robe as the one in rose pink and mist-grey, with a low table beside her, but not acting as a barricade, on which are the tea and sandwiches which are so comforting towards five o'clock, then one's faculties rise to their brightest, sure of sympathetic comprehension; and the story, anecdote, criticism of passing events, all flash into existence to do honor to the rose pink and mist-grey robe and its harmonious surroundings.

Another very charming French tea-gown that I saw recently was in orange cashmere de soie, with a band of aluminium and turquoise embroidery round the skirt at a little distance above the hem, this embroidery being repeated on the front of the bodice and running round the edge, where it was cut away in a shallow décolletage a little below the base of the throat. The inevitable redingote, or over-robe, which seems to be an inseparable adjunct of all tea-gowns at present (and a very charming one also), was in course brown fisher-net embroidered with aluminium and turquoise; but instead of being cut like a redingote the fronts were gathered tightly and narrowly on each shoulder under a big turquoise button, meeting similar folds from the

back, where the fish-net was cut away in a point below the waist, leaving the back of the orange bodice uncovered except for the folds drawn up to each shoulder, the rest of the dress being entirely covered with the brown fish-net which reached to the hem of the under-robe. The whole effect of the dress, with its warm colors of orange, and brown contrasting with the cold colors of the aluminium and turquoise, was distinctly original. For those who do not mind expense or who possess that "pearl of great price," a really good and trustworthy dry cleaner, nothing is more lovely than a tea-gown of ivory velvet, bordered with a narrow band of sable or mink. Such a tea-gown is best achieved when the velvet is used as the redingote over an under-fourreau of palest tea-rose Liberty satin, veiled in finest silver tulle over Alençon lace, worn with a redingote of ivory velvet bordered all round with fur, would be indeed a sight worth seeing on the right wearer.

HOPELESSLY UNREGENERATE.

The 4-year-old descendant of a line of Baptist ministers was found on tiptoe struggling to immerse her kitten in the rainwater barrel. The kitten was equally frantic in her efforts to avoid immersion in her efforts to avoid kicking, clawing and wriggling, managed to free herself from her small mistress. As the tip of the little tail disappeared over the wall the disappointed missionary ejaculated, "You won't be a Baptist! Then go and be a Presbyterian!"

A ONE WORD EPIGRAM.

"There is only one word, epithet in America," said the undertaker. "It is in the town of Worcester. I believe it is quite a drawing card. Holiday makers come to see it from miles around. The epithet consists of the word 'Gone.' A Worcester auctioneer lay dying. He whispered to his wife, with a quiet smile: "I've been 'going, going,' all my life. Now I'll soon be 'gone.' Put that on my tombstone, dear, that one word 'Gone' only." "The wife complied."

A DIFFERENT PREPOSITION.

A negro came running down the lane as though the Old Boy were after him. "What are you running for, Mose?" called the colonel from the barn. "I ain't a-runnin' for," shouted back Mose. "Ise a-runnin' from!"

HEADACHE

Burdock Blood Bitters.

The presence of headache nearly always tells us that there is another disease which, although we may not be aware of it, is still exerting its baneful influence, and perhaps awaiting an opportunity to assert itself plainly. Burdock Blood Bitters has, for years, been curing all kinds of headaches, and if you will only give it a trial we are sure it will do for you what it has done for thousands of others.

Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled with headache and constipation for a long time. After trying different doctors' medicines a friend asked me to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I find I am completely cured after having taken three bottles. I can safely recommend it to all." For sale by all dealers. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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The Least Possible.

(Grace V. Christmas, in Rosary Magazine.)

"It is only God, after all, Who makes allowances for the feebleness of human nature; at any rate, when one's fellow creatures do so it is somewhat exceptional."

We were smoking our pipes in the moonlight, Father Cuthbert and I, and from the balcony where we sat we could hear the monotonous murmur of the tideless Mediterranean, as it rippled below us—a sheet of molten silver.

"Why do you say that?" I asked him. "Tell me the story; there is one attached to that remark, I feel convinced."

The majority of priests, I imagine pass through strange experiences and see a good deal of the seamy side of life, as well as its more attractive and consoling aspects, but my old friend Father Cuthbert has been rather unusually privileged in that respect, and whenever I find him in the mood I call upon him for one of his pictures from the past.

He shook the ashes out of his pipe and, feeling in his pocket, presently produced a small medal which he handed to me. I took it and examined it. It was one of the late Queen's Jubilee medals, the kind which entitled the recipient to a free meal.

"Well," I remarked inquiringly, "why do you carry that about with you? I didn't know you had such a craze for Queen Victoria!" He smiled at me with his luminous grey eyes.

"I take that medal with me everywhere I go. It reminds me of one of the greatest proofs of God's mercy that I ever came across."

"Tell me," I said, and settled myself luxuriously in my lounging chair to listen.

"It happened some years ago when I was at C—," began Father Cuthbert, between puffs at his newly filled pipe. "One night—it must have been after twelve—I was aroused by a messenger from the doctor, asking me to go to the Workhouse Infirmary to administer the last sacraments to a tramp who had been brought in, starving and half-frozen. When I arrived, I found the poor fellow unconscious, so I anointed him and gave him conditional absolution. One never knows, you see," he added reflectively, "what is going on exactly, when any one is unconscious; sometimes they are there all the time, sometimes their spirits are elsewhere, long distances away."

"I know a case like that where—but that is quite 'another story'—remind me to tell it to you some day. Well, at last, the tramp opened his eyes. He was a middle-aged man, pale and emaciated, and with a not very prepossessing expression of countenance. He looked at me vaguely for a second or two, and then he spoke. 'Is that you, Father?' he said, quite as if he had expected to see me beside him at that moment.

"Yes, my boy," I answered, 'here I am, ready to do all I can for you.' "Where am I?" he went on, feebly. "What am I doing here?"

"Then I told him that he had been found lying on the roadside in a half-frozen condition and brought into the Infirmary, and I added that he had better make his confession."

"Am I really dying, Father?" he asked, when he had finished.

"I am afraid so," I said; 'and it's a lucky thing for you, my lad, that you did not die by the roadside without a priest near you.' "He looked at me with a curiously confident smile.

"I shouldn't have died without the sacraments," he went on, "but right enough for many years now."

"What do you mean?" I asked him. Somehow the remark seemed strangely incongruous, taking into consideration the man's chequered career and decidedly shady past.

"Every blessed day of my life," he explained, "I have said a 'Hail Mary' that I might die without the sacraments. I can't read, so prayer-books ain't no use to me, and long prayers weren't much in my line; but I said that 'Hail Mary' reg'lar and well—that's about all I did do in the way of religion. I've been a bad lot—I've told you all about that—but I always kept to that 'Hail Mary,' and you see it has brought me luck at the end."

"These were almost the last words he spoke, and before the dawn he was dead. No one knew anything from him about where he came from or what his name was, and there was no means of obtaining information on the subject, so he was buried under the name of John C—."

"There was a regular blizzard blowing that day—sent us from New York as a sample of what they can do in that line—and later on there was a snow-storm, as well. A keen icy wind swept through the bleak cemetery, and I must confess I felt a little tempted to curtail the funeral service; but the thought of that poor chap's faith kept me up to the mark, and I went through with it to the end. And so we left him there, all that remained of the unknown tramp, and the snowflakes fell thickly and softly into his newly-made grave."

"As soon as I returned to the Infirmary, the nurse who had attended him came to meet me with this medal in her hand.

"'Look Father,' she said, 'I am so sorry I forgot this. I daresay the poor fellow would have liked to have it buried with him. I've hard-

Correspondence.

HOW THE CHURCH TEACHES THE GOSPEL.

The Editor, True Witness:
Sir,—Thanks for your answer to mine of the 19th ult., re crosses on churches. Three of my Protestant friends relished it as heartily as I did. Could you please tell us how the Church teaches the Gospel? I want your explanation of it.

Gratefully yours,
INQUIRER.

Thank you, dear Inquirer.—We are glad, too, that your Protestant friends appreciated us. They can enjoy good strong Catholic food, in spite of the cook. That is, indeed, consoling. We shall try to answer your other question by stating facts, and the sooner we begin the sooner we shall end.

It is surprising to witness the effrontery of those penny slanderers who dare say the Catholic Church does not teach the Gospel. Thousands of the preachers have cast it to the winds and yet some of their brethren are bold enough to flout the old lie still. What cheap infidels those preachers make, too! They deny the miracles of the Gospel, for instance, just because they have found out that none are worked in their church. Only a metamorphosed blockhead will dare say the Church keeps the Gospel from its children. It is all the result of constitutional error and copyright insolence.

1. The non-Catholics would not have the Gospels to-day if the Church had not preserved them.
2. The Church grants an indulgence to him or her who reads the Gospel.
3. Go into any Catholic family and they will show you the family Bible, not a garbled copy, either.
4. The priests are obliged, and monks and nuns of various orders are obliged, to read long extracts and portions of the Gospel and general Scripture every day.
5. The Church has a special Gospel marked out for every day in the year.
6. In colleges, convents, and seminaries, etc., the meals are always preceded by a chapter from the New Testament, after prayer.
7. Even the lay members of religious orders are obliged to have a copy of the New Testament with them continually; there are pocket editions especially gotten up for the purpose.
8. Each Sunday the Gospel is read for the faithful, and the sermon is generally preached therefrom.
9. Let the fools who say Catholics may not read the Gospel call into a Catholic bookstore, and see if there are no New Testaments for sale.
10. Sacred History, that is, the history of the Old and the New Testament, is on all Catholic school programmes.
11. The catechism our children study is the very marrow of the Gospel. Some religions call their very tenets proscribed dogma.
12. The Written Word is there for all Catholics, but, as our Church has common sense, she teaches the Gospel in pictures, too. Not every man can read.
13. The Crib at Christmas, the Cross, the Stations of the Cross, the statues of the Most Blessed Virgin, of St. Joseph, of the Apostles, etc., etc. There is teaching the Gospel with a vengeance, for any man who has brains to understand.
14. The Catholic Church is the only one that takes the Gospel counsels of poverty and chastity in earnest.
15. Fasting and abstinence are taught in the Gospel; but what church practices the like?
16. The idea of dolls telling the world that the Church of St. Francis Xavier, or St. Francis of Assisi, or St. Vincent de Paul, or of the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada does not teach the Gospel! No wonder millions are unchurched!
17. A queer kind of Gospel those sects must teach, when they build their apologetics on slander.
18. What does the average non-Catholic know about the Gospel, or care? It is spoken of at Sunday-school, and then laid aside for the remainder of life in ninety per cent. of the cases.
19. The Pope's encyclical letters and our Bishops' pastorals are impregnated with the Gospel.
20. The Church teaches the Gospel; she does not hurl stacks of garbled Bibles at neophytes who cannot read.
21. It is just because Catholics refuse to take the little tracts and falsified New Testaments from the colporteurs that they are slandered.
22. If Gospel inspiration were a question of private opinion, we should follow Bob Ingersoll in preference to nine-tenths of the preachers, for he was by far a cleverer man than they are. The traditional view of its inspiration Protestants have received from the Catholic Church.
23. If it had not been for the old monks, who wrote and copied from morning till night, we would not have even one of the old Roman or Greek classics.
24. These are a few of the facts.

proof of the lack of Catholicity. No matter what the priest's nationality, the Mass is the same, whether read by an Irishman, a Frenchman, a German, a Pole, a Norwegian, etc., etc. Give us religion like that, before you steal our name of Catholic.

r. Manuals of theology, philosophy, Holy Scripture, Church History, Patrology, Canon Law, etc., etc., may be read in a common language by the priests of two hundred different tongues. This guarantees unity of doctrine and Catholicity of belief.

s. No scholar of note ever reproached the Church for using Latin.

t. The priests of such a great religious brotherhood of men have a common tongue for the family table. This is the ordinary politeness. And so for all orders of priests.

u. The Church is against "wealth-erock" piety. She is Apostolic. She does not change with each new edition of Whitaker's almanac.

v. The Church's prayers must be very beautiful, since the Anglican Book of Common Prayer gives them in translated form.

w. The nations of the world have a common diplomatic tongue, so have the nations of the Church.

When any great scandal is reported the sensational look for the woman in the case; but there is generally some old scamp of a man where he ought not to be. Our mothers were women, and that is proper to console us.

"If woman be but formed to glide, A light boat o'er life's summer tide; When billows sweep the sinking deck, She nobly ventures to the wreck; Glories in snatching from the waves Ev'ry one survivor,—sinks or saves." Women are what men endeavor to make them.

