

The Way of the World.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY.

This world is a weary old workshop at best, And the work must go on, Day in and day out, without respite or rest, Still the work must go on; However the smile of the morn may invite Toe and to a day and a dream of delight, We must turn from the lure, we must face to the right, For the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on and the hammers must swing, And a task to be done confronts peasant and king; And the dreamer must stifle the song he would sing, For the work must go on. The heart may be heavy, the hand may be worn, But the work must go on; The spirit within may be tortured and torn, But the work must go on. Tough moaning may plunge us the deeper in dole, Though evening bring nothing to soothe or console, We are yoked to a force that we may not control, And our work must go on. Yes, the work must go on and the wheels must go round, And the hammers must swing and the anvils must sound, And new words must be spoken, new thoughts must be found, For the work must go on. A worker outworn falls down at the loom, But the work must go on; The toiler that falls for another makes room, Another steps into the place and the pay To forward the task howsoever he may, And the worker who dies is forgot in a day, But the work must go on. Yes, the work must go on and the dustiest must learn That the life of a man is minor concern, 'Tis our fate to fall out one by one in our turn, But the work must go on. —Sacred Heart Review.

The Saskatchewan Mission.

(By the Rt. Rev. Bishop Pascal, O. M. I.)

The Indians in the North are just like white people. At Ile a la Croix there have been Grey Nuns these forty years. If you went there, you would be surprised at the piety and civilized appearance of these Redskins. They cut their hair short and dress like white people. One Sunday I noticed that 300 of them received Holy Communion and 90 were confirmed. They could sing hymns all day long. As there have been no Protestant ministers in those parts, all the Indians are Catholics and none of them are heathens. These Indians have really attained that degree of civilization which is attainable in the forest. Furs are still as abundant as ever and fetch higher prices. The Indians live comfortably, and buy watches, etc. The language of my northern Indians is very difficult. When first I was sent alone among them, I found the study disheartening; but I was young, determined and vigorous. I wanted to speak to them and they did not understand me. By little and little they taught me the names of the various objects which they pointed to, and gradually I became familiar with their language, and the more I learned it, the more I admired it. Then I began to enjoy their company. They are never in a hurry. They can talk a day long about everything under the sun. They speak of Moses and pretend to be descendants of the lost tribes of Israel; they tell fairy tales about huge bears or they relate traditions of ancient wars. They are very anxious to know if white people ever kill each other as the Indians used to do. "When you understand the Indians," you come to love their souls, and then you look many short comings.

I was for seven years alone, east of Athabasca Lake, 150 miles from the nearest priest. This was one of the hardest trials of my life. Occasionally I could visit the nearest neighbor, my companion in those missions, but to do so I had to travel with my dogs from Monday morning till Saturday. In summer, when the ice breaks up in Athabasca Lake, about the feast of St. John the Baptist, June 24th, I used to spend two months with my companion at the principal mission house. But when we were separated, if I wanted to go to confession, I had to travel a week, which gave me plenty of time for preparation, and then travel back another week, which gave me plenty of time to perform my penance. We have the Blessed Sacrament in our hut. The true consecration of the missionary is the Blessed Sacrament. Take away the love of Jesus, and you have no true Mis-

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning that it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important is a healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency. "I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. THOMAS LANE, Walkersburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system. sionaries. With faith you have everything. The Missionary who is alone several thousand miles from his own country, must say to himself: "My life is to be spent here, God will reward me, if I sacrifice myself." The Missionary must accustom himself to confide his troubles to God. When his heart is full of sadness, he will not sufficiently advance in spiritual life. He must therefore commune with Our Lord.

