



HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HORTENSE



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die. —Tennyson.

The Many and the Few.

The many do not break their bread with us, Their chalice is not ours, they do not seek Our faces. Daily, in the crowded ways, They pass and so not speak. They are too rich, perhaps, and we too poor, Perhaps they are too young and we too old, Perhaps they are too plain and we too proud, Too scornful or too cold. And yet—for all, one toast at Christmas-time, When Merriment her utmost bounty spends, God bless the many who are not the few! God bless the few—our friends! —Marguerite Ogden Bigelow, in The Companion.

She Wants Pockets.

A woman who wants its distinctly understood that her plaint has no suffragette bias says in one of the English papers that she wants pockets in her clothes, and she doesn't think it fair for men to have nine or ten pockets apiece while she hasn't any, at least any to speak of. "Pockets for women," is her war cry, and if she can get those she doesn't care whether votes for women come or not. "Even," she complains, "if my tailor does sometimes grudgingly give me a pocket or two outside my coat—a real pocket, not a sham composed of braid and buttons—I am solemnly warned that I mustn't put anything in it or I'll spoil the shape of the coat. So I am obliged to burden myself with a handbag, which is more frequently lost than found. Could tyranny go further?"

Good-Bye, Old Year.

Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Along the hilltop lace of trees, The sunset lingers slow, As if it would not go, Hearing the sighing of the breeze, Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye! Adown the vales of memory, The sad days of the year, Their every cloud and tear, Whisper so kindly up to me, "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." And memory has joys to tell, The happy-hearted days, God's many-mercyed ways, Deep in my heart shall ever dwell, "Good-bye, Old Year, good-bye." —Michael Earls, S.J., in Boston Pilot.

Hat Don'ts.

Don't forget that if the hat is suited to the wearer, all else is forgotten and forgiven. Don't hide a small face under a picture hat of the Gainsborough type. Choose a style less pronounced in size. Don't wear a hat turning back from the face if you are a large, oval-faced beauty. It makes the face look longer. Don't wear a hat that very closely follows the outline of the face if the face is round and plump. It suggests the framing of the full moon. Don't wear a hat that is bent down directly in the middle if you possess a retreating nose. It makes the nose look as though it were trying to meet the hat. A hat that flares at the sides is becoming, as is also a toque or a turban. Don't indulge in very many flowers, feathers, and flares if you possess much height, weight and color. The modern Brunhilde must be as tautly rigged as a yacht, and ready to take every breeze without a loose end fluttering.

Giving Up One's Seat.

In a communication to the New York Times a correspondent says: The question of chivalry in street cars was discussed in a French paper last month. Here are a few extracts: You will tell me that in Paris the gentleman who gives up his seat to a woman is getting more and more scarce. That is true, but you must acknowledge that the chivalrous gentleman does not usually get much reward. I made (five) exper-

iments lately. Here are the results: In an omnibus—The lady, dryly: "Thank you, sir, I am all right standing." In a tram-car—The lady did not answer, but the gentleman, who was with her, glanced at me suspiciously. On a steamer—There were two ladies of a doubtful (or rather too undoubted) age. I offered my seat to the more mature-looking of the two. She answered with vexation: "I am not tired," then said loudly to her companion: "It's unbearable! I won't go out without mamma again!" In an overcrowded train (on the way to the Juvisy aviation meet)—The lady took my seat and gave no thanks. In the Metro (subway)—The old lady sat down and thanked me—at last!—in a charming manner, but on looking at her more closely, I discovered that the old lady was an old gentleman.

Dishwashing as an Art.

From enjoying the cooking, serving and eating of a good dinner, turn to washing the glassware and dainty china as a science and an art, which it is; and if your experience is like mine, it will assume a new interest and lose much of the aspect of drudgery. Every other business has those routine processes; why not ours? If a workman is worthy of his tools a workwoman is of hers; and in dishwashing these are the necessities: an enamel or agate dishpan, a wooden or wire rack to lay on the sink beside the pan, two dish mops, one especially for glassware, a good washing cloth, a wire dishcloth with handle, a spatula or scraping knife, ammonia, borax, white soap for china and glass and laundry and scouring soap for other dishes, and, last, plenty of dish towels, all hemmed and of three grades—the fine glass towels, heavier ones for china, and for cooking dishes, large squares of blue denim, washed soft. Every housekeeper can add something to this list. A draining board beside the sink, sloping toward it and grooved to drain off the water in little streams, is a substantial help. Before beginning to cook anything, from a whole meal to a cake, fill the dishpan with warm, soapy water, when through with a dish, spoon, or anything else, drop it in the water, and when a spare minute comes wash these, rinse with clear hot water and dry, and when the actual dishwashing after a meal begins, most of the cooking dishes will be out of the way. After a meal carefully scrape all plates, vegetable dishes, etc., with the spatula, piling the different sorts of dishes together, and again filling the dishpan with warm water, add some white soap and a teaspoon of household ammonia, wash first the glassware, rinsing it in the same temperature as that in the pan. While wiping these put the silver in water to soak then wash it and rinse it with very hot water; next the cups, saucers, etc., always putting part of the dishes to soak while drying those previously washed. Steel dinner knives with bone or ivory handles must not be allowed to soak. Wash the blades carefully, rub any spots with fine scouring soap and wipe at once. Washing kneading boards, mixing bowls or anything where flour is used in clear, cold water, using a separate washing cloth or a small scrub brush. If cooking dishes are so unfortunate as to be burnt, soak them in soapy water, adding a little washing soda or washing powder and let stand for half an hour. Then pour off the water and wash. Aluminum dishes should not be scraped with a knife, but soaked and then carefully cleaned with fine scouring soap or whitening. Put custard cups, eggs or cheese dishes and chocolate pans to soak in cold water first. Greasy pans and kettles may be helped by wiping with paper before washing to remove all extra grease. Baking pans used only for bread and cake, or cookie sheets, are better not to be washed at all unless burnt, but wiped inside and out with a clean, dry cloth while still warm. Use the same treatment on bright tin covers. When all the dishes are dried and out of the way, wash and dry the pan, dish mops and drainer, then wash the sink with hot water, scouring soap and a brush, rinsing it with boiling water. Leave everything dry and in their respective places, with the satisfied feeling of a task well accomplished.—Good Housekeeping.

The Small, Sweet Courtesies.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter on "small, sweet courtesies of life," contains a passage from which a great deal of happiness might be learned: "I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show that you care for them. The world is like the miller at Mansfield, who cared for nobody, no, not he, because nobody cared for him." And the whole world will serve you so if you give them the same cause. Let everyone, therefore, see that you do work for them, by showing them what Sterns so happily calls the "small, sweet courtesies," in which there is no parade, whose voice is so still, to ease, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing.

Wardrobe Hints.

To remove dust from silk—Use a piece of velvet for brushing silk. Try it on a black silk petticoat and see how perfectly it wipes away all traces of dust from frills and ruffles. Any brush, however soft, acts as an irritant to silk, but the velvet removes all dust without any injury to the silk of sunshades, etc. Before mending stockings with ordinary darning yarn it is a good plan to hold the skein or card over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. By this means the steam effectually shrinks the wool, and when the stocking is sent to the wash there will be no fear of the mended portion shrinking away or tearing the surrounding part. A cran serge or flannel costume may be kept fresh thus: Before the garment is very soiled take equal parts of flour and salt. Mix well, and with a piece of clean flannellet rub well into the soiled parts. When finished shake thoroughly. To mend an umbrella cover—Obtain a piece of ribbon or black tape, stick well over with gum and place on the under side of the umbrella. Make both sides of the rent meet together and press them on the ribbon. This is much neater than sewing. If carefully done no mend is visible and it will not split again.—From Woman's Life.

Pensioned by a Baby.

How the infant son of the young King of Spain, gave personal attention to a request for a pension and decided in favor of the petitioner, is told in an article in The Literary Magazine. We read: A few months after he was born the widow of an officer who was killed in Cuba appealed for an increase of pension. She had repeatedly made application through the ordinary channels, but without result. Then the idea occurred to her to address a memorial to His Royal Highness Alfonso, Infante of Spain. The letter was opened by the baby prince's secretary—he has a small army of high dignitaries to wait upon him—who referred it to the King. The young monarch read it and smiled. Holding it in his hand, he made his way through the corridors of the scurial, the secretary following wonderingly. In the nursery they found the queen and the baby prince sitting up in his crib. The King gravely explained the situation and then with a formal bow returned the letter to the secretary. "But what shall I do with it, sire?" he asked. "Why, give it to the prince, to whom it is directed, of course." The secretary, bowing low, held it on the royal cradle. The baby grabbed it eagerly and smiled. "Well, what does the prince say to it?" asked His Majesty, after a pause, turning to the nurse. "Really, your Majesty, he appears to me to say nothing," was the matter-of-fact reply. "All right, silence gives consent," said the King. "Mr. Secretary, see that the letter is forwarded to the War Department with the proper endorsement, and write to the woman that the prince grants the request."

Tart Sayings.

Beggars are not choosers, and neither are givers. A frowning face and a cruel tongue do not always conceal a smiling Providence.

Cauliflower in a New Way.

Huntington cauliflower is particularly desirable on account of the decided flavor of its sauce. Select a medium sized firm cauliflower, remove leaves, cut off stalk, and soak one hour, head down, in cold water to cover. Cook, head up, thirty minutes or until soft in boiling salted water to cover. Drain, separate into flowerets, and pour over the following: Mix one and one-half teaspoonfuls of mustard, one and one-fourth teaspoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful powdered sugar and one eighth of a teaspoonful of pepper; then add two eggs slightly beaten, one half of a cupful of vinegar and one fourth of a cupful of olive oil. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Strain, and add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one half of a tablespoonful of curry-powder and one half of a teaspoonful of onion-juice.—Women's Home Companion for December.

How to Clean White Enamel.

Soap never should be used in cleaning paint, especially white enamel, or any paint with a gloss, which is the chief charm of the wood. If in washing woodwork a cupful of the glue used by carpenters is melted and poured into a pail of warm water it will not only serve as a cleanser to the paint, but it will leave a high gloss such as new paint has. When once she uses this the housekeeper will consider the glue a household necessity.

What is Worn in London.

London, Dec. 21, 1909. The bitter cold which has come upon us so unusually early this year brought with it an extra crop of bronchial affections of all kinds. The cold just arrived at the same time as the new plays; and having succumbed to both plays and cold, or, shall I say, having visited the former and been visited by the latter, I have come to the conclusion that there is no place where one catches, or, rather, is caught so easily by a cold as at the theatre, unless one takes proper precautions. Even if one escapes the inevitable draughts of cold air when the curtain goes up, or when the doors are opened at the intervals, one falls a victim while waiting for one's carriage or "taxi" in the vestibule. As no one is likely to give up theatre-going, which is in my opinion quite the pleasantest form of social distraction, for fear of being caught by the Coryza Fiend, the only thing to do is to make one's self immune by a warm cloak. It is, therefore, the interest of both health and beauty that I describe a theatre cloak this week; for really a garment of this kind is one of the most important sartorial items of the moment. The material of this beautiful model is one of the lovely new moiré velvets, which are as soft as chiffon, and take the most delightful folds that are heightened in effect by the shimmer of the moiré surface. The color also aids this effect, for it is a curious bronze-green, which sometimes gleams like bronze, and sometimes shines as green as a Capri lizard. The cloak is cut long and loose, fastening at one side with two beautiful large ornaments in gold filigree, one at the shoulder and the other at the waist-line, and is bordered all round up to the shoulders with a band of skunk. A notable feature of the cloak is that it has only one sleeve, large and full and finished with a band of skunk at the wrist. At the opposite side the cloak falls straight to the hem, and the wearer, if she wants to use that arm, loops up the whole cloak over it, which has a most picturesque Oriental effect, and shows off the lovely pale blue satin lining between the bordering lines of dark brown skunk. It can easily be understood that the cloak must be cut very full and very cleverly to allow of its being draped up over the arm without being pulled out of shape and symmetry; and it can also be imagined how equable a warmth the body must retain when the arm remains inside and the cloak falls straight to the hem of the dress. Another point in favor of this one-sleeved model is the ease with which it can be slipped on and off in the stalls of a theatre, where the getting-into the second sleeve is always a matter of difficulty and gymnastics. There is yet another excellent feature in this theatre-cloak, and that is, that instead of a more or less cumbersome fur collar to protect the neck, its place is taken by a scarf of double chiffon, green over dull gold, which is adorned with three narrow rows of skunk and finished with green and dull gold tassels. This scarf is fastened to the cloak and can be wound softly round the throat, giving far more comfort and protection than any fur collar. The velvets and brocaded damasks are so beautiful this year that they have quite ousted the splendid fur coats that marked a record in expensive luxury among Parisiennes last year. It is not that cloaks in sable and ermine and chinchilla do not still appear at the Opéra or the Français on subscription nights, but they are not so new and are not so commented upon as the superb Renaissance damasks and brocaded velvets, bordered with rare furs, which are the latest expression of Parisienne elegance. And certainly these cloaks of gold and silver brocades look far more suited to evening wear than do those exclusively made of fur, no matter how rare and expensive such furs may be. This was clearly demonstrated some nights ago at the Français by the appearance of one of the leaders of Parisian dress in a draped cloak of cloth of silver

Advertisement for Surprise Soap. Includes illustration of a woman holding a box of soap. Text: "Surprise is stamped on every cake of Surprise Soap. It's there so you can't be deceived. There is only one Surprise. See to it that your soap bears that word— Surprise A pure hard soap."

WOULD DO LESS DAMAGE.

Bobby—Say, Maw, what are you going to give Dad for Christmas? His Mother—Why, my dear, I think I shall give him a new pair of slippers. Bobby—Aw, can't you make it a pair of moccasins?

FAMILY MATTERS.

"How old is your child?" asked a conductor. "Seven," replied the mother. As the conductor passed up the crowded car the little boy called after him, "And mother's 38!"

PRACTICE MAY MAKE PERFECT.

Because a little Missouri boy continually said "have went" instead of "have gone," his teacher ordered him to stay after school and write "have gone" five hundred times. The little fellow obeyed, and while he was writing the teacher left the room to visit another. When she returned the boy had done, and had left behind several sheets covered with "have goes," and this note: "I'm through and have went home."

WHY, CERTAINLY.

Departing Passenger—Oh, conductor, won't you please give me a transfer of some other color? This one doesn't match my gown at all. —Puck.

Mistress—You know, Melinda, we are all very fond of you. I hope you like your room and are content with your wages. I'm thinking of giving you my silk petticoat. Cook—Poh de Lawd, Mis' Howard! How many folks has you been done gone an' asked for dinner?—Puck.

Gunner—"And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled." Guyer—"H'm! I'd like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples."

One of the papers handed in at the examination of students training for employment as teachers described Oliver Cromwell as "a man with coarse features and having a large red nose with deep religious convictions beneath."

THE YOUNG IDEA.

The following are some gems culled from the examination papers of one of our public schools: "Sodom and Gomorrah are two of the largest volcanoes." "The office of the gastric juice is situated in the stomach." "Queen Elizabeth was one of the Queens of England. She was famous for her fondness for chivalry and valvry and other wild game." "Isthmus is a place across which to build a canal." "A mountain range is a very large cook stove." "Drink is the curse of mankind, and has a marked influence on the doctor's conclusions in cases of sickness." "The chief exports of Russia are Russian sables and immigrants."

