

The elections in a tie resulted in 18 seats given 18. This time in the history of the colony that resulted in such a manner to either when the Tory gov...

A Ready Weapon Against Pain.—There is nothing to equal Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil when well rubbed in. It penetrates the tissues and pain disappears before it. There is no known preparation that will reach the spot more quickly than this magic oil. In consequence it ranks first among liniments now offered to the public, and is accorded first place among all its competitors.

THE WIVES OF WOMEN.—There are only two possible things that a woman can do if a man proposes to her, but there are more than 2,000,000 who can do if he doesn't.—Golden Penn.

ONE POINT GAINED.—"Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?" "No; she has exchanged it for a cornet. I am glad to say."

EASY ENOUGH.—Growthless—"I certainly do have the worst luck." Howells—"Well, you can change all that."

ADVERTISING REPORTE.—In a certain small English village there were two butchers living in the same street. One placarded his sausages at 1s per pound, and the rival promptly placed 8d on his card.

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF LIVING. Heart Trouble Cured by MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

Surprise A Pure Hard Soap Colored goods See for Yourself Remember SURPRISE

HOUSE AND HOME

CONDUCTED BY HELENE.

True Witness Beauty Patterns



LADIES' SEMI-FITTING COAT. Paris Pattern No. 2623.

This attractive coat for every-day wear, which may be worn with a skirt of similar material or with a skirt of contrasting material, may be developed to advantage in chequer, tweed or rough serge. The model is 52 inches long and is double-breasted, fastening with bone or cloth covered buttons. Medium-sized patch pockets, trimmed with similar buttons, are placed on each hip, and the shawl collar and turn-back cuffs are simply stitched. The long side-back seams are open for a few inches from the lower edge, and the full-length sleeves are gathered into the armholes. The pattern is in 7 sizes—32 to 44 inches, bust measure. For 36 bust, the coat requires 10 1/2 yards of material 29 inches wide, 6 yards 38 inches wide, 5 1/2 yards 42 inches wide, or 4 yards 54 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No. Size. Name. Address in full:

POLITENESS PAYS.

Have you ever had a woman tell you that she would not say "Please" and "Thank you" to servants? They are such short little words that any child can utter them; but, truth to tell, children of the present day are not taught to use them when addressing servants. A little politeness goes a long way and helps to lubricate the wheels of domestic affairs fully as much as oil applied to machinery. There is frequently as much friction in the one case as in the other. Then why not apply the same method? Politeness and tact should go hand in hand. An order given with a smile, and "Please" will, in all probability, be carried out and more quickly executed for the little word, and if a "Thank you" is added when the service is finished what harm can possibly be done? There is certainly nothing to lose by cultivating good manners—if you have not already. In fact, the gain is on the side of the well bred woman who requires each little service with a "Thank you." "Good manners are a greater factor in success than mental ability," said a savant. It is undoubtedly a well acknowledged fact that bewitching manners go far to secure a person social success. The inference, naturally, is that good manners are an inheritance that the possessor was raised in a refined and cultivated atmosphere in other words, was "to the manner born." Beauty is a divine gift and wins favor readily, but beauty without good breeding soon fails to satisfy, and the person is apt to be looked upon as one whose birth was not all that it should have been. The old saying, "Beauty is but skin deep," should be a warning to the fortunate possessor who relies solely on its charm. It fades all too soon, and unless there are other winning qualities the disappointment will be great when the inevitable change takes place. Each one of us has some one else. Our manners and sayings are imitated more than we are aware. So it behooves each person to be very careful of word and act, for surely our manners are reflected in those around us.

LONG AGO.

Little mother, long ago Softest music, sweet and low, Did the baby breast of care; Made the blackest darkness wear Guise of brightest day.

A CURE FOR FRECKLES.

The woman who freckles easily and dreads the summer time is to be pitied. Tan and sunburn are unsightly and painful, but after awhile they disappear. But not so with freckles. They will remain through the winter months unless something is done to remove them.

To prevent this burning it will be better to massage the face after using the lotion with this elder flower cream: Almond oil, three ounces; white wax, five drams; spermaceti, five drams; lanolin, one ounce; witch hazel, one ounce; elder flower water three ounces; oil of bitter almonds, one dram.