SLEEPING DRAUGHTS AND SOOTHING MIXTURES

A mother should never give her child a sleeping draught, soothing mixture or opiate of any kind except on the advice of a doctor who has seen the child. All these things contain poisons and an overdose may kill the little one. When you give your child Baby's Own Tablets you have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine does not contain one particle of opiate or narcotic and cannot possibly do harm—but always do good. The Tablets promptly cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles, and give healthy, natural sleep. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Who Paid Cardinal Andrieu's Fine?

(From the London Catholic Times.)
Investigations are being made in France as to the object of the person who paid Cardinal Andrieu's fine. When His Eminence was denounced at Bordeaux he delivered a discourse, in which, as we then intimated, he proclaimed that the people were not bound to observe unjust laws, and that for his part, he regarded the law of separation as non-existent. His Eminence was prosecuted for this utterance by the Government and in due course a fine was imposed. On Thursday, December 23, purchasers of the Paris Eclair were surprised to read in that paper the statement that the Cardinal had paid the fine. His Eminence is known as a man of determination. The words which constituted the charge against him betrayed no wavering of hesitation. He spoke firmly, decisively. How was it that he then acknowledged the right of the government to punish him for a deliberate declaration of principle? The explanation was forthcoming next day, when the Eclair confessed that it had been misinformed. In a communication to the editor His Eminence affirmed that he had neither paid the fine nor given any person authority to do so, that his sentiments as to unjust laws and the law of separation in particular are unchanged, and that he does not know any Catholic of Bordeaux who would be raving the force, presume to interfere in a question so closely affecting the rights and liberties of the Church. Has the fine been paid by a friend of the Government to get it out of a difficulty?

Sherbrooke, Feb. 13, 1910.
To the Editor of the True Witness,
Very dear Sir,
Would you favor one of your readers by giving some of the reasons why the Church uses Latin. I do not ask this for myself, but to explain it to a friend, begging you to excuse me for trespassing on your valuable time.

I am, Dear Sir,
Yours sincerely,
"Reader."

We will answer our correspondent's query by stating facts without either oil or varnish.

a. At the time the Church was established by the Apostles and their immediate successors in Europe, Latin was the language of civilized people there.

b. Latin was for centuries the language of science and education. Up to the seventeenth century, in France, for instance the college boy learned how to read Latin first, and his own maternal tongue after.

c. Latin is still the common tongue of scholars.

d. All the serious universities of even Protestant countries give Latin the right of way in the matter of communications with other universities. Their diplomas are printed in Latin, their prize-lists, etc.

e. People feel the need of a common tongue. They have tried Volapuk, Esperanto, and others. Catholics may pray to God in a common tongue.

f. In the seminaries of Rome and elsewhere, there are students of all nations and tribes. The professor speaks Latin. All understand.

g. Another reason why the Church uses Latin is because her priests are educated men.

h. Then, as the Church is Catholic, universal, above all ties of race and blood, she must have a common language for her children, especially the Pope and clergy.

i. Such churches as the Anglican use English, and by the very fact that her liturgy was got up in English, and she made the Established Church of England, she swore away her claim to Catholicity, or universality, if you wish.

j. As for the other sects.—Well, they have neither liturgy nor sacrifice.

k. Latin has been with the Church since the earliest days in the West. Who were the Latin Fathers, brethren? Were they Lowlanders?

l. The Latin language being a fixed, or dead, language, its words do not change in meaning. If our liturgy had been gotten up in the language of Old England, in the sixth century, for instance, what would it look like to-day?

m. When England, under Henry VIII, and his pious daughter Elizabeth, sought to pervert the Irish, did they translate their liturgy? No. So why pretend to be so loving of the people?

n. The priests of all the nations—using the Latin rite—may use, and do use, the same missals, breviaries, manuals of piety, rituals, etc.

o. When the Pope writes to the Catholics of all nations he uses Latin, not Italian. No nation, therefore, has reason to complain of favoritism.

p. When there is a Council of the Church—the world's greatest Federation of mankind—the Fathers are all supposed to speak Latin. There is common sense for you! Of course the "Methodist Bishops of the World" (and of Birmingham, N.Y., in particular) can get along without Latin. Lambeth is another

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

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

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

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

A HARD DRY COUGH.

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

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

SPOILED HER PLAY.

A very promising love affair, if not nipped in the bud, received an ugly jolt through the medium of that "infernal little brother" the other evening at the home of the young lady involved.

An informal card party was in progress, and a young fellow who had been very marked in his attentions to the daughter of the house had her for his partner. In the midst of the play "Little Brother" popped up with this query:

"Mr. Blank, does sister play cards well?"

"Yes, very well, indeed," replied the suitor.

"Well, then, you'd better look out," shouted the youngster. "Cause I heard mother say that if she played her cards well she would catch you yet."

Nervous Headache AND MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM DISAPPEARED WHEN THE NERVES WERE RESTORED BY DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Feeble, wasted, starved nerves often make their condition known by nervous headaches. This is one of the first and most marked symptoms.

If you are at all subject to rheumatism you have noticed how much worse it gets when the system gets run down.

Both nervous headache and muscular rheumatism disappear when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used to rebuild and revitalize the wasted and weakened body.

Mr. James Riley, moulder, for the Waterous Engine Co., 46 Jarvis St., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"I suffered for years with muscular rheumatism and as I also had frequent and severe attacks of nervous headache I concluded that the trouble came from the nerves and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As I continued this treatment the rheumatism was gradually driven out of the system, my nerves got stronger and the headaches disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a splendid nerve regulator and health builder."

You cannot possibly make a mistake in using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when the nervous system gets run down, for by forming new, rich blood this great food cure builds up the nerve cells as nothing else can.

When you have made up your mind to test this treatment, go at it in earnest and keep at it regularly until you feel again the joy of health and vigor.

50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers; or Edman son, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's treatise.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY unnumbered section of Dominion Land 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 may make up 10 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

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

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

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

is the Original and the Best.
A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

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RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS HAVING DESIGNS ENGRAVINGS DONE SHOULD APPLY TO LA PRESSE PUBL. CO. PHOTO ENG. DEPT. EXPERT ILLUSTRATORS

Engravers to the True Witness.

WOMEN'S VOTES.
Montreal, Feb. 15, 1910.
Mr. Editor:
Would you please answer these two questions: Is it permitted to keep company with a non-Catholic? Is it right for women to vote?

READER.

Ans.—To your first question, let us say that, as this matter is none of our business, in more than one

underegenerate.
descendant of a line tent was found on to immerse her water barrel. The fly frantic in her emurmuration, and at tickling, clawing and led to free herself distress. As the tip disappeared over appointed missionary won't be a Bap- and be a Presbyte-

one word, epi- said the under- the town of Wro- it is quite a draw- ings makers come to around. The epi- word "Gone." A er lay dying. He wife, with a quiet

ing, going," all soon be "gone." tombstone, dear, one" only. lied."

PREPOSITION.
inning down the Old Boy were af- ou running for, colonel from the 'er for," shouted a-runnin' from!"

ACHE
D
ood Bitters.
ache nearly always is another disease may not be aware of a baneful influence, an opportunity

ers has, for years, of headaches, and if trial we are sure it has done for thou-

Mrs. John Connors, Burlington, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with head-ache and constipation a long time. After trying different doc- ues I found a friend look Blood Bitters. cured after having it. I can safely recom-

all dealers, The T. Milburn Co.

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Subscription Price: Canada (City Excepted) and Newfoundland \$1.00

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with an equal chance to all, to see some of the world's greatest men.

This Congress will do Montreal an enormous amount of good. We are all taxpayers.

The Congress will reduce railway and steamboat rates for every taxpayer, independent of creed or blood.

Why refuse the Congress a grant that is made to other organizations that do not give us one-hundredth part of the gain?

What is the Church going to make as far as money is concerned? Let the bigots tell us that, will they!

Why do they upbraid a Catholic city with unjust expenditure when they enjoy all the educational rights they deny Catholics in the other Provinces?

Let them state their reasons fully explained for objecting, will they? Let them answer this paper. Can not they give answer?

What has Presbyterianism ever done for this city? Did it ever give us a dollar?

Will they explain Ontario's grant to their own Church, and Toronto's munificence in favor of Presbyterianism?

They had to protest! Presbyterianism had to exhibit its innate meanness, even in the heart of a great Catholic community. The devil must rejoice to think that the Holy Eucharist is being opposed in one quarter at any rate.

A POEM WE LIKE.

Miss Lottie M. Morgan's exquisite poem "Cratloe Woods" appears in another part of our paper.

Morgan evidently knows that such things, as rhythmic flow, verse-structure, and stanza-scheme are realities in the domain of poesy and poetry.

We had read other poems from her bright and winning pen, and so we knew, as soon as we saw the signature, that a treat awaited us in the matter over it.

We are proud of the fact that such a writer of truly beautiful verses, as is Miss Morgan, should be willing to favor us with choice gifts from her pen.

We abhor doggerel, but we dearly love a poem.

BISHOP EMARD'S PASTORAL.

Bishop Emard, of Valleyfield diocese, has sent the clergy and faithful under his distinguished care and guidance, a remarkable Lenten pastoral letter.

His Lordship is a pastoral scholar, a prelate, a worker with all the perseverance of a German student of history.

His pastoral is a mine of the richest lore, and we should reproach ourselves with indifference towards the winning things of God, did we refuse to herald his message, at least, as far and as wide as our paper's worth and influence may reach.

So rich is it in historical lore concerning devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament that we are going to give our readers the chance of reading a translation of it.

Bishop Emard has sent out this glowing pastoral of his, in view of the Coming Eucharistic Congress. It is not a passing message, but, on the contrary, it will add to our common Canadian Catholic annals many valuable pages, which scholars will cherish with as much delight as will the general body of the faithful.

We have ourselves translated the letter, after having received due leave. We are only sorry that our translation has been done rather hastily, our other work of a thousand kinds clamoring for our weak but willing efforts.

Our particular aim in this instance, is to interest our readers all the more in the work of the Eucharistic Congress, in accordance with the desire of His Grace the Archbishop. Let us hope then, that the fervent and brilliant pages of His Lordship of Valleyfield shall awaken more intense interest in the success of the Congress, and cause us all to love the adorable God of the Tabernacle with renewed fervor and undying attachment.

We Canadian Catholics, whether of this or of that descent, should thank God for the telling pastorals our bishops have been sending us. Truly we are a promising part of Christ's Vineyard. May one grand outcome of the Congress be the union of all hearts under one God!

Wear hodden gray, and a' that; Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine.

A man's a man for a' that, For a' that, and a' that; Their tinsel show, and a' that; The honest man, though e'er sae poor.

The lines of course, are from the Highlanders' champion saint and bard some of whose verses we cherish as fondly as he himself did the "Logan Braes".

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor, Is king o' men for a' that!"

If ever there were truly kings amongst men, we think the lay Catholic editors have a claim to royalty with the best of them.

What noble souls, what gallant hearts, the souls and hearts of those men and women of the world who, in all the countries, are wielding the pen of the strong in defence of Holy Church!

In spite of their talent, and notwithstanding a hundred avenues to fame and wealth, those brilliant lay editors of ours are willing to prefer the consolation of good service done to the solace of the money-bags of a thousand misers.

The fact that they are not too prone to be overwhelmingly dogmatic in their rulings and findings is one of their claims to immortality.

It is, indeed, a happy and wholesome thought to think that, in the midst of a greedy world there are scholars willing to be poor for the sake of the good fight.

If we were millionaires we should pay each one of those lay apostles of the press as high an annuity as we could possibly afford.

Patrick Ford, Phillips, O'Shea, Duggan, Preuss, O'Malley, Desmond, O'Hagan, McCarthy, Coffey, J. K. Foran, Campbell, Cronin, O'Brien, Daly, Wall, Hackett, Heltigan, Meahan, McGuire, McBride, Murphy, Egan, Brendan Ford, with Tardivel, Hérroux, Bégin, Dorion, Pelletier, Laflamme, Denault, Chapais, Roy, among the French—these are a few of the names of the men near at hand.

We do not give them in order of merit, for we want to make no trouble over our dutiful compliment to real worth and principle. We have forgotten some names; but, in all honesty, we mean no slight.

For the valiant defenders, those other words of Burns.

"I whiles claw the elbow o' trouble-some thought; But man is a sodger, and life is a faught; My mirth and good-humor are coin in my pouch, And my freedom's my lairdship nae monarch dare touch!"

A thousand blessings, then, on the valiant laymen and the thorough-going women of the Catholic press!

THE DELLA-CRUSCANS.

(Answer to a Correspondent.) There is a little knot of writers, who won notoriety at the close of the eighteenth century.

