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Abbey's Effervescent Salt
Lassitude and general debility, that "played-out" feeling is the result of a sluggish liver. Abbey's Effervescent Salt affords immediate relief, stirs the liver to proper action, and gives new life and ambition. It is a most efficacious remedy for all troubles caused by over-eating or drinking. People of sedentary habits particularly, should not be without it.
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Echoes and Remarks.

The M.A.A.A. ought to feel proud of its Shamrock lacrosse team, too!
The Montreal Daily Star regrets that the Shamrocks can play lacrosse!
All the "has-beens" in lacrosse were sure that Shamrocks could not play!
It is funny to see what kind of men may be chosen to do the work Joe Lally can do!
We can hardly say we feel sorry that Inspector Lamouche may be asked to retire.
The Gazette has an article headed "Light on Wesley's Life." For the sake of his followers let us have lots of it.
And still suicides continue, for many people will never try to lead honest lives. Ontario's crop is abundant!
We are doing splendidly, here in Canada, in the matter of keeping up our own record copying of American railroad disasters!

night until eight o'clock next morning to get a good seat at a theatrical performance. And some of these, are no doubt studying for the ministry. How long would they wait at a church door for the same purpose?
We are glad to see that Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, is still making it hot for the semi-heretics and other half-baked theologians who like to make the world believe they are well versed in such subjects as the "Holy House of Loretto." The first upstart thinks he has a right to be an iconoclast, but it is good a Bishop MacDonald takes care of them.
La Verite hopes that while the Catholic Church Extension Society is building chapels and about to start a newspaper for the Ruthenians in the West, that under the specious pretext of Canadianizing them, they will not seek to Anglicize them. It is hard to say what the Verite will do next to cement the cordial relations between the several nations which go to form the Catholic Church.
The Rev. F. B. Meyer says "it was quite an interesting experience to address 400 young Chinese who were respectful to Christianity, and were prepared to hear a man talk who would give them credit for being religious in their own fashion." Since the four hundred had, according to this, every qualification necessary for Protestants, it would be far more interesting if the rev. gentleman would tell us why he went to China at all.
If ever leprosy breaks out seriously in America, it will begin, we should think, in Chicago, among the Jewish "White Slave" financiers, or, possibly, in the offices of the Socialist rag known as "The Appeal to (T) Reason." Montreal is progressing, however! We have all the gambling we want. The gentlemen interested in the sale of souls and bodies are not too worried or nervous, when within our walls! We are getting a change, thank God!

"THIRTY YEARS IN HELL!"

A book with the above name is going the rounds. It makes pious reading such as old Chiquiqu could provide for people whose only craving is for mind-carbon. More than probably, too, some of the "Good Book" merchants will find it suitable for the atmosphere and general surroundings of their shelves and customers. Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, has what follows to say of the nasty book in question. (The man who wrote "Thirty Years in Hell" will have a chance of keeping further and enlarged editions of his volume on the market, if he does not change.) Let us hear the distinguished St. Louis editor:
"We have been receiving from many parts of the North, South, East and West indignant letters about a circular that is just now being scattered broadcast through the mails, advertising in flaming red headlines a book purporting to have been written by a converted priest, and entitled, 'Thirty Years in Hell.' The reason we have been flooded with these letters is, the book advertised in these circulars is alleged to be published in this city. About six years ago these circulars began first to pass through the mails and we were then as now annoyed by letters of indignant inquiry. We made every effort then to locate the publishing house, but were unsuccessful. But we succeeded in having the book excluded from the mails, and pursued the matter no further. But we learned that a couple of dealers in obscene pictures and publications were responsible for the book. No respectable preacher had anything to do with it. We have not seen the book, but the frontispiece represents a priest in cassock, a rosary dangling at his girdle, in Hell, his hands uplifted to clutch a Bible that an angel holds above his head. Underneath is a picture of a nude female with an anaconda enfolding her in his coils, with the head of a priest in baretta. The contents must be in keeping with these illustrations, and the authors of the publication are liable to the penitentiary.
We have not made any effort to ferret out the authors of the filthy publication, for we think when priests are attacked in that way the laity should come to their defense. We are happy to be able to state that some Catholic laymen in this city have already taken up the matter with the postal authorities and clever detectives are now engaged in the case. In fact, we believe that the ring leaders are already in the toils. This is as it should be. When approached on the subject we declared that it was something that the laity should themselves attend to, and our view of the case was accepted. We hope to be able soon to lay before our readers the whole conspiracy against decency and vindicate the fair name of our city.
The United States will not be a party to the dissemination of immoral literature if it knows it. But it is impossible to keep a close watch on everything that passes through the mails. In Europe it is different. Over there they do not seem to know what indecency is. The vilest pictures and pamphlets are publicly offered for sale without the least interference from the police. One of the chief offenders in this line is the "Asino" of Rome. It has a large circulation among the Black Hand and Anarchist elements in the United States. Some time ago the attention of the postal authorities was directed to this infamous publication, and orders were at once issued to exclude it from the mails. But it still reaches the news stalls of the big cities—how we cannot say. But if the publishers of "Thirty Years in Hell" ever get behind the bars we can assure them that after some years they will be able to add a very thrilling biographical chapter dealing with conditions in which Rome has no part.
It is a mistake to hold the preachers responsible for these ribald publications. They are gotten up by the vile for circulation among the vile. The hero of this Thirty Year episode was an unfortunate priest of a diocese in the Middle West who before he was one year in the ministry convinced himself and his superiors that he never had a vocation. The thirty years he calls his misdeeds. He was in St. Louis for six years, but all the time in a reformatory. What can be done with such a man? Are bishops to allow them to mingle with and scandalize the laity? An initial blunder was committed in their ordination, and from that original mistake all the horrors of Hell flow both for the unfortunate priest and the people who suffer from his misconduct. But call it Hell, or call it what you will, it is the only place for a priest who never had a vocation, or having had one lost it."