NOT INTERESTED.

Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, apropos of woman suffrage, said: "Men of that sort—men of that stupid sort—treat us women like little children or pet animals. They make no account of us whatever. They are like old Calhoun White, of Ripon."

"Old Calhoun walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands. "Why, Calhoun," said the barber, "are you taking a holiday?" "Dish yere," said the old man in a stately voice, "dish yere am mah golden waddin', sah. Ah'm sally bratin' hit."

Mr. Donald A. Banks, N.S., writes with his kidneys suffering with such the small of my back could hardly get two boxes of Doan's to feel better, and three I was completely cured. Price 50 cents per box. All dealers or mail order by The T. J. Toronto, Ont. When ordering

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

"Can you suggest something I can get my wife for Christmas?" he asked of the clerk. "You'd better get her a box of cigars," was the reply. "She was in here this morning and bought a lace parasol for you."

Advertisement for Keeton's Funny Sayings. Includes the text "Keeton's Funny Sayings" and "NOT LITERARY."

Vertical strip of advertisements on the right margin. Includes: "MORRISON", "KAVANAGH, L.A.", "ROSSARD, CH...", "BARNARD &...", "Conroy", "Practical Plumbers", "Lawrence", "T. H. WE...", "SOCIETY I...", "PATRICK'S", "Synopsis of Cana...", "HOMESTEAD", "The homestead...", "Suffered Terrible Pains", "For Backache, L...", "Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother's Worm Exterminator."



**MORRISON & HATCHETT**  
Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors.  
5th Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers  
57 ST. JAMES STREET.  
Phone Main 3124.

Hon. Sir Alexandre Lacoste, K. C.  
**KAVANAGH, LAJOIE & LACOSTE**  
ADVOCATES, SOLICITORS, ETC.  
7 PLACE D'ARMES  
KAVANAGH, K. C. PAUL LACOSTE, B.L.S.  
K. GARDIN-LAJOIE, K. C. JULES MATHIEU, B.L.S.

H. A. Cholette, L.L.B.  
H. A. Cholette, L.L.B.  
**BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY**  
Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors  
156 ST. JAMES ST.  
Phone Main 1491 Guardian Bldg.

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

Bell Tel. Main 3554, Night and day service.  
**Conroy Bros.**  
193 CENTRE STREET  
Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters  
Estimates Given.  
Jobbing Promptly Attended To

**Lawrence Riley**  
PLASTERER  
Successor to John Riley. Established in 1860  
Paint and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of  
all kinds promptly attended to.  
15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

**L. H. WELSH & CO**  
Caterers and Confectioners  
40-42 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL  
Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W.  
Brands Caramels and Everton Toffee.  
Banquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal  
attention. PHONE MAIN 5301

**SOCIETY DIRECTORY.**

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

**Synopsis of Canadian North-West  
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**  
ANY even numbered section of Doan's  
Man and Woman's 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 any male over 18 years of  
age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-  
tion of 160 acres, more or less.  
Entry must be made personally at  
the local land office for the district  
in which the land is situated.  
Entry by proxy may, however, be  
made on certain conditions by the  
father, mother, son, daughter, brother  
or sister of an intending home-  
steader.  
The homesteader is required to per-  
form the conditions connected there-  
with under one of the following  
plans:  
(1) At least six months residence,  
upon and cultivation of the land in  
each year for three years.  
(2) If the father (or mother, if  
the father is deceased) of the home-  
steader resides upon a farm in the  
vicinity of the land entered for, the  
requirements as to residence may be  
satisfied by such person residing  
with the father or mother.  
(3) If the settler has his permanent  
residence upon farming lands  
owned by him in the vicinity of his  
homestead the requirements as to  
residence may be satisfied by resi-  
dence upon said land.  
Six months' notice in writing  
should be given the Commissioner of  
Dominion Lands at Ottawa of in-  
tention to apply for patent.

**W. W. GORY,**  
Deputy Minister of the Interior,  
N.B.—Unauthorized publication of  
this advertisement will not be per-  
mitted.

**Suffered From Her  
Terrible Pains  
For Nine Months.**  
For Backache, Lame or Weak Back—  
one of the commonest and most distressing  
symptoms of kidney inaction, there is no  
remedy equal to Doan's Kidney Pills for  
taking out the stitches, twinges and  
twinges, limbering up the stiff back, and  
giving perfect comfort.  
A medicine that strengthens the kid-  
neys so that they are enabled to extract  
the poisonous uric acid from the blood  
and prevent the chief cause of Rheuma-  
tism.  
Mr. Donald A. Malinae, Broad Cove  
Banks, N.S., writes:—"I was troubled  
with my kidneys for nine months, and  
suffered with such terrible pains across  
the small of my back all the time that I  
could hardly get around. After taking  
two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I began  
to feel better, and by the time I had taken  
three I was completely cured."  
A Price 50 cents per box, or \$1.25  
all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of  
price by The T. McBurn Co., Limited,  
Toronto, Ont.  
When ordering specify "Doan's."

**INTERESTED.**  
The Chapman Catt, ap-  
proving suffrage, said:  
"That sort—men of that  
—treat us women like  
—a pet animals. They  
—account of us whatever  
—old Calhoun White, of  
—walked down the  
—one morning in his best  
—cloth suit, with a white  
—buttonhole and cotton  
—s large hands.  
—Calhoun," said the bar-  
—tender taking a holiday?  
—said the old man in a  
—"dish yer am mash-  
—in", sah. Ah'm sally-  
—r wife," said the barber,  
—as usual. I saw her at  
—I came out. Why isn't  
—ing, too?"  
—said Calhoun angrily,  
—"ah nuffin' to do with  
—ah fourth."

# CHRISTMAS NUMBER

In tubes ready for mailing

## True Witness Christmas Number

Choice Christmas Stories, Original Sketches, Charming Gavotte,  
written specially for this number. This dainty composition  
is worth the price alone.

PRICE, 25 Cts.

### THE BETROTHED.

"Is Father Chase at home?"  
"Yes, sir," the maid replied, criti-  
cally eyeing the handsome, ele-  
gantly dressed stranger.  
She was "new" on the staff, her  
patience untried, and her nerves not  
yet overwrought by the incessant  
and so often inopportune ringing of  
the rectory bell and the many incon-  
siderate demands for ore or other  
of the parish clergy.  
She opened the parlor door for  
the caller and disappeared. In a  
few moments she returned and said:  
"Father Chase is not in, sir," and  
then noticing a challenging look in  
the visitor's eyes, with Celtic quick-  
ness added: "And neither is he out;  
but if you don't mind stepping down  
below a bit past the church door,  
you'll find him in the club-room  
where he's in the midst of his boys,  
the cook says."  
"Oh, thank you, thank you," he  
replied, and, bowing courteously,  
took his departure.  
The Club House was soon reached,  
and it was clearly evident that the  
boys' friend was there. The marked  
melody of the "Barn Dance" and  
the noise of the barn dancers were  
hushed when the visitor entered.  
The priest arose from the piano and  
impulsively grasped his hand.  
"Well, well, Bert, this is a plea-  
sure. Glad to see you—glad to  
see you."  
Bert could hardly get his breath  
to reply. There was no need, how-  
ever, for Father Chase could not  
have heard or heeded. He was too  
busy giving directions to all around  
him. Then he tried to apologize for  
the interruption, and begged  
Father Chase to continue the mu-  
sic.  
"Not at all, not at all," he ex-  
claimed. "Here, Billy," to a tow-  
headed lad near him, "call John  
Fitz; he's in the little room there  
studying. Fine chap," he added,  
"coaching him for college next year."  
John Fitzgerald will play for you.  
Jim Duffy, you'll see that the lights  
are out, place locked up, etc. Good  
night! God bless you all!  
Amidst a chorus of "Good nights"  
the two men left the room. Taking  
a key from his cassock pocket, Fa-  
ther Chase opened a side door that  
led into the vestry of the church,  
talking cheerily all the time, asking  
for everybody "up home," although  
his own home was broken up short-  
ly after his mother's death. Before  
passing into the rectory he knelt for  
a moment within sight of the red  
glow of the sanctuary lamp, and  
beside him. Straight up to his own  
room he brought the young lawyer,  
dear to him as a brother.  
"What's that? You say you came  
down to see somebody off?"  
"Why, yes," replied Bert, hesitat-  
ingly, as he sank into a comfortable  
rocker, "and thereby hangs a  
tale."  
"One of Shakespeare's, I suppose.  
One of the Romeo-Juliet style. Am  
I right? But why slieth the fair  
lady?"  
"Well, you're a fine guesser, Fa-  
ther. I'm engaged."  
"Lucky lady!" ejaculated Father  
Chase with exaggerated fervor.  
"Ethel Scaton?"  
"Scaton? Isn't that Dean West-  
on's niece of Washington?" re-  
proach in the young priest's tone.  
"Oh, yes—mixed marriage. I know

Mrs. McGrave took her off yester-  
day."  
"Wish she hadn't, for it's an age  
since I saw her. Is the Judge a  
parishioner?"  
"Scarcely. His kind of people  
move up-town, now-a-days. But we  
can 'phone them. I am sure Carrie  
and the McGrave girls would be  
pleased to join us at the pier, if  
you don't object."  
"Object! Why, Father, that's aw-  
fully kind of you. I was thinking  
Ethel would have a rather lonely  
'send off'—you see her immediate re-  
lations are in Europe, and you  
know—"  
"Oh, yes, I know, old chap. On  
occasions like this, the more hand-  
sawing the better. We'll tell them  
an hour earlier, to give time for in-  
troductions, and so on. What a  
jolly party we'll make to say  
'bon voyage' to Bert's betrothed!"  
"Awfully good of you—didn't ex-  
pect all this," Bert kept murmur-  
ing, as Father John led the way to  
the telephone.  
It was with a light heart Creigh-  
ton descended the steps of the rec-  
tory half an hour afterwards. He  
was sensibly touched by the kind-  
ness of the young priest—struck by  
the simplicity and tact of the min-  
ister of Christ, who, while withhold-  
ing his approval of the step he was  
about to take, could so readily and  
heartily plan for him and his be-  
trothed such a pleasure and sur-  
prise.  
After a brief call at the Catholic  
Club, of which he was an honorary  
member, he wended his way to the  
Hoffman House.  
"The Italia, November 3, 1908."  
"Dear Sister Clare:—How sweet of  
you to send me that little keepsake  
book! The book also is a gift I shall  
prize. When in Paris three years  
ago, I first saw this volume in a  
friend's library, and would have loved  
to read it, but the very next  
day we left for London. I am  
pleased now, that it happened so,  
as I shall enjoy it the more, com-  
ing from you, and in its English  
dress. Thank you again and again  
for 'A Sister's Story'.  
"As for the precious medal of the  
Virgin, to be candid with you, I did  
not promise Bert to wear it, but  
only to keep it for your sake, and  
his; but scarcely were we well at  
sea when a storm arose. Mother,  
who is usually quite brave, became  
nervous and frightened, and soon I  
became likewise. 'Twas then I be-  
thought me of what our dear Bert  
said when giving me your little me-  
dal: 'My sister' (how he loves you,  
but I am not a bit jealous) 'de-  
clares this is miraculous.' Immedi-  
ately I took it out of my bag and  
put it on a chain around my neck.  
I felt profoundly assured of heav-  
enly protection, and both medal and  
assurance remain with me yet.  
"Most likely you have not seen  
Bert since we sailed, and you know  
nothing of the most pleasurable sur-  
prise we had on embarking. You  
could never guess whom we met!  
Very dear friends of yours—in-  
-ct your ears should have been burn-  
-ing on that memorable morning, we  
talked so much of you—the Reverend  
Mr. Chase, 'Father John,' Bert and  
the others called him, his sister and  
several of her friends, lovely sen-  
sible girls, all of whom I would  
wish to meet again.  
"Father John is my ideal of a  
clergyman. From mother he had  
-ct that his very presence made  
-ct the of the supernatural. We  
-ct a delightful hour together be-  
-ct the signal for departure was  
-ct given. As the vessel left the pier



Rev. Father Morriscy

### Rub It In And The Pain Comes Out

Pains and aches will come to every household, and the prudent mother keeps a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment on hand to meet them.  
Whether it's cuts or bruises, burns or frost-bites, chapped hands or chilblains, sprains or sore muscles, back ache, tooth-ache, ear ache, rheumatism, sore throat or pain in the chest,  
It "rubs in" quickly and thoroughly, going right to the seat of the pain. Scarcely a trace of it stays on the skin. That is one reason why it is so effective.  
With a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment in the house you can save yourself and your family hours and hours of needless pain.  
"There's ease in every drop."  
25c a bottle at your Dealer's.

their waving farewells and 'bon voyage' salutes made us feel as though we had been friends for many years.  
"My maid, Carlotta, comes to tell me mother has awakened from her afternoon nap. I must go to her. Although not positively ailing, she demands constant attention. All morning I have been reading to her Mary Johnston's latest work—'Lewis and Clark'—which we both like very much. Our captain, an unusually genial Scotsman, interests mother greatly. Ah! I see him coming now so I shall leave them to discuss naufrages at Washington, or the relative merits of Carlstad and Biarritz."  
"Affectionately,  
"Ethel."

Genoa, December 10, 1908.  
"Dear Sister Clare:—No, Sister mine, I am not displeased at having to wait so long for a line from you. I understand very well that your time is not your own, so I shall continue to be content to write twice (or in this instance thrice) before receiving a reply. However, if you know how dearly I prize your charming letters, you would create holidays for your pupils that I might have more frequent missives from you! Those sweet lines you transcribed in your last, are constantly in my mind:  
"I could not do without Him!  
Jesus is more to me  
Than all the richest, fairest gifts  
Of earth could ever be.  
But the more I find Him precious  
And the more I find Him true,  
The more I long for you to find  
What He can do for you!"  
"Mother wishes to thank you again for your sweet 'billet francais.' She wonders how you discovered her predilection for 'la belle langue.'  
"At one time my grandfather was United States Consul at Bordeaux

and some of mother's happiest days in girlhood were spent in France.  
"Genoa agrees with mother, so she will remain here for the winter. My Aunt Ethel, her only sister, is very sympathetic and exceedingly devoted to her. It has been arranged that I am to spend the Christmas holidays with Aunt Ethel's daughter, Marchese, di Rimini Paola, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Jennings Smith! I am delighted to go to Messina, one of the most beautiful places on this earth—the lost Garden of Eden, they declare, who never tire of speaking of its glories in the pagan past, and its pleasures in present social life. What attracts me there is the desire to see my cousin again and be introduced to her husband and charming family. They live on the Marina, a broad promenade on the water's edge."

Messina, December 21, 1908.  
"Dear Sister:—Here I am at last in Messina, the city of 'ancient beauty and fame.' Its beauty is simply magical! I am actually living in one of the stately palaces of the Caesars! The Marina is flanked with these noble structures, and that of the Paolas is, I think, the very grandest.  
"Oh! how you would love little Francesca, a charming sprite of ten summers, with beautiful violet eyes and a wealth of golden hair, always kept in curls by a devoted nurse—a young Irishwoman recommended by the Sisters of a neighboring convent. Francesca speaks English and French equally well, but I love to hear her prattle in the soft Italian of her father. Her remarks at times are quite caustic. When only eight years old she was annoyed, one afternoon, in church by the conduct of some tourists. On reaching home, imagine her mother's surprise when she said to her: 'Mother, it is shocking! These Americans bring over so many trunks full of clothes and hardly a

(Continued on Page 7.)