They now—to speak paradoxically—survive chiefly by their demolition, at the hands of Gifford, in the "Baviad", 1794, and the "Maeviad", 1795.

Some ten years previous to the last-named date, certain scribbling English residents in Florence had formed themselves into a Mutual Admiration Society; and, growing elated with each other's praises, first published a miscellany in Italy, and afterwards began to report their productions for home consumption.

Their odes, sonnets, elegies were heralded by the editors of the World and the Oracle, in forewords and prefaces both magniloquent and murderous; and their affected obscurities speedily found admirers and imitators among the favored whose ears were as delicate and as long as their own.

The leading writer in the Florentine Miscellany was one Robert Merry (1755-1798), who was a member of an Italian Academy "Della Crusca" for the enhancement of style and the scrubbing of language.

Merry adopted the name as his pseudonym, or warbonnet, and it speedily became the generic term for the washy-wordy sentimentality, which, for a while, in the hands of "Laura Marais," "Anna Matildas,"—of "Orlandos" and "Edwins," grew to be the popular fashion of poetry, to the effacement of such second-rate writers, as Pope, Milton, and Shakespeare.

From one end of the kingdom to the other, all was nonsense, Della Crusca, and herrings.

To William Gifford (1756-1862)—may his shadow never have to hide any more lanterns!—belongs the credit of having given the rights of the returnless traveler beyond the bourne, to this contemptible style, in the two satires mentioned above. After their appearance, the Della Cruscans retired to their native field, and, perhaps, but little service

is now rendered by recalling from Gifford's justificatory notes (sixth edition, 1800) the names of these once famous mediocrities.

For a fair idea of their manner, the reader is referred to an excellent parody in the "Register Addressee" of a performance by Mrs. Cowley, who, under the signature of "Anna Matilda"—not "Maria Katt"—was one of the most illustrious of the coteries.

In default of this, the following bona-fide Della-Cruscan verses will perhaps suffice:

"Gently" o'er the rising "billows" "Softly" steals the bird of night, "Rustling" thro' the "bending willows" "Fluttering" pinions "mark" the flight.

The quotation marks are suggestions from Gifford. That is one stanza, one log-cabin in the dell; here is another:

"Whither now in 'silence bending,' Ruthless winds 'deny thee rest;' Chilling 'night-dews' fast descending 'Glisten' on thy downy breast."

And there you have the tenderest scrawl ever written, if we except Emma Jackson's letter to her lover, Rastus Johnsing, which introduced a bill for washing three years and a month old. The horrible stanzas above are part of a ballad described by a contemporary critic as "very mellifluous; easy, artless, and unaffected."

Following are a few lines on "M— Cemetery". The author is a modern newspaper genius. Our readers will relish the gentle flutterings here and there:

Ah, spot so solemn to the heart, So still and lonely e'en the breeze Seems but to make emotion start, As muffled-like it onward flees.

The withered look which Autumn gave, The naked trees of leaves bereft, The river calm and free from wave, Seem but to speak of death and rest.

Beneath this hollowed lot of ground Lie some more than a century dead, Some names cannot be easily found Upon the stones which mark their heads.

Here's represented youth and age. The young and old are 'neath the sod; From infancy to life's last stage Man's governed by the laws of God.

What solemn thoughts and of such truth Come flowing like the wind, as free; Each one, though in the days of youth, The plan of life can plainly see.

The tide flows in, and out and on, Each time is but another less; The day dawns bright but soon is gone, The moments and the hours pass.

Life at its longest is not long, Its years and seasons past us glide, To-day we're in its glowing dawn, But swiftly comes its eventide.

Then comes the time when day is o'er, Life's last faint ray fades in the west The soul must live on ever more, But 'neath the sod the form shall rest.

And to think that the masters of the valentine will amiably declare that their field is unexplored. It is no wonder that many of us pray that no obituary poetry will later disturb us in our grave.

Mutual Admiration Societies among the poetsasters should confine themselves to the pasture.

BRAVO!

It did our heart good to see all our societies united, through their representatives, to protest against the desecration of a spot that is sacred to the Irish of America in a very particular way.

We are not in favor of narrow-minded nationalism, but if we can only unite on all occasions, and remain so throughout the year, we shall then be fully able to do good and lasting work.

Let our societies take joint action against the Protestant Alliance leaflets, and have Chiniquy's books placed under the ban. The duty of safeguarding the interests of our holy religion is even far more important than our national struggles and the sacred defence of our dead.

To revert to the particular issue now at stake, let us say that the Grand Trunk Railway must not get control of that hallowed spot of Canadian land at the foot of St. Etienne street, Point St. Charles. We are not going to surrender what is sacred to us all, in order to calm

New Shirts Coming In.

Our Shirts have started to arrive a little earlier than usual. The designs and coloring are superior to any Shirts we have yet shown, with high grade workmanship and prices to suit everyone.

This will make the Popular Shirt.

BRENNAN BROS. Hatters and Men's Furnishers

251 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST 7 ST. CATHERINE ST. EAST Phone Up 3627. Phone East 246

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Price, 15c. each. These subjects are printed in black only. Ecce Homo, Mater Dolorosa, Immaculate Conception, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart of Mary, St. Joseph, The Angelus, Christ in the Temple, Magdalen, Madonna, Bodenhausen, Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Peruzzi, Madonna Sicché.

Write for catalogue of larger sizes. D. & J. SADLER & CO. 13 West Notre Dame St., Montreal.

know that Montreal is, seventh Catholic! Do they not know that, as hundreds of thousands of people will visit Montreal during the week of its glorious Eucharistic pageantry, the grant we Catholics ask the city, is not even the one-hundredth part of what the city shall gain? Whatever Montreal will sacrifice she will receive interest a thousandfold in this case.

Is Montreal a two-penny shirt-town? Are men, leading men, from all the countries in the world, to be given the idea that we cannot spend a few dollars to welcome them? If Presbyterianism is unable to gather the best men of one hundred different national standards under its folds and banners, is that why Catholicism should be regarded as bound by the shackles that must necessarily control a narrow little sect? When has Montreal refused to be just and loyal to all men? Why should the ministers exclaim with the Iscariot, "Why this loss?" Is it because religion is going to gain? Are the deeds Our Saviour lauded no longer suitable? Oh! no; at the bottom of it all lies bigotry, lies jealousy, lies the spirit of the one angered at Magdalen's munificence.

Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has been extensively entertained since his return to Washington from Copenhagen. His welcome has been exceedingly cordial, as this is his first visit to America, since he left the Catholic University to become United States Minister to Denmark. Of all the festivities in his honor, none, perhaps, gave him greater pleasure, than the luncheon at the Dominican House of Studies, which enabled him to renew his friendship with the scholastics who had attended his lectures, when he was professor of English literature at the University. Dr. Egan has been forced to decline all invitations to lecture, owing to a throat affection.

One of the finest College museums in existence is that of the College of St. Laurent, in our own archdiocese. The museum itself is a splendid octagonal-shaped, fire-proof building, and the collections are worth thousands. Especially is this true of the numismatic and ornithological treasures. The College, as we know, is directed by the zealous Congregation of the Holy Cross. The museum is the result of one man's work, the late Very Rev. Dr. Joseph Carrier, O.S.C., one of the most learned priests Canada has ever had. Though born in France, Father Carrier was a thorough-going American citizen, having served as a chaplain for the North, during the Civil War.

THEY HAD TO PROTEST! We like to take our time to think, before we rush into print. We could have dealt with two questions last week; but we believe a protest, or rejoinder is more effective, once some of the powder from other arsenals is out of our nostrils, and when the field is ready for a good and generous volley.

And so, the Presbyterian ministers do not favor a grant to the funds of the Eucharistic Congress! They seem to think we are simply manipulating a new scheme to grow rich.

But, why do those good ministers not reason a little? Do they not

Are Poisons Your...

THE bowels move in health. If the waste is the system a self blood.

Poor digestion of bile in the or weak contractio bowels, m Constipation

Abbey's E...

Echoes and...

"The Christian Ch Nazareth; and even ing, it was divinely St. Joseph."—Rev.

Doctor Morphy sa no rabies in Toronto the matter with the nel?

"Oh, how good is y Grand help from th Grand the self-sustai Of the serpents roun —Cardinal Wiseman

A lad of fifteen ha to preach in the Me at New Haven, Conn. the strength of the p says children and fo trust.

The great and feari of Boston has thro into the camp of "Intellectuals" who is fitting to have la dal stories from Orien tany. Our ideals of plain such accused n

According to Rev. J Methodists are not rig tholic Church in Rom. Fourteen hundred do dear for an atheist's c it is to be hoped th gets a salary—on cor would starve.

Italy needs Methodi is no longer Catholic Rev. Mr. Tipple. Wh gets tired of doing hi he becomes an infidel, a very clever Methodis claim him even at ter price offered.

And now two Unive ters in the United Sta to be tried on a char Those preachers believ pretation of the Scrip when one of their bre for infidelity, they e him! They scoff at claim of infallibility! effectively put out of t a fire.

Charles M. Crittenden airo druggist, of New Y devoted the rest of hi rescue of fallen women, M. Whittemore, a forme man, who, with Mr. C established 150 homes men, say that about 9 the unfortunates who mission to the homes, had fallen as a resu dances. The late Arch gan believed so, too.

Professor Macnaughto stified with his blasph Gill, went to Toronto a ther vent to the outpo imagination, while the Alliance were prosecu dealers for selling peppe Sabbath. Having destr polar legend of the bir vine Infant, his next at doubt be on Santa Cla

These Methodist minis believe there presen th ary. They explain the saying Catholicism is al when forced to compete tantism. In other can help us out, just a does. The more tempta fights down the greater the eyes of God. They e the Church just, as Ner helped to add hundreds the list of martyrs.

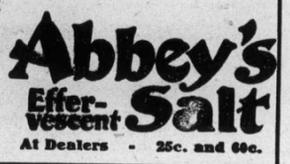
"In the Cathedral of the place in England wa was first effectually ann a dead empty cloister a

ing In. little earlier superior to with high everyone. ROS. Fishers HERINE ST. EAST one East 246 s Pictures framing. 15c. each.

Are You Poisoning Yourself?

THE bowels must move freely every day, to insure good health. If they do not, the waste is absorbed by the system and produces a self blood poisoning. Poor digestion, lack of bile in the intestines, or weak muscular contraction of the bowels, may cause Constipation. *Abbey's Effervescent

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion - increases the flow of bile - and restores the natural downward action of the intestines. Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood. Good in all seasons for all people.



Echoes and Remarks.

"The Christian Church begins at Nazareth; and even from the beginning, it was divinely committed to St. Joseph." - Rev. T. J. Gerrard.

Doctor Morphy says that there is no rabies in Toronto. What then is the matter with the Orange Sentinel?

"Oh, how good is youthful toiling, Without help from hand or mind, Grand the self-sustained uncoiling, Of the serpents round us twined!" - Cardinal Wiseman.

A lad of fifteen has been licensed to preach in the Methodist Church at New Haven, Conn. presumably on the strength of the proverb which says children and fools speak the truth.

The great and fearless Archbishop of Boston has thrown a bombshell into the camp of those so-called "Intellectuals" who believe that it is fitting to have ladies hear scandal stories from Oriental dens of infamy. Our ideals of civilization explain such accursed nonsense.

According to Rev. Mr. Tipple, the Methodists are not fighting the Catholic Church in Rome, but atheism. Fourteen hundred dollars is pretty dear for an atheist's conversion, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Tipple gets a salary - on commission he would starve.

Italy needs Methodism because it is no longer Catholic, says the Rev. Mr. Tipple. When an Italian gets tired of doing his duty to God, he becomes an infidel, and it will be a very clever Methodist who will reclaim him even at ten times the price offered.

And now two Universalist ministers in the United States are going to be tried on a charge of heresy! Those preachers believe in free interpretation of the Scriptures, and then when one of their brethren declares for infidelity, they excommunicate him! They scoff at our Church's claim of infallibility! All they can effectively put out of the Church is a fire.

Charles M. Crittenden, the millionaire drugist, of New York, who has devoted the rest of his life to the rescue of fallen women, and Mrs. W. M. Whittemore, a former society woman, who, with Mr. Crittenden, has established 150 homes for fallen women, say that about 90 per cent. of the unfortunates who apply for admission to the homes, declare they had fallen as a result of round dances. The late Archbishop Corrigan believed so, too.

Professor Macnaughton, not satisfied with his blasphemies at McGill, went to Toronto and gave further vent to the outpourings of his imagination, while the Lord's Day Alliance were prosecuting the small dealers for selling peppermint on the Sabbath. Having destroyed the popular legend of the birth of the Divine Infant, his next attack will no doubt be on Santa Claus.

