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BOYS and GIRLS

INDIAN CHILDREN AND THEIR DOLLS.

Often have I watched the children of the Yuma boarding school at play off by the fence inclosing the school grounds a group of little girls would gather round the school house. Here they made their doll houses, building them of sticks, as the Yuma Indians build their huts of sage and mesquite to imitate the thatch of arrowweed, and laying scraps of cloth within the houses, as blankets for their miniature people to sleep on. The inmates of these dwellings were the most wonderful rag dolls, about six inches tall, dressed with what seemed to me amazing cleverness and skill. The dolls were Indians, of course, with long black hair made of stocking raveling from the school sewing room, and a small tuft of hair sticking out of the top of their heads. These dolls were as perfect in proportion as modeled figures, and far more expressive in their quaint originality. Here too, was the mother in flowing dress and bright-colored calico gown, a little imagination readily recognizes that the loops of twisted white thread around her neck are necklaces or beads; and, of course, there was the baby and the baby board with canopy and covering. Each doll, complete in each detail. Each child made her doll, and I never found a rag doll that was not a miniature of the Indian children, telling with unconscious eloquence of the life of the Indian child. The doll which is dearest to the red man—that of the home and family—Natalie Curtis, in *The Craftsman*.

BOY HE WAS LOOKING FOR.

"There's a boy in the clock department that I want to recommend your attention," said the superintendent of the Kaelin Jewelry Manufacturing Company, as he and the president came down the steps of the office at the noon hour.

"What about him?" asked the president.

"He has an inventive turn of mind and has already made several suggestions which have saved us a lot of money."

"How old is he?"

"Fifteen. He is a mere child!"

"But he has a man's head on his shoulders. There he is now—the little fellow that just threw that hand spring. He's the queerest possible combination of childhood and manhood that I ever saw. What in the world is he up to?"

As the superintendent paused, a fair-haired, slightly built lad disengaged himself from a crowd of fifty or sixty workmen who were hurrying into the street, and hid behind the corner of the building, peering loomily toward a figure coming slowly down the road. The object of his attention, a man of almost gigantic mould, was dressed in his working clothes, having evidently just come out of the rolling mill, where he had, no doubt, been puddling iron. In spite of his dirt-stained garments, he presented not only an imposing but an attractive appearance. His great head was finely poised upon his broad shoulders. His features were strong, his blue eyes keen, and his heavy shock of hair so fiery that his shopmates called him "the Volcano."

The boy permitted him to pass the corner, and then, with an agile spring bounded onto his huge back, flinging his arms around his neck.

"You little imp!" the two observers heard the giant exclaim, "and then saw him hoist his evidently not unwelcome burden across his shoulders and start down the street on the run, the boy's muscular laugh ringing out on the air and the crowd cheering."

"That's his cronie—Mike McGinnis," said the superintendent.

"Queerly mated pair," the president replied.

That Nagging Pain in the Back

is caused by just one thing—weak, strained, irritated kidneys. And there is just one way to stop it.

Gin Pills strengthen kidneys—neutralize the urine—stop those scalding passages—and quickly relieve the pain in the back and limbs. Gin Pills are also the recognized cure for Rheumatism and Sciatica. 50c a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price.

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O Son of Mary, would You mind To help me now my toy to find?

A GENTLEMAN.

Moderation, decorum, neatness, distinguish the gentleman. He is at all times affable and studious to please. Intelligent and polite, his behaviour is pleasant and graceful.

When he enters the dwelling of an inferior, he endeavors to hide, if possible, the difference between the rank in life. Ever ready to assist those around him, he is not unkind, haughty or overbearing.

In the mansions of the great, the correctness of his mind induces him to tend to etiquette, but not to stoop to adulation; correct principles make him avoid the gaming table, idleness and every other foible or vice that would make him lose his self-respect or give him the least self-reproach.

At all times and under all circumstances he considers the rights and the feelings of others.

EATING BETWEEN MEALS.

"Twixt breakfast and dinner, And dinner and tea, A boy may get hungry As hungry can be.

But if he's impatient, And eats right away His appetite's gone For the rest of the day.

Whereas, by just waiting, This fact I assert, His bread and potatoes Will taste like dessert.

Allen Arthur Knappe, in St. Nicholas.

THE SUN WILL SHINE AGAIN.