Massage the skin with this every night and one will be well repaid for the little trouble. The skin will become soft and supple and a dainty white. If the skin is inclined to be rough and dry, it will be beneficial.

THE USEFUL ONION.—Half a freshly cut onion briskly rubbed over marked and spotted velvet will restore it to beauty if the velvet be directly afterward gently rubbed with a damp soft linen cloth and passed across a hot flatiron standing upright.

For dyeing speckled or faded cotton goods a pretty dark color or light brown takes two red onions and a big handful of onion peels and boil them briskly for one hour in a quart of water, then strain and in the colored water thus obtained boil your goods slowly for three hours. Rinse in several waters.

Onion juice makes a strong adhesive for pasting paper, such as labels, etc., on tin or other metals.

The juice of fresh cut onion stems rubbed on insect stings and mosquito bites will when immediately applied prevent redness and swelling.

TO MARK YOUR UMBRELLA.—Name plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas.

Use a paste of cornstarch with water, brush over the inner surface of the umbrella where you wish to have your initials or your name in full, either with or without your street address. When this paste is dry paint your name on the cornstarch, using pure white lead. Let the paint dry thoroughly, rub a stiff brush over the whitened surface until the cornstarch is removed.

HOW TO KEEP BEETS.—Those who like the juicy, natural taste of beets, and dislike the taste of soda and borax, which are too often put into preserved beets, had best try another method.

Place the beets in a saucepan, cover with cold water and cook until tender. They should take about an hour. Do not watch the clock, however, but test the beets. Do not pierce or bruise them in any way, for they will bleed and not only lose color, but flavor as well.

MEAT ROLL.—Take one pound each of lean beef, veal and pork. Remove all gristle, put through the food chopper and mix well, adding one cupful and a half of fine crumbs made from stale bread, three well beaten eggs, one cupful of water, one tablespoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one onion, grated, one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of ground nutmeg and curry powder.

EASING WHOOPING COUGH.

"When my boys had the whooping cough," said the mother who was not afraid to try simple home remedies, "I greatly relieved their paroxysms of coughing and reduced the number by having the children gargle frequently with lemon and water."

A SONNET OF THE MOST HOLY EUCHARIST.—To eye of sense, only a cake of wheat! To eye of sense, only a little wine! To Faith's clear sight, the Majesty divine, God's heart with its eternal human beat.

JENNY LIND CAKE.—Two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, three cupfuls of flour, whites of five eggs, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

A DASH OF MOLASSES.—Whenever it comes to pies, New England must take the credit. This is natural, where a certain dish becomes a three-times-a-day meal.

THE USES OF SALT.—A little strewn on the lid of a saucepan will prevent the contents from becoming smoked.

WHENEVER IT COMES TO PIES, New England must take the credit. This is natural, where a certain dish becomes a three-times-a-day meal.

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BUSINESS WOMEN'S BLOUSES.

A simple but trim looking new blouse, easily adjusted, and, therefore, welcomed by the common sense business woman, opens in front and has no box pleat. These are being made up in pongee, mohair, soft silk and lightweight French flannel, and are so simple that even an amateur may hope to turn out a satisfactory specimen.

SALT IN THE LAUNDRY.—In the laundry a handful of salt put in the rinsing water will prevent the colors from "running" in prints and woollen articles; a pinch in the starch will prevent it from sticking to the iron; and a rough iron may be smoothed by rubbing it in fine, dry salt.

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Three little things which all agree. The kettle the teapot & BLUE RIBBON TEA.

why the blackberry and huckleberry pies were better there than anywhere else.

HOUSEKEEPING A BUSINESS.—Many women look upon marriage as the end for a girl, writes Mrs. Caroline Harris Lee in the Catholic Union and Times.

TRIFLES WORTH KNOWING.—When cooking with old apples at this season of the year, add a little lemon juice to give flavor. Summer apples need nothing but sugar.

A Luxury That Everyone May Enjoy Cowan's Maple Buds

Absolutely Pure and Healthful

THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

Funny Sayings.

BEYOND HIS AID.—A woman who had a telephone in her apartment called up the telephone company and asked that the service be discontinued.

"We are sorry to lose you," he said. "Are you dissatisfied with anything?"

"I am," said the woman, emphatically. "I am very sorry," said the man. "Perhaps we can help you. What is it you do not like?"

"Single blessedness," said the woman. "I am going to be married tomorrow."