Those Methodist ministers in Rome believe there presence there is necessary. They explain their belief by saying Catholicism is always better when forced to compete with Protestantism. In other words they can help us out, just as the devil does. The more temptations a man fights down the greater his merit in the eyes of God. They are friends of the Church just as Nero was. He helped to add hundreds of names to the list of martyrs.

"In the Cathedral of Canterbury, the place in England where Christ was first effectually announced, I beheld an empty cloister and a mould-

ering pile, having the appearance of what was once a house of prayer, but which now might bear upon its porch the inscription which St. Paul described at Athens. 'To the Unknown God.' - Rt. Rev. J. J. Doyle, D.D. There are few things more to awaken Catholic thoughts of sadness than the interior of an Anglican Cathedral.

We must not forget that when Fairbanks was in Quebec for the festivities of the Tercentenary - the official representative of Uncle Sam - he made an egregious nigger of himself. While the Army and Navy, together with the citizens in general, were cheering the Prince of Wales, Fairbanks, imagining the honors were for him, kept taking off his hat, to the utter amusement of the multitude, but to the utter pain of every American citizen present. Later he left Quebec in a fit of the "blues."

A heading in a daily paper reads, "Priests and the Navy." "A Severe Reprimand from Beauce." A priest can be reprimanded only by his superior, and that surely is not the editor of a self-sufficient rag printed in the backwoods.

The Masonic French Government are fining the bishops for doing their duty. The revenue from the pillaged convents and churches did not come up to their expectations.

Another son of a prominent New York Catholic has gone wrong. The fellow was married in haste the other day, by a magistrate, and in the presence of a policeman. Their heads are too light to withstand the smiles of prosperity. Money is their curse. The craze for social position and grandeur, thoughtlessly encouraged by their parents, gives the killing clue to the full story.

It has not been acclaimed with any particular flourish of trumpets in the secular press, that the highest award bestowed in the educational section of the recent Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition went to Catholic schools. Yet such is the fact, and it carries its own commentary, which should not escape the notice of those of our separated brethren who profess to believe that one of the chief aims of the Catholic Church is to encourage popular ignorance.

We are glad to learn that Hon. Mr. James McShane is growing stronger every day. Mr. McShane did heroic work for our city. We confidently hope he shall be spared for many a long day yet. He is deservedly popular with all classes of men. Many a poor man he helped, and many a successful man of the hour received his first encouragement from Montreal's genial ex-mayor. We want him to live thirty years more.

The (San Francisco) Monitor tells us that "a prominent Methodist minister down in Georgia, - his name, alas! is Dempsey! - complains that things are in a bad way in his country, for 'it has reached the point where there isn't a newspaper in Atlanta that hasn't a Roman Catholic censor on it.'" Brother Dempsey has struck a good nail on the head. The Catholic weekly press all over America has forced the lying Associated Press to be cautious. In spite of cheap critics, there is one of the conditions the Catholic weeklies have forced upon prevaricators. But there are very many others.

It is very strange, after all how Catholicity is telling in Protestant life. The Anglican bishops are now fully in favor of Lent. Even our good Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian brethren are beginning to hold their revivals during the Forty

Days. Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost, once a superstition, are now celebrated with fervor and enthusiasm, even if a San Francisco Methodist paper lately "throw a fit," on its editorial page, and howled that Catholic Christmas is a "fool's feast," a "miserable farce," and a "dramatic absurdity." The Advocate, another Methodist paper, had a pretty Christmas cover, with bell and lighted candle, a beautiful picture of Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Child Jesus our Saviour. Evidently there is unity in the womb of John Wesley's heretical church!

THE FREETHINKERS OF MONTREAL.

We translate the following article from our valiant Quebec friend, "La Verite":

"L'Aurore," that is the organ of the Chiniquy tribe in jubilation. It served its readers, in its last issue, with a morsel dealing with the awakening of the French-Canadians. It began by recalling "the most extraordinary happening in French-Canadian history, within a century," one can naturally suppose with what it deals: "The civic funeral of Dr. Coté in which 1,200 free citizens took part."

The writer then breathed forth his jealous and hateful joy, as follows: "I was proud, happy to take part in that long funeral procession, and to see judges, lawyers, notaries, merchant princes, captains of industry, tradesmen, workmen in its ranks, all of whom, whether consciously of Quebec, that occult police corps, that assassin of personal initiative, that secular foe of moral and social progress among the French-Canadians."

This poor fellow, who has all the ways of the renegade, then goes on to exhibit his monumental ignorance and empty his title on priests, his bugbear. This shows how far some French-speaking Protestants have gone: they readily applaud public acts of impiety and irreligion. Unable to win the French-Canadians to their accursed fold, they avenge their want of success in sharing the joys of Freemasonry, freethought, and theism. Is this not an odious state of things! They so hate the Catholic religion, the Pope, and the priest, that they are unable to withhold their joy, at seeing some French-Canadians give up their religion to become atheists, persecutors of Christ, and blasphemers. Yes, let them be ranked among the impious, rather than see them Catholics! To what blindness do heresy, hatred, and fanaticism lead!

In order to establish the "awakening"!! of the French-Canadians, on facts, the Protestant writer gives us some details which greatly interest us with regard to the "Cercle Alpha Omega."

He tells us that the circle, in question, made up of godless freethinkers, was founded, on February 28, 1909, in Montreal, and actually numbers 489 active members "drawn from all classes of French-Canadian Society."

He adds these other details, good to know: "This circle gives public bi-monthly conferences, has founded a library with nearly 1,500 volumes given gratuitously to the members and their friends, has opened a reading-room from 7.30 to 11.30 p.m., wherein members and their friends assemble to read, discuss, enlighten one another, and mingle as brethren."

Thus we can see these freethinkers do not believe in crossing their arms; they are alive and militant. They publicly ply their godless endeavors.

The following little story plainly shows the impious state of mind which is the peculiar boast of the "Cercle Alpha Omega."

At the meeting held on January 21, Mr. H. C. E. Holmes delivered a lecture on the dangers attending pilgrimages to Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and against the miracles which are there performed. Naturally anyone could expect the like. In France, the cads of impiety and the freethinkers have cast themselves on Lourdes with a madness truly hellish; their sons in Canada had, of a necessity, to fight against Ste. Anne de Beaupré.

That lecture of our diminutive Canadian Zola "was listened to religiously," says Chiniquy's organette. It was greatly applauded by a hall filled with women, children, young men, middle-aged men, and old men, comprising the intellectual upper strata on Montreal.

Of course, the writer fails to give names; this was a wise and prudent course for him to adopt.

A freethinking and godless writer of verses, who happens to believe in the transmigration of souls, brought the evening's entertainment to a close, by reading a ridiculous poetical "cord of wood," sacred to the memory of Dr. Coté, the new patron saint of French-Canadian freethought.

Happily the light that comes from the torch of Reason to brighten up

freethought, is very sombre!

Let us of the True Witness add that we consider the writer of 'L'Aurore' a cheerful prevaricator. But it only goes to show what kind of Christians those French-speaking Protestants of Montreal are. We respect our decent Protestant neighbors; and that is why we warn them against tunnel rats, and gutter sparrows! Let them be mindful of the fact that their honest dollars are eagerly sought after by these animals, winged or toothed. We hope "La Verité" will keep up its fight against the over-mature "Cercle Alpha Omega."

The intellectual giants of which "L'Aurore's" scribbler writes are, in all probability, over-mature eggs from beyond the seas, in other words, French Protestants of the stripe.

A SUGGESTION.

Our friends, the Christian Scientists, have a correspondence bureau, whose aim is to defend the Eddyian cult from newspaper misrepresentation. Each time anything appears in the press that is calculated to injure or misrepresent Christian Science, the bureau is supposed to write to the offending paper and set matters as they should be. This is an admirable idea and method.

Now, even in our clean Montreal daily press, it happens very often that misstatements are printed with regard to objects, practices and personages Catholics hold dear and tenderly dear. In the majority of cases, especially as far as two of our English-speaking dailies are concerned, the errors and falsifications are unmeant. Why, then, could we not have a bureau of press control among ourselves? There are hundreds of clever and well-read Catholics here in Montreal. They could write, under control and direction, to the erudite and gentlemanly editors of our city dailies, whenever there was a just cause for so doing; and, if the mistake made was due to some misunderstanding, the editors, we feel sure, would be only too willing to set matters right.

The defence of Holy Church is no trivial matter. There is no fumbling or fooling with the teachings of our infallible guide. We could become as sincerely and as culturedly bothered with matters that deeply affect the name and welfare of Holy Mother, as fully and as determinedly as are the Catholic stalwarts of the unparalleled Fatherland of Germany, for instance. There is no call for war or trouble. We must, however, hold our own, or else we shall be minus a part of it. This suggestion is addressed to people of sense only.

Cratloe Woods.

Joy and a lad o'er the dewy fields, Frolicked along together. (Sweet is the scent of the hawthorn buds In the gladsome April weather). And ever and aye as they danced along, They lightened the road with a snatch of song, Joy and the lad together.

Oh! Cratloe woods are deep and green, And Cratloe woods are cool, Where the silvery flash, the ripple and plash, Betray the hidden pool. And there in the depths of the sylvan shade, Together we shall lie, And idly watch o'er the tall tree-tops, The clouds go sailing by. Yet Cratloe woods were ne'er so far, But farther still to-day, So with nimble feet let us onward haste, With an "Up! glad heart! away!"

Love and a youth in a brief day dream, Wandered along together, (Deep in the blush of a rose in June Kissed by the summer weather). So softly they sang down the shady lane, Yet echoing back came the old refrain, Love and the youth together.

Oh! Cratloe woods are fair and free, And Cratloe woods are gay, But the hidden dell where the shy blue-bell Callethe the winds to pray, Aye draweth the heart and the soul of me. For one awaiteth there, Hath snared me fast with her grey eye's lure, Her mesh of raven hair. And Cratloe woods were ne'er so near, But nearer still to-day, So with winged feet, let us onward haste, With an "Up! fond heart! away!"

Grief and a man 'neath a leaden sky Journeyed along together, (Chill is the breeze through the naked trees, And drear the wintry weather). And each to each, as they wended their way, Sighed gently the end of the roundelay, Grief and the man together. Oh! Cratloe woods are gaunt and

Owing to our publishing a very elaborate Eucharistic Congress Number, a special staff being presently at work upon it, we will not issue a SPECIAL St. Patrick's Day Number. But, our regular issue will be very interesting and brimful of original articles, bright sketches, attractive Irish stories, poetry and wit. It will be ready on Wednesday, March 16th, and may be obtained at 5c. per copy.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Beauharnois Light, Heat & Power Company will at the next session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, apply for an act amending its charter 2 Edward VII, chapter 72, as follows to wit: by (a) increasing its authorized capital stock and borrowing power; (b) extending the territory in which it may exercise its powers; (c) authorizing the enlargement and extension of the feeder mentioned in section nine of its charter and its continuation to one or more new junction points with the Saint Louis River or its replacement in whole or in part by a new feeder, and if found necessary the changing of the course of a part of the said river; (d) increasing the company's powers of expropriation; (e) authorizing the company to engage in all manufacturing and other businesses using electric power, and to acquire shares and securities of other companies; (f) removing or modifying restrictions now existing on the exercise of its powers, especially those requiring in certain cases the consent of municipal or other corporations; (g) changing conditions under which stock and bonds may be issued; (h) authorizing the company to sell and supply for municipal or other purposes water taken from Lake Saint Francis, and to do all that may be necessary to that end and authorizing municipalities to make arrangements with the company to take water from it. BEAUHARNOIS LIGHT, HEAT & POWER COMPANY. By FLEET, FALCONER, OUGHTRED, PHELAN, WILLIAMS & BOVEY, Its Attorneys. Montreal, 22nd February, 1910.

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



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Gaspé Basin Landing Pier," will be received at this office until 5.00 P.M., on Friday, March 18, 1910, for the construction of a Landing Pier with approach in Gaspé Basin, in the County of Gaspé, Que. Plans, specification and form of contract may be seen at the offices of J. G. Sing, Esq., District Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, A. R. Décaray, Esq., District Engineer, Post Office, Quebec, J. L. Michaud, Esq., District Engineer, Merchants Bank Building, St. James St., Montreal, on application to the Postmaster at Gaspé, Que., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given. An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, NAPOLEON TESSIER, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, February 18, 1910. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

bare, And Cratloe woods are grey, But the woods of God, sprung from the sod, Of Heaven, are green for aye. And Joy waits at the journey's end, And Love with eyes so true. And One shall wipe all tears away, And One our youth renew. Yet Cratloe woods were ne'er so dear, But dearer still to-day. When we pass beyond with a last farewell, But an "Up! brave heart! away." LOTTIE M. MORGAN. Montreal, Feb. 22, 1910.