### Twitching of the Nerves

Became almost unbearable  
until Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve  
Food brought about cure.

Tapping of the fingers, restlessness, sleeplessness, inability to control the nerves.  
What a story of exhausted nerves is told by these symptoms. Nervous prostration and paralysis are not far away unless restorative treatment is used.  
The writer of this letter was fortunate enough to learn about Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and tells his experience for the benefit of other sufferers from disease of the nerves.  
Mr. Wm. Branton, Strathroy, Ont., writes: "My nervous system was all unstrung. I could not sleep, had no appetite, my digestion was poor and my nerves twitched. Twenty-four boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food completely restored my health."  
Portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, on every box, 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

**Dr. A. W. Chase's  
Nerve Food.**

The True Witness is published every Thursday by The True Witness P. & P. Co. 812 Lagaciere St. West, Montreal P. O. BOX 1138

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

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

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

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST SOLICITED.

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

—Pope Pius X.

Episcopal Approbation.

If the English Speaking Catholics of Montreal and of this Province consulted their best interests, they would make of the TRUE WITNESS one of the most prosperous and powerful Catholic papers in this country.

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work. PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Orphan Hours, the Year is dead! Come and sigh, come and weep! Merry Hours, smile instead, For the Year is but asleep: See, it smiles as it is sleeping, Mocking your untimely weeping."

Thus Shelley, in his "Dirge for the Year," written on the 1st of January, 1821. And elsewhere: "Where art thou, beloved Tomorrow? When young and old, and strong and weak, Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow, Thy sweet smiles we ever seek, In thy place—ah! well-a-day!— We find the thing we fled—To-day."

The Old Year, indeed, is dying! But ere it fades, let us not forget its gifts and graces—the many hours of mirth, the good desires, the fervent prayers, the health and leisure or, perhaps, the sickness sanctified, the riches of plenty, the Holy Masses, the stories of our repentance at the feet of Jesus with Magdalen, and, then, our presence at the banquet of the Lord, while the very angels envied us our blessed share! These, and more, the memories of 1909!

But, before God, has the dying year been for us a season of merit? How have we served our Maker? How have we loved our neighbor? How have we striven after Heaven?

"The years of thy life in the balance Eternity's measure sublime, What are they but drops in the ocean, But grains on the sand shore of time?"

Or again: "Years roll through the palm of ages, As the dropping Rosary speeds Through the cold and passive fingers, Of a hermit at his beads."

Then will come the New Year! May it be for all men a happy and thrice happy New Year in God's finding! May it bring added health and happiness to our Holy Father, to our Archbishop and his worthy Auxiliary, to all our good and devoted priests, to the self-sacrificing Brothers and Sisters who are giving their lives for us, to our painstaking lay teachers, to our friends and to our foes, to those who wish us well and to those who wish us ill, to the old and the young, to the strong of body, and to the dear ones of whom disease has made its prey. Again, to all, a Happy New Year! Let 1910 be God's Year! It shall

witness in our midst the glorious pageant of Jesus in the Sacrament of His Love. "Give thy heart's best treasures, From fair Nature loans; Give thy love—and ask not, Wait not a return! And the more thou spendest From thy little store, With a double bounty God will give thee more."

May the Mother of God make of 1910 a year of plenty for us all in the everlasting records of His Angel!

THE NEW BISHOP OF LONDON, ONT.

It is rejoicing news for us all to hear that Very Reverend Doctor M. F. Fallon, O.M.I., has been chosen as the new bishop of London, Ont. Dr. Fallon needs no introduction to our readers, or to English-speaking Canadians in general. A man of very superior intellect, he is also of remarkable physique, an indefatigable worker who always makes of an undertaking a telling success. It must be remembered that it was Dr. Fallon who practically took up the fight against the anti-Catholic kingly oath of office. His work while at Ottawa University made of him a brilliant national figure, and he it was again who organized the Buffalo province of Oblates. In a word, he cannot but rank with the peers of the episcopacy in Canada and the United States. The Holy Ghost, we feel sure, has ratified the choice made for the diocese of the Forest City. He may indeed feel justly proud of the clergy over whom he has been placed, true, sincere, holy, hard-working priests, who, more than anybody else, will thank God for the Bishop sent them by Heaven. Dr. Fallon is a member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, a truly wonderful congregation of missionaries, and a veritable seminary for the episcopate.

That God may spare him for many long years, that other honors may be made his share, and that his zeal and earnestness may meet with the undying success he so fully deserves, is the prayer of all our readers, and of every true, loyal son of the Church.

THE IRISH NOT A MISSIONARY RACE.

We lately came across the perverse statement that the Irish are not today a missionary race. In reply, let us simply say: If it were not for Irish priests, the Church in England would still be in its second infancy after the Reformation;

So would the Church in Scotland; Irish priests kept the faith alive in the United States in nine-tenths of the cases; You will find scores of Irish priests, brothers and nuns among the members of the clergy and orders in France;

They are doing the Church's work in Australia, South Africa, New Zealand; The Irish priests are out in India too, with nuns and brothers of their race; The Irish clergy are at the head of over three hundred papers and periodicals, all fighting for the Church's interests;

Irishmen and men of Irish blood are responsible for nine-tenths of the conversions of non-Catholics to the faith; Ireland sends out hundreds of priests and religious to the English-speaking world each year; Irish men and women are at the head of the religious orders in the whole English-speaking world;

Men of Irish blood are responsible for our two Extension societies; So really a missionary people are they that you will not find in their papers insult and outrage for the bishops and clergy of any nationality;

The Irish people are well known for their readiness to untie their purse-strings;

Look at the number of the colleges, convents and universities they can show in the United States, if you think they are only beggars in Canada;

The Irish Catholic members of Parliament stood by the Manitoba schools, independent of party allegiance; The Irish paid their solid dollars each time their sons or daughters were educated at any college;

There are hundreds of Irish priests and religious in the worst mission fields of the world; Nine-tenths of the English books that defend the Church were written by men of Irish blood. Redmond and his Nationalists voted for their secular foes in favor of Catholic schools for England;

Irishmen are chaplains to England's army and navy, and to those

of the United States; Ireland has never apostatized, nor did she ever draw the Papacy in the mud;

Tens of thousands of priests and hundreds of thousands of religious have Irish blood in their veins; Marshall MacMahon, of France, was of Irish blood, and we know what kind of Catholic he was; Ireland has never had, and has not today, any national heresiarch; Religion is taught in the National schools of Ireland.

Her national holiday is that of her apostle, St. Patrick; "The Irish people," says O'Connell, "would not erect even a splendid shrine to Liberty on the ruins of the temple."

Irish faith does not thrive on schism.

WORD "OBEY" ELIMINATED.

The Rev. E. R. Adams, pastor of the Forest Avenue Christian Church, Chicago, has stricken the word "obey" from the marriage ceremony, and will require no woman to promise to "obey" her husband. Dr. Adams declares the Bible places woman on an equality with men, and the idea that she is inferior to the husband belongs, he says, to the "Dark Ages."

Now, first of all, we are thankful to know that it is "he" who says what he does about the Middle Ages. We do not like to hear a cultured Anglican, for instance, disparage the old days of Europe, but we know that very little knowledge of history is required of a preacher among the Campbellites. According to the ritual of the Catholic Church there is no question of asking the wife to "obey." She and her husband are instructed in their duties before they marry, and it is understood that they will live, not as cannibals, but as Christians, ready to put up with each other. The Reformers changed all, and their successors are changing things all over again. But that should cause no surprise, for the Bible itself has been cast to the winds. The prevalence of divorce, for instance, although forbidden by Christ our Savior in the Gospel, and the facility with which it is obtained in the United States and most European countries, is truly deplorable, and makes the ceremony of marriage beyond the pale of the Church often a very mockery. The only non-Catholic ministers who are really fighting it are a few truly admirable Anglican bishops and clergymen, with a scattering of right-thinking preachers in the other sects.

Reverend Adams condemns the "Dark Ages" on the score of justice to womanhood. Has the poor man never heard that it was during the selfsame calumniated ages that woman fully got back her rights? Has he read two chapters of history aright?

Whatever there is of worth in his own sect, was inherited from the Church that civilized Europe, after having conquered Rome and the Caesars; from the Church that made Christians out of the Huns and Visigoths, the Vandals and the Ostrogoths; from the Church that sent Patrick to Ireland, Austin to England, Boniface to Germany, Methodius and Cyril to Russia; from the Church of Gregory and Innocent; from the Church of John Chrysostom and Basil, and Austin of Carthage and Bernard of Clairvaux. The "Dark Ages" against womanhood? Humbug! When will those preachers cease raving?

But to be just to the Middle Ages, we must judge them by the principles and ideas of those times, and not of our own. The Church could not do all in a day. Even if the converted Vandals were uncouth for a long while, they could not have withstood the moral atmosphere of our great cities. They may have had no notions about our perfumery and were strangers to our theatricals; but those who preached to them did not proclaim the gospel of divorce, for all that. The scholars of Germany, and of the world, have studied the story of the Middle Ages but their findings are food too strong for a Campbellite meeting-house. The great romantic school of all nations had to go back to the Middle Ages for themes of grandeur and chivalry. From the deep study of them a Von Stolberg and the Schlegels, with a Newman and a Brunetiere, became Catholics; but after a slight glimpse of them a Voltaire, a Payne, and an Ingersoll remained cads. With whom do the preachers stand? Ours to question, theirs to answer. It would be well for Rev. Adams's country were it to go back to the standards of old on questions pertaining to decency. Would there have been one million divorces in the last twenty years, if the ideals of his country were those of the Middle Ages? But enough.

The wisdom of our forefathers and the very foundations of the State are ruined by the destructive morals of to-day and by the creeds of the hour that teach and inculcate every thing save the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ.

SOME CLAIMS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In the November number of one of our truly great magazines (as Father Talbot Smith would say), the Catholic World, we came across a remarkable article by Bertram C. A. Windle, M.D., F.R.S., a brilliant Irishman (among the many), on "The Intellectual Claims of the Catholic Church," in which he shows that "those who take the trouble to study it in the dry light of science will soon discover that our Church, from the intellectual standpoint, is just as much a matter for marvel and for thankfulness as it is from any of the many other standpoints from which it may be viewed."

Mr. Windle does not deal with all the claims our Church has on the minds of the intellectual, but he gives a few facts which that most objectionable of creatures, the "superior person," would do well to study, at least as far as his intellect will permit him. Without taking our bearings from Mr. Windle, directly or solely, we think we can (and may) name a few of the Church's claims, as follows:

(a) She is the only Church Christ founded, even if Whittaker's Almanac names more than a hundred sects for England alone.

(b) She is the only One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church—even if Chiniquy's books, Rev. Clot, Mother Eddy, and Deacon Jasper Johnson say the contrary.

(c) She is the only Church whose ministrations reach the children of all nations, a matter belonging to her Catholicity, but solely disputed by the founders of the Campbellites.

(d) Her philosophy and theology presuppose in those who study them some education. They were never meant to be understood by self-ordained exhorters or self-immortalized sciolists.

(e) The greatest poets, litterateurs, scientists, general scholars, philosophers have, in ninety per cent of the cases, been Catholics: What was Pasteur? What is Lorenz, Von Roentgen, etc! etc?

(f) Even Darwin got his cue from the Schoolmen.

(g) The great scientists who are not Catholics are not Protestants either; they are infidels. So are the best theologians outside the Church. Catholic argument, when it does not win them, at least "smokes them out."

(h) The Catholic Church is the only one where poor and rich, ignorant and learned, feel equally at home.

(i) She is the only Church that can win a Newman, a Manning, a Von Stolberg, a Schlegel, a Brownson, etc., etc., etc.

(j) She is the only Church, as Comte de Mun says, who can give God's answer to the agitated social biologists.

(k) She is the only Church that can boast of hundreds of thousands of monks and nuns. What is the sacrifice of a Christian Endeavor when compared with that of the priest, brother, and nun among lepers?

(l) She is the only Church that tries seriously to save the child.

(m) The only Church that has civilized the world. Here and there others turned up, once the savages had lost their thirst for blood.

(n) There is even, as the late Father A. F. Hewit, C.S.P., once said, a distinct charm in the word "Catholic" for those who retain the Christian tone and temper of mind.

(o) She is the only Church infidels find worth fighting.

(p) Christ was fought by all classes of men in Jerusalem; His Church has inherited the common hatred of all heretics, infidels, Jews, and schismatics.

(q) The unbroken chain of her Popes forms the backbone of general history. Luther is dead, but there is still a Pope.

(r) The Church, as Archbishop Hughes once said, is not a foreigner on any continent or island of this globe.

(s) She is the only Church that can speak with authority, and the only Church that truly respects the Bible.

(t) She has given the artist, the musician, the sculptor, the architect, etc., etc., their noblest themes, the themes that immortalized them.

(u) She is the only Church that deserves the common hatred of such blackguards, as Luther, Calvin, Henry VIII, Zwingle, and Knox, and such cads as Chiniquy, Combes and Clemensosau.

(v) She is the only Church that

REMEMBER HIM AT BRENNAN'S

Hundreds of gentlemen friends have been remembered from our stores.

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

BRENNAN BROS.

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

bears a full message to the world. (w) The Church that can make a man confess his sins, although she can have him sing hymns, strain his eyes, and strike his breast in the bargain.

(x) She is the only Church whose doctrine can bear the scrutiny of common sense.

(y) Like her founder, Jesus Christ she never changes. Her priests cannot teach and preach according as every wind of doctrine moves.

(z) She is the only Church that has never yielded, never faltered, never gone back, never made a compromise with infidelity, never let go the Old Testament or the New, never hesitated in the conflict with kings or people when Christianity was at stake. She defied King Hal and disobeyed Napoleon. From latest cable reports, she is not going to fall just because Kensit Jr., Reverend Graham, "Goliath of Galt," Sam Blake, or Jasper Johnson say she shall.

The Chinamen have an alphabet of several thousand characters. That is the kind we need when writing as we now do, for the purpose of enumeration. "We may look back on the Church," says the Very Rev. Dr. Zahn, "at any period of her history, and we shall find that she was progressive then as she is to-day; that then, as now, she was the one power capable of directing and carrying with her the genius of the world." And, "when a man impudently contends that the Church stifles mental freedom (or ever has stifled it), he only proves that dull bigotry has stifled his own, and contradicts the whole history of human thought," remarks T. W. M. Marshall. We are willing to admit the honesty and sincerity of many who disagree with us; willing to confess that faith is an infused and theological virtue; but what we could never understand is how a man can be willing to accept a part of Revelation and leave the rest. An infidel may have some little recourse to logic, but a heretic has to swear away all economy in order to subsist as such. What we say in this article is meant for honest minds only.

MORE DESIRABLE IMMIGRANTS! The following has appeared in our generous dailies: Geneva, Dec. 17.—(Special).—The police to-day confirmed the report of a wholesale exodus of members of the Black Hand who mean to find a new field of operation in America. It developed also that no less than sixty of the characters of whom forty have been expelled from Switzerland are making their way by circuitous routes to the United States. These men formerly were part of a gang of 2,000 Italians employed in the construction of the Loetschberg Tunnel through the Bonier alps. This scene of industry became a hot-bed of Black Handers, four of whom are now in custody here awaiting trial on charges of blackmail, assault and murder.