"Ah," said the polite clerk, "you are past our aid. Good-by."

First Little Girl—"Your papa and

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

Episcopal Approbation.

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

I heartily bless those who encourage this excellent work.

PAUL, Archbishop of Montreal.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

GOLDEN JUBILEE OF HIS HOLINESS.

Throughout Christendom, during the present week, was celebrated an event of the highest importance in the Catholic world, the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Guisepppe Sarfo—the Vicar of Christ on earth.

At the time of his ordination, little did the young peasant who had always been at the head of his class in the Seminary of Treviso dream that in the designs of Providence he would be called upon to direct the bark of Peter amidst the storms of modern times.

Since his elevation, much against his own will, to the Supreme Pontificate of Christ's Church, he has steadfastly followed the motto which he set up for himself, "To restore all things in Christ."

The reformation of sacred music, by restoring the Gregorian chant to the purity of its golden age and by banishing theatrical music from the house of God.

The reformation of catechetical instruction by ordaining that candidates for the priesthood must study theology four years and philosophy for three years and by abolishing in Italy the small and anaemic seminaries and gathering the students into flourishing district seminaries, where they have the advantage of good professors.

and not least of all throughout a large part of Italy. The condemnation of the heresy of modernism, and the vigorous means adopted for putting an end to it.

Little wonder, therefore, that the whole Christian world has united in a prayer of thanksgiving during the present week, to celebrate the admission to the priestly office of the humble but strong ruler who has been raised up by God to direct the bark of Peter in these troublous times of modern unbelief, with a firm hand, in the paths of progress and glory.

His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, in ordering a special celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Sovereign Pontiff to be carried out in the diocese of Montreal, has but expressed the feelings which arise in the hearts of all true sons of Mother Church, at the contemplation of the wonderful spiritual giant, who, while preserving his democratic tendencies, has shown himself capable of the highest achievements as a ruler and guide.

Catholics the world over will echo the words of an eminent Catholic American millionaire philanthropist and author, Mr. John D. Crimmins, of New York, who, in summing up an address to the Catholic Club of New York, after a visit to His Holiness, concluded as follows:

"Spiritual and devout, courageous, wise, strong and flowing over with the milk of human kindness, possessing traits that make the whole world akin, we pray, and all Catholics pray, that his days be prolonged with health and strength for the arduous labors of the pontificate. And we, as Catholics, recognizing the Holy Father as our spiritual guide and director, should by our life and deeds, and with a pride born of the position we occupy as members of the Catholic Club, support him and be ever ready to follow where he leads, and to proclaim our loyalty to his teachings."

THE GAELIC MOVEMENT.

A gleam of hope breaks through the clouds which too long have hung over the land of our fathers. Political agitation drags its weary length along, relying on unquarred fortitude upon the righteousness of its cause. Hope is not from this quarter.

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the merry-making, the dances and harvest homes had died out. Even football lost its charm—for those who could play it were gone or had grown old. The spirit of mirth was crushed. There was nothing to break the dull routine till the Gaelic League brought the people once more together. There were language classes and step-dancing classes two or three times a week.

Of the three different sources of kindness, thought, word and deed, it is strange that both thought and act are much more fruitful than speech. Kindness in speech is rarer amongst the good people than generosity; and stinginess is not nearly so common as unkindness in tongue.

THE CHURCH.

About a fortnight ago—to be exact, on the 3rd inst., the Church of Canada as well as the Church of the United States passed from the supervision of the Propaganda to that of the Bishops and Regulars. The two countries upon that date ceased to be missionary; they fell under the ordinary canon law of the Church.

Next comes Mgr. Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, who, if this time he succeeds in getting a red hat, will owe it almost entirely to Premier Asquith, who, by prohibiting the Eucharistic procession for accusation. Few impulses within us are so strong as the readiness to sting those who have stung ourselves. Sometimes the passion of the moment prompts us. Sometimes we brood over the cutting word, and retaliate later with great

bishop with two suffragan Bishops. The Catholic population of the Dominion is counted at from forty-two to forty-four per cent. of the total—which would make it run up to two million and a half. Dispersed over a vast territory and counting amongst its children people of different races, it is a wonder that the Church runs so smoothly and that not more are lost to the faith.

KIND SPEECH.

