

INDUCTION OF REV. G. McSHANE

As Pastor of St. Patrick's---Episcopal Letter and Sermon.

Sunday last was an eventful day in St. Patrick's, inasmuch as it marked another epoch in its history...

cannot but experience a sense of diffidence, for I am well aware of the extent of the task and mission confided to me...

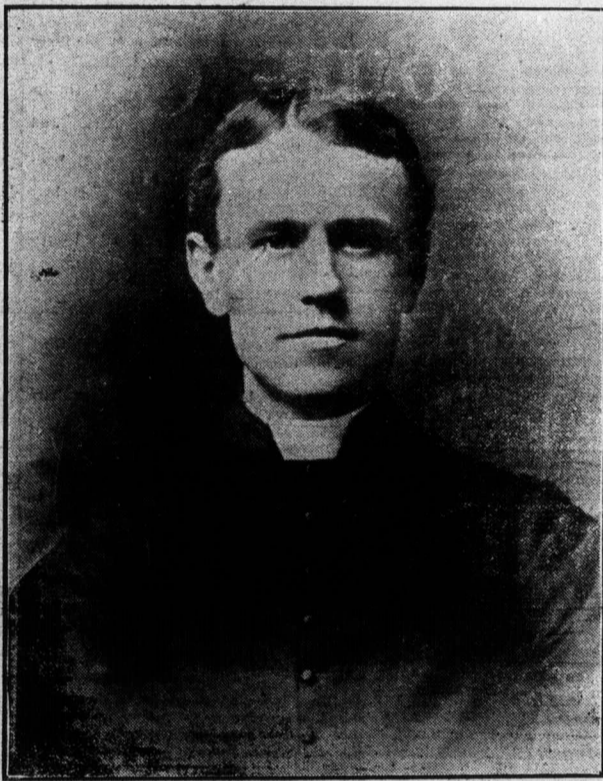
lips of the venerable Father Dowd. Many indeed have gone from our midst to receive their reward...

Oh, St. Patrick's may justly glory in its rich inheritance, this legacy of her fathers. God forbid that such memories should become dim in our minds...

Bear with me, beloved brethren, as we review together briefly the memorable past, and with grateful hearts recall the deeds of those who have, in God's name, guided you safely and bravely through the years of joy and sorrow.

Episcopal letter delivered at the parish of St. Patrick's, Montreal, 27th Dec., 1907.

Dear Beloved Brethren: You are already aware of the change that will take place, next Sunday, the 29th day of this month, in the spiritual direction of your parish.



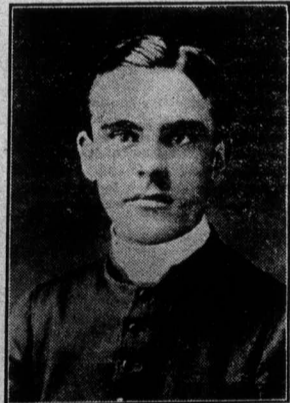
REV. GERALD J. McSHANE, S.S. Newly Appointed Pastor of St. Patrick's.

Your new Pastor, Reverend Gerald McShane, we need hardly introduce to you. He is well known to you, he was born, brought up and educated in your midst.

'St. Patrick's' means much more than all this, more than a mere structure of stone, and assemblage of Catholic families.

The pride and strength of a nation is not centered in its material possessions and large population. A family's cherished boast is not its wealth of earthly goods...

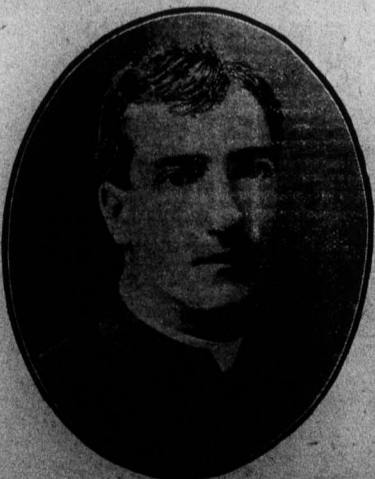
PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.



REV. F. SINGLETON.

There is first of all the unfading grace of God, the blessing of His Holy Mother, of the heavenly protectors of this venerable parish, the souls of those holy priests who are now before God whose spirit still lives amongst us.

Though officially not charged with your spiritual direction, the Fathers of the Seminary follow you ever with prayer and love as in the days gone by.



REV. J. KILLORAN.

THE SERMON. Rev. Gerald McShane then spoke as follows: The communication of His Grace the Archbishop that has just been made known to you officially...

of your beautiful church, and of your splendid parochial institutions, but they are also recorded very vividly in your minds, in your hearts, good people who are listening to me to-day.

I cannot, without emotion, recognize among you the familiar faces of those whom, in the olden days, not beyond my recollection, I used to see gathered around this sacred pulpit, when I came as a little child, by my parents' side to hear the first lessons of piety and faith from the...



REV. P. HEFFERNAN.

too, the touching spectacle of a life of self-sacrifice, even amidst the bitter trials of fever and plague. It was Father Dowd who gave you I might well say, all you have: Your parish, your national privileges, your asylum, your refuge, your glory and your school.

And finally, beloved brethren, a motive of comfort and trust for you and for me, is the presence here of good earnest assistants, priests of zeal and true devotedness. May you give them your confidence and affection, for they are all ready ever, in the words of St. Paul, to spend themselves and be spent for the sanctification of your souls.

Rev. Gerald J. McShane, S.S., was born in St. Patrick's parish some thirty-five years ago. At the Montreal College, where he received his education, he graduated with distinction. Having decided upon entering the holy ministry, he entered the Grand Seminary, after which and on account of the brilliant course he had made, he was singled out to go to the Canadian College at Rome, there to pursue further studies. Once again he distinguished himself and carried off from there the double degree of Doctor of Divinity and Doctor of Canon Law. While abroad he took advantage of every opportunity that made for learning and culture, and to-day he deservedly holds no secondary position as pastor of St. Patrick's.

Rev. T. O'Reilly was ordained ten years ago. He is also a Montreal College and Seminary graduate, having made splendid courses in both. Intellectuality and intense piety were distinguishing characteristics both here and in Rome, where he took up higher studies in the Canadian College. His work as chaplain at the Hotel Dieu is very well known to all our people, and we much will be missed there. His gentleness and kindness and his supreme sympathy for the suffering ones caused many a heartfelt prayer...

NEW YEAR GIFTS

Have 'nt you forgotten someone this Christmas? If you have make up for it now--come in and see the 'Good things for men' in Neckwear, Gloves, Mufflers, Dressing Gowns, Bath Robes, Smoking Jackets.

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ed of old by the Savior Himself in bidding farewell to His loved ones: 'Holy Father, keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given me; that they may be one, as we also are.' (John, 17, 11.)

In presence of our Divine Lord in this Holy Tabernacle, within the sacred walls, at the foot of this venerable altar, before which you and I for many years have come to pour out our heart's affections, our national tears and joys: in presence of all those memories of a grand old past, I would repeat this simple prayer, and ask you to receive it as my blessing to all:

'Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one.' May the Lord keep you, bless you and sanctify you, in the ways of right and unity: May the Lord bless and protect your church, your homes and your families, bless and sanctify the devoted priests who are to labor in co-operation for your souls, bless your zealous teachers, men and women of God, who are training your children, bless and protect our aged and infirm, our little orphans, our sick and poor.

'Holy Father, keep them in Thy name, whom Thou hast given me, that they may be one.' And may the blessing of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, descend upon you and remain with you always. Amen.

Rev. F. Singleton was ordained three years ago in St. Patrick's Church. After completing his theological course at the Grand Seminary, he was appointed curate at St. Agnes Church. Later he went to Rome with the intention of following the course offered by the Canadian College there, which privilege he enjoyed by right of the high standing he obtained at the Seminary. Unfortunately illness prevented him realizing his desire, and he was obliged to return to the city, and until his appointment as curate at St. Patrick's, was stationed at St. Gabriel's Church.

Rev. Father O'Reilly, owing to intense modesty, could not be induced to visit the photographer, hence our inability to place his cut among the other curates. To the new curates we offer our best congratulations.

Come to the Crib. (For the True Witness.) 'And they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in a manger.'

Come to the Crib, oh, happy boy, Your glad heart filled with Christmas joy, See Jesus lying there; His Mother, pure and gentle dove, And Joseph, pouring out his love, Join with you in your prayer.

Sweet Jesus grant me day by day, In Thy blest company to stay, Make me Thine own dear child; O make me humble, make me pure, My troubles bravely to endure, And patient, meek and mild.

O Mary Mother pray for me, To thy sweet Infant; thou dost see Thy Baby King so dear Enthroned upon a bed of straw, And shepherds gaze with wondering awe, As angels' songs they hear.

O dear Saint Joseph, given the care Of Jesus, and His Mother fair, O hily pure and bright, Pray for thy child that I may be Clothed with thine own dear purity, And pleasing in God's sight.

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You remember three kings, and the miraculous S to the crib of the Bethlehem, and treasures at His their way rejoiced the new-born King. Well, tradition was a fourth W farther away I than did the tre Gospel has made This Wise Ma riches, perhaps Melchior, and Ba of them together. He, too, saw Wis Man looked books, and there the King that v far off Judea. Then he rose up his stewards; an he was about to long journey. "For myself," lay my crown an the feet of the Universe; for I h Well, the Wise journey, driving him. Over the a across river dark valleys; an journeyed he saw Then the Wise fellow-creatures heart, and drov with which he h all his wealth great King's thr bag of his go ease the needs of On and on h slowly he wander resting there, wh do most good. And as he j went by, and le left of his world. He grew foots at night he wou stars, and thei light gave him f tomorrow's journe passed away, st Wise Man trudg of gold had bee

He was no lon was gray; and l to steady his st sees Jerusalem a her hills! At h has come to an see his King, w wanderings, the poor; he had spe he had neither stones to offer n had strewn by h heart was glad r alms he had give had done—all ha name of the Kin He would go t gar, and offer to His servants. And so the be tered Jerusalem. What are thos He stands and a ing that way. Soldiers ahors cers and priests of people. "Possibly thou thought the W His heart beats deed it is the Ki the scroll a sold he has read the Greek and Latin "Jesus of Naza Jews." Softly he re "Jesus of Nazaz "O my King, m you at last!"