A newsboy, thinly clad and chilled to the skin by the soaking rain, stood shivering in a doorway on a cold day in November. First one bare foot and then the other was lifted from the pavement for a moment and placed against his leg to get a little warmth. Every few minutes his shrill cry could be heard as he shouted "Morning papers!"

A gentleman, well protected by oil-cloth and umbrella, in passing, stopped to buy a paper, and, noticing the boy's plight, said: "This kind of weather is pretty hard on you, my lad."

Looking up with a cheery smile, he replied, "I don't mind this much, Mister. The sun will shine again."

What a philosopher the boy was! How much better would it be if we all could learn to look at things from this standpoint. When tasks come and the path of life is difficult, cheer up. Keep a bright face and a brave heart. "The sun will shine again."

—Ex.

GANANOQUE MAN OUT OF TROUBLE

Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it.

Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again—Cure is Easy, Simple, Natural and Permanent.

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 19.—(Special.)—"That Rheumatism which cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well known resident of King street, is spreading among his neighbors."

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the kidneys. Sound kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Psia in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

BOSTON'S CATHOLICITY.

On November 1, 1810, the first Bishop of Boston, Right Reverend John Cheverus, was consecrated. The See of Boston was established two years previously, but owing to political difficulties, caused by the Napoleonic wars, the Bull of Pius VII. did not reach this country until 1810. This year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Episcopal See of Boston, and this event will be celebrated in a becoming way by the Catholics of the Archdiocese during the last days of October, the celebration ending on November 1, the anniversary of the Episcopal consecration of Boston's first Bishop.

The growth of Catholicity in that section of the country since the foundation of the See has been marvelous beyond the dreams even of those few pioneers who formed the membership of the infant Church in Boston. At first the growth was slow and the work of the first two Bishops of Boston and the priests of that time, embracing in its field of operation the whole of New England, was accompanied with difficulties and obstacles that would have discouraged men of weak fibre. The long distances that had to be traversed to bring the consolations and blessings of the Faith to the scattered Catholic population living in the territory now divided into the New

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When your dealer, in filling your order for any of above goods, reaches for a substitute, **STOP HIM!** That is the time to do it. It is too late when you get home, and the package opened, partially used and found wanting, as is generally the case with substitutes.

There are many reasons why you should ask for the above well advertised articles, but absolutely none why you should let a substituting dealer palm off something which he claims to be "just as good," or "better" or "the same thing" as the article you ask for.

The buying public recognize the superior quality of well advertised and standard articles like Gillett's goods. The substitutor realizes this fact and tries to sell inferior goods on the advertiser's reputation.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG. TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL.

STOP HIM!
PROTECT YOURSELF BY REFUSING SUBSTITUTES.

England States entailed hardships and discomforts of which we, in the latter days, can scarcely form any conception.

Added to these natural obstacles was the spirit of hostility to the Catholic religion which began to manifest itself within the decade included between the years 1830 and 1840, and which steadily grew in volume and extent until it reached its culminating point in the years immediately preceding the great Civil War.

Notwithstanding these hindrances, lasting through many years, the Church in New England steadily increased in power and numbers, and the solid growth which had been quietly going on during the first half of the last century was augmented in a wonderful way when the great tide of immigration from Ireland began in the years which followed the great famine. Then began that wonderful period of church building, the erection of schools, hospitals, and institutions which has continued with unabated vigor down to the days in which we live.

Protestant Protests Against British Bigotry.

(N. Y. Freeman's Journal.) Popularly elected public Boards and Councils throughout Ireland have been passing resolutions in terms much the same as the following passed by the Dublin County Council:

"That in union with all fair-minded men of every religious persuasion in Ireland and elsewhere, we condemn the action of the Prime Minister in preventing the Eucharistic procession in London lately, and thereby proclaiming to the world that England's boasted toleration is only a myth, and that the disabilities of Catholics are still maintained under laws supposed to be obsolete."

This resolution expresses the unanimous sentiment of the Catholics of Ireland and of the millions of Catholics in Great Britain and the British colonies. There is also ground for belief that the same is the sentiment of a very large number, if not the majority, of British non-Catholics, as to which the Catholic Times notes that innumerable messages of sympathy and congratulation have been sent to the Archbishop of Westminster in connection with the incidents that marked the close of the Eucharistic Congress many of them coming from clergymen of the Established Church and other non-Catholics.