What Other Editors Say.

A FALSE DIAGNOSIS.
Prof. Struempel, the Vienna specialist whom the late Edward H. Harriman consulted, assured the patient and his family that his condition was not serious and that his recovery was certain, and then informed his New York physicians that his case was hopeless. The Austrian doctor justified this deceit on the ground that it would have been cruel to tell the truth, and that the last days of the railroad magnate were made happy by hope of a cure. This deliberately false diagnosis is approved by a number of European medical men.
Catholics do not desire a doctor like Struempel. When death is approaching, they want to know it, so as to make full preparation. They do not care to be temporarily buoyed up with falsehood. They will want to receive the last sacraments in due season, while they yet have all their faculties unimpaired by disease or drugs.
Death is inevitable. It must come to all of us. When it is at hand, we prefer to be told.—Catholic Columbian.
JESUITS ALWAYS A TARGET.
The socialist editor of the Milwaukee Social Democratic Herald makes a rabid attack upon the Jesuits in his latest issue. It may encourage him to learn that his master, the devil, is engaged in precisely the same line of useless labor. Socialists and the devil both hate the Jesuits and for the same reason.—New World.
THE PRIEST ON SICK CALLS.
The ministry of our Holy Church is at its best in the care which it manifests towards the sick. In the sick room and at the death bed the Catholic priest wins the grateful love of the faithful and the admiration of those who are not of the one fold. There is no part of his ministry, no service that he is able to render to his flock, that is more calculated to make men love the Church. When they see the zealous priest making his way to the homes of the poor, through darkness or rain or snow, when they know that no dread of contagion can keep him away, that no danger is worthy of notice when a soul is at stake, they realize that the priest believed what he teaches, and they rejoice that they are members of the Church of which he is a minister.—Providence Visitor.
WE HOPE NOT.
Report comes from Ireland that Hon. John E. Redmond will close his political career at the next general election. We sincerely hope the report is untrue. Mr. Redmond has done much, but his work is not yet completed. His influence is needed now more than ever.—Buffalo Union and Times.
THE SACRED OFFICES OF A PRIEST.
The Protestant minister is first of all a preacher. The Catholic priest is a preacher also, but first of all he is a priest—one set apart to offer sacrifice to Almighty God. Yet the preaching of a Catholic priest has a force, a directness, an earnestness which is very attractive even to Protestants. When the celebrated Phillips Brooks was in Europe for the first time the best and most vital sermon he heard was from the lips of a priest in the Frankfurt Cathedral, and the dearest and most fervent form of a Protestant chaplain in the same city.—The Sacred Heart Review.
THE FAITHFUL PARISHIONER.
Every pastor of a parish, in the midst of his own trials and cares, is comforted by his faithful parishioners.
They are the members of the congregation who practice their religion persistently, who frequent the sacraments, who lead Christian lives who have pious homes, who are generous to charity, who belong to the societies of the parish, who send their children to Catholic schools, who subscribe for Catholic publications, who have a pew in church, who take part in the activities of the congregation, and on whom the pastor can depend when good example needs to be given or sacrifices have to be made in the interests of faith.
Some members of a parish have no more to do with it or its pastor than they can't get out of, and some do not even fulfill their strict duty in these respects. But the faithful parishioner goes much further and in many ways shows his devotion to the church and his regard for the pastor. He is one of those on whom the priest can always rely for sympathy and co-operation.—Catholic Columbian.
GOOD ADVICE.
People as a rule speak well of the dead. It ought to be a more general rule to speak well of the living. The dead are dead, and we cannot really harm them, but the living feel the cuts and blows of the bitter tongue. "Hold your tongue" is good advice.—Catholic Universe.