Now, perhaps some of the two thousand gentlemen spoken of in the above news despatch have heard how easy it is to enter Canada, and our hardware merchants, if not the second-hand stores, should employ more salesmen, in consequence. We must not, however, confound and confuse the honest hard-working Italian immigrants with the loathsome fellows whom the Government of Italy banishes to our shores. We can get no better immigrants than the good Italians, and they can suffer no more cruelly than at the hands of their own fellow-countrymen of the wrong kind. Nor is Southern Italy what Northern Italy is. The Salvation Army is willing to give us some very desirable immigrants in the shape and form of reclaimed criminals, but our jails are too small, and the ocean too big. Ralph Connor ought to send them "Mr. Brown"; or, again, "Mr. Brown" could go through Ontario and preach the "Monk" will still be popular, on the subject of murder. If whosoever.

JUST A SHORT LETTER.

To the Editor of the True Witness: Hamilton, Ont., Dec. 28, 1909.

Dear sir, I am enclosing a clipping taken from a daily paper, it deals, as you will see, with the action and letter of a man, who left the Church, just because our churches are poorly ventilated. Most likely you saw the same in some papers or other. What do you think of it! Please tell your readers.

Yours sincerely,

Yes, indeed, we had read of the gentleman in nice or ten of our dailies, and had smiled as we read. If that good man could only find how the air of his parish church has improved since he stopped going to it, he would, if he is honest, blame the right party. Fraud, as Dante says, must leave its sting in every conscience. But "men," according to Balmes, "frequently deceive themselves before they deceive others."

GOLD BRICKS AGAIN!

Our readers know what we think of hypocritical proselytizers. Respectable Protestants—and they are the very vast majority among their brethren—have often been warned. Some have taken heed, but many, alas! have taken heed, but many, alas! very many, will not take us seriously! The following from our respected contemporary, Register-Extension, speaks for itself. Says the editor: "And so the Rev. George M. Atlas, Presbyterian missionary, lecturer and evangelist, has disappeared with the funds of his confiding countrymen. We warned the Mission Board some time ago that these Greek missionaries were worth watching, but our warning fell upon deaf ears. This was the gentleman who discovered that the Catholics of Leghorn worshipped a holy ass. Our evangelical brethren are now convinced that the holy asses are not confined to any particular city."

But Brother Atlas inherited a family trait. One of his ancestors was no ordinary thief; he could not carry off the world in the bargain. "Mascot" will still be popular, on the subject of murder. If whosoever.

England expects his duty when the Boers to be a poor fellow who could not find other day.

Sir Lomer Gougeon doing its best to chance. We expect thoroughly Catholic dealing with our

The Protestant its agents in Canada new trick just now three weeks, we "smoke them out" hole.

Dr. John Clifford Free Churches in Peers should be dis Sea. At any rate, Murder is a part of his. But let us see some of its pro

Henry C. Lee of grandson of an eminent Catholic Church, in works, and die, at er day, a very old trouble was due to the mixed marriage

We hope that Catholics are not g to the choice of sol little gentlemen who faith, upstarts who our bishops and p stand no dictation lows. Our books a all right.

We are beginning opinion we had for coolness, according ports from the British "Suffragettes," and newly-arrived English give opinions on Canada road cars. The fa coolness were formed by with the House of Budget issues are a Irish can be cool to cannot master Canada more than they can

"Had there been a world, we had not known of God's mercy

Religious Pictures For Framing. 11 x 14, Artotype, Price 15 ct. 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, Christ in the Head of Christ, Christ in Gethsemane, St. Anthony of Padua, Madonna di San Sisto, St. Cecilia, Head of Christ at Twelve Years, Madonna Ferruzzi, Madonna Sicche.

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

**BRENNAN'S**  
 nds have been re-  
 n smart, new cre-  
 --Ties, Mufflers,  
 k Pins, Dressing  
 of other hints.  
**BROS.**  
 urniture  
 CATHERINE ST. EAST  
 Phone East 246

### Are You Poisoning Yourself?

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

Salt will always cure it. Abbey's Salt renews stomach digestion—increases the flow of bile—and restores the natural downward action of the intestines. Abbey's Salt will stir up the liver, sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, and thus purify the blood. Good in all seasons for all people. 47

**Abbey's**  
 Effervescent Salt  
 At Dealers - 25c. and 60c.

### Echoes and Remarks.

"I speak to you as a friend" often has something of the kiss of Judas to it.  
 A man does not lack judgment just because his actions fail to meet with a fool's philosophy.  
 "Be not deceived by the polite suavity of the age. A deadly war is waged by modern society against Jesus Christ."  
 Halley's Comet ought to furnish preachers with a theme for the next six months. It is going to bring us the Salvation Army's desirable immigrants.  
 And so, Lord Dundonald wants to give Canada the full crop of England's unemployed. Perhaps his policy is shaped in view of what may happen to the House of Lords. But we work in Canada.

sin, we had not known the wonders of God's power in hindering sin. The forgiveness of sin was only part of a perfect redemption. The revelation of consummate power over sin, the manifestation of complete mastery, demanded a show of power to hinder sin as well as power to undo it. That perfect power is realized in Mary's sinlessness.—T. J. Gerrard.  
 "Mr. Brown," in Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner," is plain "Mr. Brown" throughout the story proper, but in the solution stage, he becomes a "D.D.," like all the others. Not that he studied theology or knew anything about it, but simply, as would appear, because he could make perverts, ride a broncho, and dabble in the coal mine business. We once knew a "D.D." who did not know the difference there is between the Catholic doctrine of the Incarnation and that of the Immaculate Conception. is Rev. Klot a D.D.?

Ferrer's friends, the preachers, a few, will be pleased to hear that the Socialists wanted to kill a priest in Rome the other day. But Ferrer never thought he deserved the kind of friends he is getting.  
 They are getting the American habit, over in England, of electing Catholic mayors. Hereford and Preston have stepped in line with London.  
 —Presbyterian Record, please copy.

Rev. Dr. Symonds proposed, and Senator Casgrain seconded, the following resolution, before the Canadian Club:  
 That in the opinion of this club the Provincial Legislature should at its next session enact a law creating juvenile courts in this province, particularly in the city of Montreal, along the lines of the law to that effect passed by the Federal Government.  
 The resolution was adopted, as was right, by the members, after Judge Choquet had addressed them. We cannot see eye to eye with Doctor Symonds on questions doctrinal, nevertheless we are glad to be able to agree with him on many others; glad to admire his learning and energy; glad to see him want the kind of court a United States judge (former pupil of the University of Notre Dame) gave the city of Denver, Col.

England expects every man to do his duty when there is a war with the Boers to be fought; and yet a poor fellow who had so done, could not find a place to die the other day.  
 Sir Lomer Gouin's Government is doing its best to give every man a chance. We especially admire the thoroughly Catholic way he has of dealing with our Bishops and clergy.  
 The Protestant Alliance, through its agents in Canada, is trying a new trick just now. But, in two or three weeks, we shall be able to "smoke them out" of their new hole.  
 Dr. John Clifford, leader of the Free Churches in Britain, says the Peers should be drowned in the Red Sea. At any rate, Dr. Clifford has much of the old John Knox in him. Murder is a part of his creed, perhaps. But let us spare the Red Sea some of its prey.  
 Henry C. Lee of Philadelphia, the grandson of an eminent Catholic, spent his life calumniating the Catholic Church, in so-called historical works, and died at his task the other day, a very old man. The whole trouble was due to an innocent little mixed marriage.

The Rev. Clarence E. Miller, pastor of the Central Christian church, Marior, Conn., has brought action for divorce from his young wife, alleging gross neglect and extreme cruelty. In his bill the minister says his wife has frequently made fun of his sermons, often asking him why he did not practice that which he preached.  
 If the poor girl had had sense enough to wait till the divorce bill was served on her, she would have seen the mistake she made in asking him why he did not practice what he preached.  
 Witnessing a fatal accident caused William M. Meyers to return to the bride in Chicago from whom he had been parted two days after his marriage. Meyers lost his memory in the San Francisco earthquake. He was injured, and after recovering in a hospital could not remember his name.  
 Pity that some of the gentlemen who appear before the Royal Commission, had not witnessed a fatal accident a day or two before they were called.  
 The following medical evidence given quite recently in a street car accident claim is enough to strike terror to the heart of Pharoah.  
 Dr. Murphy deposed that the deceased had been a well-set up and apparently healthy man, but that "the locomotor and integument systems showed that on the external aspect of the left leg between the hip and the knee there was a large abrasion, while on the outside of the middle of the quadriceps muscle there was an oval hole through the skin."  
 "The quadriceps muscle," proceeded Dr. Murphy, "is the muscle on the anterior aspect of the thigh. This hole was about 1 1/2 by 2 1/2 inches in extent, and from this point downwards beyond the median line posteriorly there was a large hæmatoma. This was a blood tu-

we had read of the nine or ten of our ad smiled as we read, man could only find if his parish church has he stopped going to if he is honest, blame Fraud, as Dante have its sting in every at "men", according frequently deceive them-ney deceive others."

Mr. John A. Paterson at a recent meeting in the Y.M.C.A. hall said that there were more Godless men in the world to-day than 1900 years ago; that every second there was born into the world a non-Christian soul; that there was enough money in the world to evangelize it in this generation; that there were men enough to do it if they chose; that every country in the world was open to Christianity, and that Canada doesn't furnish enough money for missions. That there are more Godless men in the world to-day than there were 1900 years ago is not astonishing, for the world has grown some since the Savior's time and the weeds generally grow where the good grain tries to thrive. The fault committed by those non-Christian souls coming into the world, descends from our first parents, who wanted to interpret God's word after their own fashion aided and abetted by the snake, who is still in the business and doing well—for himself. There is certainly more money in circulation than that possessed by the Apostles, and it is a great miracle that the evangelizing was done in their day with so little, but it is not the same gospel as that preached by the Y.M.C.A. enthusiasts after a good supper in Advent. There are certainly enough men to do it if they choose, but the first men that did the work did not choose, they were chosen, and are chosen to-day, although the gentlemen who ate so heartily at the meeting are not on the list. "Go, teach all nations" was told to the chosen few only. Every country is open to Christianity. Yes, Canada among others, and charity begins at home, and when our beloved country furnishes that projected Dreadnought to spread the gospel in the good old style, she will be doing her share in the evangelizing of the world, and it is not to be expected that the good Protestants will good-naturedly submit to an extra tax on their gullibility.

we are beginning to lose the high opinion we had formed of English coolness, according as we read reports from the British press and the little gentlemen who have lost the faith, upstairs who want to rule our bishops and priests. Let us stand no dictation from such fellows. Our books and schools are all right.  
 We are beginning to lose the high opinion we had formed of English coolness, according as we read reports from the British press and the little gentlemen who have lost the faith, upstairs who want to rule our bishops and priests. Let us stand no dictation from such fellows. Our books and schools are all right.  
 We are beginning to lose the high opinion we had formed of English coolness, according as we read reports from the British press and the little gentlemen who have lost the faith, upstairs who want to rule our bishops and priests. Let us stand no dictation from such fellows. Our books and schools are all right.

A young Zulu was last month ordained to the priesthood in Rome where he had been a student at the College of the Propaganda. His father is chief of his native tribe, of which this student is the fourth to be ordained in Rome.

we had read of the nine or ten of our ad smiled as we read, man could only find if his parish church has he stopped going to if he is honest, blame Fraud, as Dante have its sting in every at "men", according frequently deceive them-ney deceive others."

A young Zulu was last month ordained to the priesthood in Rome where he had been a student at the College of the Propaganda. His father is chief of his native tribe, of which this student is the fourth to be ordained in Rome.

mor. There was an apparent loss of muscle substance, as though the muscles were ruptured. There was also a small scalp wound in the left frontal region. The respiratory system was normal and the cardio-vascular system was normal, while the glandular system was also normal."  
 Reminds one of the Sunday school inspector who told the little tots that the catechism was an abridgment of Christian doctrine. And to make his remarks clear, explained further that the word "abridgment" was synonymous with synopsis.  
 The infant class were melted into tears.

Rev. George H. Beaman, minister for the Church of Christ, Manco and Fairmount Streets has arranged to deliver a series of "Emergency Discourses" known as "Storm Sermons" for stormy Sundays. For instance in case of snow the text may be "Not Afraid of Snow." If raining, "There shall be Showers of Blessing." He finds passages in the Bible appropriate to all kinds of storms, and thinks those who come such days observe special attention.  
 For a brain storm he might take the text "A fool and his money are easily parted." For a barn storm he should find no difficulty if he is the same gentleman who, under the same name, taught dancing and deportment in Montreal and Quebec. "Hands all round" would make a good text for a start. And there are others.

Rev. Osborne Troop and a few enthusiasts are trying to raise \$20,000 to build what they are going to call a Jewish Church, presumably to promote Christianity among the Jews, but the brand of Christianity that they offer is not the same that was offered to them at the foot of the Cross, and will require a miracle of the first order for its acceptance if we know anything about the Jews, for they are a pretty shrewd people.

The Jews, according to Rev. Robhold, of Toronto, have much in common with Christians (of the proselytizing type). This is true, but they must have all in common before they can be called up-to-date Protestants. When they will be able to boast of a religion apiece, they will be fully seasoned. Mr. Robhold should stand by his name, a modification of the sentence so often used by the jingoes, "What we 'ave we 'old," and not seek to fill up the depleted ranks in his following by converts from the second hand stores.

Mr. John A. Paterson at a recent meeting in the Y.M.C.A. hall said that there were more Godless men in the world to-day than 1900 years ago; that every second there was born into the world a non-Christian soul; that there was enough money in the world to evangelize it in this generation; that there were men enough to do it if they chose; that every country in the world was open to Christianity, and that Canada doesn't furnish enough money for missions. That there are more Godless men in the world to-day than there were 1900 years ago is not astonishing, for the world has grown some since the Savior's time and the weeds generally grow where the good grain tries to thrive. The fault committed by those non-Christian souls coming into the world, descends from our first parents, who wanted to interpret God's word after their own fashion aided and abetted by the snake, who is still in the business and doing well—for himself. There is certainly more money in circulation than that possessed by the Apostles, and it is a great miracle that the evangelizing was done in their day with so little, but it is not the same gospel as that preached by the Y.M.C.A. enthusiasts after a good supper in Advent. There are certainly enough men to do it if they choose, but the first men that did the work did not choose, they were chosen, and are chosen to-day, although the gentlemen who ate so heartily at the meeting are not on the list. "Go, teach all nations" was told to the chosen few only. Every country is open to Christianity. Yes, Canada among others, and charity begins at home, and when our beloved country furnishes that projected Dreadnought to spread the gospel in the good old style, she will be doing her share in the evangelizing of the world, and it is not to be expected that the good Protestants will good-naturedly submit to an extra tax on their gullibility.