And the old W on his knees an and pl every t Sur S It makes ch and ever The pure so dirt in a cleanliness injury. SURPRISE

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

The cultivation of cordiality and popularity early in life will have a great deal to do with one's advancement, comfort and happiness. It is a mortifying thing to have a kindly feeling in the depths of one's heart and yet not be able to express it— to repel people when one has just the opposite feeling toward them. To be incoaxed in any icy exterior with a really warm heart is a most unfortunate thing. Some people have a repelling expression in their faces and manner which is a constant embarrassment to them; but they do not seem able to overcome it. This is largely due to a lack of early training or to the fact that sometimes these people have been reared in the country, away from the great centres of civilization, where they do not have the advantages of social intercourse, and in consequence become cold and appear unsympathetic, when they are really the opposite. It is a very difficult thing to overcome these handicaps; but the cultivation of good-will, of a helpful spirit and kindly feeling toward everybody, will go far to open up the hard exterior so that the soul can express itself.

LEARNING TO BE TRUE.

If there is any one thing more than another that should be taught the young it is to be true—to themselves to their religion, to their higher instincts and to the best that is in them. So many characters are hopelessly marred by just such a lack that it seems this is one point which does not receive enough attention from parents and educators. The lesson should be an easy one— young minds and hearts are so impressionable, and "as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," but it should be thorough and continuous; then we would not have so many snobs, so many uncertain individuals, who veer with every wind, so many false to convictions, and so many with no convictions at all. To be true in everything and above all things—at whatever cost—this is the lesson to teach the young.

It is so easy to be untrue in little things; and yet these give the character. The child who will be allowed to break her promise to a playmate because she thinks it doesn't matter much, may surprise her mother in later years by failure in a much more important duty. The girl who neglects a small duty because it is small, is forming a character that will be apt later to minimize graver responsibilities; and the woman of slipshod ways, with a complete disregard of the small sincerities of life—she is the logical outcome of the two.

Oh, we all love truth—in the abstract—sometimes very much in the abstract—but when it comes to something that trenches on our personal comfort or happiness, or well being, do we hesitate at the act that points us as false to ourselves, to our best instincts? Alas, no; we do not; but we slur over the motion by manufacturing another motive to fit the emergency. We see a duty where none exists and we follow its lead with a generosity that fits a better cause. These are the corrosive spots in character. Why are they there? Because, unfortunately, we were not taught to be true to ourselves.

This sort of truth, it must be admitted, demands some sacrifices. But life has a good many, anyway, so what will a few more matter? It is natural for the young to shrink from sacrifice—it is repugnant to the immature spirit, the thought of yielding up any of its hoped-for treasure in the vision of life; but happily, in the ignorance of youth and its enthusiasm, many young people grasp at sacrifice as at a prize, and never know it is a blank thing it is! What a rounded and perfect character is that, that no falsity can touch, whose word is a bond, whose heart is gold and whose friendship is beyond the price of gems! We all know a few such, rare though they be; they are the beacon lights that lead us on to higher things, the stars that illumine our darksome way; and out of their truth comes to us the realization of what a glorious thing it is—the simple fact of being true to one's self. In Shakespeare's immortal words: "To thine own self be true; And it must follow, as the night the day Thou canst not then be false to any man."

—Catholic Columbian.

FADS AND FRILLS FROM PARIS.

Grace Margaret Gould, head of the fashion department of Woman's Home Companion, has just returned from Paris, fully informed about the latest fads and frills in dress. She says in the Christmas number of that magazine that flowered designs seem especially to appeal to the dainty French woman. She is using white elastic, delicately flowered, as a belt, and the filmy scarf, which is such an indispensable accessory to her toilette, is almost invariably scattered with the loveliest of indistinct blossoms. The new belts, by the way, are wide—sometimes seven inches, the narrowest being three inches—and the flowered elastic is quite the proper thing for their fashioning. The buckles are big, and many of them

extremely novel. Some are of flowered china, so perishable that it almost seems an extravagance to look at them; others are of silver gilt, thickly studded with semi-precious stones, and then there are, perhaps, the most novel of all, the animal and bird buckles. The black cat buckle made of enamel, and showing just the head of a kitten with the most startling of green eyes owes its popularity not only to its association with good luck, but to the fact that by pressing a button its eyes roll about in a most mysterious way. Eagles and swallows showing beautifully tinted spread wings are also used for buckles made of silver gilt, gun metal or gold tinted and worked up with bits of enamel. The touch of black is an important note in many of the newest gowns; very frequently it appears only in the girdle, or perhaps the necktie. A most unusual girdle worn with a gray-green costume is of folds of black satin, made so that it is much higher at the right side than at the left, where it is finished with a cluster of satin ends in graduated lengths, each one finished with a black silk fringe tassel.

Very narrow black satin neckties are worn, encircling the neck at the bottom of high lace collars, and from this narrow satin neck-band odd-shaped little black satin bows dangle, which consist of a rather long and narrow knot, from which little loops spread out. Sewed to the knot are tiny colored satin buttons, sometimes in Watteau blue, purple, cerise or the new yellow green. Not in years has fur been used so lavishly as it is to-day. Tailor-made gowns show fur collars, cuffs, and odd-shaped little waistcoats. Separate coats of black broadtail are worn elaborately braided, and the evening coats of fur, lace and braid are so wonderful in design and workmanship that they defy description.

PRACTICAL DARNING.

Women who like to darn claim that it is quite an art, which indeed it is, as housekeepers of the old school can testify. There is nothing intricate about it, but it requires patience, care and an infinite nicety in placing stitches. One who knows how gives the following hints on practical darning:

In darning stockings, flannel underwear and all ribbed materials work the threads in and out, first long-ways as the rib runs, being sure to catch with the needle the loop of the dropped stitch at each rib. This will prevent the dropped stitch going further, and making an ugly open place; then darn crosswise, going under and over each stitch alternately.

In doing this the darn will fall in with the weave of the material and show comparatively little. Darning should always be done on the right side, so that just what is being done can be seen and the frayed edges worked in with the needle.

When a hole in the stocking is too large to be darned in the ordinary way, cut from a discarded stocking a piece where it is not worn, and shape it as near like the hole as possible, but just small enough to slip inside, and see that the rib runs as does that of the stocking to be darned.

Baste the piece on paper and slip it in the stocking, commence about a quarter of an inch from the rent and work the needle up and over the edge and under the edge of the opposite piece.

In returning do it exactly the opposite way, so that the edges are worked closely together. This is much the same method as darning, but it is not necessary to lap the stitches so as to make a weave.

Table linen and bed linen may be neatly and satisfactorily darned on a sewing machine. A soft piece of linen, not new, should be basted under the worn place or hole; the linen should be held firmly and sewed back and forth, as in darning, using fine cotton and a loose tension for the work.

A two-thread machine is better than a one for darning. Leave an irregular outline around the hole and bring the rows of stitching as close together as possible.

For certain kinds of tears mending tissue will be found of great assistance. It is sold in long strips like tape or by the yard, and comes in several different colors. For general use that sold by the yard will be found more practical.



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HOW TO POLISH STEEL BUCKLES.

To clean tarnished steel shoe buckles try rubbing them with emery powder. Cut steel may be brightened by shaking it in a bag of emery powder and rubbing it between the hands until the rust disappears. Then polish it with a soft chamois skin or dry cloth. Silver tarnishes so rapidly at the seaside that silver toilet accessories are better left at home unless they are lacquered, and even then they become smoky. Plain celluloid brushes are more satisfactory for travelling, nor are they so easily bent when packed. They are also more easily replaced when lost. A completely equipped travelling case is one of the nicest possible gifts for any one who is going on a long tour. Space and durability must be considered when preparing for a long tour.

EAT MORE CANDY.

"Give the children plenty of pure

FUNNY SAYINGS.

A clergyman who ministered to the needs of the people in one of the poorest parts of London went down to a provincial town to plead for support for his work. A large meeting was arranged for him, and he made a most telling appeal. At the close of his address up jumped a good man and promised £50 as a start. The clergyman was overjoyed. "I don't know your name, sir," he cried, "but I thank you, I thank you. May your business be doubled in the coming year." Then a solemn hush settled down over the meeting, and it was evident to the clergyman that all was not well. "What's the matter?" he whispered anxiously to the chairman. "Er—well," replied the latter, "that gentleman is an undertaker."

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WOULD SOON STOP.

The preacher was eloquent, the congregation patient, and the discourse very long. A stranger entered and took a seat in a back pew. Presently he whispered to the man at his side, evidently one of the old members: "How long has he been preaching?"

"Thirty or forty years, I think," answered the elderly man. "I don't know exactly." "I'll stay, then," said the stranger. "He must be nearly done."

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Booker Washington recently told the story of a devout colored sister who found herself in the gallery of a certain fashionable church. She was agreeably affected by the service and touched by the sermon to such an extent that she began wringing her hands, calling "Amen! Glory! Glory!" and whatever of the kind came to her.

One of the ushers leaning over asked: "What is the matter with you? You must keep still or go out."

"I's gittin' 'ligion, boss, I'se gittin' 'ligion! Glory Hallelujah!" she exclaimed.

"Keep still!" muttered the usher. "Don't you know any better than that? This is no place to get religion."

NOT HIS TURN.

After a long and tedious sermon the preacher closed by saying: "And now Brother Jones will lead us in prayer." Brother Jones had fallen asleep. After repeating the remark several times the pastor, becoming somewhat exasperated, raised his voice to a high pitch, "Brother Jones will lead." This awakened Brother Jones, who exclaimed in his half-consciousness, "Tain't my lead; I just deat."

NOT HIS FAULT.

A first grade boy brought perfect spelling papers home for several weeks, and then suddenly began to miss five and six out of ten. "How's this, son?" asked his father. "Teacher's fault," replied the boy. "How is it the teacher's fault?" "She moved the little boy that sat next to me."—Lippincott's.

WITH THE POETS

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

(Reprinted from the Union and Times of Dec. 31, 1908. Another year—alas! has flitted by— Another link in memory's golden chain— Soon midnight lone will see him droop and die; Nor joy nor grief he'll ever wake again.

Ah! We beheld him gay and festive born, With laugh and song was ushered in his reign; Young hearts were glad as broke the merry morn, And hid them round to wake the festive strain.