CONSERVATOIRE LASSALLE
Free French Elocution School
GRAND TOMBOLA



TICKETS ON SALE at 83 St. James Street, and from Authorized Agents.
(See Reading Notice on 8th Page.) **AGENTS WANTED.**

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We regret to find that the subject of the Irish language as an essential of the National University has assumed an acute form. Resolutions pledging councils not to levy an education rate unless such a ruling was made by the Board are being passed in County Councils and Borough Councils, and other strong ones protesting against the dismissal of Rev. Dr. Higgins by the Board have been passed by many branches of the Gaelic League. The Board has explained that the dismissal was an act of discipline and nothing else. We believe it would be a lamentable day for Ireland when any misunderstanding between the hierarchy and the people should break the mutual tie of long years of suffering nobly borne which has hitherto kept them closely together. Hence a little moderation of language is necessary just now. Nothing is to be gained by hot words or strongly-worded resolutions, but a great deal of harm may be done.—Standard and Times, Philadelphia.

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

A SIGN.
The dreadful and almost fatal accident which befell Rev. Father D. O. Crowley Monday evening, (he was run down by a taxicab) has demonstrated a fact that is not too often brought home to public cognizance. It is this: that the world—this worldly world—loves and reveres that highest type of manhood, the true priest of God. It is a good sign. This is an irreverent age, we are told—and often we feel it sorely—an indifferent age, a world that cares only for worldly things. But a sudden stroke that lays low a plain and modest man who is quietly spending his life for the glory of God and the Faith of Christ, just a plain Catholic priest—sweeps like a knife to the very heart of this same worldly world, opens a fount of love and noble feeling, and reveals the seed of God's eternal truth buried, deeply and long hidden, perhaps but none the more surely, in that truly loving heart.
Yes, it is a good sign we say, this genuine love and reverence for a Catholic priest. It is a sign that must point inevitably to the eternal source of his own strength and courage—God, the loving, the Father of all poor homeless humanity.—San Francisco Monitor.
The Dangers of Summer.
Many dangerous and distressing diseases prevail in summer and fall, and as they occur suddenly, often terminate fatally before aid can be had.
Complaints such as Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Summer Complaints, etc., are quickly cured.
This wonderful remedy has been on the market for 64 years and it has been used in thousands of homes throughout the country during this time.
You do not experiment when you buy an old and tried remedy like this. Ask your druggist for Dr. Fowler's, and insist on getting what you ask for. Do not take some substitute which the unprincipled druggist says is "just as good." These cheap imitations are dangerous to your health.
Mrs. Jeff Flaherty, Belfountain, Ont., writes:—"In the month of September, last, my youngest child took Summer Complaint and the doctor had very little hopes for her. My neighbor told me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so that night I sent my daughter to get it, and when she came home I gave her the baby one dose and in half an hour there was a change for the better, and after the third dose she was completely cured. We feel it is far beyond any other remedy for Summer Complaint and besides it saves paying a doctor. I advise everyone to use it. Don't accept a substitute for Dr. Fowler's. The original and only Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., Price 35 cents.

Editorial Limitations.
The belief that an editor knows everything is widespread, but one small boy discovered the limitations of the editorial mind. Here is the anecdote as we get it from a contemporary:
"Father," asked the small son of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"
"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer. Presently he was interrupted again.
"Father, is there any seaport?"
"I do not know, my son."
The little fellow was manifestly cast-down, but presently rallied, and again approached the great source of knowledge.
"Father, what does the north pole information?"
But, alas! again the answer: "I don't know, my son."
At last, in desperation, he inquired, with withering emphasis, "Father, how did you get to be an editor?"
'Tis Distance Lends Enchantment.
An exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never perhaps with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the various definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling-lesson, and I said:
"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"
"Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."—Woman's Home Companion for October.
There is no poisonous ingredient in Holloway's Corn Cure, and it can be used without danger of injury.