The Pope's Balance Sheet.

Within a few days a small book, published by the Vatican printing house, will come before the public to be sold for the benefit of the orphans of Sicily and Calabria. The publication will contain a balance sheet of the receipts and expenses of Pius X. in favor of the wounded, homeless, orphans, etc., of the ruined cities, and will give some fifty illustrations of scenes of the catastrophe. From the balance sheet it will be seen that the 7,000,000 lire or so entrusted by world-wide charity to the Pope have been spent to the best possible advantage, but have not been sufficient to meet the demand. With characteristic delicacy, Pius X. makes no mention of the immense sums which he spent from his own resources, and which will, it is thought, amount to 1,500,000 lire, exclusive of the cost of the rearing and education of four hundred orphans, for which His Holiness takes the responsibility until they reach the age of twenty-one years.

A Fellowship With Hearts.

Wherever in the world I am, In whatsoever estate, I have a fellowship with hearts, To keep and cultivate. I would not have the restless will That hurries to and fro, Seeking for some great thing to do, Or secret thing to know. I ask but for a thankful love, Through constant watching wise, To greet the glad with joyful smiles, And to wipe the weeping eyes, And a heart at leisure from itself, To soothe and sympathize. -A. L. Waring.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



A Warning to Frances.

Ms Frances was playing and turning around.
Her head grew so giddy she fell to the ground.
'Twas well that she was not much hurt;
But, O what a pity! her frock was so soiled.
That had you beheld the unfortunate child,
You had seen her all cover'd with dirt.

Her mother was sorry, and said,
"Do not cry,
And Mary shall wash you, and make you quite dry.
If you'll promise to turn round no more,"

"What, not in the parlor?" the little girl said,
"No, not in the parlor; for lately I read
Of a girl who was hurt with the door.

"She was playing and turning, until her poor head
Fell against the hard door, and it very much bled;
And I heard Dr. Camomile tell
That he put on a plaster and cover'd it up.
Then he gave her some tea, that was bitter to sup,
Or perhaps it had never been well."

A Few Don'ts.

1. Don't whistle in the streets, in public vehicles, at public assemblies, or anywhere where it may annoy.
2. Don't carry your hands in your pockets. Don't thrust your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waist-coat.
3. Don't chew tobacco. It is a bad and ungentlemanly habit.
4. Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, or thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish, the other rustic.
5. Don't neglect personal cleanliness—which is more neglected than careless observers suppose.
6. Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

A Queen Mother.

Downy Back was a wee yellow chicken. He was so yellow he looked like a spot of sunshine on the floor.

When he was hardly out of his shell, his mother went away and left him to take care of himself.

Little cared he. All day he would scratch in the earth, finding the most ridiculous worms for himself. It was only when night came that he missed his mother's warm, soft feathers.

But one night he found a feather duster standing in the corner of the barn, feather end down. Downy Back must have thought that it had been put there especially for him. And after that each night, when it came to bedtime, he would run and cuddle beneath the feathers and sleep as snug as could be until morning.

Mother Hummingbird.

Such a tiny, tiny nest was that in which Mother Hummingbird and her two babies lived, hidden away in a bush so carefully that only Betty knew where it was, and she kept the secret to herself.

But one day Betty began to think. Suppose it should rain, what could such wee birdies do, for a drop of rain would be almost enough to drown one of them?

Mamma only smiled when Betty told her. "Wait until it rains, little daughter," she said. "Little Mother Hummingbird will know what to do." Sure enough. The next day it rained and what do you think the mother bird did?

A good-sized leaf grew at one side of the little nest. Mother Hummingbird took hold of the tip of the leaf and bent it over the nest. Then she fastened it to the other side to a little twig which happened to be on the nest. There the birdies stayed quite dry under the leaf roof, until the storm passed. Then Mother Hummingbird unfastened the leaf again.

Do the Boys Know This?

Every boy knows the three eyes to be found in one end of a coconut, and many a boy has bored these eyes out, or one or two of them, with the small blade of a pocket-knife, so as to get at the milk in the coconut, which he has then drained out into a cup or drunk direct from the coconut itself. But there is a more fascinating way still of getting at the milk in the coconut. By this other method the coconut is opened at the other end, from the eyes. The coconut is struck all around gently and repeatedly with a

How the Twins Caught the Doctor.

Ben came down the back steps with a stamp and a slam, just as Rob had succeeded in tugging Cousin Joe's big double-runner out of the barn.

"She says we can't have it," he answered, crossly. "She says if Aunt Mary decides to let us when she gets back, why all right. But she can't take the 'sponsibility.'"

"Huh! Who wants her to?" asked Rob, dropping the rope in disgust. "She isn't going to get hurt; Grandmothers don't know everything, anyhow."

The twins sat down side by side on the double runner. They gazed wistfully along the straight, icy hill that began at their gate, dropped steadily for almost half a mile, and then straightened out for another half-mile beside the river. It was the longest coast in town, and in perfect condition.

"There'd be two slides before supper," grumbled Rob.

"Yes. And to-morrow's Saturday and Aunt Mary won't get home until night," added Ben. "It'll probably rain and spoil it all, anyhow."

At last, deciding to make the best of it, the twins got up and built a fat snowman. Then they found relief for their ruffled tempers by pelting him to pieces, until it grew dark and Nora called them to supper.

They didn't enjoy their meal as much as usual, however, for grandma was upstairs most of the time taking care of Baby Alice, who had been sick more than a week, and was worse to-night. The twins felt that even if grandmothers don't know everything, it was rather pleasant to have one around. Just as they were finishing their cookies in silence, grandma hurried through the dining room, with an anxious face. They heard her tell Nora to run for Dr. Brown and they heard Nora hurry down the steps and out of the yard.

Now, the doctor lived in the very next house down the hill, with only Aunt Mary's field in between. So Nora was back in a few minutes.

The twins knew from her look, as she ran into the dining-room, that she had not found the doctor.

"Oh, mum," she gasped, as soon as she saw grandma, "the doctor was driving out of his yard as I got to our gate. He turned down the hill, and I ran and called, but I couldn't make him hear. Oh, what shall we do?"

The twins didn't wait for anything more. Catching up their caps and mittens, they rushed out into the yard, where they almost tumbled over the double-runner, standing as they had left it. The same idea flashed into both minds at once. Without a word, Ben settled himself into the steerer's seat, with his feet against the braces, and wound the steering-rope around his hands. Rob gave a running push, leaped on behind, and in a few seconds they had rattled down the icy street, and started in hot pursuit of the doctor.

The bright moonlight showed them the sleigh nearing the bottom of the hill. But the double-runner rattled and swayed along the icy track, gaining speed every second. Now the sleigh left the hill and started along the level road. The twins half way down, and still flying faster. So they could hear the jangle of the sleigh bells above the rattling of their runners. Now they, too, left the slope and began spinning along the level, gaining fast upon the sleigh.

As the bits of ice thrown up by the horse's flying feet began to spatter in Ben's face, "Hi, Doctor!" he called out. "Go back!"

But before he could finish, the double-runner tore past the sleigh like a racehorse. Rob turned quickly in his seat at the end, and shouted back the rest of the message: "It's our baby. Please go, quick."

Rob saw the doctor turn, and start up the hill again. "It's all right. He's going," he called to Ben. Then the twins waited for the double-runner to slow up and let them off.

When they got back into the yard again, some twenty minutes later, the doctor was just coming out of the door.

"She'll get along nicely now," he heard him say to some one inside.

A Model.

"Made admires you so much. She tries to talk as you do, and to carry her head in the same way. I should take it as quite a compliment to have somebody modeling herself after me in that fashion."

The girl addressed made a dismayed gesture, which, under its extravagance, had an undertone of sincerity. "I won't have it," she declared. "I won't be a model for anybody. Tell Madie to stop, please." She laughed lightly, but the earnestness of her protest was not to be mistaken. Her friend smiled. "I'm sorry you take it to heart so," she said, "for I am afraid you can't help yourself."

In that judgment she was right. The girl who was unwilling to be a model was obliged, nevertheless, to act this part. In spite of her reluctance to set an example for other people, it was a foregone conclusion that she would have imitators. Not only her carriage and intonation would be copied, but other things possibly more important.

The average girl does not like the idea of being an example for others. She is too conscious of her own faults and weaknesses to wish to pose as a model. But willingness and unwillingness have very little to do with the matter. Whether we like it or not, each of us is obliged to serve as a model for someone else. And it becomes us to be the best model possible.

Lullaby.

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe:
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked of the three;
"We have come to fish for the herring fish."
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we,"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe
And the wind that sped them all
Night long

Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afraid are we;"
So cried the stars to the fisherman three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam
When down from the sky came the
wooden shoe
Bringing the fisherman home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail its seemed,
As if it could not be:
And some folks thought 'twas a
dream they dreamed.
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fisherman three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little
eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed
the sides
Is a wee one's trundle bed;
So shut your eyes while mother
sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful
things
As you rock on the misty sea.
—Eugene Field.

Worms cause fretfulness and rob
the infant of sleep, the great nour-
isher. Mother Graves' Worm Ex-
terminator will clear the stomach
and intestines and restore healthful-
ness.

Will My Soul Pass Through Ireland?

(M. B., and others have requested us to reprint the following:)
"O Soggarth Aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;
Soon, soon, in the strange earth my poor bones will lie;
I have said my last prayer, and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord's willing I'm ready to die.
But, Soggarth Aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?"

"O Soggarth Aroon, sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free;
Yes, Soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that when leaving
'Twill pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal."

"O Soggarth Aroon, I have kept through all changes
The thistle-blessed shamrock to lay o'er my clay;
And, oh, it has minded me often and often
Of that bright, smiling valley, so far, far away.
Then tell me, I pray you, will I never again see
The place where it grew on my own native sod?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to God?"

"Arra! bless you, my child! sure I thought it was heaven
You wanted to go to the moment you died;
And such is the place on the ticket I'm giving,
But a coupon to Ireland I'll stick to its side;
Your soul shall be free as the wind o'er the prairies,
And I'll land you at Cork, on the banks of the Lee,
And two little angels I'll give you like fairies,
To guide you all right over mountain and lea."

"Arra, Soggarth Aroon! can't you do any better?
I know that my feelings may peril your grace;
But, if you allowed me a voice in the matter,
I won't make a landing in any such place.
The spot that I long for is sweet County Derry,
Among its fair people I was born and bred;
The Corkies I never much fancied while living,
And I don't want to visit them after I'm dead."

"Let me fly to the hills, where my soul can make merry
In the North where the Shamrock more plentiful grows—
In Counties of Cavan, Fermanagh and Derry
I'll linger till called to a better repose.
And the angels you give me will find it inviting
To visit the shrines in the Island of Saints;
If they bring from St. Patrick's a small bit of writing,
They'll never have reason for any complaints."

"A soul, my dear child, that has pinions upon it
Need not be confined to a province so small;
Through Ulster and Munster and Leinster and Connacht,
In less than a jiffy you're over it all.
Then visit sweet Cork where you'll find Soggarth was born;
No doubt many new things have come into vogue—
But one thing you'll find—that both night, noon and morn,
As for centuries back there's no change in the brogue."

"Good Mother, assist me in this, my last hour:
And Soggarth Aroon, lay your hand on my head.
Sure, you're Soggarth for all, and for all you have power,
And I take it for penance for what I have said.
And now, since you tell me through Ireland I'm passing,
And finding the place so remarkably small
I'll never let on to the angels while crossing
That we know a distinction in counties at all."

IN OBSCURITY.

Night to night showeth knowledge.
—Ps. xviii.

Lord, Lord, a sign! What wouldst Thou have me do?
Domnus.
Trust Me, since I have made these with My hands.
Anima.
Lord, Lord, the past,—each sin laid bars to view?

FROM A SHADOW TO ROBUST HEALTH

Is the Change Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Made in a New Brunswick Woman.

Anaemia—bloodlessness—is a trouble confined largely to women and growing girls. Its victims are pale; they lose all strength—the least exertion greatly fatigues them and they suffer continually from headaches and depressed spirits. Nothing will cure anaemia so quickly or so surely as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they have cured thousands of cases, not only in Canada but throughout the whole world. They do this because they make good blood. Among those cured by these Pills is Mrs. T. Chalmer Hartley, East Florenceville, N.B., who says: "At the age of sixteen I fell away to a mere shadow. I had scarcely any blood and suffered from all the distressing symptoms of anaemia. Doctors did not help me in the least, and acting on the advice of a friend I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They effected a remarkable change in my condition; indeed I really believe they saved my life, as I have been well and strong ever since I took them. I also recommended the Pills to a neighbor's daughter who was similarly run down, and they also completely restored her health."