We saw the Old Year in his balmy spring, When early bloom had mantled his young cheek, And 'round his path wild flowers were blossoming, And all was lovely as the heart could seek.

We saw him in his golden summer prime, When youth and beauty linger'd 'neath the shade; And heard from fragrant boughs and garden thyme, The joyous carols that the wild bird made.

But, best of all, were his autumnal eyes, When, Ceres-like, with brow all crowned with corn, He gathered up his fruit and golden sheaves, And poured afar and near his plentiful horn.

But ah! our years, like all things else, must die; When winter comes, so dark and drear for all, Their frost comes, too, and wild winds loud and high, But chant sad dirges o'er their funeral.

And so the olden year is gone with those That long have vanished to the phantom land; We'll lay him lonely in his grave of snows, 'Neath cypress boughs by chilling breezes fanned.

But now I fain would linger here awhile, In pensive memories o'er the buried past; Recall the well known faces, and the smile Of kindly eyes, alas! too pure to last.

And early hopes long since delusive grown, And friendships false when came the trusting hour; And nameless dreams that from my heart have flown That leave it withered like a drooping flower.

But I must rouse me from these musings lone, The past is past—it never can return; Then kind adieu to all the years now gone, Peace to their ashes in the silent urn!

Ah, coming year! could we but lift the veil That dark, Mokama-like, hangs o'er thy brow, Full many a tearful eye and dismal

WOULD THERE APPEAR WHERE ALL IS GLADNESS NOW.

How many a merry voice shall silent grow; How many a large blue eye be "dimmed and gone"; How many a loving heart in dust lie low Ere thou, oh year, shall vanish old and wan!

But up, away! nor let me loiter more— If it hath griefs 'twill bring bright glories, too; And dewy wreaths for triumphs gained shall soar Before the strong resolve the Right to do.

And oh, loved friends, to you or near or far, To you whose memories ever shall be dear; To you, when smiles the early morning star, I, greeting, wish a happy, glad New Year!

MARY'S SONG.

Hush, hush, the night is dark and cold, The snow lies wide and still, On naked heath and hill-top old, The tempest works his will.

Upon my arm, Sleep, safe from harm, Rest thee, my Little One, Rest thee, my Lord!

The lonely wind doth moan and sigh, On ice-dark lake and stream, The tortured clouds crowd o'er the sky, Like sad, lost souls they seem.

Upon my arm, Sleep, safe from harm, Rest thee, my Little One, Rest thee, my Lord!

Hush thee, my Sweet, and thou wilt hear The song my heart doth sing— Oh, it's to thee more sweet and dear Than music Angels bring!

More sweet, more sweet, Oh, tender-sweet! Rest thee, my Little One, Rest thee, my Lord!

Upon my breast lean thy bright head Warm beats thy heart near mine; I muse on words that Gabriel said, This dead year's maiden-time.

Upon my arm, Sleep, safe from harm, Rest thee, my Little One, Rest thee, my Lord!

SPARE ME MY DREAMS. Relentless Time, that gives both harsh and kind, Brave let me be To take thy various gifts with equal mind, And proud humility; But, even by day, while the full sunlight streams, Give me my dreams!

Whatever Time, thou takest from my heart, What from my life, From what dear thing thou yet mayst make me part— Plunge not too deep the knife; As dies the day, and long the twilight gleams, Spare me my dreams! —Richard Watson Gilder, in Collier's.

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

The Bilated Wise Man

You remember the story of the three kings, and how they followed the miraculous Star, which led them to the crib of the Infant Saviour at Bethlehem, and how they cast their treasures at His feet, and then went their way rejoicing, having seen and adored the new-born King who should redeem His people, Israel.

to the ground, for his King was coming. When at last he lifts his head, what does he see? Not the King he had hoped for; not a King with a golden crown upon his head and a royal scepter in his hand; but a King crowned none the less.

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"It's not cowardice, my friend," was the answer, "but death, faced on the battle-field, looks quite different from death considered and meditated at home; and besides, it's not death itself I dread, but—"

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not a bit of green grass was to be seen, and there was nothing moving about, not even a mouse or a rabbit. "This is hungry weather," said the Fox to the Hare; "my limbs ache with cold."

"It is, indeed," answered the Hare, "not a morsel of food to be found anywhere. I could almost eat my own ears if I could manage to get them into my mouth."

The Dayspring Or the First Christmas in Rome.

It was in the 29th year of the reign of Emperor Augustus, during a most clear and beautiful December night. Rome, the capital of the whole world, with its glittering palaces and temples, its magnificent streets and endless rows of houses around the seven hills, was buried in deep silence. The Tiber seemed to be anxious to roll noiselessly his yellow waters through the imperial town.

In this hungry mood they trotted along side by side. After some time they saw a peasant girl coming towards them with a large basket in her hand, and out of the basket came a small which was very pleasant to the Fox and the Hare—the refreshing smell of new rolls. "I'll tell you what we will do, Puss," said the Fox. "Do you lie down your full length on the ground and pretend you are dead. When the girl comes up, she will put down her basket to pick you up for the sake of your poor skin, for hareskins make excellent gloves. While she is doing this, I will run off with the bread-basket, and we shall have something to comfort us this cold day."

Puss did as Reynard bid her, lay down and pretended to be dead, whilst the Fox hid himself behind a snowdrift. Soon the girl came up, observed the Hare with its legs all stretched out, put down her basket, as the Fox had said she would, and stooped to pick up the Hare. In a moment the Fox jumped out of his hiding-place, snatched up the basket, and was off with it like a shot across the fields, and Puss, coming to life again, scampered after her companion. But Sir Fox showed no inclination to stop and share the rolls; he evidently intended to eat them all himself, of which the Hare did not approve. However, she did not utter a word, until they came up to a small pond when she said to the Fox, "How nice it would be if we could get a dish of fish, too! Then we should have fish and white bread, just like the folks. Suppose you dip your tail in the water, and the fishes, which have not much to bite at just now, will hang on to it. But you must not lose any time about it, or the pond will be frozen."

At the same hour there knelt, far away on the other side of the Mediterranean sea, in the land of Judea, the blessed Virgin Mary and her virginal spouse, St. Joseph, in a holy transport before a poor man, and adored the new-born king of the Jews. Heavenly songs thrilled through the air and choirs of angels announced the birth of the long-expected Saviour of mankind, of Jesus Christ, the "Anointed."

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ETS appear where all in... cherry voice shall st... a large blue eye be... and gone";... ving heart in dust lie... year, shall vanish old... nor let me loiter... 'twill bring bright... for triumphs gain... long resolve the Right... friends, to you or... mem'ries ever shall... smiles the early morn... wish a happy, glad... S SONG... might is dark and... wide and still, and... and hill-top old, works his will... arm, from harm, my Little One, my Lord!... doth moan and... ke and stream, and... ous crowd o'er the... souls they seem... arm, from harm, my Little One, my Lord!... Sweet, and thou wilt... more sweet and dear... angels bring... et, more sweet, r-sweet! my Little One, my Lord!... lean thy bright head y heart near mine, is that Gabriel said, 's maiden-time... arm, from harm, my Little One, my Lord!... MY DREAMS... e, that gives both kind, and precious gifts with equal... ally; ay, while the full veams, beams! thou takest from... life, thing thou yet me part— deep the knife, and long the twi-... dreams! n Gilder, in Collier's

ESS... Eglinton, says ten corns from my way's Corn Cure." and do likewise.

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE
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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon
CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, JANUARY 2nd, 1908.

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

† PAUL.
Archbishop of Mo. cal.

1908.

We are once more standing upon the threshold of a new year. The Christmas message of peace has come across the centuries to us and centered itself, as of old, in the forlorn little crib. Hardened hearts now, as then, shut themselves to the gentle Babe. They know Him not, there is no room. Now sitting quietly communing with ourselves we find we cannot wash our hands of guilt, and we have much cause for regret. We have not welcomed Him as, in the years ago, the shepherds did; we have not let Him enter into the life-spring of our being; we have made Him no offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh. Heart-searching should be ours on the first day of the year. Nineteen hundred and seven is fast receding, spectre-like, into the past, taking with it our aspirations, our hopes, our sorrows and our joys, leaving naught to us but happy memories or sad regrets. Few of us, if any, who have not been touched with sorrow's dart; many, very many have had a surfeit of life's joys.

What does the New Year possess for us? We do not know. Will there be sorrow or joy, laughter and sunshine; sadness or tears? The dreadful uncertainty makes us pause at the entrance into the unknown and implore Father Time not to hasten away—to give us one more chance. But, no. We must go forward by the supreme command of Him who made the cycles to follow unobscuringly one another. Ours now to face the new year with brave hearts and firm resolves and with a courage born of faith. We have the promise of the loving Father that He will be with us, overshadowing us with His mighty wings; Heaven's Fair Queen, too, will unfold us in her loving arms where shelter is never refused those who ask. She will protect us; she will make our offerings worthy; she will cherish our laughter, she will wipe away our tears. With these assurances, can we fear to face the future, knowing everything is safe in their hands.

We come now with the wish that all the season's blessings may rest upon our readers and subscribers and upon all those who, in one way or another, gave us their patronage. To one and all we wish A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR.

CONGRATULATIONS.
We are happy to offer our felicitations to the Rev. Gerald McShane, S.S., upon his appointment as Pastor of St. Patrick's. Though still a young man, he possesses the power to lead, a quality visible since the first days of his ministry in that church, some six years ago, and this together with gifts of learning, oratory and wisdom surely leaves nothing to be desired as an administrator, and gives to the people of St. Patrick's the assurance that they have a man equal to the huge task imposed upon him.