The late Bishop Hendrick was born at Penn Yan, N.Y., in 1849, and was sixty years of age, having attained that age on November 27. He was educated in the Penn Yan Academy and completed his classical course at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N.J., in 1869. He also attended the seminary of St. Joseph's in Troy, N.Y., and completed his theology and philosophy course at that institution. At this place he was ordained into the priesthood in the year 1883 and for some years had charge of churches in Rochester, Charlotte and Union Springs New York State, his last charge being St. Bridget's, in the parish of Rochester, N.Y. He was consecrated Bishop of Cebu in the year 1904, in Rome, being one of the first two to be consecrated by Pope Pius X. In the year 1908 he visited the United States with the purpose of settling the disputed claims among the Philippine Islands as to the damage created by American soldiers to many Catholic churches. The Catholic churches had been subjected to the occupation of the soldiers, and as a result many were

### SHARP REPRIMAND OF MONCTON PAPER

#### Views of His Excellency the Papal Delegate.

From The Casquet, Antigonish, N.S., December 9th, 1909.  
 The director of "Evangeline" having neither published nor acknowledged receipt of the letter addressed to him a few months ago by His Excellency Mgr. Sbarretti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Le Moniteur has been requested to publish for the information of those interested, the following document:

Ottawa, August 30, 1909.  
 Mr. V. A. Landry, Director of "Evangeline", Moncton, N.B.  
 Sir,—Many numbers of the journal under your direction have been forwarded to me, and I have noticed with regret that various articles contain regrettable insinuations against religious authority, which it is the bounden duty of all Catholics to respect and to cause to be respected so far as they can.  
 The Catholic journalist cannot depart from the rules laid down on many occasions by Sovereign Pontiffs for the guidance of public writers. In the Encyclical "Longinquæ" of January 6, 1896, Leo XIII declared that "Catholic writers, instead of doing a work that is useful and beneficial, on the contrary, do harm wherever they undertake to sit in judgment on the decisions or acts of their Bishops; and when putting aside the respect due to them, they criticize and censure them, overlooking the confusion and disorder resulting from such conduct. These writers should be mindful of their duty and not pass the bounds of moderation, Bishops are invested with great authority, and are entitled to the honor which befits the majesty and sanctity of their functions. No one should fail to show this respect, but it is especially incumbent on Catholic journalists to manifest and proclaim it."

I also regret that your journal has condemned in violent terms Catholic associations, and declares that they ought "to be shunned as pests." All sons of the Church have received a spirit of grace and liberty which cannot be shackled so long as they live up to the life of God. All Catholics, without distinction of blood or language, have the right to join any society approved by the Church.

In July, 1908, I wrote to the editor of "Evangeline" requesting him to cease his attacks upon Catholics of a different nationality. Such attacks are destructive, and cause division in our ranks at a time when Catholic strength ought to be concentrated for the defence of Holy Church, their common mother. This is again the line of conduct marked out by Leo XIII: "Let Catholic journalists remember that the work of the press will be, if not injurious, at least of little service to religion if amity does not exist between those who labor for the same cause. Those who wish to serve the Church profitably, those who sincerely desire by their writings to defend the Catholic religion, must fight in perfect accord and in compact order; on the contrary, those who scatter their forces by discord rather declare war than repel it."  
 I hope you will faithfully follow the direction which is given you today. In case of disobedience I shall feel myself obliged, however unwillingly, to resort to more rigorous measures.

You know that the Holy See is disposed to do everything possible to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Acadian people. These writings can only injure the cause you wish to defend.  
 I bless you with all my heart.  
 Devoutly yours in J.C.  
 DONATUS, Apostolic Delegate.

### The Late Bishop Hendrick.

Colonel M. J. Hendrick, United States Consul at Moncton, N.B., was one of the first to hear of the death of his distinguished brother, Bishop Hendrick, of Cebu, in the Philippine Islands. The Colonel received word from Monsignor Hendrick, another brother, who recently went to Cebu, with the intention of bringing the Bishop to the United States where it was thought he would have improved his failing health.  
 The late Bishop Hendrick was born at Penn Yan, N.Y., in 1849, and was sixty years of age, having attained that age on November 27. He was educated in the Penn Yan Academy and completed his classical course at Seton Hall College, South Orange, N.J., in 1869. He also attended the seminary of St. Joseph's in Troy, N.Y., and completed his theology and philosophy course at that institution. At this place he was ordained into the priesthood in the year 1883 and for some years had charge of churches in Rochester, Charlotte and Union Springs New York State, his last charge being St. Bridget's, in the parish of Rochester, N.Y. He was consecrated Bishop of Cebu in the year 1904, in Rome, being one of the first two to be consecrated by Pope Pius X. In the year 1908 he visited the United States with the purpose of settling the disputed claims among the Philippine Islands as to the damage created by American soldiers to many Catholic churches. The Catholic churches had been subjected to the occupation of the soldiers, and as a result many were

### New Year's Gifts

are always appreciated but infinitely more so when they consist of an article of personal use such as FOOTWEAR. We would suggest a handsome pair of Boots, Shoes, Slipper, Rubbers, Overshoes, Gaiters, Leggings, Moccasins or Shoes Trees. These we have in the very best quality, and at prices which you will admit are most reasonable, should you favour us with a visit.

**RONAYNE BROS.**  
 485 Notre-Dame St. West  
 Chaboillez Square.

burned down and considerable damage was effected. Bishop Hendrick came to the United States for this sole purpose and was successful in having passed a bill whereby the United States Government granted the sum of three hundred thousand dollars to cover all damages. En route he attended the Eucharistic Congress at London in 1908 and while in London was the guest of the Duke of Norfolk. The late Bishop Hendrick took a very active interest in the welfare of his church and it was at his request that the Pope appointed a coadjutor Bishop to assist him in his diocese. His diocese consisted of Cebu, Samar, Leyte, and part of Luzon, the four having a population of 1,235,000 people. The college of St. Thomas, which was established by the Jesuits in 1598, was one of the colleges of the late Bishop Hendrick. This institution was erected forty years previous to the birth of Mr. John Harvard, the founder of the Harvard University at Cambridge, Mass. The standard of education in this college, as well as other ones in the Philippines, is much higher than that of students from them coming to the United States, have been able to skip one year in their studies.  
 The late Bishop Hendrick was well known throughout the United States and was an intimate friend of President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt. He took an active interest in charitable societies, being a member of the Royal Humane Society, and was also a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Before leaving the United States he was appointed Bishop by Pope Leo XIII, but while en route to Cebu Pope Leo died, so he was consecrated by the succeeding Pope, Pius X.—The remains were interred at Cebu.

Relief for the Depressed.—Physical and mental depression usually have their origin in a disordered state of the stomach and liver, as when these organs are deranged in their action the whole system is affected. Try Parnee's Vegetable Pills. They revive the digestive processes, act beneficially on the nerves and restore the spirits as no other pills will. They are cheap, simple and sure, and the effects are lasting.

**Priest Locates Andree's Balloon.**  
 Rt. Rev. Albert Pascal, Bishop of the Diocese of Prince Albert, has told a story which may account for the fact of S. A. Andree, the explorer, who set out in a balloon twelve years ago to find the North Pole, and who has not since been heard from. According to Bishop Pascal, whose diocese extends to the north Pole, Father A. Turquetil, a priest stationed at Lake Cariboo, but who travels extensively among the Eskimos, reports that recently he went on a six-day's journey north of the lake and met a party of Eskimos, who told him that some years before a "white house" had descended from the sky, containing white men. The white men killed many caribou to supply themselves with food, as they were in a half-starving condition. None of the white men are now alive, the Eskimos still in existence and furnishes a supply of rope for the members of the tribe, as it is covered with rope. From the men's description Father Turquetil is convinced that the "white house" was Andree's balloon.

**Franciscan's Golden Jubilee.**  
 Though the Franciscan Order has been very closely and affectionately connected with Killarney for a great many years, it is seldom that the Golden Jubilee of one of the members of the Order has been celebrated in the district. The event, therefore, which took place recently was a most auspicious one in connection with the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of Very Rev. Alphonsus Buiens. Though he is a Belgian by birth, having been born on March 18, 1859, and entered the Order of St. Basil, Belgium, on Oct. 14, 1859, still most of his years were spent at Killarney. He was ordained August 18, 1864, and after a few years at Ghaspaw, and Forest Gate, he took up his residence in Killarney, and has become, so to speak, an outstanding personality in the district.

**Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup** is the result of expert chemical experiments, undertaken to discover a preventive of inflammation of the lungs and consumption, by destroying the germs that develop these diseases, and fill the world with pitiable subjects hopelessly stricken. The use of this Syrup will prevent the dire consequences of neglected colds. A trial, which costs only 25 cents, will convince you that this is correct.

The death in the Franciscan Convent, Drumshambo, of Mrs. O'Hagan known in religion as Sister Mary Frances, a daughter of Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic since the Revolution to be entrusted with the Great Seal of Ireland, and the widow of Justice O'Hagan, who although a namesake was not related to her before marriage, will render it of interest to record that one of the daughters of the late Lord Justice Mathew also embraced the religious life. Two of the daughters of the late Lord Morris and Killanin, the first Catholic Chief Justice of Ireland since the Revolution, are Carmelite Nuns, and two of the sisters of Lord O'Brien of Kilmemora, the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, are Nuns.

The death in the Franciscan Convent, Drumshambo, of Mrs. O'Hagan known in religion as Sister Mary Frances, a daughter of Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic since the Revolution to be entrusted with the Great Seal of Ireland, and the widow of Justice O'Hagan, who although a namesake was not related to her before marriage, will render it of interest to record that one of the daughters of the late Lord Justice Mathew also embraced the religious life. Two of the daughters of the late Lord Morris and Killanin, the first Catholic Chief Justice of Ireland since the Revolution, are Carmelite Nuns, and two of the sisters of Lord O'Brien of Kilmemora, the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, are Nuns.

**THE BEST FLOUR**  
 18  
**BRODIE'S**  
 Self Raising Flour  
 Save the Bags for Premiums.

#### Application to the Legislature.

Public notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, by the Rev. Attilios O'Flaherty, Chabon Abaud, Essa Boosamra, Salim Boosamra, Najeb Tabah, Fahed Tabah, Mansour Shatila, Michael Zegayer and others, all of Montreal, to incorporate them as a religious congregation, under the name of "The Saint Nicholas Greek Syrian Orthodox Church," with power to acquire and possess movable and immovable property, to keep registers of acts of civil status, and to exercise all other rights incident to a religious corporation and for other purposes.  
 Montreal, 15th December, 1909.  
 BARNARD & BARRY,  
 Solicitors for Applicants.

Montreal, 29 Dec. 1909.  
 Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for any debt contracted in my name without a written order signed by me.  
 D. Larivière,  
 26 d. Balmoral St.  
 Montreal.

in connection with the Order for the past twenty-five years. There is hardly a man, woman, or child about the district that is not known to Father Alphonsus by name, and throughout Kerry, and indeed in many parts of Munster, his Retreats and Missions have endeared him to countless others, and all had a genuine affection for him.

A committee in Clonmel has initiated a very interesting allotment scheme for the benefit of workmen. Some land within the town has been acquired, and this will be divided up into plots of about half a rod (Irish), which will be let to industrious workmen for the cultivation of vegetables. It is not the first scheme of its kind in Ireland, but it is gratifying to observe that the example set elsewhere is being followed. A small rent is being charged for each plot, and each tenant will be provided with the best seeds at first cost. The industrious workman who is desirous of engaging in profitable cultivation will be given every facility, including expert advice as to tilling. Everyone will wish success to an experiment that may have important consequences for town workers in this country.

The death in the Franciscan Convent, Drumshambo, of Mrs. O'Hagan known in religion as Sister Mary Frances, a daughter of Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic since the Revolution to be entrusted with the Great Seal of Ireland, and the widow of Justice O'Hagan, who although a namesake was not related to her before marriage, will render it of interest to record that one of the daughters of the late Lord Justice Mathew also embraced the religious life. Two of the daughters of the late Lord Morris and Killanin, the first Catholic Chief Justice of Ireland since the Revolution, are Carmelite Nuns, and two of the sisters of Lord O'Brien of Kilmemora, the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, are Nuns.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 316 La Combe Street West, Montreal, Can., by G. F. McManis.

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS



### Dream Street.

'Round by the corner of pleasant Dream street You can hear the light patter of dear little feet.

It has no beginning nor end, so they say, So you see you can't find it by asking the way.

Though every one goes to the Street of best dreams, Not a person will tell what it's like, so it seems.

No numbers are found on the doors over there, And the houses and people float high in the air.

They keep the forest spangles and silver star-beams In a wonderful store in the Street of good dreams.

To play round that corner so safe and so wide, You can start off to-night without money or guide;

Just climb on my lap and I'll whisper to you, And perhaps you will go where the dreams will come true;

Past Lullaby Land, then through Slumberdeep Square, And the first thing you know you are landed right there!

### Why Susie Changed Her Mind.

When Mrs. Starr's cook asked the privilege of having her little boy with her during the holidays, Mrs. Starr had taken time to think the matter over before giving a definite answer. But Isabel had expressed her mind without delay of a moment.

"Why, it will be a nuisance, mamma. She won't half do her work, I'm sure."

"Susie is very faithful. I do not think she will neglect her work even if little George is here. The kitchen is roomy, and it seems rather selfish to refuse her something which means so much to her. Think if you and I saw each other only two or three hours out of a month."

"Mamma!" Isabel bridled indignantly. "The idea of comparing ourselves with Susie and her children. People of that sort don't feel as we do, of course."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Starr asked simply, and Isabel replied still hotly. "Why, everybody knows it."

The interests of the busy day had put the conversation with her mother almost out of her mind, when late that afternoon in another part of the town she saw a woman with her little boy beside her, standing at the curbing waiting for a car.

The little lad's hand was held fast in that of the woman, and he prattled on in an eager voice, while his mother answered absently. Suddenly she stooped and kissed the little hand she held with a passionate tenderness which made the child turn and hide his face in her skirts. As she put her arm about him and stood up, Isabel, on the opposite side of the street, recognized Susie, poor Susie, with hungry mother-love in every line of her face and in her wistful eyes.

It seemed to Isabel that she could not reach home quickly enough. When she went into the house, her first words were a question. "Mother, have you told Susie that George mustn't come here for the holidays?"

"I haven't given her an answer yet, Isabel. She is out this afternoon. Once a month she goes to the asylum to see him, and they let her take him out for a walk sometimes. I'm afraid she will be very disappointed."

Mrs. Starr never finished her sentence. "Oh, do let him come, mother!" Isabel pleaded. "It seems such a little thing to do, to make anybody so happy." And then, in answer to the wordless question, of her mother's eyes, she told the story of her change of opinion.

### The Men With the Sacks.

Long ago, when people did queer things, an old man went around with a sack hanging behind his back and another one hanging in front of him.

What do you think these sacks were for? Well, I will tell you. In the one behind he tossed all the kind deeds of his friends, where they were hid from view; and he soon forgot all about them.

In the one hanging round his neck, under his chin, he tossed all the sins which the people he knew committed, and these he was in the habit of turning over and looking at as he walked along, day by day.

One day, to his surprise, he met a man wearing just like himself, a

sack in front and one behind. He went up to him, and began feeling his sack.

"What have you got there, my friend?" he asked, giving the sack in front a good poke.

"Stop! don't do that!" cried the other, "you'll spoil my good things."

"What things?" asked Number One. "Why, my good deeds," answered Number Two. "I keep them all in front of me, where I can always see them, and taken them out and air them. See, here is the half-crown I put in the plate last Sunday; and the shawl I gave to the beggar girl; and the mittens I gave to the crippled boy; and the penny I gave to the organ grinder; and here is even the benevolent smile bestowed on the crossing sweeper at my door; and—"

"And what's in the sack behind you?" asked the first traveller, who thought his companion's good deeds would never come to an end.