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The death occurred recently of Roger Harte, of the townland of Raragh, parish of Killinuremy, Leitrim, at the extra-ordinary age of 110 years. The deceased, up to a few years ago, enjoyed the best of health, and assisted his son during harvesting operations, went to local fairs and markets, to Mass on Sundays, etc., and always took much delight in recounting stories of the old days. At the Local Government and Parliamentary Elections he never failed to record his vote, and often told of the difficulties faced by voters in the hey-day of land lordism, when anxious to return the popular candidate, but could not do so unless at the risk of eviction. He was a habitual smoker and enjoyed the custom to the end. For the past few years he seemed to shrink very much in bodily size, and reduced the weight to such an extent that he was frequently nursed on the knee of one of his grandchildren.

The "Catch-my-Pai" Total Abstinence Crusade was organized in Ban-

POET'S CORNER

WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?

Domnus.
Where? I do only see the track of tears.
Anima.
O Lord, the future—every weakness clear?
Domnus.
Know thou that I sustain the universe.
Anima.
But, Lord, so little time is left me here?
Domnus.
Oh, learn that I am all Eternity.
Anima.
Lord, Lord, this dark! I cannot find Thy feet!
Domnus.
No, no, because I hold thee in My heart.
Anima.
O Lord, this cold! I cannot feel Thy heart!
Domnus.
Ah, no; for thou art frozen into Self.
Domnus.
Lord, Lord, do Thou expand and melt me then!
Domnus.
Love thou the brethren first and pass to light!
Anima.
Lord, Lord! this is indeed Thy voice amen!

LOVE.

True love is but a humble, low born thing,
And hath its food served up in earthenware;
It is a thing to walk with, hard in hand,
Through the everydayness of this workaday world.
A love that gives and takes,
Not with flax seeking eyes like needle-points,
But, loving kindly, ever looks them down,
A love that shall be new and fresh each hour.
—James Russell Lowell.

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DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

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

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

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

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is not sold as a cure for Consumption but for affections preliminary to, and that result in, that disease. It combats all the lung healing victims of the Norway pine with other abundant, expectorant and soothing medicines of unguished worth, and is abundantly palatable, prompt and safe. It has been the means of this world's greatest cure in only a matter of weeks. Don't be lulled by any other medicine. It is the only one that will cure you. It is sold in bottles of 25 cents and 50 cents. Price 25 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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Mrs. J. C. Westberg, Swan River, Man., writes: "I suffered for years, more than tongue can tell, from liver trouble. I tried several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief until I got Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. I cannot praise them too highly for what they have done for me."

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 Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat,
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 famous Norway pine tree, combined
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 healing and expectorant properties of
 other excellent herbs and barks.

Bishop of Valleyfield's Pastoral Letter.

His Lordship Speaks on the International Eucharistic Congress of Montreal.

Joseph Medard Emard, by the Grace of God and the favor of the Holy See, Bishop of Valleyfield.

To the clergy, religious orders, and the laity of the diocese.

Health and Blessing in the Lord.

Very Dear Brethren:

In a letter dated August 25th, last year, His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal officially announced the holding of an International Eucharistic Congress, which will open in the Metropolitan city on September 7, of the present year, and close on the 11th. This Congress will be the twenty-first of its kind, and every-thing seems to promise that it shall in no sense lack the success of the preceding ones, whose celebration was, without exception, so solemn, so imposing, and productive of telling results for religion, and especially for piety towards the Holy Eucharist.

An International Eucharistic Congress means a grand meeting of bishops, prelates, priests, religious, men and women of the world, come together from all over the world, at the instance of a committee formed, in the beginning, with the permission of the Holy See, which in its life and work is permanent, whose president is a Bishop (His Lordship of Namur, Belgium, this year) and to whom it belongs, with the help of the religious authorities directly interested and the sanction of the Pope, to name the privileged place where the Congress is to be held. Thus, in London, two years ago, in the midst of the never-to-be forgotten sessions of the 19th Congress, it was decided that, in 1910, all should meet in Montreal.

These Eucharistic Congresses owe their beginning to a small moment, and which was destined to bring the happiest of results.

In 1873, two hundred French Deputies went to Paray-le-Monial, the city of the Sacred Heart, and there, in the little sacristy which recalls the visions of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alcouque, they vowed themselves and their country to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, in a special act of consecration. On this occasion, a pious person, touched with inspiration from on high, first suggested the idea to her spiritual director of holding local Eucharistic meetings. These beginnings met with success surpassing all expectations, and through them arose the project of an international congress properly so-called. Mgr. de Ségur, of holy and illustrious memory, wrote the Holy Father about the matter. Cardinal Deschamps, Archbishop of Malines, strongly seconded the holy bishop's project. Leo XIII approved and blessed the project, and the first permanent committee was constituted under the chairmanship of Mgr. de Ségur himself. But, alas! he who had been the soul of the whole work of preparation was not destined to see his plans realized, while in the flesh, God having called him home before the opening of the first Congress, which was held at Lille, in 1881. Those that followed were held in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, England, and even in Jerusalem. Ever and always was the same zealous work of organization apparent, the same ardor and knowledge were noticeable features of the sessions; the same manifestations of over-brightening and ever-deepening piety were the rule; there was ever the same enthusiasm on the part of the faithful; while the fruits of soul and spirit grew increasingly abundant.

It is worthy of remark that, in the majority of cases, often the result of unforeseen circumstances and even at the cost of reversing former decisions, these Congresses were called together in cities which happened to have special relations towards and affinities with, Eucharistic worship and service. Thus it was in Liège, in the land of Saint Juliana Cornillon, that Corpus Christi Day was instituted, together with the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Toulouse holds the relics of St. Thomas of Aquin, the supreme doctor and liturgical bard of the Blessed Eucharist. It was in Antwerp that Saint Norbert, the founder of the Premonstratensians, succeeded in wiping out the heresy of the Sacramentarians; in Jerusalem, it was that the Divine Sacrament was instituted; in Rheims, at Paray-le-Monial, in London, in Angers, and in Rome, did the members of the Congresses meet, too, and it is easy to see that special rights and claims to the like these places could show. In London, England, the Congress was, after three centuries of banishment, of interdiction and of exile that had gone before, the triumphant return of God in the Holy Eucharist, with a legate of the Church's Supreme Head in the place of the leader. Finally, Cologne, last year was destined, under conditions particularly favorable, to present the spectacle never to be forgotten of a procession that took hours to pass a given point, and in the sacred ranks of which were Catholics in thousands, of every degree, all countries, all tongues, of all ages and conditions.

Hitherto these Congresses had been

idea of any undertaking at all, and in the thought that cradles its first beginning, a more truly religious sentiment, a faith more lively, a Eucharistic devotion more real? It was in that church, at the foot of the altar, before the tabernacle, under the sacred spell of Holy Mass and Holy Communion, that the illustrious founders of Montreal set forth their project in working order.

Let us see what next happened. On May 18, in the same year, 1642, Monsieur le chevalier de Montmagny, accompanied by Monsieur de Maisonneuve and forty other persons, among whom Madame de la Pelletier and Mademoiselle Mance, landed in Montreal.

"As they landed early in the morning," says a writer of history, "Holy Mass was celebrated, the first ever said on the island, on a spot where the Castle now stands. In order to add solemnity to the occasion, Madame de la Pelletier and Mademoiselle Mance were given time to prepare an altar, which they did with a joy hard to describe, and with as much neatness as possible; they could not weary blessing the God of the skies, Who was so kindly on that day as to choose and consecrate their hands in the work of building the first altar of the colony. All that first day the Blessed Sacrament remained exposed, and not without reason, either, for just as God had quickened His servants to undertake the task of making Him known in a place where hitherto He had received no act of homage, it was quite fitting that He should have been exposed on the altar, as if on His throne, in order to give fulfillment to His holy designs and to the desires of His servants. Indeed, this was well, in order that posterity should learn that He had established this colony but to be offered sacrifice and homage on the blessed spot; that this was His only design and that of His servants, and that towards this end had they turned their treasures, their time, their care, and all their belongings into service. It was, therefore, fitting that He should have caused Himself to remain exposed all that day, in order to take possession of the land through the sovereign honors that were paid Him, and in order to show that the place itself was a privileged one for Himself, that He was not willing that it should be profaned by unclean souls and ones unworthy of the grandeur of His designs, which designs were in no sense commonplace, as Père Vimont clearly set forth, in a sermon which he preached on that morning, and during the High Mass which he there and then celebrated: 'Behold, gentlemen,' he said, 'what you see is but a grain of mustard-seed, but it is cast by hands so pious and so animated with the spirit of faith and of religion, that assuredly Heaven must have great designs on the place, since it uses such laborers; and I do not doubt for a moment but that this little grain shall bring forth a great tree, give rise some day to marvelous growth, be multiplied and reach all over.' As if he had meant to say that Heaven now begins its work with forty men, but know ye that it has many other designs upon the persons whom it is using to make of the work a success, know ye that your hearts are not in number sufficient to sing forth the praises which He means to receive in the place, but that He shall multiply them, filling with people the whole extent of these places of which we now take possession on His behalf, while offering this sacrifice to Him. The whole of the day was spent in acts of devotion, in thanksgiving, and in singing hymns of praise to the Maker of all things. There were no sanctuary lamps before the Most Blessed Sacrament, but glowworms were used, etc.'

Now, following this act of taking possession on the 17th day of May, work was begun in earnest. On August 15, the first feast of the holy island was solemnized, the day of

Let us go back to what happened in Paris in 1642, while Montreal was still but a desert island, little more, entirely covered with forests, with only the little Indian settlement known as Hochelaga, and known to but a few. A fervent Christian and a holy priest who had never before seen each other, happen to meet of a sudden, as would old acquaintances, and, in an instant, sound each other's loins and heart. The priest was Monsieur Olier, founder and first superior of the Company of Saint Sulpice (the Sulpicians), whose special vocation it was to be to look after the thorough priestly foundation of young men, a formation based upon and modelled after the priesthood of Jesus Christ, inasmuch as the like was possible, in order that the Church should reap all the more abundant fruit therefrom. How faithfully the Sulpicians have applied themselves towards realizing the end and aim of their revered founder is well known; and how seriously, within the walls of the Company, men endeavored to study, know and reproduce the interior and hidden life of Jesus, sovereign priest and divine model of the Eucharistic priesthood, is an old truth. It was in Montreal that Saint Sulpice should more particularly fulfill its mission, whether in the exemplary exercise of the parish ministry, or in the work of training young seminarians, and of preparing them for the priesthood.

Monsieur Olier said to his lay friend, Monsieur de la Dauvergne: 'I know your design, and I shall recommend it to God at the Holy Altar.' This plan and design brought to the Holy Sacrifice and confided to the God of the Eucharist, was that of establishing a fine French colony on the island of Mount Royal, for the glory of the Catholic faith, which, at the same time, was to be a mission for the conversion of the Indians. Monsieur de Maisonneuve soon joined them. He was a soldier, with no other ambition but to serve God and the king in the military career in which he was already engaged. The Company of Montreal was founded and the work of establishing the colony brought to a decision.

"These gentlemen, to the number of thirty-five, priests and laymen," we read in the Jesuit Relations, 'who undertook to have Jesus Christ adored on the island, did a truly Christian deed, this last winter, on that Thursday of the month of February, 1642. They are virtuous persons, men of merit and stardng, who profess public service towards God, who are not ashamed of the lowliness of Jesus Christ, and who are not puffed up with the great things of earth. These chosen souls having gathered in the great church of Notre Dame de Paris, the priests among them said Holy Mass, while the others received Holy Communion at the altar of the Great Principles, who is laden down with miracles; with the Saviour of the world on their side, they dedicated and consecrated the Island of Montreal to the Holy Family, expressing the wish that it should thenceforward be known as Notre Dame de Montreal.'