Long years, then, to the new pastor, and may God grant him strength to cope with the responsibilities attendant upon such an important charge.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESE DECEASED.
Death has just visited the family of our Archbishop and taken away his venerable mother at the advanced age of 81 years.
A very deep sorrow indeed it is to His Grace, whose devotion to his mother was most admirable. And how consoling it must have been to her to have the rare privilege of being attended all through her illness, and to pass away fortified by the Sacraments of holy Church administered by the hands of him who, besides being her son, was her chief pastor. The True Witness asks His Grace to accept its sentiments of profound sympathy.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE SOCIALLY.
Away up in the peninsular part of Ontario is a wisecrack of a schoolmaster—a regular type of pedagogue who loves truth so profoundly that he cannot bear the idea of little children being deceived. He is determined that no such petty fraud as Santa Claus shall be practised in the homes of his school section. He is not going to block up the chimneys so as to prevent the old man's entrance; he is going to pull the mask off the Saint and show that there is not now and there never was any foolish wanderer like Santa Claus whose home was nowhere, whose visit was only once a year, and whose entrance and exit were always by the same absurd, inexplicable route. It is a great thing for men to be wise. But the children might without harm be left to the possession of the dear old custom or resort to their own devices to discover who Santa Claus is. The question goes round the family with a shake of the head from the big brother as if he were into the secret, but would not tell. Realities enter soon enough upon life's career without hastening their stern demands. Santa Claus has the happy combination of uniting supernatural memories with natural favors, and of making age serve childhood with affection and curiosity. Homes are brighter where the living steps rise one after another—in succession to experience the mysterious visit and appreciate the gifts of the mysterious donor who knew exactly where to find the little stockings waiting for him in the corner. The old schoolmaster should pause before he turns the lurid light of criticism upon this matter. There are other social functions which need his attention much more than this harmless mask. Christmas is a time when religion becomes much more social than at any other season of the year. Christmas wishes and Christmas festivities conform more with the spirit and tradition of the time than would similar functions at Easter. But even so both feasts are interwoven with heavenly warp and earthly threads, which show the happy blending of both the supernatural and the natural. The gifts of Christmas given to the young are but a type of the Babe that was born for us and the Child that was given to us. New Year's wishes bear the stamp of not only the new civil year but also of that new dispensation ushered upon the world by the new-born Christ, the octave of whose birth New Year's Day commemorates. Then Epiphany has its ceremony in imitation of the three Kings and their mystic gifts. In the Middle Ages the faithful used to present on the Epiphany, gold, frankincense and myrrh to be blessed by the priest. Another custom which originated in the ages of faith is still observed in many countries. In honor of the three Kings who came to Bethlehem from the East, each family chose one of its members to be King. A feast was held, cake served up, and he who took the piece with a secret mark upon it, was proclaimed King of the day. Two portions of the cake were reserved for the poor, in whom honor was thus paid to the Infant Jesus and His Blessed Mother. King's Feast and Twelfth Cake is still a Christmas joy in thousands of families, and happy those where it is kept in the Christian spirit which first originated it. These traditions and recreations will die out where children are scarce, where race suicide prevails, and where schoolmasters are over-zealous and over-wise.

KNOWLEDGE OF RELIGION.
The old year, which now is numbered with the past, is rendered historical by the firm stand taken by our Holy Father with regard to Biblical studies and philosophical interpretations of religious subjects. To those who have watched the trend of modern thought the time seemed fully at hand when a halt should be called. Had things gone on much longer the evil would have increased most seriously its threatening dangers. These dangers may

be principally described as a want of knowledge of religion and a false notion of science. It is hard to say which does the greater harm, ignorance of truth or false knowledge. One scarcely ever exists without the other. Just as light and shade mutually exclude each other, so knowledge and ignorance, truth and falsehood do not coexist in the same subject, though they enlighten or darken the mind. False knowledge is more dangerous for the reason that it is more insidious. The poison may be sugar coated. The demon may appear as an angel of light. On the other hand, if knowledge of truth is as wide and as deep as it should be the dangers of false knowledge are minimized. There is an error in the minds of many as subtle as it is deep. It is that ignorance is worse than false knowledge. It arises very much from the fact that there is only one subjective test of truth. It lies at the door of Protestantism, whose first principle of private judgment robbed truth of nearly all its objective value in the world of thought and of action. Men were henceforth to be their own judges and their own masters. They were to make truth as a builder would make a house or an artist paint a picture. There might be omissions in the former but still it would be a house; and there might be flaws in the picture though it might still be a picture. For several generations this condition existed, robbing religion of its treasury of rich thought and superabundant truth and replacing truth with scepticism and religion with philosophy. The state of things is due to Protestantism for another important reason that it got possession of the sources and wells of information and power. Nationalizing in its character and relying upon caesarism for its support it encouraged false philosophy without a thought of its own injury. As long as Catholicism was kept buried and a guard set upon its tomb Protestantism felt quite secure. Literature became more and more vitiated. The waters poisoned at their source began to show death bearing signs in the lower valleys of magazines and journals. Society helped in the same direction. No educational door was open to a Catholic, no profession encouraged the talented or held out hope to the conscientious. How sweeping has been the effect of all this and much more which can never be known till the day of great revelation can better be imagined than described. It has remained for the teaching Church to bring us to attention and to remind us that the deposit of truth has been for some time in danger. The Encyclical shows also the extent of Catholic truth. In his Advent pastoral upon the Encyclical Bishop Hedley, of Newport and Menevia, makes a very apt statement: "It is a rare thing to find Catholics in these days who have any grasp of the length and breadth of their own religion. This is a great misfortune." That this is a correct estimate of things seems evident from the fact that many did not know what the encyclical was intended for. Some thought it was a false alarm, others looked upon it as inopportune while a third class sympathizing with the advocates of Modernism, blamed it as interfering with science. Whilst these submitted they secretly wished that they had not been called upon to submit. What is the length and breadth of our religion? Eternity is its length and the world is its breadth. It is the love of Christ—His infinite, inexhaustible treasures of wisdom and power and love illumining mind and charming heart and filling every affection of the soul with purest satiety. Religion is not geometry, made up of bare definitions, axioms, and propositions. It is not reason, seated in the judgment-hall with one question upon her lips, What is truth? and the determination in her heart to decide the matter for herself. Religion is not pomp or power enthroned in the assemblies of nations and with its sceptre dictating to the conscience of its citizens. It is the humiliation of Bethlehem making the heavens ring with the glory of God and the peace of mankind—it is faith, grace, mercy-giving freedom to the sons of God, and breaking the fetters of sin. No subject can present such charms for itself, such high ideals for imitation, or afford more opportunity for improvement than the careful study of our religion. Devoted as we are, however, to material matters, engrossed with the temporal demands of life, we have been indifferent and careless whilst the enemy has been zealous. Truth, were it not for its inherent immortality, would have a poor chance against the aggressiveness of falsehood. Truth is mighty and will prevail even though another generation may have to come

before it be duly appreciated. The present generation is sadly indifferent to Catholic truth in its full extent and Catholic public spirit in its urgent needs and great interests.

Immense Gathering in Monument National

Testifies to Interest Taken in Anti-Alcoholic League.
A meeting of more than passing interest was that held last Sunday evening in the Monument National for the purpose of organizing the Anti-Alcoholic League. A representative gathering filled the spacious hall, great numbers of our leaguemen being noticed, among whom we mention the following: Chief Justice Taschereau (chairman), Mr. Justice Lafontaine, the Hon. Mr. Beaubien, Senator David, Dr. Guerin, the Hon. J. A. Ouimet, Mr. P. E. Leblanc, Hon. A. R. Angers, the Rev. Fathers Columban, Ladislas and Ethelbert, of the Franciscan Order; the Rev. G. G. Huxtable, secretary, and Mr. S. J. Carter, president of the Dominion Alliance; the Rev. Aldermen Laviolette, Giroux, Ward, Dugas, Lariviere, Messrs. M. J. Walsh, M. F., Judge Sirote, S. Lachance, J. M. M. Duff, Dr. Bernier, F. X. Martin, J. H. Semple, Chas. Chaput, Victor Morin, L. E. Geoffrion, A. Gagnon, Ludger Gravel.

A unanimous vote ratified the choice of the committee, this choice being Chief Justice Taschereau, as president; Archbishop Bruchesi as honorary president, and Mr. Victor Morin, general secretary. Judge Taschereau thanked the citizens for the honor conferred upon him, and said he felt he had no right to refuse the task of taking part in the grand national work they were about to undertake. He relied on the support of both men and women. The work before them was nothing less than the raising of the nation, already threatened with ruin and expecting the help of friendly hands. This help should come from the great metropolis which, while progressing in every branch of industry was also, like all large centres, exposed to the vices and demoralization inherent to cosmopolitan cities. Old Quebec had already given a noble example in that direction, following the generous impulse of the Bishops and clergy.

Continuing, the learned judge said that the first duty was to attack the enemy in his own citadel, and demolish his bulwarks so strong and so numerous in the city of Montreal. The first attack would be on those entrenchments known under the peculiar name of "license"—so called, no doubt, after their founder, license, the great enemy of all true civilization. Those entrenchments were so numerous that they could hardly be counted; and in one of the city parishes there was one for every seventeen families. They must not be alarmed, however, for they knew of a subterranean mine that could, by a subtle blast, if not destroyed, reduce them completely, at least reduce their number to a minimum, if the engineer whom they would employ followed instructions. That engineer, called "Legislator," would follow their instructions, for he never rebelled against the authority of the people's will, and after this first success, he could almost promise sure victory.

Judge Lafontaine, who followed, said that they had to deal with a cosmopolitan evil worse than the plague, famine and war combined. The league, with a view to securing the help of all men of good will, would not demand heroic virtues from its members, but ordinary temperate habits. The fight would not be against alcohol, but against alcoholism. Now, how would the league reach its end? By propaganda, by public meetings, by lectures. It would rely on the help of temperance societies, of educational bodies, from the university down to the primary school.

The Hon. Alderic Ouimet expressed the opinion that the clergy ought to take a leading part in the direction of the league's affairs, so as to preclude the possibility of its assuming a political character. When they would go before the Legislature they must be heard.
Mr. J. M. M. Duff was then called upon to address the meeting in English. He expressed his pleasure to endorse the movement, which had his full support, not only on account of its object, but as being entirely cosmopolitan and outside of all race or creed consideration. Mr. Duff's remarks were received with enthusiastic applause.

After short addresses by Messrs. A. V. Deslauriers and A. Germain, the other officers of the league were elected as follows: First Vice-President, Mr. Justice Lafontaine; assistant vice-presidents, the Hon. J. D. Rolland, Dr. E. P. Lachapelle, ex-Ald. S. D. Valliers and Dr. Guerin; treasurer, Mr. Arthur Gagnon; assistant-secretaries, Messrs. A. Germain and R. Delorimer.
A vote of thanks was passed to the clergy of all denominations, to the civic and civil authorities and to the press for their past efforts on behalf of the temperance cause.
A resolution of condolence was also passed relative to the bereavement of Archbishop Bruchesi, the death of whose venerable mother was announced.
The chairman, Mr. Justice Taschereau, closed the meeting by declaring once more that the movement was not exclusively French or Catholic, but that the co-operation of all honest citizens was expected, and declaring also that while work-

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ing hand in hand with the clergy, the league would be a lay movement, as much of its work was of a nature better suited to laymen's activity.