Among the names of those honored at the last King's Birthday is one of particular interest to newspaper men all over Canada. From a modest beginning, Mr. Hugh Graham has built up a newspaper which has become a household word all over the country.

Golden Jubilee of Pius X.

(Continued from Page 1.) should resign also, and so on; it would cause an anomalous but inevitable situation of several Portuguese cardinals having berretts which ought to go to other countries.

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Cold Weather Ahead.

Get your winter underwear while the assortment is complete—Pesio, Wolsley, Penman Turnbull and Ellis. These lines in all styles and sizes, from \$1.00 up.

You will find better service here than other stores.

BRENNANS' 2 Stores: 251 St. Catherine St. West 7 " " East

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

H. BOURGIE, Undertaker and Funeral Director. 1314 NOTRE DAME WEST

Penmanship Dominion Edition of Payson, Dunton and Scribner's System of Penmanship

MENEELY BELL COMPANY 22, 24 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, TROY, N.Y., NEW YORK

W. G. KENNEDY DENTIST 419 Dorchester St. West, Corner Mansfield St.

Sales Agents Wanted. \$86.00 per week, or 400 per cent. profit. All samples, stationery and art catalogue free.

the certainty of his appointment is shown by the fact that he has already ready ordered the Cardinal's robes in Rome, and that the first fitting will be taken before his departure for England.

New Ap the Ro Rendered Necess crec Announcement at Rome of the stated by the cited Congregation sary by the Sapientia Cor Special rules for the working offices of the regulations const main but a co cessitated by the tions of the and the establish gregations. The new app man Curia, in changed neces Constitution, principal are as The Sacred C tion, which has old pre-eminence the Church, fore, the Holy Prefect, and Ca be the first Seco regime. The c constitute it ar the Sacred Colle nutelli, Cassetta del Tindaro, Di tinelli, Puzyna, chthaler, (Morr and Arcoverde. Mgr. Tecci, an is Mgr. Carlo P Maestro. The r the Discipline created by Pius Prefect Cardinal hitherto been pr vided Congrega Regulars. The Congregation ar Cassetta, Ram Martinielli, Cav Segna and Vives tini, formerly S gregation of Bie is the first Seco assisted by thre one for all the Matrimony, anot Causes, and a th Dispensations. gation of Religio Prefect Cardinals to the Capuchins dinals are Agliar Cretoni, Mathieu nari and De Janssens, O.S.B. of Sant' Anselmo ed Secretary. Vannutelli relinque of the Congrega which is now to of Cardinal Genr It will be reme famous reform of has restored to t the two Tribuna Segnatura, a Sup peals for certain that of the Sacro to which are to b tentious cases judgment of the ner is to consi as follows: V Prefect, Agliard Gasparri and Seg cole Marini as S is to consist of t will, as a rule, mitted to them in of three Auditors of the old auditio der the new regu the age limit at Court as now for Old members, Mgr Contini Riccardi, tinelli; New Au (Dean of the Trib

Ahead. while the as. lsley, Penman n all styles and here than oth. NS' Vest East 317. BURGIE, bertaker eral Director. E DAME WEST od and metal of all arses for funerals and ries. to the funeral society, for the family. on Edition of , Dunton and ys System of manship AL FEATURES method, practical in plan of letters according of formation. Uniform style of Capital letters, tion of the formation of n separately on the cov- illustrated by diagrams meaning words and sup- ing. Thorough drill in nt review practice. Clear making. Graceful and na- copies written and full of uality of materials used ation to school use, being his purpose by practical employed in teaching the ublished by AULIER & CO., Dame St. West, MONTREAL. BELL COMPANY 4 & 26 RIVER ST., 177 BROADWAY, ROY, N.Y. NEW YORK. Manufacture Superior CHURCH, CHIME, SCHOOL & OTHER BELLS. BELL'S Speciality. Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A. KENNEDY NTIST easter St. West, Mansfield St. Work and Bridge-Work. Agents Wanted. eek, or 400 per cent. urries, stationery and ee. We want one t in this locality for ure and frame house- experience unnecessary ou how to sell our sh the capital. If you ent, honorable and ion, write us to-day catalogue and sam- Williams Company St., Chicago, Ill. his appointment is act that he has al the Cardinal's robe that the first fitting fore his departure are being made spinos, Archbishop should also be re Vatican so far as e as if, after Brazil given to Argentina most impossible ne the same way th Latin-America Chili, Peru and Me the one chief reason cond cardinal will d States. If Car d a colleague, difficult for the P the claims of the America.