"Tut, tut," said Number Two; "there is nothing I care to look at in there. That sack holds what I call my little mistakes."

"It seems to me that your sack of mistakes is fuller than the other," said Number One.

Number Two frowned. He had never thought that, though he had put what he called his "mistakes" out of his sight, everyone else could see them, still. An angry reply was on his lips when happily a third traveller—also carrying two sacks as they were—overtook them.

"The first two men at once pounced upon the stranger.

"What cargo do you carry in your sacks?" cried one.

"Let's see your goods," said the other.

"With all my heart," quoth the stranger; "for I have a good assortment, and I like to show them. This sack," said he, pointing to the one hanging in front of him, "is full of the good deeds of others."

"It must be a pretty heavy weight to carry," observed Number One.

"There you are mistaken," replied the stranger; "the weight is only such as sails are to a ship, or wings are to an eagle. It helps me onward."

"Well, your sack behind can be of little good to you," said Number Two, "for it appears to be empty, and I see it has a great hole in the bottom of it."

"I did it on purpose," said the stranger; "for all the evil I hear of people I put in there, and it falls through and is lost. So you see, I have no weight to drag me down or backward."

### Good Rules For Boys and Girls.

Be honest, truthful and pure. Do not use bad language. Keep your face and hands clean, and your clothes and boots brushed and neat.

Keep out of bad company. Help your parents as much as you can. Be kind to your brothers and sisters.

Do not be selfish, but share all your good things. Do your best to please your parents.

Be respectful to your teachers and help them as much as you can. Observe the school rules. Do not copy.

Do not cut the desks or write in the reading books. Never let another be punished in mistake for yourself; this is cowardly.

Do not cheat at games. Do not bully. Be pleasant and not quarrelsome. Do not jeer at or call your schoolmates by names which they do not like.

Salute your pastors, teachers and acquaintances when you meet them. Do not push or run against people.

Do not chalk on walls, doors or gates. Do not annoy shopkeepers by loitering at their shop doors or gates. Do not throw stones or destroy property.

Do not throw orange or banana peel, or make slides on the pavement; this often results in dangerous accidents.

Do not make fun of old or crippled people. Be particularly courteous to strangers or foreigners. Remember to say "Please" and "Thank you."

Always mind your own business. Before entering a room it is courteous to knock at the door; do not forget to close it after you.

Always show care, pity and consideration for animals and birds. Never be rude to anybody, whether older or younger, richer or poorer than yourself.

Always show attention to older people and strangers, by opening the door for them, bringing them what they require (hat, chair, etc.), giving up your seat for them if necessary.

### Jimmie's Faith.

"Father, I'm going to be a priest." There was determination in the voice of the boy who sat in a low chair in Father Henry's garden. He was eleven years old, but so small one would not think him nine. A fall in babyhood had left him a cripple, and Father Henry, gazed compassionately at the eager face lifted to his own, and gently repeated:

"A priest, Jimmie?" "Yes, Father, a priest. Oh, I know I'm crooked (with a slight motion towards the injured hip), but I ask our Lord every night to make me strong and straight, and I'm sure He'll do it. I don't know when" (the confident smile faded), "but sometime. It won't be soon, I'm afraid; for I can't walk as far as I could, and I get so tired."

"Perhaps the walk up here is too far, Jimmie?" "Oh, no, Father! I wouldn't miss my lessons for anything; and when I get very tired, I roll down the last two hills."

Father Henry laughed. "Do you never strike a stone?" "Sometimes, but I go over it so slowly that it doesn't hurt. I'll have to move on now, Father. Mother worries when I'm late."

"Yes," said the priest. "Perhaps you'd better start soon, Jimmie. There's a storm brewing. Look over in the west."

Although the sky above them was clear, the distant clouds were black. Father Henry knew a storm was gathering, and that it would take the lad an hour to reach his home in the valley, a mile and a half down the hills.

"Good-bye, Father! I'll be up on Thursday to tackle those verbs."

"Very well, Jimmie. Good-bye and God bless you."

Father Henry watched the little figure hurrying down the hill.

"Brave of spirit, but helpless of body," he thought.

It was the first time Jimmie had spoken to him of his desire to be a priest, although the boy's mother had said how earnestly he prayed to be made strong and well and to become a good priest.

"Jimmie will never be a priest, Father," sobbed the poor mother; "and I'm afraid when he realizes it the disappointment will kill my boy."

Father Henry had comforted her and bade her leave her son's future in the good God's care.

Jimmie's father had died six months before, and a few days later another baby sister was born. Mrs. Burke, with her six children, lived on a small farm not far from the bend of the river. Mary, the eldest child, with Jimmie's help, cared for a vegetable and flower garden, and sold the products to the hotel on the hill. This, with the butter and eggs and a slender income which Mrs. Burke received every month, enabled them to live in comfort. Jimmie had attended the Sisters' school, where Father Henry had noticed him, pale and delicate, growing paler as the months went by, and had taken him to see a doctor. After this Jimmie stopped school and went instead to Father Henry's three times a week for his lessons.

As he hurried homeward the first drops of rain began to patter about him and the wind bowed and swayed the trees. He had just entered the cottage when the storm broke in torrents of rain, peals of thunder and vivid lightning.

Mrs. Burke gave the children their supper and put them to bed; then when the storm, which had raged for several hours, seemed to subside, she also retired.

In the early morning, awakened by the crash of a falling tree, uprooted by the flood from the hillside, she sprang from the bed to find the floor covered with water. The dam must have given away; for the river had begun to overflow, and in a short while the entire valley would be flooded. Hastily arousing the children she tore a sheet in three parts and bound two-year old Agnes to her shoulders. She held the baby to take little Harry in her arms.

"Jimmie," cried the distracted woman, "keep close to mother! But what can I do with Ruth?"

Dear little Ruth was only five years old; yet, with the three younger and more helpless children, how could Ruth be cared for!

"I'll carry Ruth, mother," faltered Jimmie, bravely.

"No, Jimmie! You are weak and lame, and Ruth is as heavy as you. Take hold of my dress, Ruth, darling; and, Jimmie, dear, keep as close as you can to mother."

Mary went first, and with her moving in prayer the overburdened mother left the cottage; but as they crossed the yard, Jimmie and Ruth were swept apart from the others, and the roar of the storm drowned his mother's voice. Bravely the

boy struggled to keep the path up the hillside to Father Henry's. When Ruth began to cry, he took her on his back and went on through the rain, which continued to pour down upon them. In the darkness Jimmie's foot slipped.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, "please help us and save us!" And, despite pain and weakness, he scrambled up the hill.

At last the rain stopped, and he sank exhausted at the foot of a big tree, where an hour later the priest found them. Ruth lay with her head on Jimmie's breast, sound asleep, and Jimmie, his eyes closed and his face pale as death, held her fast. He opened his eyes as Father Henry bent over him.

"O Father," he cried, "I'm so glad you've come! I'm so tired! Tell mother I've got Ruth safe. Where's mother?"

"At the hotel, Jimmie," cheerfully answered Father Henry, "with Mary and the babies. They're all right, Jimmie—all safe."

The strained lines of his face relaxed and his eyes closed again; then the other searchers arrived, and the children were soon in the arms of their grateful mother.

The flood went down as rapidly as it had risen, and in a few days Mrs. Burke was back in her cottage in which the guests at the hotel had replaced all household goods destroyed by the flood.

Jimmie did not recover as quickly as the others; The exertion and exposure were too much for the frail boy, and Father Henry took him to St. Joseph's Hospital that he might receive every care. For weeks he lay ill; but his cheerfulness and patience won the admiration of doctors and nurses, and attracted the attention of a famous surgeon.

When Jimmie was able to be wheeled in a cushioned chair around the hospital, that surgeon had a talk with Mrs. Burke, and obtained her consent to operate on the injured hip. The operation proved successful; and shortly after, when Father Henry came to see his pupil, Jimmie greeted him with a happy smile and whispered:

"I'll be straight now, Father; and" (with a delighted laugh) "Dr. Hill says I can have my books next week."

Twelve years later Mrs. Burke was in the beautiful cathedral of the near by city. It was a lovely day in June, and sunlight came through the stained windows like showers of gold. The air was filled with incense and the perfume of roses; but Mrs. Burke saw only the priest at the altar—a young priest in all his strength and vigor. It was her son "Jimmie," and this was his first Mass.

A Prime Dressing for Wounds.—In some factories and workshops carbolic acid is kept for use in cauterizing wounds and cuts sustained by the workmen. Far better to keep on hand a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It is just as quick in action and does not scar the skin or burn the flesh. There is no other oil that has its curative qualities.

Here memory sees the golden sunlight gleam Across the path of life and shine awhile; And now the picture changes like a dream, And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all have gone before; The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge, Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore, And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the checked page of prose and verse, Of shapely words and lines writ all awry, There they must stand for better or for worse; So shut the book and bid the year good-bye!

'Twas there He lifted up the little child, Its heart all wonder wild, Yes, lifted up a child for all to see The secret of the Kingdom that shall be.

So huddling often by the chimney blaze, They held their wonder-talk, Minding each other of some sacred spot, Minding each other of a word forgotten;

Went to the four winds like a flight of birds! —Edward Markham, Author of "The Man With the Hoe."

UPON THE THRESHOLD.

Once more we stand with half-reluctant feet Upon the threshold of another year; That line where past and present seem to meet In stronger contrast than they do elsewhere.

Look back a moment, does the prospect please, Or does the weary heart but sigh regret? Can recollection smile, or ill at ease With what is past, wish only to forget?

Say, earnest thou smile when memory's lingering gaze Once more recalls the dying year to sight? Wouldst thou live o'er again those changing days, Or bid them fade forever into night?

A solemn question, and the faltering heart Scarce dare say "Yes," yet will not quite say "No"; For joy and sadness both have played their part In making up the tale of "long ago."

Here memory sees the golden sunlight gleam Across the path of life and shine awhile; And now the picture changes like a dream, And sorrow dims the eyes and kills the smile.

So—it has gone—where all have gone before; The moaning wind has sung the dead year's dirge, Time's waves roll on against the crumbling shore, And sinks the worn-out bark beneath the surge.

Here ends the checked page of prose and verse, Of shapely words and lines writ all awry, There they must stand for better or for worse; So shut the book and bid the year good-bye!

THY LOVE IS OVER ALL.

Glad bells will ring the New Year in And bid the Old good-bye, And o'er this darling world of sin The stars come out on high; Methinks from those wide fields of light I hear sweet voices call, Soft-singing through the peaceful night, "Thy love is over all."

The sailor's little children sleep Like sea-blooms on a stem, While far off on the stormy deep Their father dreams or thorn; And though the mighty north wind blows And rains unceasing fall, Deep in his trusting heart he knows Thy love is over all.

Some poor old mother softly lays The rusted sabre by, While through her open window strays The glory of the sky— What though no footstep greets her ear, Her name no voices call, Yet still she knoweth Thou art near, Whose love is over all.

We owe our blessings all to Thee, A most exhaustless store, They have no limit or degree But grace both rich and poor; The beggar crouching at the gate, The monarch in his hall, Alike upon Thy mandates wait Whose love is over all.

Upon the New Year altar fair What gift shall we offer our part? Methinks Thy voice sighs through the air, "My child, give Me thy heart." Then take it, Lord, for weal or woe, I care not what befall, Enough it is for me to know Thy love is over all. —Elvira Miller Slaughter, in Louisville Record.

Preparing For Conversion.

Lord Granard has gone from London to Ireland, to join the countess, formerly Beatrice Wills of New York, who is in retirement at Castle Forbes till after the new year. At Longford, where the Granard family seat is situated, it is said that the countess is receiving instruction in the Catholic religion and it is believed that she will privately taken into the Catholic Church before Christmas. Lord Granard is one of the most prominent Catholics in Great Britain.

## POET'S CORNER

BEFORE THE GOSPELS WERE.

Ye are witnesses of these things— Luke, 24-48.

Long noons and evenings after He had gone, Mary the Mother, Matthew, Luke and John, And all of those who loved Him to the last, Went over all the marvel of the past— Went over all the old familiar ways With tender talk of dear remembered days.

They walked the roads that never gave Him rest— Past Jordan's ford, past Kedron's bridge, Up Olivet, up Hermon's ridge, To that last road, the one they loved the best.

This way He passed with Jairus, this the place He called the light back to the maiden's face— A slow strange light as when the dawn fills up In her first hour a lily's pallid cup. There was the shadow of the cedar tree, Where He would sit and look on Galilee, And think on all that had been and must be.

And yonder was the secret trail He trod Where birds were feeding as the guests of God, And where the lilies, lighted by the sun, Made dim the glory of King Solomon.

And there Jerusalem, where once He came, His words all sword and flame For those who buy and sell the Holy Name—

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles

PEDLAR People of Oshawa

McLeod, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Logo for 'Cresolene' with text: 'For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh'. Below the logo is a testimonial: 'Used while you sleep. VAPORIZED CRESOLENE stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever-used, used. It acts directly on the nose and throat, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. CRESOLENE is a powerful germicide, acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. CRESOLENE'S best recommendation is its 20 years of successful use. For sale by all druggists. Send Postal Note for Descriptive Booklet. Cresolene Anti-Septic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, in stamps. THE LEEMING-MILES CO., Limited, Canadian Agents, Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.'

The Dublin Gazette announces that the Estates Commissioners propose to acquire compulsorily lands in the townland of Rosmacoble, barony of Magherastephana, under the Evicted Tenants Act, 1907. The area of the lands, which are the property of Lord Ernie, is 95 acres, 0 rods, 7 perches.

### A Trip to Alaska.

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

### DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

Is Specially Calculated To Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Croup, Pain or Tightness in the Chest; and all Branchial Troubles yield quickly to the curative powers of this princely of pectoral remedies. It contains all the virtues of the world famous Norway pine tree, combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Windsor, Ontario writes: "I was troubled with a nasty hacking cough, cured by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup."

Elvira Miller Slaughter, in Louisville Record.

Preparing For Conversion.

Lord Granard has gone from London to Ireland, to join the countess, formerly Beatrice Wills of New York, who is in retirement at Castle Forbes till after the new year. At Longford, where the Granard family seat is situated, it is said that the countess is receiving instruction in the Catholic religion and it is believed that she will privately taken into the Catholic Church before Christmas. Lord Granard is one of the most prominent Catholics in Great Britain.

Oshawa Galvanized Steel Shingles

PEDLAR People of Oshawa

McLeod, Toronto, Halifax, St. John, Winnipeg, Vancouver

THURSDAY, DEC. 30, 1909. The B... (Continued)

handbag of many of the ladies raised behind a statue bluntly said, "for that made it wither or dragging their foreign-looking O... she told mademoiselle have liked to be ears, only they mulish. Do not spoiled or bold she is the most child possible. "There is quite here at present. favor this, because ridicule the Bam much." Elizabeth keep my Protest ground, else this thusiast will be cent with me. W friends."