Christmas Tree at St. Patrick's Orphanage.

A very pleasing function took place last Saturday afternoon at St. Patrick's new Orphanage, when the formal opening took place. A Christmas tree was really the principal item in so far as the little ones were concerned. Many friends of the institution had contributed innumerable gifts, and the tree was heavily laden. And such valuable gifts, too—sleighs, large and small, snowshoes, toboggans, dolls, games, and almost everything to satisfy the child heart. The ladies who had charge of the affair, Mrs. Burke and Mrs. Macdonald, were untiring in their efforts to make it a success. Surely the unbounded enthusiasm of the little ones was satisfaction sufficient for anyone. They clapped and cheered as name after name was called, and a happy face greeted all as the little one returned laden with her or his precious gift. The recreation hall was tastefully decorated and many kind friends were present testifying to the interest taken in the orphanage.

Among those present were noticed the following: The Rev. Father Raymond, superior of the Franciscans; Rev. Father Christopher, O.M.I.; Mr. and Mrs. M. Burke, Mrs. Monk, Mrs. McCrory, Miss Margaret McCrory, Mr. and Mrs. O. Smith, Miss Smith, Master C. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. McDonnell, Mrs. E. Kennedy, Mr. W. E. Doran, Ald. O'Connell, Miss Murphy, Miss Eileen Daly, Mr. and Mrs. John Fallon, Dr. Harrison, Dr. Mullally, Mr. Martin Egan, Misses McNally. A moving picture entertainment was another important item. It did one good to see the hearty manner in which the children enjoyed themselves, and, after all, it takes so little to make these little girls and boys, as other little ones, happy. Their world is so small and their appreciation is always so genuine that it is a pity to withhold from them what helps to brighten their lives and creates pleasant memories to last them a very long time.

At the close of the biograph entertainment, refreshments were served to both inmates and guests, the whole thing leaving an impression of having helped to scatter a little sunshine into lives deprived of mother love and devotion.

MAYO NEWS.

(From our Own Correspondent)
Christmas eve was fittingly celebrated here. The main altar and two side altars were beautifully decorated, the crib was tastefully arranged, the lights shined forth like so many stars. The Mass was chanted by a full choir. The hymn "What Lovely Infant Can This Be," was sung by the children. Rev. Father Barrette officiated. What would most attract the eye of a stranger was the very large number of communicants; that, indeed, was something to be remembered. The church was crowded, and we feel confident that mostly everyone present approached the Holy Sacrament.

Rev. Father Barrette is making the visitation of the parish this week.

Quite an enjoyable evening was spent at Mr. John Burke's, of Thurso, where a number of young folks from Mayo, Buckingham and Thurso were gathered.

A number of our boys are leaving for the woods for the winter months and we wish them good luck.
Mr. D. O'Callaghan returned from Cobalt on the 28rd to spend a few weeks with his parents here.
Mr. Jas. McAndrew, of Butte, Mont., is visiting his brother, Mr. W. M. McAndrew, of this place.
Quite a pleasant evening was spent at Mr. Jas. Duggan's on the 29th, when a number of young folk from Buckingham, Thurso and Mayo were present.

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Folding Go-Cart Baby Carriages per cent. English Perambulators per cent. Doll Carriages 10 per cent.

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All Single Thread Machines; regular \$3.00 and \$8.00. New Leader, \$24.00 for \$22.00. New Colonial; 10 per cent. Drop Head; less 10 per cent. 1 lot of Folding regular \$1.25, for

Indian
Bed Room Shirts and Children, less 20 per cent. All kinds of Bark Canoes, Suits and Table cent.

Trunk and B
A lot of Suit Cases less 20 per cent. Wardrobe Trunks Leopold's Patent Trunks, less 10 per cent. A special lot of and Club Bags, less Balance of Japan HALF PRICE. Ladies' Hat Boxes per cent.

Wall Paper
Special lines of per cent. Special room in per cent. Special lines of laps, less 50 per cent. Japanese leather cent. Balance of Wall Paperings and Burlap cent.

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Fancy Trimming; Fancy Braids, less 10 per cent. Ends of Fancy per cent.

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Special Table of goods at HALF PRICE, consisting of Tantalus, Whiskey Sets, Liquor Sets, etc., etc.

DOWN QUILTS

Satin and Sateen Down Quilts; all sizes, less 20 per cent. WHITE QUILTS. Satin Quilts; fine goods, all sizes, extra value, less 20 per cent. See tables.

Baby Carriage Department

Folding Go-Carts, full size, also Baby Carriages in Rattan, at 20 per cent. English Perambulators; less 10 per cent. Doll Carriages and Go-Carts, less 10 per cent.

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All Single Thread Hand Sewing Machines; regular \$1.50, \$2.50 and \$3.00 and \$8.00, less 20 per cent. New Leader, Drop Head; regular \$24.00 for \$22.00. New Colonial; regular \$25.00, less 10 per cent. Drop Head Automatic Lift, \$30 less 10 per cent. 1 lot of Folding Sewing Tables; regular \$1.25, for 75c.

Indian Curios

Bed Room Shippers, for Men, Women and Children, prices from 85c up, less 20 per cent. All kinds of Sweet Hay Baskets, Bark Canoes, Snow Shoes, Toboggans and Table Mats, less 20 per cent.

Trunk and Bag Department

A lot of Suit Cases and Club Bags less 20 per cent. Wardrobe Trunks, less 15 per cent. Leopold's Patent Compressed Case Trunks, less 10 per cent. A special lot of Fitted Suit Cases and Club Bags, less 20 per cent. Balance of Japanese Suit Cases at HALF PRICE. Ladies' Hat Boxes, all sizes, less 10 per cent.

Wall Paper Department

Special lines of Wall Paper, less 50 per cent. Special room mouldings, less 50 per cent. Special lines of dyed tapestry bur-laps, less 50 per cent. Japanese leather papers, less 50 per cent. Balance of Wall Paper Room Mould-ings and Burlap stocks, less 10 per cent.

Trimming Department

Fancy Trimmings, less 15 per cent. Fancy Braids, less 33 1-3 per cent. Fancy Dress Gimps, less 50 per cent. Ends of Fancy Trimmings, less 50 per cent.

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English and Canadian Cottons, less 10 per cent. English and Canadian Sheeting, less 10 per cent. Special Table Ends Sheatings and Pillow Cottons, less 20 per cent. Dress Linens, fine and heavy, less 20 per cent. Embroidered Bed Spreads; linen and cotton, less 20 per cent.

Mantle Department

Special line of Costumes, values \$35.00 to \$50.00 for \$13.50 to \$25.00
100 Children's Coats for winter wear special less 50 p. c.
50 Ladies' Walking Skirts, values \$8.50 to \$12.50 for \$4.50 to 6.50
Ladies' Costumes in plain and Fancy materials less 33 1-3 p. c.

Ladies' Fur-lined Coats, squirrel lined, mink and sable collars, less 20 p c
Ladies' Wrappers and Kimonas, a large selection less 20 p c
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Discounts in this Department ranging from 10 p c to 50 p c
We have laid on table a special assortment of Tweeds and Fancy Goods, also a lot of plain colors at 33 p. c. and half price
1 Table containing choice light material less 33 1-3 p c

Fancy Organdies
Entire stock to clear at half price
A choice lot of Fancy Muslin regular 18c, to clear at 11c per yard

Mousseline de Soie
44 in Black, White and Cream (best goods) regular \$1.25 for half price

Cream Goods
6 pieces to clear, less 33 1-3 p c
A very choice lot, regular 35c to 80c per yard, less 33 1-3 p c
Odd lots of various kinds of materials at clearing prices

Best All Wool French Challies

100 pieces choice patterns, regular 55c per yard, for 37c per yard

Furniture Department

1-60—22 Solid Mahogany Sideboard, Colonial design, price \$250.00, less 50 p c
1-60—24 Table to match \$110.00 less \$50 p c
1-60—21 Buffet to match \$86.00, less 50 p c
This set will only be sold complete
7887 3 piece Parlor Set in gold, a very fine design, all hand carved, price \$650.00, for \$300.00

1-6223 Louis the XV. Gold Screen, price \$150.00, less 50 p c
60—5368-1 Library Table in mahogany, \$70.00, less 33 1-3 p c
60—282-1 Library Table in mahogany, \$76.00 less 33 1-3 p c
80—1031-3 piece Parlor Set, solid mahogany, \$190.00, less 25 p c
58—577-1-3 piece Set, solid Mahogany, \$108.00, less 25 p c
110—8-1 Mahogany Parlor Chair, \$48.00, less 33 1-3 p c

Curtain Department

Special lines of Lace Curtains; Nottingham, Guipure, Irish Point, Dutchess, Arabian Lace, at discounts ranging from 25 per cent., 30 per cent., 33 1-3 per cent. to 50 per cent.
Special line of Madras Curtains, both in cream and colored, at 25 per cent., 30 per cent., 33 1-3 per cent. and 50 per cent.
An odd line of Printed Taffeta Cur-tains and Bed Spreads at 50 per cent discount.
Special lines of Shadow Cloth and Linen Taffeta for Window Curtains and Upholstering, less 25 per cent.

Book Department

A Special Sale of Books—20 per cent; discount off any book in this department. BIBLES AT HALF PRICE. Prayer and Hymn Books at a dis-count of 25 per cent. CALENDARS. A few left of our Artistic Holiday Calendars, less 75 per cent.

Stationery Department

All Stationery less 15 per cent., in-cluding Fine Paper, Envelopes, Inks, Pens, etc. SPECIAL BARGAIN—Morgan's Colonial Linen in pound packages for 15c. 75 Envelopes to match for 15c.

LACES

Imitation Irish Laces in Paris Cream and Ivory, less 33 1-3 per cent. Square Mesh Val. Laces and In-sertions, less 50 per cent. French Colored Veilings, less 33 1-3 per cent. Motor Veils, less 20 per cent.