New Appointments in the Roman Curia.

Rendered Necessary by Change in Sacred Congregations.

Announcement has just been made at Rome of the appointments necessitated by the changes in the Sacred Congregations rendered necessary by the Apostolic Constitution "Sapientia Consilio."

Special rules have been established for the working of the newly-established congregations, tribunals and offices of the Holy See.

The new appointments in the Roman Curia, in consequence of the changed necessities by the new Constitution, are numerous.

The Sacred Consistorial Congregation, which has been restored to its old pre-eminence in the working of the Church, is to have, as heretofore, the Holy Father himself for Prefect, and Cardinal De Lai is to be the first Secretary under the new regime.

The other Cardinals who constitute it are: Oreglia, Dean of the Sacred College, Serafino Vannutelli, Cassetta, Moran, Rampolla del Tindaro, Di Pietro, Gotti, Martini, Puzyna, Cavicchioli, Katschhaler, Merry Del Val, Samassa and Arcoverde. The assessor is Mgr. Tocchi, and his chief assistant is Mgr. Carlo Perosi, brother of the Maestro.

The new Congregation for the Discipline of the Sacraments, created by Pius X., is to have for Prefect Cardinal Ferrata, who has hitherto been prefect of the now divided Congregation of Bishops and Regulars.

The other members of the Congregation are Cardinals Satolli, Cassetta, Rampolla del Tindaro, Martini, Cavicchioli, Gasparri, Segna and Vives y Tuto. Mgr. Giustini, formerly Secretary of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, is the first Secretary; he is to be assisted by three Under-Secretaries, one for all the Sacraments except Matrimony, another for Matrimonial Causes, and a third for Matrimonial Dispensations.

The Sacred Congregation of Religious is to have as Prefect Cardinals Vivos who belongs to the Capuchins, and the other Cardinals are Agliardi, Cassetta, Gotti, Cretoni, Mathieu, Martini, Genari and De Lai. Dom Lorenzo Janssens, O.S.B., the learned Rector of Sant' Anselmo, has been appointed Secretary. Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli relinquishes the Prefecture of the Congregation of the Council which is now to be under the rule of Cardinal Gennari.

It will be remembered that by his famous reform of the Curia Pius X. has restored to their old importance the two Tribunals of the Apostolic Segnatura, a Supreme Court of Appeals for certain specific cases, and that of the Sacred Roman Rota, to which are to be entrusted all contentious cases submitted to the judgment of the Holy See.

The former is to consist of six cardinals, as follows: Vincenzo Vannutelli, Prefect, Agliardi, Satolli, Mathieu, Gasparri and Segna, with Mgr. Nicolo Martini as Secretary. The Rota is to consist of ten prelates, who will, as a rule, try the cases submitted to them in benches consisting of three Auditors. All but three of the old auditors have retired under the new regulation which fixes the age limit at seventy-five.

The Court as now formed is as follows: Old members, Mgr. Persiani, Mgr. Contini Riccardi, and Mgr. Sebastiani; New Auditors, Mgr. Lega (Dean of the Tribunal), Mgr. Lom-

Monument to be Erected by A.O.H.

(Specially written for True Witness)

For many years past the Hibernians of Quebec have been agitating the erection of a monument at Grosse Ile to mark the last resting place of those of their creed and race who died in the dreadful year 1847, while fleeing from the land of their birth to escape the ravages of famine, but who met death from fever on the voyage across the Atlantic or shortly after reaching land.

The number who fell victims of the dread disease is variously estimated. It is contended by some that the number reached 20,000, others say 15,000, others place the number at 12,000, but all agree that there cannot be less than 5000 buried on the island. At last the noble and patriotic work has been undertaken by the A. O. H. in America, and before long a suitable shaft will mark the sacred spot where the bones of so many noble sons and daughters of Erin lie awaiting the sound of the last trumpet.