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 Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices.
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Our Blessed Lady's glorious and triumphant Assumption. The beautiful tabernacle which these gentlemen sent has been placed on the altar of a chapel which though as yet but made out of bark, is rich for the gift it can claim. The gentle souls who met there interchanged their hearts' feelings. The names of those who uphold the designs of God in New France were placed upon the altar. The Te-Deum was sung in thanksgiving. Is not this altogether admirable, above all if we stop to think that all this was done in fulfillment of the manifest will of the members of the Company of Montreal? If we draw the details of this ceremony into comparison with what had taken place in the Church of Notre-Dame de Paris in the preceding month of February, when the Thirty-five Associates animated with a common desire, that of seeing Jesus Christ adored on the Island of Montreal, gathered around the altar, the priests celebrating Holy Mass, the others receiving Holy Communion, one and all consecrating the new colony which they were taking under their patronage to Our Lord Jesus Christ, where shall we find in history, more tellingly religious acts and sentiments, and a founding more eminently Eucharistic than that borne out by the story of Montreal's beginnings? All things conspired to put this devotion at the base of the undertaking, and so that it should remain the soul and life thereof. The other devotions, particularly that towards the Most Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, sworn at one and the same time, do but accentuate all the more that toward the Blessed Eucharist which lords it over them and which they make all the deeper and livelier. Is not that Holy Mass on the brink of the forest as soon as the forty pioneers arrived, a unique spectacle, the quaint altar built in all haste under the shadow of the foliage; the missionary who is celebrating Holy Mass, feels the impulse of God's spirit and opens his mouth in prophecy; the Holy Communion given to fervent souls who are more truly the instruments of God's Providence, than they are willing to think; the Blessed Sacrament held up in the free open air of God's day under the canopy of the skies; and Jesus, the King, from the improvised throne that now is His, taking possession of an empire of which He intends to remain the ruler in the desert to follow. All this in the desert of the wildest earth, thousands of leagues from the midland country, surrounded on all sides by barbarous tribes the work of whose conversion is to be taken up, in spite of difficulties and obstacles of all kinds, with the usual toll of the means and the all-needed resources, with only the Altar, the Cross, for arms, and an irresistible confidence drawn from the conviction that a mandate of God was being fulfilled and that His Kingdom was to be extended. A covenant was then signed on the stone that held the Sacred Host, and in virtue of which signature and agreement Ville-Marie, the Island of Montreal, and the whole country that should thereupon depend, pledged beyond recourse, complete and absolute loyalty to Jesus Christ, King and Saviour.

(To be continued.)

A Slanderer Unmasked.
 The Visitor (Providence, R. I.) thus tells of the passing of a scurvy fellow whose chief aim in life was abuse of Catholics:
 Every Catholic in the State of Massachusetts, but more particularly in the city of Worcester, has heard of Judson W. Hall. For a number of years Hall has been the self-appointed censor and moralist of the heart of the commonwealth, and every Sunday for years he was represented in the pages of the Worcester Telegram with two or three, and sometimes more, letters in which he showed his "broad liberality" and "Americanism," by insulting gratuitously the Catholic religion and his Catholic fellow-citizens. Only a few months ago he received a well-deserved castigation at the hands of Rev. Dr. J. McCoy, the fearless pastor of St. Ann's Church. Last Monday night, after an investigation that lasted several days, the police of Worcester arrested five of the most prominent men of that city and booked them charged with unspeakable crimes. The arrests were made after nine girls, whose ages range from 12 to 15 years, had told Chief of Police Matthews a horrible tale of degradation and shame. And the man against whom the most serious charges were made by the girls was Judson W. Hall, the man who for months wrote slanderous letters to the Telegram from Rome, Lisbon, Madrid, Paris, Dublin, and other places, all of which were full of misstatements against the Catholic

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did me no good. At last I was advised by a friend to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and with the first few doses I found great relief and to-day my hacking cough has entirely disappeared and I am never without Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in the house.

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Church, and calumny against her priests. The other prisoners are not implicated quite as badly as Hall, but all of them should be severely punished if the charges against them are proven. One good thing will result of Hall's arrest, anyway, no matter how his trial comes out. The Catholic people of Worcester will no longer be insulted by him through the columns of Worcester's leading newspaper.

"When visiting a certain town in the Midlands," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious: 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"

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Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.
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 Mr. Whellam tried them. And you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face is gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.
 He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave him new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.
 Broad Cove, C.B., July 4, 1907.
 I received a sample of your GIN PILLS last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctor's medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your GIN PILLS have been to me.
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Mrs. M. McGann, Debes Junction, N.B., writes:—"I wish to tell you what Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done for me. Three years ago I was so run down I could not do my own work. I went to a doctor, and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I then started to take Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and had only taken one box before I started to feel better, so I continued their use until I had taken several boxes, and I am now strong and well, and able to do my own work. When I commenced taking your pills I weighed 125 pounds, and now weigh 165 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not get up stairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble."
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24, when the Rev. LL.B., Armagh addressing Rev. Mr. said that he had luck with the work done for temperance by Father Sheeran, who had been the soul of the whole work of preparation was not destined to see his plans realized, while in the flesh, God having called him home before the opening of the first Congress, which was held at Lille, in 1881. Those that followed were held in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, England, and even in Jerusalem. Ever and always was the same zealous work of organization apparent, the same ardor and knowledge were noticeable features of the sessions; the same manifestations of over-brightening and ever-deepening piety were the rule; there was ever the same enthusiasm on the part of the faithful; while the fruits of soul and spirit grew increasingly abundant.
 It is worthy of remark that, in the majority of cases, often the result of unforeseen circumstances and even at the cost of reversing former decisions, these Congresses were called together in cities which happened to have special relations towards and affinities with, Eucharistic worship and service. Thus it was in Liège, in the land of Saint Juliana Cornillon, that Corpus Christi Day was instituted, together with the procession of the Most Blessed Sacrament. Toulouse holds the relics of St. Thomas of Aquin, the supreme doctor and liturgical bard of the Blessed Eucharist. It was in Antwerp that Saint Norbert, the founder of the Premonstratensians, succeeded in wiping out the heresy of the Sacramentarians; in Jerusalem, it was that the Divine Sacrament was instituted; in Rheims, at Paray-le-Monial, in London, in Angers, and in Rome, did the members of the Congresses meet, too, and it is easy to see that special rights and claims to the like these places could show. In London, England, the Congress was, after three centuries of banishment, of interdiction and of exile that had gone before, the triumphant return of God in the Holy Eucharist, with a legate of the Church's Supreme Head in the place of the leader. Finally, Cologne, last year was destined, under conditions particularly favorable, to present the spectacle never to be forgotten of a procession that took hours to pass a given point, and in the sacred ranks of which were Catholics in thousands, of every degree, all countries, all tongues, of all ages and conditions.
 Hitherto these Congresses had been

MILBURN'S LIVER PILLS
 English Liver, languo, sweeten the waste and poison-system in Nature's way as well as cure dandruff, Biliousness, the Stomach, Sour and all troubles of the bowels.
 J. C. Westberg, River, Man., writes: "I suffered for years, from long-continued liver trouble. Several kinds of medicine, but could get no relief. I bought your Liver Pills, and after taking a few boxes, I feel like a new man."
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The Catholic Church.

A Series of Articles Dealing With the Church Founded by Christ.

VII.

After summing up his teachings controversial for the earnest Protestant souls belonging to the Friendly Society of New Cottage, Dr. Miller feelingly adds: "It remains, my dear friends and brethren, for each of you to take his or her part; but remember, that the part you severally take, is taken for eternity." No culture club, no school of mental gymnastics, no academy of morals, can take the place of the Church of the Living God. Christ founded a Church, and man can found, or transform it into no other, whatever the excuse and howsoever he argue.

In our study we shall deal with (1) the necessity for the individual of belonging to the Church, and (2) with the necessity for the State of coming under the true yoke of Christ; but intending to treat of the first part only this week.

(1) NECESSITY FOR THE INDIVIDUAL.

Theologians distinguish between a twofold necessity in the order of salvation; to wit, the necessity of the means employed, and, indeed, that is said to be necessary, in virtue of a necessity of precept, which is so required for salvation, simply because God orders it; which therefore, being willingly set aside, or omitted, salvation becomes an impossibility. An example, in point of issue would be the culpable non-observance of the Lord's Day as ordered by the third commandment of Jehovah.

What is directly ordered to salvation, as a means towards an end, is said to be necessary in virtue of the means to be employed. This ordering is said to be intrinsic or absolute, if it is founded on the nature of a means, which, from its very nature, (ex se) is so necessary for salvation, that nothing can take its place, and if without it, salvation becomes an impossibility; this, for instance, is true of sanctifying grace. On the other hand, the ordering is intrinsic or relative, if it takes its rise and beginning from the positive and free will of God, by which He decrees that such or such a means must prove necessary to salvation in such a way that if the thing itself cannot be had, the willing desire for it may suffice, and, of course, be required (the desire may be but implicit very often), v.g., Baptism, or the Sacrament of Penance for those who may have fallen into mortal sin after Baptism.

With the foregoing premises established, let us now say that the Church may be considered from the double viewpoint of her soul and body.

The soul of the Church is made up of sanctifying grace, faith, hope, and charity, these, at least, principally and in the foremost position. These are admitted by all Christians worthy of the name to be absolutely necessary, through the necessity of means, absolutely and intrinsically, from the very nature of things, to belong to the soul of the Church.

All are agreed, too, that it is not absolutely necessary for salvation that each and every one belong to the body of the Church; for if any one is invincibly ignorant of the Church and her claims, he will be excused for not having belonged to her body, and, through means, indeed, extraordinary, he may have enough faith, and fulfil all other conditions required by the necessity of the means to be employed.

The question now is this: Did Christ bind men by precept to belong to the body of the Church?

True, Rationalists, the slaves of Naturalism, the apostles of Indifference, with the carnally indulgent, declare that a man may choose the religion he wants, and choose none if he so desire; and, then, according to most Protestant theologians, the body of the Church may embrace Holy Roller, Christian Scientist, Anglican, Baptist, or any, and all, of four hundred warring sects. A comfortable creed, in any, and all, we hope all will be as comfortable "beyond the bourne whence no traveller returns!"

Christ instituted the strict obligation for all men of belonging to the body of the Church.

Holy Scripture, Tradition, and Theological Reason may be adduced to bear witness to our assertion.

(1) Holy Scripture.—Addressing His Apostles, Christ said (Mark, xvi., 15): "Go ye into the whole world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be condemned." In St. Matthew xxviii., 19, 20: "Teach all nations . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." Furthermore, Christ says (Matthew xviii., 17), speaking of the incorrigible sinner: "If he will not hear the Church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." Speaking to the seventy-two in St. Luke (x., 16), Christ says: "He that heareth you heareth me, and he that despiseth you despiseth me."

Now in these texts: question is made of the Church Teaching: Christ is addressing His Apostles, and, then, the Church is one thing, and each private member is another. The words of Christ we quote above are freighted with eternal significance. Christ plainly makes it an obligation for all men to belong to His

Church. (And is it not ridiculous to hear ministers of religion admit that any one and all of four hundred sects may be the Church of Christ! Acting on that principle a man could never disobey the Church for he would surely find a sect to bear him out, even Tom Payne could have found an asylum for his theology; Bob Ingersoll, and other divines!)

(a) The Apostles were given the right of preaching, of teaching, and of commanding; and, in virtue of this very truth they must be listened to and obeyed, and let us remember that they were told to bring all men, each and every rational creature under their sway. (b) If anyone should not hear the Church when she teaches and commands, he is, by the very fact, as a heathen and a publican, that is, removed from the path to eternal salvation. (c) He who refuses to hear the Church, and who despises her, commits a grievous sin. He cannot reconcile his disobedience with sanctifying grace, which is required for salvation. And, then, not to hear the Apostle or the Church teaching is equivalent, according to Christ's words in the Gospel, to the sin of refusing to hear Himself.

There is, then, for all men, a strict obligation of belonging to the Church, of hearing her, and of obeying her, of, in other words, being members of the body of Christ.

(2) Tradition.—Tradition, of course, is unanimous on the point. Good Protestant theologians do not like to admit that Tradition is a rule of faith. The fact does not surprise us. Tradition destroys Protestantism at every turn. If Holy Scripture is the only rule of faith, what did those Christians do who lived before the New Testament was completed? In fact, our good Protestant friends have to depend upon the Tradition of the Catholic Church, for the very Bible itself; and were it not for the old monks of the Middle Ages, the Bible Societies would be minus their bank books.

If one will only take up the Fathers—and they do, in a way, study Patristics, outside the Church—he will find them, in a hundred places, comparing the Spotted Spouse of Christ to "Noe's Ark, outside of which there was no safety." Thus St. Cyprian—(de Unit. Eccl., n. 6; Patr. Lat., iv., 503); who, elsewhere, says (Ibid., n. 6; loc. cit.): "He cannot have God for father who has not the Church for his mother." The same truth he teaches in a third place (n. 14. Ibid., 510-511). Now, Bishop Grafton and many others like to appeal to St. Cyprian, but he fails in his appeals to them. St. Augustine (de Unit. Eccl., c. 19, n. 49; Patr. Lat. lxxiii., 429) plainly says: "No body can have Christ as his head, unless he belongs to His body, which is the Church."