Print Department

Cotton Voile, 30c and 35c per yd., less 50 per cent. Gingham, 20c, less 50 per cent. Gingham, 40c and 45c and 50c per yd., less 50 per cent. Matalasse, fancy stripes, 25c per yd., less 33 1-3 per cent. Cotton Poplins, colored spots, 30c per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent. Dress Linens in Old Rose, Grey, Green and Red, 75c per yard, less 50 per cent. A line of Fancy Figured White Che-viot, 30c per yd., less 20 per cent. Very fine Fancy French Dress Sa-teens, 50c and 55c per yard, less 50 per cent. Cretonnes (special lines), 25c to 70c per yd., at discounts of 20 per cent., 33 1-3 per cent., and 50 per cent.

SILK DEPARTMENT

38 pcs. Assorted Silk in fancy and plain colors, including Black and Colored Peau de Soie, worth 75c; Printed Foulard Silks, worth 85c; Colored Chiffon Satin, worth 85c; Colored Taffeta Silks, worth 75c, all for 39c per yard. COLORED CHIFFON VELVET—With Milanese Cord in Brown, Myrtle, Navy, Alice, Roseda, Black, Cream and White; regular \$2.00, less 50 per cent. BLACK SILK—Black Taffeta, \$1.25 to \$1.75 per yard, less 20 per cent. Black Armure Supreme, \$1.25 and \$1.50, less 20 per cent. All our Black Fancy Silks, \$1.25 to \$2.00 per yd., less 20 per cent.

Flannels

Special lot of Flannel, regular 60c, for 30 and 20 per cent. discount. A lot of fine French Flannels, less 20 per cent. A lot of British Woven Flannels for Blouses and Wrappers, less 10 per cent. Flannelletts for Blouses and Wrappers, less 20 and 33 1-3 per cent.

BLANKETS

A lot of Fine Blankets; single and double, less 20 per cent. Special lines of fine Blankets, extra value, less 10 per cent.

Sporting Goods

50 pairs of Snowshoes, less 20 per cent. 100 pairs skates, less 20 per cent.

Ruffs

Black Neck Ruffs, Fancy Neck Ruffs, and White Chiffon Neck Ruffs, less 50 per cent.

CARPET DEPARTMENT

The best assortment of Carpets and Rugs ever shown by us at large dis-counts. 10 per cent. to 33 1-3 per cent. discounts off the following lines: Super Wilton, Imperial Wil-ton, Bruges Wilton, Anglo Wilton, Victorian Axminster, Albert Axmin-ster, Imperial Axminster, Axbury Ax-minster, and Empire Axminster. Best 5 frame Brussels, Best Bel-grave Brussels, Best 4 framed Brussels, best 3 ply all wool carpet; plain all wool durries in all colors; and tapestry carpets in all grades, from 10 per cent. to 33 per cent. discount.

Black Dress Goods

Black Voiles at 55c and 65c, less 33 1-3 per cent. 56 in. Black All Wool Homespun, \$1.50 per yd., less 33 1-3 per cent.; \$1.10, less 33 1-3 per cent. Also 33 1-3 per cent. discount off the following choice lots: Matelasse, Fancy Eolienne, Crepeline, etc. A table of light weight Goods, containing Voiles, Eolienes, Crepe de Chene, Grenadines, Fancy Voiles, etc., less 20 per cent. 1 Table of Black Cloth, Venetians, Armures, Panamas, Bengalines, Pop-lin, Etamines, Serges, etc., etc., less 20 per cent.

Smallwares Department

20 per cent. Discount off. Fancy Buttons. Silk Fringes. Colored Cords and Tassels. 10 per cent. off regular stock of smallwares.

Ribbons

Fancy Ribbons, less 20 per cent. Fancy Ribbons, 50 per cent. Baby Ribbons, 75 per cent. Ends of Ribbons, 50 per cent.

Handkerchiefs

Odd lines of Linen Handkerchiefs, Fancy Emb., Plain Edge and Fancy Emb. Hemstitched, less 50 per cent. 1 Special Line 1-4 in. hem at \$1 per dozen.

Leather Goods

Leather Goods at a discount of 25 per cent. This includes everything in this line.

Jewelry Department

20 per cent. Discount off. Fancy Belts. Cut Steel Belts. Fancy Silk Belts. Fancy Combs.

Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd., Montreal

DIRECTORY... K'S SOCIETY—Established 1866... CANADA, BRANCH 20-18th November, 1908... BROS... RILEY... MAHON... McKenna... DESJARDINS... BELL COMPANY... BELLS... MILBURN'S... ENTS... TLY SECURE

FUR LINED COATS

Come and see the Extraordinary value we can give you in this line for a Very Reasonable Price.

All our Furs are of the very best quality, made from the choicest skins, and you have every possible guarantee as to artistic finish and perfect fit, because everything we sell comes out of our own workrooms, and is done by our own skilled hands.

We offer Fur Lined Coats in Canadian Musk Rat, Japanese Mink, Russian Musk Rat or Canadian Mink, trimmed with Persian Lamb, Otter, or any other suitable Fur, from **\$70 up**

Also immense stock of Cloth Coats trimmed with Persian Lamb, Otter or Electric Seal, from **\$25 up**

We have always given entire satisfaction to all our clients; this is how we have gained our reputation of being

The Leading Fur House on the Continent

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485 St. Catherine St. East, Cor. St. Timothy



a short man, with a red nose, twinkling eyes, and great dignity of deportment. He took off his hat and pushed the roses through the car window.

"The gardener bade me to give you these; he says that you always take flowers with you when you're going out, and as I was coming this way," he added, remembering his dignity, "I was glad to take them. They're beauties; he cut them for you before luncheon."

Almost involuntarily Katharine grasped the hand that held the roses. It was like a ray of light to see that there was one person in her uncle's house who thought kindly of her.

"Good-bye, Peter," she said, "good-bye. And tell the gardener that I shall not forget his kindness—I love flowers as much as he does, smile, remembering a certain occasion and say to him," she added, with a troversy, "that I still believe that it is a great mistake to fumigate Katharine Mermel roses."

"He will do it," said the butler, "You can't change a Scotchman."

"Good-bye—good-bye!" And the train moved out of the station. Peter would have liked to ask whether she would be long away or not.

"The house will be dull without her," he murmured.

Katharine buried her face in the nosegay of Bride roses and felt cheered. It must be indeed a sad time for her when roses could not cheer her. In a short time the brakeman called out "Philadelphia," and she walked through the station to Broad street. Life seemed a little darker to her than it had seemed the last time she had entered that station. A newsboy held his papers out to her; she bought two, not because she wanted them, but because she was about to earn her living, and people who earned their living ought to help each other. She was tempted to take a hansom, but she remembered that henceforth she must not indulge in such luxuries; she was a working girl now, and every cent would count. She walked to Chestnut street, unencumbered except by the roses and the luggage checks she held nervously in her hand for fear of losing them.

She had hardly turned the corner of Broad and Chestnut when a voice from the street hailed her. It was the Lady Alicia, in the Worth carriage. Katharine stopped and the coachman drove up to the sidewalk.

"I knew you at once by that bunch of roses. It was easy enough to guess who was hidden among them. Let me give you a lift. I am out calling with a stack of Worth cards, besides my own. I have been praying at every door I came to that the people may not be at home. Where are you going?"

Biddy seemed to be in excellent spirits; her color was higher than usual, her white teeth gleamed in frequent smiles, and there was an air of robust health and satisfaction about her.

Katharine hesitated. Why should people who prided themselves on their good breeding ask such direct questions?

"I am not going far."

"Let me give you a lift."

Katharine hesitated.

"Oh, come, get in—I want to talk to you. I'm so glad that I am settled at last. My fathers and brothers will think it lovely to get me off their hands without the expense of a London season. So get in!"

"But I'm going only to the Colonnade Hotel," said Katharine, "and you have your calls to make. If you like, I'll meet you in an hour at Blank's—you know where they have those delicious ices?"

Katharine was anxious to get a little time for thought—to be away from everybody.

"Yes," said Biddy, "you Americans make the best in the world—which is about the only thing you do well. But I don't want ices—I want to talk to you. Step in; I'll make a call or two, and then drive you to your call at the hotel. The Colonnade? Who that we know can possibly live there?"

Katharine got into the carriage with as much bustle as possible to avoid answering this question.

"Wirt is really very nice," began Biddy, "he brought me a basket of ferns this morning, and we walked down Chestnut street. The Marquise says that if you're seen on the fashionable side of Chestnut street at eleven in the morning with a man, people are justified in saying that you are engaged. Is that an American custom?"

"I don't know," said Katharine, listlessly. She did not belong to this comfortable carriage; she wanted to be in her place among those who walked.

"He showed me some gorgeous things at the Jewellers; he must be enormously rich; and he seems generous. Do you know I think we shall get along quite well!"

"But what about religion?" asked Katharine. "You know Mr. Percival is at present an Agnostic."

A shade crossed Lady Alicia's face. "We shall let each other alone, my dear."

Katharine sighed.

"Here we are at the Colonnade, Biddy. I shall get out. Let me kiss you. Good-bye—good-bye! I am going out of your world."

Lady Alicia looked at her face and held tight to her gown.

"What is the matter, Kitty? What do you mean? You are not well."

"Oh, yes, I am. But I want to say good-bye. To-morrow I will be no longer of your class; I shall work for a living; I shall be only Katharine O'Connor, the worker."

"What do you mean?" cried Biddy, in genuine alarm. "You shall stay with me until I make sure that you are not crazy. Is your uncle ruined? Has the house burned down? Has your aunt been nasty to you? Drive on, John—drive on."

Katharine sank back in the seat.

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts.

Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hapworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

"My aunt—you may as well know the truth, Biddy,—has followed what she believes to be the code of society and arranged a marriage of reason for me with Lord Marchmont."

"He's a scoundrel!" cried Aunt Alicia. "You can't marry him, though. I must confess, he has prospects. He may be a duke some day when everybody in the way dies. He is a scoundrel," said Lady Alicia, with less energy, "but he belongs to a great family, and, from the American point of view, you might do worse."

Katharine flashed a scornful glance at her friend.

"From to-day I shall work for my bread. And, rather than marry that man or any man for mere worldly motives, I would—"

"Be an old maid," interrupted Biddy with a laugh.