On Saturday last Mr. Matthew Cummings, of Boston, National President of the A.O.H., Mr. C. J. Foy, of Perth, Ont., Canadian representative on the National Board; Rev. E. A. Maguire, County Chaplain; Rev. Father Hanley, C.S.S.R., Rector of St. Patrick's Church; Rev. Father Woods, C.S.S.R., Hon. J. C. Kaine, Mr. D. Coveney, Provincial Secretary; Mr. J. Gallagher, C. E., County President; Mr. J. W. M. Wallace, T. J. Murphy, D. McClory and a few others proceeded to Grosse Ile for the purpose of selecting a suitable site upon which to erect the proposed shaft.

After the party had made a tour of inspection a site was unanimously agreed upon. It is known as Telegraph Hill, and overlooks the cemetery, and being the most elevated part of the island, when erected the monument can easily be seen by vessels passing up and down the river, as it will be within a mile and a half of the course followed by them.

On returning to the steamer an excellent dinner was partaken of and was heartily enjoyed by the whole party.

Hon. Mr. Kaine, in a few appropriate remarks, proposed the health of Messrs. Cummings and Foy, both gentlemen making brief replies. The former feelingly referred to the many acts of charity and sacrifice performed by the French-Canadians, both clerical and lay, during this terrible epidemic, and said that the greatest peace and harmony should always exist between the two great peoples.

Mr. Foy spoke in a similar strain, saying that the erection of the monument would be the means of bringing the Irish people of Canada and the United States into closer union, and looked forward to the happy day when the proposed monument would be an accomplished fact.

On Sunday Messrs. Cummings and Foy visited Ste. Anne de Beaupre, accompanied by a number of local Hibernians, and left for home on the 1.45 p.m. train, exceedingly well pleased with their trip to Quebec.

Before Catholic Emancipation.

At the recent celebration in connection with the centenary of the Catholic Mission of Somers Town, London, Abbot Gasquet made an eloquent address in the course of which he gave an interesting and striking description of the condition of Catholicity and Catholics in England and Ireland a hundred years ago—almost down to the time of the Act commonly known as Catholic Emancipation.

At the present day, he said, when for more than two generations we Catholics have been accustomed to enjoy religious liberty in view of late events in regard to the Emancipation Congress he could not say full religious liberty—it is difficult to realize what is meant by "Catholic Emancipation."

Many hardly understand the actual position of English and Irish Catholics in regard to the State, say, at the dawn of the nineteenth century—hardly more than a hundred years ago. Some will hardly believe that at that time our Catholic forefathers were still suffering under remnants of the penal code which had, in the course of the previous two centuries and a half, pressed heavily upon them, and which, but for God's manifest Providence, would have crushed out the last flickering flame of Catholic life, as these cruel disabilities and penal enactments had been designed to do, and as had actually been done in Norway and in Sweden.

From the first act of Uniformity, passed in the early years of the reign of Elizabeth, to the last decades of the eighteenth century—that is for two hundred and twenty or thirty years—every effort was made to stamp out the Catholic religion in England. By the beginning of the eighteenth century active persecution, exclusion from every form of civil life, and perpetual fines for not attending the Protestant service in parish churches, had done their work; and the remnant of those who had never bowed their knees to Baal were few and insignificant in numbers and influence and were rigidly ostracized by the Protestant majority amongst whom they lived.

Hope seemed to be departing, even if it had not already gone; and in the darkest hour which preceded better times, the thoughts and feelings of many a Catholic heart were but little removed except by resignation to God's will, from blank despair.

It is impossible in this to exaggerate; ingenious, repressive measures had taken the place of active persecution, but an alien in his own country. The Statute Book still recorded laws against his property, his liberty and his life, and though these were seldom called into action against him, they were always held in terror over him and at times, up to the close of the eighteenth century, were through spite or religious bigotry sometimes invoked to crush individuals. Mr. Locky, the Protestant historian of the eighteenth century, characterises the laws—the penal laws to which Catholics were still subject—as "atrocious," and it was not till 1778 that the first measure of relief was accorded to the Catholic body.

This Act for the removal of the gross injustice inflicted upon Catholics led, as all know, to the anti-Catholic agitation which culminated in the Gordon riots of 1780 in London. It is in the attitude of Catholics—or most of them—at this time, that we have revealed to us in the most striking manner the pitiable state to which long endured persecution had reduced them. They were afraid of courting observation; they thought they owed their lives still in existence would be invoked to lash them back to their holes and hiding places, and they sought the bolder spirits amongst them, who urged continued agitation, to be quiet and not to court attention. They even endeavored to promote a petition to the crown praying for the abolition of the small measure of relief that had been granted to them under Sir George Savile's Act of 1778.