Moreover, the doctrine we are now teaching is an article of faith: The Fourth General Council of Lateran, Pope Eugenius IV., in his Bull "Cantate Domino," Pius IX., in his Allocution "Singularem quadam" (Dec. 9, 1854), and in his Apostolic Letters, "Qui pluribus," "Singularem quidem," "Quanta conficiamus," "Multipliciter inter," and in his Allocution "Maxima quidem,"—all these teach the doctrine we uphold. Leo XIII. and Pius X. have had no other message for the world.

(3) Theological Reason is with us. Our Protestant adversaries will admit, at least, that we must be Christians. The religion of Christ can be no other than the one founded by Himself. In that Church, and through it alone, many men hope to find themselves disciples of Christ. This assertion on our part will suffice for the moment, that is, until we shall have established the truth of the claims put forth by the Catholic Church. Such propositions as the following, are condemned in the Syllabus of Pius IX.: (xvi) that a man may worship and work out his salvation in any one of a thousand different sects;—that great hopes are to be held concerning the salvation of "all" those who spent their days in error;—that Protestantism is only a variation of Catholicity, and equally as good.

The upshot of all we have said is that there results a serious obligation, and there exists a binding precept, of belonging to the body of the Church. This, in spite of the vagaries of a legion of false prophets, and error-strong doctors in Israel.

Moreover, the obligation of joining the Church is not only necessary in virtue of the precept, but by a necessity of means. For the Church as we said in our foregoing paper, is the ordinary means given us by Christ to work out our salvation. In the Church, and within her alone are to be found the legitimate mission to teach, the required administration of the Sacraments, and all the prescribed aids towards salvation with God.

However, the ordering of this means of salvation, does not arise from the very nature of the means itself, which may be supplied, made up for, through the working of other extraordinary means. Wherefore, when it is impossible for anybody to make use of the proper means, as laid down by Christ and His Church the willing desire, and, indeed, the implicitly willing desire of doing God's will and of submitting to His commands, may make room for good

faith, whereby and wherewith the soul of the one in darkness may reach the haven of rest with God. Next week we shall deal with the necessity for the State.

Local and Diocesan News.

LOCAL CALENDAR.

Fri. March 11. Most Precious Blood.
Sat. " 12. St. Gregory.
Sun. " 13. St. Gerold.
Mon. " 14. St. Mathilda.
Tues. " 15. St. Zachary.
Wed. " 16. St. Pinnia.
Thurs. " 17. St. Patrick.

FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION.—Monday, March 14, 11e Bizard; Wednesday, 16, St. Valentin; Friday, 18, St. Denis; Sunday, 20, Sacred Heart.

CONCERT ST. PATRICK'S NIGHT.—The St. Mary's Catholic Young Men's Society intend giving a splendid concert in the Church hall on the evening of the 17th. A very attractive programme has been prepared, and promises to eclipse anything of the kind given by this thriving organization. Tickets are 25c.; reserved seats, 35c.

Some persons are more susceptible to colds than others, contracting derangements of the pulmonary organs from the slightest causes. These should always have at hand a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the present day sovereign remedy for coughs, catarrh and inflammation of the lungs. It will effect a cure no matter how severe the cold may be. You cannot afford to be without a remedy like Bickle's, for it is the best.

IRISH DRAMA OF '98.—A thrilling drama in preparation by the St. Gabriel Juvenile T. A. & B. Society, entitled "Faugh a Ballagh," a three act Irish drama, in St. Gabriel Hall, cor Centre and Laprairie streets. There will be interspersed throughout several vocal selections, and dances, and judging from the former successes of this excellent junior temperance organization, it is safe to predict a very pleasant evening for all those who attend. Tickets are priced as follows: Evening, reserved, 35c; admission, 25c; matinee, adults, 25c; children, 10c. Reserved seats may be secured at Messrs. Conroy Bros., 291 Centre street, and at the Church Hall.

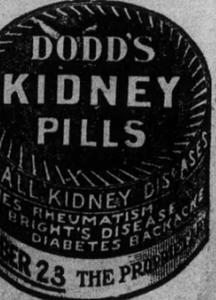
YOUNG IRISHMEN AT THE ACADEMY.—The Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association are busily engaged rehearsing "Wicklow," a charming Irish drama in four acts, which they will play at the Academy of Music, St. Patrick's night, March 17th. The cast, which is made up of some of the best amateurs in the city, include Messrs. Cunningham, Kelly, Reagan, Love Rankin, Callary, and Tracey, and the Misses Rowan and Sheridan, and Mrs. George Arless. There will be some Irish songs, and dances, and a splendid evening's entertainment is promised. Tickets may be secured in advance by phoning Mulcair Bros. Main 2645.

CLOSE OF MISSION.—Very edifying indeed was the manner in which all exercises of the mission for the women of St. Patrick's Church were followed all last week. The gentle yet persuasive eloquence of the Dominican Fathers appealed with an intensity quite striking, and the very large congregations assisting at all services testified to the deep, prayerful interest aroused.

On Sunday afternoon last there were two distinct closings. One at two o'clock for the married women, and the other at four o'clock for the unmarried women. Each time the church was well taxed to give comfortable seating capacity. The shrine of the Blessed Virgin had been tastefully decorated with flowers and lights. Solemn Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, at which the chancel choir rendered several selections, brought a very telling week's exercises to an end.

RETREAT AT ST. ANN'S.—The very successful retreat for ladies, which has been going on in St. Ann's Church for the past week, was brought to a close on Sunday afternoon at three o'clock. The week-day services, at 5 and 8 a.m., and 7.30 p.m., were very well attended, but the attendance at the closing exercises was larger still, and a conservative estimate would place the number of ladies present at considerably more than 2,000.

The opening services of the men's retreat took place at 7.30 the same evening, and the attendance, which surpassed that of the previous week, exceeded the expectations of the Reverend Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's. The body of the Church, gallery and side chapels were taxed to their utmost ca-



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has for sale a score of gold mines in Porcupine, on all of which pure gold has been found on the surface. In order to ascertain the real value of these mines, I have decided to form syndicates to make the preliminary investigations, and pay for the engineer's report, soundings, assays etc., of these

GOLD MINES.

These syndicates will be divided in three classes according to the apparent values of the respective mines. No. 1 syndicate will be formed of memberships of \$200.00; No. 2 of \$100.00, and No. 3 of \$50.00; this money is put up to get at the value of the mines. If the investigation turns out to be satisfactory, companies will be formed to exploit them, and the members of the respective syndicates, will get half of the capital stock of the companies for the money they have put in the pool.

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capacity, as was also the sanctuary. The morning services for men will be held at 5 and 7 o'clock, and the evening service at 7.30, and will be preached by the Rev. Fathers Zilles and Scholly, of Saratoga, N. Y., who had charge of the ladies' retreat.

OBITUARY.

MRS. DR. BOUDREAU.

On Monday, the 7th inst., the funeral took place to St. James Cathedral of Mrs. Dr. Boudreau, mother of Mrs. Dr. J. A. MacDonald, 250 Mountain street. The body was received by Rev. Canon Roy, and the solemn requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Canon Gauthier, pastor, assisted by Rev. Martin Reid chaplain of St. Patrick's Orphanage, Outremont, and Rev. M. Harbour as sub-deacon. Mrs. Boudreau leaves to mourn their loss a brother and sister, two daughters, Mrs. Dr. MacDonald and Miss Corinne Boudreau. Mrs. Boudreau was noted for her quiet, unostentatious charity, and the many charitable institutions in which she was deeply interested will sorely miss a generous benefactress. The True Witness extends its sympathy to Mrs. MacDonald and the other members of the bereaved family. May her soul rest in peace.

CLOSE OF A PEACEFUL LIFE.

O'FARRELL.—At St. Patrick's Orphanage, Outremont, on March 5, 1910, Ann O'Farrell, aged 81 years. Funeral private. Funeral service at the above institution, Monday, March 7th, R.I.P.

Ann O'Farrell was an Irishwoman, gentle, kindly, lovable. For nearly sixty years, from its inception, almost, she made her home at the asylum, where she passed away last week. Her life was for the most part aside from the noise and turmoil, the hurly and din of a great city's ever-increasing activities and demands. It was a life of even tenor, perfectly suited to her quiet, retiring disposition, and that left her, after all the changes of three score years, unchanged and undisturbed. To the very last she remained as her oldest friend remembered her in the days when both were young, a calm, Christian gentlewoman, anxiously considerate to everyone about her, grateful for the slightest favor from another, and to the person consecrated to God—the priest or the good religious, courteous and reverential, with a rare, old-fashioned grace.

Yet she had lived in stirring times. Born in the year that gave emancipation to her native country, bound so long with the chains of civic and religious disabilities, she emigrated from County Sligo, in the dreadful days of '47—dreadful for the Old Land, famine-shackled as it was—dreadful for the new, because of the Black Typhus, with the misery and pain and racking anguish and the harrowing scenes that accompanied it.

From the sister and brother who crossed with her she was separated, from the first, by the fever, which early carried off the youthful victim, and somehow, too, from the brother, who was soon lost sight of. As a young woman she came to Montreal, and here offered her life's services to the newly-opened St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, that stood so long on Dorchester street. During years and years, as the trusted messenger of the Grey Sisters, she did much of the institution's outside business. In the new Orphanage at Outremont, built to replace the lately demolished building that had become unfit for further use, she spent the past two years. But for the "old House" as she was wont to call it, she never relin-

quished her affection, and for the priests and nuns and friends of the place, and for the orphan children, of whom she had seen three generations, as well as for the little Sligo village that she left in '47, she kept her brightest and sunniest memories.

Her life was long and uneventful, yet filled with a measure of good deeds and homely virtues: it was a simple life but interesting in its way. And now that it is over, one is reminded of Father Faber's words, written of the death of just such a one: "It is as if some favorite piece of furniture were stolen from the house; or some deeply-loved picture taken away, or some old, familiar tree, under whose shadow we recreated, cut down."

Her funeral service took place at the Asylum on Monday morning. The Requiem Mass was sung by the little children. On Sunday they offered their Holy Communion for the eternal repose of her soul, and all the day, silently, noiselessly, they had passed in and out of the room where the body lay, to see their old, well-loved friend for a last time and to say their Rosary at her coffin. R.I.P.

The Bowels Must Act Healthily.

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

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Externally or Internally it is Good.—When applied externally by brisk rubbing Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil tissues as few liniments do, touching the seat of the trouble and immediately affording relief. Administered internally, it will still the irritation in the throat which induces coughing and will cure affections of the bronchial tubes and respiratory organs. Try it and be convinced.

Lucky Railroad Conductor.

Pueblo, Mexico, March 5.—Luke A. McGuckey, an American railroad conductor in Mexico, who bought a mining claim near here three years ago for \$500, has cleaned up profit on whole shipment amounting to \$1,000,000 in gold during that time. He has left here with the money for the United States, where he says he will invest it.

The Oldest Priest in the World.

Canon Gadenne, of the Diocese of Cambrai, is the oldest priest in the world, says The Melbourne Advocate. He was born at Lille in 1806, ordained in 1832, made cure of Raches (near Douay) in 1846, and has still charge of that parish. This shows the venerable cure to be 103 years old. He has been 77 years a priest, and 60 years a parish priest. In 1891 the Dean of the diocese came in a carriage to Father Gadenne to offer him the option of retiring. Father Gadenne told the Dean he "would let him know."

A light heart and a cheerful face.

are the heritage of those whose possess contented minds.—Father Hayes

A mother's love, a mother's sacrifices,

and a mother's sorrows are the same in all tongues

"Does any one in the class," asked the teacher, "know the origin of the corn laws?" "Yes, me'am," answered the shaggy haired pupil. "They were written by John Bunton."

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4 p.m. Except Sun. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Nicolet and intermediate stations.

NICOLET EXPRESS

N.B.—Trains Nos. 17 and 18, between New Glasgow and Sydney, have been discontinued. All Sleeping, Dining and Passenger Cars leaving Montreal are supplied with purest spring water from the celebrated Sugarloaf Mountain Springs, situated near Campbellton, N.B.

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and as soon as the Dean's carriage

drove off he took his cane and hat and set out on foot to hand the Dean the answer, and at the same time convince him of his activity by this long walk in his ninety-eighth year. Shortly after his baptism Father Gadenne's godmother prayed: "Lord, if my godson is to do good, accord him a long life; but if he is to do ill, let him die now." In 1880 Father Gadenne had a tombstone erected over a grave selected for himself, and inscribed it thus: "Here lies Charles Gadenne, Canon of Cambrai and Amiens, piously deceased the . . . in obedience to and in the faith of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church." The tombstone is now in ruins.

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