"Yes," said Katharine, "I see no disgrace in that. It requires a very superior woman to be an old maid, without regrets and without bitterness. Besides, this life is not all. And, Biddy, I think it would be better for you to work, as I do, rather than marry a man so opposite to you in religion as Mr. Wirt Percival."

"Nonsense!" said Biddy. "He saves me from dependence; he gives me a carriage, diamonds, his city house, his country house—my papa will respect me now. A question of religion is nothing in marriage. He will have to keep his Agnosticism in the background. I'm more afraid of his American ways and prejudices. I admit that I don't care about him—but he's not half bad. He likes my title and I'll keep the whip hand."

Katharine shook her head.

"I shall send you my address as soon as I get work—to-night I shall stay at the hotel."

Biddy protested, implored, entreated; she begged Katharine to go home, to visit her at Worth's, to ask Mrs. Percival to take her in.

"No," Katharine said, "I must work."

The Lady Alicia shuddered.

"I would rather die than do what you are about to do."

"And I—" Katharine began, but she mercifully repressed her words.

Katharine listened to all the arguments of her friend unmoved. Lady Alicia had settled herself in the carriage after a call, during which she had heard Katharine praised and envied, and was about to give the coachman another order when a twisted slip of paper was thrown into her lap. She saw no one near the carriage window.

"Insolence!" she said.

The color left her cheeks as she read it:

"I repeat that you had better heed my warning. The man to whom you are engaged has no right to marry."

"J. M."

"If Wirt Percival has tried to cheat me," began the Lady Alicia, her nostrils dilating.

Katharine took the paper.

"See—it is addressed to me," she said.

"But people think that you are engaged to him—the papers have said so. The words point to him," said Lady Alicia, angrily. "I will discover what it means."

In spite of her occupation and distress she went into the hotel, and, announcing her name to the clerk, saw Katharine installed in a good room, but with protests.

(To be Continued.)

Signals of Danger.—Have you lost your appetite? Have you a coated tongue? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, your stomach is out of order and you need medicine. But you do not like medicine. He that prefers sickness to medicine must suffer, but under the circumstances the wise man would procure a box of Paroelco's Vegetable Pills and speedily get himself in health, and strive to

A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of St. Lawrence," "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc

Katharine went to her room. And Mrs. Sherwood, thinking she was safe with Lord Marchmont, boldly announced that she would take a house in London for the next season. Katharine threw down her bouquet and dropped into a chair. Surely, if she must live this way, life was not worth living. The note the footman had given her fell upon the carpet. She picked it up; she read—

"Miss O'Connor,

"I am sorry you did not come. Let me tell you, to save your future mortification, that the man you are engaged to is the husband of my sister.

"J. Mavriok."

What did it mean? Who was it? Wirt Percival? There were greater sorrows than hers. She put the paper into a drawer and went down in a subdued frame of mind to help her aunt say good-bye to the guests.

CHAPTER XXI.—"Donna Quixota."

Mrs. Sherwood soon understood the position of affairs. Katharine did not come down to the late breakfast. Her aunt thought that she remained upstairs through fear; she smiled bitterly and nursed her wrath. What did the girl mean by playing fast and loose in this way? Wirt Percival had been permitted to engage himself to the Lady Alicia, and Lord Marchmont had been snubbed. Was there a Duke in prospect, that this penniless young creature should comport herself with so much arrogance?

But Katharine was not afraid. She was not one of those who value peace so highly that they will sacrifice self-respect and principle for it. An unpleasant interview, provided she felt blameless in conscience, had no terrors for her. Mrs. Sherwood did not know this; she looked forward in triumph to the coming scene, and said to herself

that she would force Katharine into compliance, send for Marchmont, and arrange the marriage on a reasonable basis, as they do in France. Katharine was not fool enough to give up her present advantages for a nonsensical prejudice.

Katharine read over and over again the note she had received, and, in comparison with its contents, her aunt's wrath seemed a mere trifle. What did it mean? The people who read the "society" columns no doubt believed that she was engaged to Wirt Percival or to Lord Marchmont. To which of them did the writer of the note point? Katharine was impetuous enough at times, but she had been taught to be prudent where other people were involved. She knew that if she mentioned the subject either to her aunt or Mrs. Percival it would be no secret. She could not mention it to the Lady Alicia until she knew just what it meant. She wished ardently that her uncle were at home. She felt that she could trust him. She would wait awhile—haste is generally a fault. She put away carefully her ball dress and arranged everything in her room in the most orderly manner. She packed her trunk and satchel, leaving out all the frocks and ornaments her aunt had given her. She would, at least, be prepared to end a struggle with no empty threat. She counted her money. She had three hundred dollars—given to her by her uncle at various times. She would take this and pay it back after a time she said. She would not go away if she could help it, and, if she could not help it she would go away as quickly as possible. Where? Out in the world like any poor girl to earn her living. She would have to do without a chaperon! The thought made her smile, although it did seem a difficulty at first. But she remembered that there were thousands of working girls in the city to whom the difficulty would seem the height of ridiculous.

She made a plan before luncheon, and descended to the table with composure. The meal, made up of odds and ends left from the dinner of the night before, was of unusual dimensions.

Mrs. Sherwood smiled, and in a dulcet voice tenderly inquired after Katharine's health. Then she opened fire.

"You are sorry, no doubt, for your shameless conduct to Lord Marchmont last night."

Mrs. Sherwood fixed her eyes on her niece with what she considered to be a potential look.

"I am not sorry," said Katharine in a decided voice. "I heard your whisper last night, and I guessed the rest. I will not be handed to any man like a bale of goods."

"Why did you encourage him?"

"You encouraged him."

"Perhaps you have a Duke in prospect," she sneered.

"I am sick of this kind of talk, aunt. You have neutralized your kindness by treating me as if I were a slave to be sold for the price of your social advancement. It is

un-Christian, it is inhuman! I will not marry anybody! I will not, at any rate, make what you call a marriage of reason!"

"Possibly you are in love with Ferdinand Carey. He was very, very attentive the other night. I observed—that is, I could not help observing—"

Mrs. Sherwood paused; Katharine started, but suppressed the cry that rose to her lips—this was the time for a hail Mary.

"Of all things," went on Mrs. Sherwood, "I abhor a coquette—above all a flirt who has learned in a convent how to be demure and hypocritical."

Katharine raised her head and flashed a glance across at her aunt; she put down her fork; she could not eat her aunt's food. She remembered the priest's words; she would endure as long as she could. She rose from the table, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushed. Mrs. Sherwood rose too, carried away by her pent-up anger.

"You will give me your word to accept Lord Marchmont, if he asks you, or leave this house!" she said, pursuing her niece to the door.

"You threaten, aunt," said Katharine, standing with the portiere in her hand, and looking back. "If you knew me better you would not threaten."

Mrs. Sherwood went back to the dining-room, angry and puzzled. But by the time the carriage came around

Cowan's Maple Buds

Are the finest Chocolate confection ever made. You have only to taste them to be convinced of this.

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

to take her to the city, she had come to the conclusion that Katharine would be glad to accept her terms.

Katharine went back to her room and meditated. She would do nothing hastily. It was plain to her that she could no longer stay in her aunt's house amid constant quarrels. She was sure that her uncle would not approve of her aunt's course of action. But that was no relief to the present condition of affairs. On his return it would only cause dissensions between her uncle and aunt. There was no place for her. She must go! She had obeyed her confessor to the limits he had set for her. It was hard, but she was no worse off than thousands of girls; she could do her best and leave the rest to God.

She ordered the butler to have her bag and trunk sent down to the station. That personage, who had lately been imported, had been trained to ask no questions and show no emotion. She found her luggage awaiting her when she went down to catch the half-past two o'clock train; she had it checked to the Colonnade Hotel. Why should she disguise her goings in or comings out? As soon as she should be settled in a permanent place she would send her aunt her address and write to her uncle. It was a question of self-respect, she said to herself, not of pride.

Once in the car, with her luggage checked, she felt that the great step had been taken; her bridges were burned; she was about to enter the whirl of the world, to leave the sheltered life which had been hers from infancy. Her heart beat a little faster than usual and her eyes dimmed, as she recalled the debt of gratitude she owed her uncle. The train had not started. Should she go back and wait until he should come home? No; that might be grateful, but it would be unkind, as surely it would cause dissensions between her uncle and aunt. After all, it was right that her aunt should decide on what terms a guest should remain in her house. A day might come when she would have a chance of showing her uncle that she was not ungrateful; she would wait. Nevertheless it depressed her to think that there was not one in the household to whom she could go—and yet there was. She glanced out of the window just before the train started, and noticed that somebody was waving a great bunch of white roses. It was Peter McCready, the butler whom Mrs. Sherwood had recently engaged. He was

Itching Eczema's Cause and Cure.

This Dreadfully Torturing and Obstinate Disease is Entirely Overcome by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Eczema is common to rich and poor, old and young, and is neither contagious nor an indication of uncleanness, as some suppose. Itching, improper food, indigestion, vaccination, poisoning by clothing or from ivy, etc., are named among the causes.

There is inflammation, redness, heat, swelling, discharge, formation of crust and all the time annoying, troublesome itching and burning, which often becomes so torturing as to be almost unendurable.

This ever-present itching is what makes eczema so dreaded, and it is this feature to which Dr. Chase's Ointment gives relief from almost the first application.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is not only delightfully soothing, but is a wonder as a means of healing the skin. It is not long before the raw, itching sores are thoroughly cleansed, the itching subdued and the process of healing begun. Persistent treatment will then bring about a thorough cure.

This great ointment is always beneficial to the skin, making it soft, smooth and velvety, and, besides being the most effective treatment known for the cure of eczema, is useful in every home in a score of ways.

Mothers use Dr. Chase's Ointment for the chafing and skin troubles of their babies in preference to insensitizing pore-clogging powders; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Dates & Co., Toronto.



The thoroughly safe and mild purgative for family use.

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

McGale's Butternut Pills.

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

THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., Limited.

MONTREAL, Canada.

History of the Church.

(Continued.)

Meanwhile all these solar worlds, being ordained to the same end, form only one universal world, their end being to make the glory of God manifest to His intelligent creatures.

The next question is: Are all those globes that compose the universe inhabited by intelligent creatures the same as the one called the earth?