Messina, D... "Dearest Sister, you will have rec little packages, m tenth in a due tin season's joys. Cl be quite merry. famoines, dinn seventh at the A but I promise yo another and more one more in Christian spirit. "Even now I Francesca, all-int is preparing for decorating the sc brother Tomie, pr renus," and I hea erness this morn occupy the prie-d midnight Mas Sister, is not this

"Messina, O... "Dearest, kinde What noble amen fence! Nothing h than your own b My gratitude is b extended to the l... "snapped" you for opening of the Grand Trunk Railway's new offices at 17-19, Cockspur Street, S.W., Mr. Challenor was the first person to book a passage with the Company for Canada. On Dominion Day (July 1st) the trip was planned and provision made for the journey, and, in the first week in October, back in England again, the well-known geographer has been pleased to write to the Grand Trunk offices expressing his entire satisfaction with the easy way in which the journey was accomplished. After thanking the railway officials for making his means of transportation pleasant and comfortable, he says: "I was very pleased, indeed, with both the road and rolling stock of your Company, and in my opinion it is second to none on the Continent of America. The arrangements you made for me very much added to my comfort and enabled me to reach my destination in the quickest possible time, and I must say I experienced the greatest civility from the Company's staff during my passage on your road. The route you worked out for me was a most interesting one, and coming back as I did over the Rockies and the Great Lakes, I did not travel over a single mile a second time except the short run between Sarnia and Toronto. Will you be good enough to send me particulars of your 'Round the World Tours.' I am thinking that next spring I may have another run out to the West, and if I do, I should like to return home via the East." Thus the whole of Great Britain is quickly put in touch by this great railway system, with what frequently is said to be the best of the world's parts of the earth.—Dublin (Ireland) Daily Express, Oct. 19, 1909.

"Dear Bert!—of have the pleasure him during the ho but I must not co been arranged that Genoa on the twen there is to be a gr on the twenty-eigh cousin's distinguishi clares, in my honc postponed until the ry. So I am to be ble of the Island and Messinist. "Antonio sent pr to Genoa, but am to leave home at mother got enough ever, she is well at full life, intell of Genoa."

Leaves from Miss The earthquake an "Mother! Bert! see you again. I m you a few lines of will be told by su be any (the shock hours), (the day, December twen al to Providence, dazed—how long I tomorrow I will— "Tomorrow" is h be date, just we l the twenty-ninth Antonio, Elizabeth thank God!

"Yesterday we ve til that angel, Fran us from our stupor the first terrifying i out. Antonio's ster vice-like grip kept u garden at the rear. by some impetu fr run, run, through w ble palaces on st the ing, crumbling. "Oh! the horro not recall it. I maw lotta, run, but had power of hand to n heard Francesca, pr beside her. Elizabeth our knees, then on prostrate; thus, ll we felt a little n necks. Some one y it was Francesca."

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh. CRISOLINE stops the Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh. It is a powerful germicide, and a preventive of all these diseases. It is a tonic to the system, and a stimulant to the lungs. It is a cure for all these ailments. It is a cure for all these ailments. It is a cure for all these ailments.

The Betrothed.

(Continued from Page 3.)

handbag of manners. It seems one of the ladies raised a monocle, went behind a statue 'looking,' as she bluntly said, 'for the contrivance that made it wink and speak,'—never dreaming that the child with the foreign-looking governess understood English. On leaving the church she told mademoiselle that she would have liked to box the creature's ears, only they were so large and mulish. Do not think my pet is spoiled or bold; on the contrary, she is the most docile and obedient child possible.

"There is quite an English colony here at present. Francesca does not favor this, 'because,' she says, 'they ridicule the Bambino she loves so much.' Elizabeth advises me to keep my Protestantism in the background, else this charming little enthusiast will be very shy and reticent with me. We are now very fast friends."

Messina, December 23, 1908. "Dearest Sister:—By this time you will have received my letter and little packages, mailed on the fifteenth in due time to wish you the season's joys. Christmas here is to be quite merry. Theatre parties, pantomimes, dinner on the twenty-seventh at the American Consulate; but I promise you I shall observe another and more fitting Christmas—one more in keeping with the Christian spirit."

"Even now I am busy helping Francesca, all-intent on the crib she is preparing for the Bambino. I am decorating the scroll on which her brother Tomie, printed 'Venite Adoremus,' and I heard her tell her governess this morning that I was to occupy the prie-dieu next to hers at the midnight Mass. So there, dear Sister, is not this reassuring?"

"Messina, Christmas Eve, 1908. "Dearest, kindest of Sisters:—What noble amends for your long absence! Nothing less for a Xmas box than your own dear self in photo! My gratitude is beyond words and extends to the little pupils who 'snapped' you for me. 'It is not for myself I want your picture—you are always vivid in my memory, radiant, and happy as you look last summer—but friends here ask so many questions about your dress and customs—indeed you and the good Sisters—at St. Mary's would be highly amused at the queries that are made concerning you in general, and I, because of my relationship with you (let me claim it), am considered an authority on convents and their inmates. Why even Elizabeth asked if you were not old and withered and (pardon me) fagged, before you shut yourself up, or rather buried yourself alive! N.W. don't think my cousin narrow or bigoted; she is not. In fact she is quite convinced of the propriety of leaving Francesca in the 'trinité' in Rome, when they travel next year. The Paola girls, for several generations past, have been prepared for first communion in this Convent of the Sacred Heart."

"Strange to say, Francesca looks forward to it with the greatest delight. For my part, were I her mother, I wouldn't let her go—she might want to stay there. The dear child grows more charming every day. So clever and winsome! This morning she asked me for your address; she wishes to thank you herself, for the pretty picture of the Madonna. "Dear Bert!—of course you will have the pleasure of a visit from him during the holidays, whilst I—but I must not complain. It had been arranged that I was to return to Genoa on the twenty-seventh, but as there is to be a grand reception here on the twenty-eighth, given, as my cousin's distinguished husband declares, in my honor, the voyage is postponed until the third of January. So I am to meet all the notables of the Island—American, British and Messinesi. "Antonio sent pressing invitations to Genoa, but aunt does not want to leave home at this season and mother got enough of the sea. However, she is well and enjoying to its full the life, intellectual and social, of Genoa."

Leaves from Miss Seaton's Diary—The earthquake and its aftermath: "Mother! Bert! I may never see you again. I must try to leave you a few lines of farewell! You will be told by survivors, if there be any (the shocks continue every few hours) of the horrors of this day, December twenty-eighth. Grateful to Providence. We have been dazed—how long I do not know. Tomorrow I will— "Tomorrow is here. I must write the date, lest we lose track. It is the twenty-ninth and it is December, thank God! "Yesterday we were petrified, until that angel, Francesca, awakened us from our stupor. At dawn—the first terrifying shock, we rushed out. Antonio's stern command and the vice-like grip kept us in the spacious garden at the rear. We were urged, by some impetus from within, to run, run, although we knew the marble palaces on either side were falling, crumbling. "Oh! the horror of it! I must not recall it. I saw my maid, Carlotta, run, but had neither voice nor power of hand to restrain her. I heard Francesca praying 'Domine ihesu miserere.' Elizabeth and I fell on our knees, then on our faces, uttering prostrate; thus we remained until we felt a little beam around our necks. Some one was covering us. It was Francesca. She had entered

the house, fearlessly ascended the creviced stairs, and brought out her opera cloaks. It was only then we realized we wore nothing but our night robes. We sat on the stone steps of the terrace. How long? I cannot say.

"The next break in the dumb and fearful agony was when Tomie and Francesca appeared, climbing the wall at the back of the garden, followed by a line of almost naked children. The little one she held by the hand, was covered with blood. She led her over to me, caught my arm, and pointed to the dust-be-grimed face around. The mute appeal of misery was a clarion call to duty!

"By this time, Elizabeth was alert. Tomie brought out some water he found in the kitchen, we washed the blood from the poor children's wounds, and their crying ceased.

"Looking to the left of us, we beheld Antonio, pick-axe in hand, trying to release from the debris of his fallen home our neighbor, the Duke—I cannot recall his name. Elizabeth shrieked—she saw some loose masonry tottering over her husband's head. She ran to the spot and helped the men.

"After some hours, it was decided by Antonio and Senator Deprato, whose palace is in ruins, that we might re-enter the house, since it had withstood the first tremendous shocks when all around had fallen. Antonio said something to his wife; she bowed her head and her tears fell on his shoulder. He spoke to her of what God demanded of them, having spared them and their household amidst the awful wreck and ruin.

"Elizabeth found her keys, opened the wardrobe of the store-room, and we piled sheets and linen in Antonio's outstretched arms. The Senator and several nobles loaded themselves with all sorts of necessities for the wounded—then left us. The day was far spent and we had not broken our fast, nor had we thought of it, but Francesca remembered. While we were procuring the provisions for the relief corps, she had led her youthful regiment to the dining-room, and with the aid of the older and uninjured ones, had brought from below cakes, fruit and confectionery. She called to us to come to her. What a sight met our dulled and heavy eyes! The ball was to be that evening. The decorations had been completed the night before, save for the cut flowers which were to come from the conservatory at the villa, but now God's choicest flowers, human souls, were in the places of honor.

"Francesca pressed us, we tried to please her. 'Mother, mother,' came Tomie's voice from the street. We hastened to open the door. Men were waiting there, with stretchers, bearing the dying and wounded rescued by Antonio and the other noblemen. We let them in. "December 30—Last evening we sheltered about sixty persons, brought to us by the relief corps. What prodigies of charity these men are performing! The soldiers are helping now, too. We were about to succumb until our little angel, Francesca, appeared with five of her friends, cheery, heroic Little Sisters of the Poor whose convent is in a heap of ruins. They brought with them ten of their old men whom they succeeded in rescuing with their own hands, from the debris. The only sustenance they had had since the awful morning was some goats' milk given them by a kind old man. After partaking of some refreshments they started in to help us. What nurses these good Sisters are! The identity of our first day's little charges has been discovered. They are children from an orphan asylum founded by Antonio's father. The Archbishop came here yesterday and had them sent to a Refuge in Catania.

"December 31—The captain of one of the vessels in port, a friend of Senator Deprato, has promised to take Elizabeth and the children to Genoa. They insist, all of them, on my going, too. But I cannot—I will not leave the stricken city—besides, somehow, I seem the official head of this abode of misery. Antonio comes in for a little food and rest at night. How our hearts leap to see him. His strength, like Sir Galahad's, 'is as the strength of ten,' because he is so good! But he is needed elsewhere; he says we are about the best off in poor Messina, which he calls a 'burning cemetery,' and will not allow us outside our own precincts.

"New Year's Day—I have learned from many of my sufferers to say 'Deo Gratias!' At first I thought it strange, but now it is music to my heart! The Archbishop said Mass here this morning. The cathedral is a mountainous heap of wreckage; however, the Sacrament, they tell me, was saved. The priests and brothers are indefatigable. I like the Archbishop to come here. He is so kind and capable, directing the incredible zeal of Antonio and his friends. "What would be done only for the foreign ships in the harbor? Truly we would starve. Thanks to the intended 'ball,' there was a goodly supply of provisions in; but the first few days we gave with undue prodigality, there were so many hungry ones to feed; now we are all on army rations and dole out our food carefully.

"January 2—Conditions growing more desperate, in spite of the aid given by the soldiers and sailors of the foreign fleets. No description could be adequate, so I abstain from writing. I remain in the ward; Francesca has given them the names of saints as in the hospitals she

used to visit. In her room and that of her governess adjoining, there are fifteen poor women on cots procured from the ships.

"Elizabeth and the Duchess di Printini gave out the supplies of food, clothes and medicine sent from Rome and Milan, to the half-naked, starving creatures, who receive the slightest article as a gift from heaven.

"We heard to-day that conditions are appalling in Catania and other immune towns or the hills, whither thousands and thousands of refugees have fled. They are even in greater need of food than we. My God! 'Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done!' The dear Archbishop met me yesterday, and bade me take this gem from his setting in the Lord's Prayer. It is short and easy to say. I have the habit now of getting his blessing. How kind he has been to me! I spoke to him of mother and Bert, and he it was who sent the telegram via Palermo that satisfied my dear ones.

"January 3—A gleam through the gloom to-day! Mr. Bayard Cutting Vice-Consul at Milan, and Representative of the American Red Cross, was brought to us. I was too busy receiving fresh relays of the rescued all day yesterday to notice the welcome arrival of the well-laden steamer 'North America.' Thank God it came. The aid of the Red Cross nurses here, with few exceptions, are physical wrecks. Myself—I cannot understand!

"With Tomie and Francesca, I went to-day to the newly arrived steamer for a supply of olive oil and medicine. It is the first time since the earthquake that I was on the Marina. Some of the terrible and revolting details of the disaster could be here partially realized. The dazed but brave Messinesi were still working at the excavations. We had to defile among rows of black and mutilated corpses awaiting the row-boats that were to take them for burial out into the sea! Even to these the saintly child had something to say. She clutched Tomie's arm and bid him repeat some words of peace in soft Italian. I, too, have begun to pray for the dead, prompted by my own helplessness in the sight of such utter desolation!

"January 4—What have I not learned standing beside the cots, while the priests performed their noble ministry! Could I ever have imagined such scenes? Could I ever dream of such-it seems strange for me now to use the words—happiness and peace? But I have seen it—I have seen it each hour. Good God! I am face to face with another life—a nobler one—the supernatural! Mother! Bert! Sister Clara! are you praying for me? "This afternoon the Senator came to say the Marchesa and children are to be ready to-morrow, when the frigate is to sail. Elizabeth is annoyed with me. She asks how can she meet my mother, who clamors for me! Francesca begs to be let stay with me. But it would be rashness. The child, despite her bravery, is ready to collapse. She sleeps on the floor—nothing could induce her to use a cot while so many are in need and suffering.

"January 5—The parting is over. I only 'broke down' when Francesca whispered, 'I shall ask the good God to send Signor Bert to you.' Poor Antonio! I promised Elizabeth to look after him, and to go with him to Genoa when extra help comes from Rome. "The dear Archbishop has sent his niece and another religious to remain here with me. New courage has been infused by the sight of the beneficent Red Cross. "Sister Clara's little medal never leaves my neck. It has been to me more than the insignia of all the world's monarchs! I clasp it frequently—many dying lips have kissed it—and say the prayer as Sister requested.

"Note must be made of a marvel we heard of to-day. A little chap was rescued at dawn from a mass of debris. The roof of the house had fallen in such a way as to form a protecting angle. Others have been released from their living tombs but they are victims of utter horror and starvation; nothing can save them; this child is happy and hearty after his nine days' burial! The doctors questioned him—he says his mother, long since dead, brought him oranges each day! His physical condition bears testimony to some such prodigy. O my heavenly Mother, what mysterious fruit do you not bring to me!

"January 6—Via wireless, we learn our darling Francesca has collapsed, and pneumonia is feared. The poor father! God comfort him and all of us. It is well she went away in time. Everything will be done for her now; here, without a miracle, it would be impossible for her to recover. The entire 'hospital' is praying that her sweet, precious life may be spared. "Last evening my maid, Carlotta, came back. Tomie declared she would, because he had asked his patron of Padua to find her for me. I am indeed thankful. I dreaded to return to Washington, where her parents live, without her. At Catania some of the refugees told her that Paola Palace stood uninjured among the ruins on the Marina. She met thousands of the forlorn, hopeless people fleeing to the hills and inner towns. They are still in terror of the water rising, and of the repeated shocks we daily experience. At sight of me, she became hysterical, begging me to forgive her for deserting me. I gave her into Madre Maddalena's motherly care. This good Sister bathed her swollen feet and put ointment on them—she had travelled miles and miles barefoot. After a good meal of minestrone with

WE PRINT Letterheads, Billheads and General Commercial Work at the Right Prices. IF PRINTED BY US IT'S DONE RIGHT.