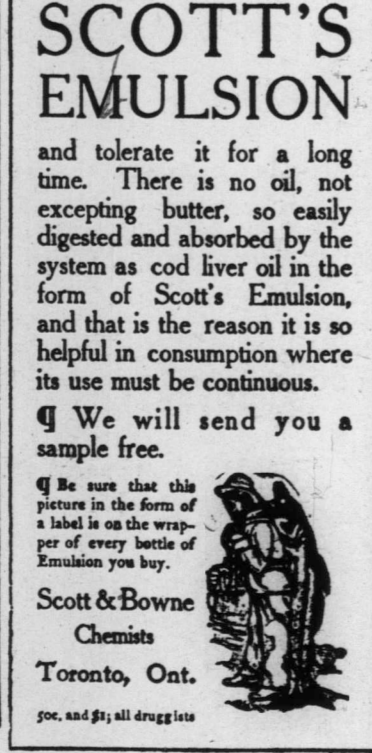
To make you understand how I did that, I must describe my dwelling. It had three small rooms and three windows, one of glass and two of this parohment. In the middle room the Blessed Sacrament was reserved. God was there. My room was built of two beams of wood with caribou skins stretched between them. Being alone with the holy angels, for the little Indian boy who kept me company during the day, slept in his father's hut at night, I slept splendidly when I did sleep. But sometimes the evenings were long. I had a dozen books, but I knew them all by heart. I could not pray all the time. Occasionally an Indian came to chat and sing hymns with me. But some nights I was quite alone. I confess that these "nights were lonesome. You would be inclined to runaway. Then you open the door and enter the Holy of Holies, you kiss the altar-step, and you speak to your God. I could never understand those who object to praying out loud, and speaking audibly to God. I often did so. I almost argued with the Lord. "You sent me here. Give me strength, make my love stronger." You listen to God speaking to you and His language is understood. The heart is full and the tears come. When you rise up and close the door you are ready for a journey to the Eskimos. This is the Missionary's truest consolation. The Saskatchewan country is destined to become a regular diocese before long. No doubt Manitoba is the finest portion of the Northwest, but once Manitoba gets filled up, the population must proceed in the direction of the Saskatchewan. Curiously enough, our colonizing Missionaries chose far-off Alberta, before they thought of the Saskatchewan valley. Good Father Morin carried his French Canadian settlers to the foot of the Rockies; evidently he need not have gone so far, but the fertility of our soil was not then known. Great numbers of excellent Catholic immigrants have settled in this Vicariate this year. Thanks to Mr. Lang's intelligent business ability, three thousand German Catholics from the States, under the spiritual direction of the Benedictines, have taken up several townships. There will soon be seven thousand. Six Benedictine Fathers and three Brothers are busy carving out twelve parishes. They already talk of a

Consumption

There is no specific for consumption. Fresh air, exercise, nourishing food and Scott's Emulsion will come pretty near curing it, if there is anything to build on. Millions of people throughout the world are living and in good health on one lung. From time immemorial the doctors prescribed cod liver oil for consumption. Of course the patient could not take it in its old form, hence it did very little good. They can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

and tolerate it for a long time. There is no oil, not excepting butter, so easily digested and absorbed by the system as cod liver oil in the form of Scott's Emulsion, and that is the reason it is so helpful in consumption where its use must be continuous. We will send you a sample free. Be sure that this picture in the form of a fish is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy. Scott & Bowne Chemists Toronto, Ont.



What Can Be Done With Salt.

Salt cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious. A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. Salt hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath. Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water. Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt and water. Rose cold, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine, white salt, like snuff. Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Items of Interest.

Monsignor Canon Moyes, the administrator of the Cathedral of Westminister, London, caused a count to be made of the numbers of men and women present in the Cathedral on Sunday, September 25, from the time of its opening, at 6 a. m., to the hour of its closing, at 9.30. The total recorded was 5,281, of whom 2,827 were women and 2,454 men.

That Pius X. is hard to please in the matter of portraits is well known in Vatican circles, where much surprise was experienced the other day when the Pope expressed his approval of a new life-size bust of himself, the work of the sculptor Giovarrucio. The Pope, it is said, even wrote with a stick on the base of the clay: "This is really something like myself." The first of the jubilee canonizations and beatifications will be on December 11th. The ceremony will be the canonization of the Blessed Gerald Majella, Redemptorist lay Brother, and Blessed Alessandro Saul, Barnabite, Bishop first of Aleria and then of Pavia. Each of several following Sundays, Christmas Day alone excepted, will see a beatification.

A Marvellous Resuscitation at Lourdes.