Not only was the earth given a centre of attraction which is the secret of its unity and strength, but each particle of its composition, however small, attracts the others and is likewise attracted in return.

The blood of the cross shed on this earth would have been of benefit also to those who would live above.

As we have seen, the earth was without form, invisible, plunged in a dark abyss.

On what, then, did God place the earth? Job answers this question before Moses' day: He hung the earth on nothing.

But how does it sustain itself in the air? How does it keep itself together? David said to God: Who has founded the earth upon its own bases, but which appears at the same time common to the other heavenly bodies.

Up to this time the earth only half exists. Without form, wrapped up in thick darkness, empty—could there be a sadder thing imagined?

ly those who have the same faith as we have, or may have it some day, and this love produces union, the family, the universal nation of the Catholic Church.

This earth, thus disunited, confused, dissolved in the bays, became one, compact and solid, because God gave it a centre of unity and material charity which cannot be understood by human intelligence.

Not only was the earth given a centre of attraction which is the secret of its unity and strength, but each particle of its composition, however small, attracts the others and is likewise attracted in return.

When God started the earth's revolution around its centre, it was soft and somewhat liquid, which explains in a natural enough way a particular discovery made by modern science.

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But listen: God is about to say a word on our future home, the first word; and this word will produce to our day and to the end of the world, the sweetest and most delightful thing in nature.

But what is really this sweet light made by God that everyone sees and by which we see all things? The Lord Himself asked Job: "Where is the way where the light dwelleth, and where is the place of darkness?"

There passed away to her reward at the Convent of the Sisters of Mercy on Sunday morning last, Madame Bruchesi, the venerable mother of His Grace the Archbishop.

The chief mourners were Mgr. Paul Bruchesi, Archbishop of Montreal, and Messrs. Charles and Joseph Bruchesi, sons of the deceased; Mr. A. Plessis-Belair, son-in-law; Abbe Paul Bruchesi and Messrs. Emile, Georges, Denis and Jean Bruchesi, and Messrs. Gustave, Joseph and Henri Belair, all grandsons of the deceased; and Messrs. A. and S. Aubry, brothers.

The body was received by Bishop Archambault. Mass was celebrated by Mgr. Racicot, assisted by Abbés Chevrier and Vaillant.

There were present in the sanctuary the Bishops of Valleyfield, St. Hyacinthe, Nicolet, and Joliette, and also the Rev. Abbe Lecco, Superior of the Sulpicians, together with a large number of the clergy.

Archbishop Bruchesi occupied his episcopal throne, and had on his right and left Canons Cousineau and Gauthier, and Rev. Abbe Braye. The full choir of the Cathedral rendered the solemn requiem.

The usual New Year's Day reception was held at the palace, visitors being received by Bishop Racicot.

His Grace the Archbishop also received the members of the clergy as usual on New Year's eve, only their visit, instead of being one of greetings, was an occasion for expressing their condolence.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT.

EPIPHANY Return Tickets

AT SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Reduced rates. Going Jan. 4, 5, 6. Returning Jan. 7, 1908. CITY TICKET OFFICE.

CANADIAN PACIFIC EPIPHANY

Excursion tickets will be sold At One Way First Class Fare

between all Stations in Province of Quebec and Ontario, Ottawa and East.

Good going January 4th, 5th and 6th. Good to return until Jan. 7th, '08.

TICKET OFFICE: 139 St. James Street Next Post Office.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Epiphany JANUARY 6th, 1908.

SINGLE FIRST CLASS FARE

Between all the stations in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. Ottawa, and east thereof.

Good Going Jan. 4, 5, and 6. Return limit, Jan. 7, 1908.

For tickets and full information apply to CITY TICKET OFFICE.

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

Note and Comment.

Once more Christmas time is with us, and the gladness of the midnight bells, the blazing lights of the altars and cribs, and the glorious roll of the organ's sound in the temples of God, seem all to bring back to earth at this holy season a glimpse again of that bright vision from heaven above when the great God went down to the faithful shepherds who were keeping vigil over their flocks on the plain below Bethlehem on that first Christmas morn'g.

The turmoil and clamor of the world even now seem to come to a halt for the moment to give opportunity to all to follow the bright rays of the Star of the East and contemplate for the passing hour at least, the God-man, who has come into the world for the redemption of men.

Among the laymen present in the funeral procession were Sir H. Elzear Taschereau, Hon. L. P. Brodeur, Hon. R. Dandurand, Hon. J. L. Beique, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Hon. H. Archambault, Hon. J. D. Rolland, Judge Desnoyers, Honore Gervais, K.C.; Mr. Justice Guerin and many others.

Her divine mission, and the scenes of ancient Rome's tyrannies were destined to become the perpetual home of Christ's Vicar on earth, all truth and laws according to the teaching of that same Christ and His martyred dead—and from the East and West the chronicles of the

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1155 to 1183 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montreal

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

Store Open Evenings Until New Year.



The Greatest Whitewear Sale

Montreal has ever seen

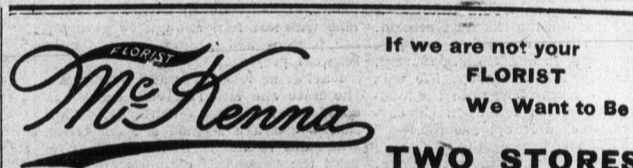
Commenced at 8 O'clock on Thursday morning, Jan. 2nd, AT THE BIG STORE.

A quarter of a million pieces of Whitewear are included in this sale.

- Ladies' Night Dresses made of good quality White Cambrie, mother hubbard yoke of 4 rows of wide lace insertion and wide tucks, neck edged with wide lace. Special... 44c. Ladies' Night Dresses made of White Cambrie, mother hubbard yoke, high neck front, neck and sleeves edged with wide embroidery, good full sizes, good value. Special... 49c. Ladies' Night Gowns, made in various styles and trimmings from 36c. to... Ladies' Short Chemises, White Cambrie, round yoke trimmed one row embroidery frill of embroidery on neck and arms. Jan. Sale... 27c. Ladies' Short Chemises, White Cambrie, round yoke with one wide row of lace insertion, finished below with frill of lace, trimmed neck and arms, finished with beading, lace and ribbon draw. Jan. Sale... 39c. Other lines, better quality, 45c. 50c. 58c and up to... \$2.20 Ladies' Underskirts, made of good cotton, deep umbrella flounce of fine lawn, finished with one row wide lace insertion and seven narrow tucks, dust frill well made. January Sale... 74c. Ladies' Underskirts, of good strong cotton, 18 in. umbrella flounce of good lawn finished with two rows wide lace insertion, finished with 2 1-2 inch lawn frill and ruffle of lace, dust frill, well made in every way. January Sale... 52c.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

Cor. St. Catherine and Guy Streets and Bennett's Theatre Bld'g. Phone Up 1197 Phone Up 1451



TWO STORES

Cor. St. Catherine and Guy Streets and Bennett's Theatre Bld'g. Phone Up 1197 Phone Up 1451

years are now numbered from the morn on which Christ was born. All then bear witness to the truths that He came to teach, whether that testimony be willing or unwilling.

Again have the descendants of the faithless Jews of ages long gone past attempted to persuade the world of their consistency in their denial of the Redeemer, but again have they failed to injure the cause of truth and have only succeeded to rouse many indifferent Christians to a more emphatic profession of their faith in Jesus of Nazareth, not merely as King, but even more as King of Kings and God of Gods.

The world has its ways, but they are not the ways of the Babe of Bethlehem. The children of the world use the methods of the one who claims to be prince of this world, namely, slander, deceit, force, fraud, and all such unworthy weapons of evil warfare.

An unusual concert took place at Hamburg recently, of which the Nachrichten of that city says: "The Nachrichten Wische, who live at Muhlheim, furnished the performers, who were all blind. The young woman played the piano and the other is a 'cellist. Another blind brother, who could not be present to take part in the concert, is a composer and the organist of a large church in Berlin. The programme included selections from Chopin, Brahms, Wagner, Schubert and Mendelssohn, and the concert was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience, among whom the majority marveled at the musical accomplishments of the blind people."



Vol. LVII, N

Senate Reading The I

The Episcopate

gure has left in h really having mediocre type, writ S.J., in Etudes (P are accused by his been too pliant an ment in the hanc Corsican, though ficient evidence to were worthy prela should appear to face of Napoleon's It must be remem ther Dudoon, that pointed by Napo terms of the Con were all men of th Among sixty of th had already govern the youngest of the forty.

Now, among the preceding 1789, the reign was "an her a passion, moreove nothing in the Lud the absolutism of t tained at the expon of both the clergy I In 1802, a new er Church. The Gall later ages of th gave way to the C making terms with cific freedom than several generations, tional religion, once more an obj and protection aff of revolutionary pe which it had been out mercy or succe rescue of the Church due to the power a man, whose good fo mark him out for a tiny, it is hardly to that he was welcom as a savior, if a na among all the skept 1789, he recognized making terms with

It was with the for his men, always in choosing his lieut poleon chose Bisho pling restored to Fra to evince towards hi and towards his p which should enable the supreme mastery he coveted.

In choosing his o it is, however, to his member that he selec prelates as possessed of their calling, and tity of the name of p Talleyrand, the ex-tin, for instance, w received from him, th the appointment to What he looked for rminence, was the p

New

Mr. W. T. Williams, written to the London Catholics consider the mormism as a con Cardinal Newman and such, the following h been sent to the Times is not Newman bu false interpreters who

Sir: May I beg Mr. B.A., and his friends half he writes, to co fore giving up the fa they have been con that "which hal hither has, in their opinion, to be unound? Suc would be not unlike t one who, having been shipwreck and having hold upon a rock, w self into the troubled because some one was had suspected the so raft that had landed h it. cannot underwa say so, Catholic faith grounds such as Mr. f to contemplate—namely ty of this or that gre Catholic religion to m ture to think to all "tholics," rests, indee, authority of any indi he even an Augustine m mas, but upon that su ty to which alone is a rnal and duty of tea right Church—namely, I am amazed at the Mr. Williams, who, I s calls himself a Cath about one whom he m the Vicar of Christ. E not follow or fully m late encyclical I shou obvious duty and only bow to the directio and the very tone of d destoyalty in many that have appeared ha the surest indication tion on the part of the called for.

But the main point