Protestant clergymen have also protested in the press against the bigotry and intolerance which prompted the opposition to and prevention of the procession, as for example Rev. R. C. Fillingham, who in a letter to the Daily Chronicle (London) thus strongly expresses his sentiments on the subject:

"Allow me, as a Broad Protestant, one who has possibly suffered somewhat for the Protestant cause, to thank you for the generous line you have taken in the matter of the Eucharistic Congress. I blush for my country. It would seem that England is one of the most intolerant of nations. I desire to dissociate myself from the group of fanatics who have howled and threatened disturbance. How any sane man can see any harm in Catholics carrying the symbol of their religion through the streets passes my comprehension. We tolerate the noisy nonsense of the Salvation Army, which very often disturbs public worship as it passes by church or chapel with its odious din. And yet we refuse to leave the Catholics to parade quietly and solemnly, and threaten disturbance if they do. I blush for my country."

"And a beautiful consecration it is," murmured Christine, regarding him affectionately with tearful eyes that seemed like dew-drops on violets.

"Richard Taaffe has been more than kind," she went on. "I told him of my purpose to go abroad and, while 'twill be necessary for him or some Protestant relative to take title to the estate, he requests me to remain and retain possession as of old. He, too, loves the old faith, and some day by God's grace, I hope to see him embrace it."

"Amen, sweet cousin," whispered Father James.

"I have arranged, too, with him, when he comes here, to retain the old servants. They are attached to the Hall, by years of sacred association, and 'twould break their hearts to leave it now."

"May God bless Richard and send him happiness and prosperity all his days for this kindly and considerate act!" said the priest fervently.

A few days later a woman from Taaffe Hall entered Mary Fanshawe's cottage on the Green in Boyle. Jack Birmingham was there, looking on in blissful adoration, while Mary sewed and spoke of Father James and Miss Christine—of their devotion to the faith and their kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Birmingham was rosy with happiness and Mary should be happily wedded, he profitably employed at his trade of carpenter, she as seamstress, when the woman entered.

"God save all here!" said she. "God save you kindly!" returned Mary and Jack in happy chorus.

"Miss Fanshawe, if you please," said the woman, "I come from Taaffe Hall, an' Miss Christine sends me to ask 'you to come out an' see herself an' Father James to-night. She leaves for France in a couple of days an' wants to say good-bye."

Touched to the core by this gracious evidence of Christine's remembrance and gratitude, Mary burst into tears.

"Goin' away, is she? Wirrasthrue! Wirrasthrue! All our besit an' no best are leavin' us—leavin' us to the ravin' wolves and the worse Sassenach. Our men to fight for France. Our women—"

"She choked and could say no more. And Father O'Rourke's cry 'writ her,'" said the maid.

"Then, Mary, alanna," spoke up Jack, "if Father James is goin' we'd better go out to the Hall together and get the sogarth to give us his blessin' for good an' all."

Mary blushed becomingly and hung her head.

"You say nothin'," said Jack, "so I suppose, silence gives consent."

"Ah, Jack!" said the happy girl, casting an admiring glance at the man she loved.

That night Jack and Mary knelt before Father O'Rourke at Taaffe Hall, their youthful love pledged for eternity, and when the ceremony was over, Christine spoke.

"Mary," said she, "I sent for you, because I owe you a debt of gratitude which God, I hope will repay more than I can. But I wish you to accept this hundred pounds—which I designated as a dowry for you—as a small token of appreciation for what you have done for me and mine."

"Oh, Miss Christine!" And Mary's head sank on her benefactor's bosom, her voice choked with emotion.

"May God an' His blessed Mother guide an' bless my sweet colleen forever and ever!" she sobbed.

Two days later Mary and Jack Birmingham stood on the quay at Sligo. Mary could not control her grief as a brown-sailed smack warped slowly out of the river and into the broad and beautiful bay.

On the deck of the smack two figures, a man and woman, leaned against the bulwark, and with eyes dimmed with tears saw the receding town drop away until it was but a dot of white beneath the huge purple mass of Knock-na-Rea.

"O God! O God!" moaned Christine, as darkness descended over the sea, and the land of her birth faded into the violet dusk.

THE END.