Father O'Reilly, of the Kilburn Catholic Church, director of the large pilgrimage of Irish and English Catholics, who went to Lourdes in mid-September, told the London Mirror representative of marvellous cures, which could only be ascribed to miracles. "Last year," he said, "we took a person suffering from paralysis with us. He was carried down to the waters, and walked up alone and unassisted as whole in body as you or I. But such a case, of course, could not be put down as a miracle. It might have been merely a nervous effusion. But I have seen such cures effected at Lourdes as pass all mortal comprehension. They were miracles, nothing else. Let me tell you of the most astonishing thing I ever witnessed there. It was my first visit, though I have been there many times since I have seen nothing more wonderful. A young American, in the last stage of consumption, was brought by his friends. As he lay at the side of the water, on his bed, he was obviously dying. His doctor stood at his side, and we were grouped about the bed praying. As we prayed, there came the awful sound of the death-rattle in his throat, the limbs quivered, and relaxed into the quiet stillness of apparent death. The doctor bent over him and made the final examination. 'He is dead,' he said sadly, as he straightened himself." The priest stopped a moment. Then he continued slowly and impressively. "I took the sacred oils for the last anointment. Because he was already dead I chose the shorter service. As I drew to the close it seemed that one of the hands of the dead man moved. Then slowly before my eyes the rigidity of death changed to the easy posture of one awakened from sleep. The next moment the man, whom a doctor had certified as dead, arose and walked across to his friends. I was terror stricken. A friend took me by the arm, and said soothingly, 'Such miracles have happened here before. The man lived, and

From Lawyer to Christian Brother.

Our Irish exchanges bring us news of a death that has closed a notably long and beneficent religious career, that of Brother Maxwell, of the Irish Christian Brothers. Away back in 1843, Richard Anthony Maxwell, a rising young solicitor of Dublin, defied the lawyers' gown to don the habit of the simple Brother; and throughout the six intervening decades his words and works, his splendid energy and his inspiring ideals have superabundantly shown that his change of profession was willed of God. Brother Maxwell was for four years the trusted friend of many an eminent obrobman in England as well as Ireland. He has left the impress of his lofty character on the community of which during twenty years he was Superior-General; and the stimulus of example he set of an affected humility and deep seated piety is still animating hundreds upon hundreds of former pupils now scattered far and wide over the greater Ireland beyond the seas. In his eighty-sixth year at the time of his death, his career had been a long one, but also one filled to the brim with good works wrought all for God. R. I. P.—The Ave Maria.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

Near-sighted Old Gentleman (entering shop)—Have you any linen dusters? Overdressed Youth (with his most sarcastic manner)—I'm not an assistant in this establishment yet, sir. Gentleman.—Not yet an assistant, eh? Errand boy, I presume? Well, legs are you as good as a brain in some departments. Clears Away Worms Mrs. Wm. Graham, Sheppardton, Ont., writes: "I have given Dr. Lows Worm Syrup to my boy time and again and find it a good worm medicine. It is nice to take and never makes the child sick like powders." Price 25. Crawford.—I say if you are so jolly smart at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator.—I can't do that sir. Crawford.—You can't? Calculator.—No; I'm the lightning calculator. An All-Round Remedy. Mrs. Hannonson, Binscarth, Man., writes: "I have used Haggards' Scallop Oil for Sore Throat, Cuts, Scalds and frostbites for a long time and consider it the best all-round household remedy made." Price 25c. all dealers. Mrs. T.—What are you making those grimaces in the glass for, my dear? Mr. T.—I'm trying to practise a look of astonishment. Some of my friends are going to make me a present to night, and I am supposed to know nothing about it. Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia. Village Postmaster.—We ought to have another clerk here. Inspector.—More than she can do, eh? Village Postmaster.—Yes; why, sometimes she don't get through reading all the post cards before ten o'clock at night! A box of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills will be sent free to any one who suffers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, or Neuralgia if they have never tried these pills before. Send n.c. stamp for postage to the T. Milburn Co., Toronto, Ont. "I trust, Miss Tappin," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day?" "Yes, sir," answered the earnest young woman, "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh. Keep Minard's Liniment in the House. A WARNING NOTE FROM THE BACK. People often say, 'How are we to know when the kidneys are out of order?' The location of the kidneys, close to the small of the back, renders the detection of kidney trouble a simple matter. The note of warning comes from the back, in the shape of backache. Don't neglect to cure it immediately. Serious kidney trouble will follow if you do. A few doses of DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS, taken in time, often save years of suffering. Mr. Horatio T. Geary, N.B., writes:—"I suffered for about two years with kidney disease. Had pains in my back, hips and legs; could not sleep well, and had no appetite. I took one box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they cured me. The pains have all left, and I now sleep well." Price 50 cents per box, or 8 for \$1.25. All dealers, or THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO., Toronto, Ont.



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