The True Witness Printing Co. An office thoroughly equipped for the production of finely printed work. Phone Main 5072. 316 Lagachetiere Street W., Montreal.

Geo. W. Reed & Co. Limited. Contractors for: General Roofing, Cement and Asphalt Paving, Sheet Metal Work. 337 Craig St., W. Montreal.

HEADACHE AND 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' medicine 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.

NORTHERN Assurance Coy Limited. OF LONDON, Eng. "Strong as the Strongest." INCOME AND FUNDS, 1908. Capital and Accumulated Funds \$49,490,000. Annual Revenue from Fire and Life etc. Premiums and Interest on Invested Funds \$9,015,000. Deposited with Dominion Government for Security of Canadian Policy Holders \$465,580. Head Office—London and Aberdeen. Branch Offices for Canada. 88 Notre Dame Street West, Montreal. ROBERT W. TYRE, Manager for Canada.

Chive's Preparations Are The Best. Specialties in Guaranteed French Trusses. For Colds use Chive's Cough Syrup. In use for Twenty Years with the Best Results. ADDRESS: Cor. St. Timothee and Craig Sts. Montreal, P.Q.

J. E. GARREAU LTD. Successor to C. B. LAROCHE. Importers of Church Ornaments, Banners and Altar Wines. Manufacturers of Banners, Flags, Linens, Way of the Cross and Statues. Specialty: Church Decorations, Funeral Hangings and Religious Articles for Pilgrimages and Missions. 14 & 16 Notre Dame Street West, MONTREAL.

Was All Run Down. Weighed 195 Lbs. Now Weighs 185. Mrs. M. McCann, Debec Junction, N.B., writes: 'I wish to tell you what Milburn'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 Milburn'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 195 pounds, and now weigh 185 and have given birth to a lovely young daughter, which was a happy thing in the family. When I commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I could not go upstairs without resting before I got to the top. I can now go up without any trouble. The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed boxes on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

WOOD'S GREAT PEPPERMINT CURE FOR COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING COUGH, CROUP, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS. Calculated to Cure All Diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Mrs. John Kelly, Windsor, Ontario, writes: 'I was troubled with a cough for the past six months, and it was so bad that I could not sleep. I tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and it cured me. I feel like a new man now. I have never felt so well since I was a child. I have tried many other remedies, but they did me no good. I have now recommended Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to all my friends, and they are all cured. I have now recommended Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to all my friends, and they are all cured. I have now recommended Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to all my friends, and they are all cured.'

GREAT STRUGGLE IN ENGLAND.

Budget Rejected by the Lords Because it Taxed the Classes Represented in Upper House.

There has been no hesitation on the part of the popular forces in England in taking up the challenge thrown down by the House of Lords...

THE ACTION OF THE LORDS THE SOLE ISSUE.

The House of Lords would be delighted if they could confine this struggle to that issue, and to that alone. For then the Lords would blindly declare they had submitted the Budget to the country...

Who can doubt that the answer of any free people will give to this demand on the part of the Peers of England? I say no word of the attitude of my own people to such a pretense put forward by such a body...

There is scarcely one of the millions who were driven to this land of liberty and of possibilities, penniless, ruined, broken-hearted, whose exile was not the direct creation of the land system and of the landlords, who are the House of Lords.

Deep answereth unto deep and the defiant challenge of the Lords has been met by a resonant response from the Commons. The scene in the House of Commons on Dec. 2 was far more spirit-stirring than that which witnessed the "suicide of the peers," says Wm. T. Stead.

JOHN BRIGHT'S WORDS A REMINDER OF THE PAST.

If we may judge from the first notes of battle, victory is already assured. "If our forefathers," said John Bright, "on the eve of another fray two hundred years ago, refused to be bondsmen to the king, shall we, who struck the lion down, shall we pay the wolf homage?"

The Peers say they are fighting the demagogues. Never did reaction give the demagogue a better chance, and the use they will make of it may be seen from the opening sentence of the manifesto in which the National Democratic League says the Lords have declared war upon the people.

The latest survey from which figures can be compiled shows that the peers of all parties hold 16,411,956 acres, or one-fifth of the total area of the United Kingdom. The peers who defeated the Budget hold together 10,078,979 acres. The average holdings of the dukes is 142,564 acres each, of the marquises 47,500 acres, of the earls, 30,217 acres, of the viscounts 15,324 acres and of the barons 14,162.

OLD AGE PENSIONS IN DANGER.

The Peers have exposed themselves to this damaging attack by carrying Lord Cromer's amendment decreasing the Old Age Pensions act should end in 1915. The amendment was flung out by the Commons because it conflicted with their privileges, but the fact stands on record—the Lords by a vote of more than two to one, tried to limit the pensions act to seven years.

GREAT STRUGGLE.

The first of a series of demonstra-

tions against the action of the House of Lords, organized by the National Democratic League, was held in Trafalgar Square on Dec. 4. Thousands of workmen came in from all parts of the metropolis, carrying banners and singing political songs.

LLOYD-GEORGE AWAIT THE VERDICT.

Chancellor Lloyd-George, speaking at the Liberal Club, said if the Budget were buried it was in the sure hope of a glorious resurrection. As to the action of the Lords, they had to arrest a criminal and see that he perpetrated no further crime.

CONSERVATIVES FAIL TO PUT MAIN QUESTION IN THE BACKGROUND.

The plan of the Conservative leaders to force tariff reform to the front in the election campaign and thrust the question of the Lords' veto in the background has miscarried. The campaign is being waged with a bitterness not seen in British politics in many years, but is exclusively upon the question of the action of the Lords.

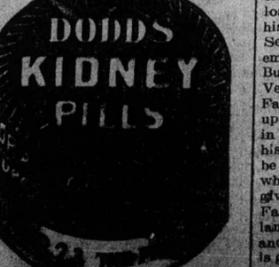
A CRITICAL CONTEST COMING.

The Conservative Morning Post in an editorial warns the Party that the coming contests will be a critical and severe one, and that if the Unionist cause is to triumph its adherents must display tactical ability as well as courage and vigor.

The land owners in the House of Lords who would be affected by the land tax proposed in the rejected Budget comprise the whole House, with exception of a mere handful.

None of the Lords own so little as a thousands acres. Most of their holdings can be reckoned in tens of thousands, while the holdings of twenty-three members exceed 100,000 acres each.

The Waterford Bridge Committee has decided to entertain an offer from Sir Wm. Arrol, the famous bridge builder, to bear the expense of a special Act of Parliament empowering the corporation to construct a bridge of material selected by themselves.



Local and Diocesan News.

CHRISTMAS PAGEANT.—Following along the lines of the celebration held annually in the Church of the Aracoeli in Rome, was the unique festival which took place on Sunday last at St. Patrick's Church.

RESOLUTION OF CONDOLENCE.

The following resolution of condolence was passed by the Brothers of Division No. 4, A.O.H., to Brother M. Sullivan, financial secretary: Dear Brother,—Whereas it has pleased Almighty God in His good and wise providence to remove from our midst one of the most esteemed members of St. Agnes Parish in the person of your sister, Mrs. Nellie Sullivan, be it resolved, that we, the Brothers of Division No. 4, Ancient Order of Hibernians, do hereby tender you our most sincere sympathy in this hour of your sad bereavement.

Be it further resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to you and also a copy to the True Witness and National Hibernian. (Signed) E. J. CONNORS, D. ENDICOTT, R. P. PERRY, WM. SHOWERS, Committee.

CHRISTMAS CLOSING AT ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.—The parents and friends of the pupils of St. Ann's School assembled in large numbers in St. Ann's Hall to witness the closing exercises of the pupils under the presidency of Rev. Father Rioux, pastor of St. Ann's. A programme of songs and choruses by the choir under the direction of Prof. J. I. McCaffrey, Indian club swinging and a drama in three acts entitled "The Boys of St. Ann's," was creditably rendered.

MIDNIGHT MASS AT ST. ANN'S.

Midnight Mass in St. Ann's was vested with unusual impressiveness. Rev. Father Rioux officiated, assisted by Rev. Father Walsh as deacon and Rev. Father Fortier as sub-deacon. The sanctuary was beautifully decorated and illuminated with many colored lights which encircled the magnificent white marble altar, made it glow with dazzling brightness.

Costiveness and its Cure.—When the excretory organs refuse to perform their functions properly, the intestines become clogged. This is known as costiveness and if neglected gives rise to dangerous complications. Farnell's Vegetable Pills will effect a speedy cure.

ORDINATION AND FIRST MASS.

Mr. James Toner, Dundalk, Co. Louth, Ireland, was ordained to the holy priesthood on Tuesday, Dec. 21, in the Cathedral of Peterborough Ontario, by His Lordship Bishop O'Connor. Rev. Father Toner was educated in the Irish National schools of his town, studied his classics in Buffalo, took up his philosophy at St. Laurent College, and his theological course at the Grand Seminary. He sang his first solemn Mass in St. Mary's Church, Buffalo, N.Y., being the guest of Very Rev. Father Walsh, the pastor. Father Toner will immediately enter upon the work of the holy ministry in the diocese of Peterborough, and his many friends hope he will long be spared to do all the good of which his years of preparation have given so bright a promise.

LIBERAL POLICY OUTLINED

Premier Asquith Finds Only One Solution and That is a System of Full Self-Government.

The declaration of Prime Minister Asquith, at a monster meeting in Albert Hall, on Dec. 10, that the Liberal Party pledged itself to Home Rule for Ireland, was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the enormous audience. He asked for a curtailment of the power of the House of Lords by placing upon the statute book as part of the British constitution an Act of Parliament declaring that the Lords have no power to meddle with any bill dealing with the finances of the Nation.

THE ABSOLUTE VETO OF THE LORDS MUST GO.

This statement of Liberal policy, the first authoritative one made since the rejection of the Budget by the upper house, forced a dissolution of Parliament and an appeal to the Nation, has caused jubilation in Irish Parliamentary circles, where it is recalled that Mr. Asquith all through his career had been at the most but a half-hearted supporter of Home Rule, which he regarded as a matter of expediency rather than of principle.

THE PRINCIPLE OF REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT MUST BE DEFINED.

"Therefore," said the speaker, "the House of Commons was now on the eve of another dissolution, and it has fallen to my lot to take up the burden. The last time the government had reckoned without its host, but it is not going to make that mistake again."

ONLY ONE SOLUTION.

"Speaking last year before my accession to the Premiership, I described the Irish policy as the one undeniable failure of British statesmanship. I repeat to-night what I said then, and on behalf of my colleagues and, I believe, on behalf of my Party I reiterate that this is a problem to be solved only in one way—by a policy which, while explicitly safeguarding the supreme, indivisible authority of the imperial Parliament, can set up in Ireland a system of full self-government as regards purely Irish affairs.

impossible. We shall therefore demand authority from the electorate to translate an ancient, unwritten usage into an Act of Parliament, and to place upon the statute book recognition explicit and complete of the settled doctrine of our constitution that is beyond the province of the House of Lords to meddle with any law to any degree or for any purpose with National finances.

THE COMMONS WILL NO LONGER SUFFER REBUFFS AND HUMILIATIONS.

"Neither I nor any other Liberal Ministry supported by a majority in the House of Commons is going to submit again to the rebuffs and humiliations of the past four years. We will not assume office unless we can secure safeguards which experience shows to be necessary for the legislative unity and honor of our Party. The Liberal Party is not promoting the abolition of the House of Lords or the setting up of a single chamber, but it tells the electorate that the House of Lords must be confined to functions proper of the second chamber and that the absolute veto must go.

ELOQUENT APPEAL OF MISSIONARY.

Zeal, Privations and Hardships Have Brought About Loss of Sight. Grotto of Our Lady of Lourdes, France, December 8, 1909. To the Editor: Dear Sir,—A number of your readers are friends of our Indian Scoop at Duck Lake, Sask., Canada, and have taken a lively interest in our missions of the far North by perusing the simple narratives of my missionary life, which I sent from time to time to your most appreciated paper.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

130 St. James St. Phone 6145, 6905, 6907, or Boveen ure Station.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS. RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FIRST CLASS. Good going Dec. 21st, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910, returning up to January 31st, 1910.

Epiphany.

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

TRAIN SERVICE.

7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), for St. Hyacinth, Quebec and intermediate stations. 12 noon, MARITIME EXPRESS, daily, for St. Hyacinth, Lévis, Québec, Rivière du Loup, Ste. Flavie and intermediate stations.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell 6145. H. A. PRICH, G. RO. STRUBBER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The concert in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

ST. PETER & COMMON STREET.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

GRAND TRUNK.

New Year Holidays. Round Trip Excursion Tickets will be sold from Montreal to all stations in Canada, including the undermentioned points. Also from Montreal to Canada to Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Rouse's Point, Massena Springs, Island Pond, Vt., as follows:—

Table with 2 columns: Station, Fare. Quebec \$4.00, Toronto \$4.00, Ottawa \$4.00, Hamilton \$4.00, London \$4.00, Port Huron \$4.00, Detroit \$4.00.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE. Going December 31, 1909, Return limit Jan. 3, 1910.

FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD. Going December 29, 30, 31, 1909, and Jan. 1, 1910, Return limit, Jan. 5, 1910.

EPIPHANY, JANUARY 6, 1910. SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE. Between all stations in the Province of Ontario and Quebec, Ottawa, Colgate Jct. and West thereof. Good going January 5 and 6, Return limit, January 8th, 1910.

CITY TICKET OFFICES. 130 St. James St. Phone 6145, 6905, 6907, or Boveen ure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

Christmas and New Year Excursions. Toronto \$10.00, Hamilton \$10.00, Ottawa \$10.00, London \$10.00, Quebec \$10.00, Sherbrooke \$10.00, St. John's, Q. \$10.00, Ste. Agathe \$10.00.

and all other stations in Canada, Fort William and East; also to Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., to Buffalo, Black Rock, Suspension Bridge, and Niagara Falls, N.Y., and to Canadian Pacific stations in Vermont and Maine at

One Way First-Class Fare. Good going December 31, 1909, and January 1, 1910; return limit, January 8th, 1910.

Good going December 29, 30, 31, 1909, and January 1, 1910. Return limit, January 5, 1910.

Special fares to points in Maritime Provinces. City Ticket Office. 29 St. James Street. Next Post Office.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS. RETURN TICKETS AT SINGLE FIRST CLASS. Good going Dec. 21st, 1909, to Jan. 1st, 1910, returning up to January 31st, 1910.

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

TRAIN SERVICE.

7:40 a.m. (except Sunday), for St. Hyacinth, Quebec and intermediate stations. 12 noon, MARITIME EXPRESS, daily, for St. Hyacinth, Lévis, Québec, Rivière du Loup, Ste. Flavie and intermediate stations.

CITY TICKET OFFICE.

130 St. James Street, Tel. Bell 6145. H. A. PRICH, G. RO. STRUBBER, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. City Ticket Agt.

Catholic Sailors' Club.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The concert in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

ST. PETER & COMMON STREET.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The concert in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

ST. PETER & COMMON STREET.

ALL SAILORS WELCOME. Concert Every Wednesday Evening. All Local Talent invited. The concert in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9:30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Sunday evening.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.

BELLS.

Memorial Bells a Specialty. Bells for Hospitals, Churches, Schools, etc.