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The Herald says that Mary Caldwell embraced no other religion after leaving the Roman Church. The Roman people who read the Herald will be all the more anxious now for the next pony contest. We suspected that something was wrong with Mary when she married that count.
McGill students, according to the Gazette, waited at the Strathcona Hall from ten o'clock on Tuesday

In the next Irish play, the author could make a "Shinn-Faner" play the part, not of villain, but of tool. Little brains are required.
If any man is going to sicken Canadians surely Lord Northcliffe is in the race. Why doesn't he go home?
It seems funny that the editors of the Orange Sentinel and The Presbyterian Witness (Picton, N.S.) should be called journalists.
Surely the fiddle-faced bigots responsible for the foul Ruthenian rag called the "Ranok" need a bath! We should certainly refuse to sign a reprieve if they were up for murder.
Rabbi Hirsch, of Chicago, is just now up in arms against the loathsome Jews who are financially interested in the "White Slave traffic." How some people do love a dollar!
A preacher had to "butt in," even in the North Pole controversy. Well, as they do not bother with either dogma or doctrine, they must be meddlers. The New Brunswick Presbyterians want to run Legislatures and Parliaments.
A despatch from San Francisco says that "the anti-betting law is ungrammatical." Those of our readers who possess a dictionary should look up the long word and see if the law has the monopoly of bad grammar.
It is evident that Chicago hates decent police officials! In order to down an honest Inspector sinful women were brought into court. The Windy City has nothing to envy the Turks or Constantinople along the lines of moral filth.
Count Holstein-Ledeborg, the new Premier of Denmark, is a Catholic. The Danes, unlike the petty Orangemen, are willing to have the best man at hand, even if he is a Catholic. Happily, however, the new prime minister is a Catholic "before all," not a Catholic "after all."
Perhaps one of the reasons explaining the decline of the Church is declining is due to the fact that he is no longer with us. When Satan was cast out of Heaven, he began work in keeping with what the English renegade deems the right kind.
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Our contemporaries, the bigots of all hues and shades, must be sorely put about, when they read in their papers that Spain is killing off some of its buzzards! Spain is a Catholic country with Catholic rulers, and in the eyes of bigots, it were even a boon could Satan dethrone the gallant young King Alfonso! Among the pious (?) scribblers most affected we feel sure stand the funny ones who are responsible for Toronto's comic weekly, the Orange Sentinel!
"Congenial toadyism," says the brilliant Quebec Telegraph, "is the only explanation of the hostility of some Canadian newspapers to the Lloyd-George budget. It is a measure that ought to appeal to the democratic instincts of this young country. A good many in the old country find it profitable to lick the boots of dukes and equires, but why should Canadians stoop to it?" That's true! We are sorry, however, to see that Mr. Will Crooks, the Labor member, is fond of serving up reprobate Cromwell as a model to follow in warfare. We still can find some good lords and dukes, all the more easily, however, for they are few and far between!
Captain Bernier is back with us, and he is welcome! He did not find the North Pole, and so, we hope, he is not angrier with himself than Peary should be with himself. Our own illustrious navigator has planted more flag-poles than Cook and Perry together. He is sure he saw at least a few poles, and such being the case, he deserves a bigger dinner than either of the Americans do. Finding poles is an agreeable trade, but we hope the government will look after such other things as immigration and agriculture. We have enough land already, but too many blackguards from Europe to occupy even an acre of it. Fewer poles, and more business!

Little Tommy—"Say, maw, if I was twins would you buy the other boy a glass of lemonade, too?" His Mother (at the counter)—"Of course dear." Little Tommy—"Then, maw, you ain't going to do me out of another glass of lemonade just because I'm in one place?"
Sleeplessness.—Sleep is the great restorer and to be deprived of it is vital loss. Whatever may be the cause of it, indigestion, nervous excitement or mental worry, try a course of Farmacia's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the action of the stomach, where the trouble lies, they will restore normal conditions and healthful sleep will follow. They exert a sedative force upon the nerves, and where there is unrest they bring rest.