Such was the abject condition from which the Catholics of England as well as of Ireland were rescued by the great Irish Catholic tribune and fearless champion of the cause of religious freedom, Daniel O'Connell.—New York Freeman's Journal.

France in American Eyes.

The editor of the Paris Temps, reviewing his recent observations in the United States, is of the opinion that "nothing has so lowered France in the estimation of Americans as her treatment of the Church." He says that the citizens of that country have summarily judged French spoliation and persecutions of the Church, refusing to give the government even the benefit of extenuating circumstances, and that in this judgment the Protestants are not less severe than the Catholics.

Month of the Holy Souls.

(Specially Written for True Witness) The golden summer days have sped away at the grim touch of autumn. The trees are shorn of their foliage. The merry birds that have delighted us with their songs in the cool still mornings and balmy evenings, have gone to rest in other climes, even the tender buds and bright blossoms that adorned our gardens

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485 ST. CATHERINE STREET EAST.

Double Jubilee at St. Ann's.

Fathers Rioux and Flynn Will Celebrate 25th Anniversary Next Week.

St. Ann's Parish is all agog at the present time with anticipation over the approaching celebration of the silver jubilee in the priesthood of two of the Redemptorist Fathers attached to that parish, Rev. Father Rioux, the rector, and Rev. Father Flynn.

The celebration of the jubilee of the sogaearth aroon is always a matter of rejoicing in Irish parishes, but when a double event of this kind comes under the circumstances attending the celebration which will take place on next Thursday, November 26th, the interest is intensified.

Both Father Rioux and Father Flynn are natives of the province of Quebec, and both attended Timousic seminary, graduating on the same day. They joined the Redemptorist Order, and left together for Belgium, and after completing the course of studies in theology prescribed by their order, were anointed priests on the same day.

Coming back to Canada, they have served since in the various missions of the Order throughout this country, and have on various occasions been entrusted with missions in the United States, as well as in the Maritime Provinces, where both have done zealous and effective service for the glory of God and the extension of the Church. At the present time Father Flynn is absent from the city on a mission in the United States, but will return on Monday next and be present at the celebration of his silver jubilee.

Solemn High Mass will be celebrated in St. Ann's Church on the 26th, to mark the occasion and in the evening a concert will take place at St. Ann's Hall. Prof. P. J. Shea, organist of St. Ann's, has been busy preparing a programme of music, both vocal and instrumental, and the success which has attended his former efforts in the same direction and the material at his

disposal have led those interested in the affair to expect great things on this occasion.

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It cures because the air rendered strongly antiseptic is carried over the diseased surface with every breath, giving prolonged and constant treatment. It is invaluable to mothers with small children.

Those of a consumptive tendency find immediate relief from coughs or influenza conditions of the throat.

Sold by druggists. Send postal for booklet. LEMMING, MILES CO., Limited, Agents, Montreal, Canada.



SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Roadway and Enlargement of Block at Ste. Emilie," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m., on Monday, November 23, 1908, for the construction of a Roadway and Enlargement of Block at Ste. Emilie (Leclercville), Lotbiniere County, Province of Quebec, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of A. Decary, Esq., Resident Engineer, Post Office, Quebec, on application to the Postmaster at Leclercville, Lotbiniere County, Que., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand three hundred dollars (\$3,300), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fails to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, NAP TESSIER, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, October 22, 1908. Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS.

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute and must be in the form provided by the Act. Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which IS NOT EXECUTED AND DATED AFTER THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa. 28th September, 1908.

St. Joseph's Home Fund

The actual date of Father Holland's birthday has passed and we had hoped that a godly sum would have been realized to present to him on Sept. 19th; but so many have been out of the city during the summer that our appeal failed to reach them and consequently nothing like the necessary amount came in. However, every day is a birthday—somebody's—so if each one contributed, his number of years either in dollars or cents, quite a comfortable sum in a little while would be realized. We thank those who answered our appeal and trust that those who have not already done so will send in their mite to help a worthy cause—To pay off the debt on the St. Joseph's Home for Working Boys. A cent will be as welcome as a dollar and will be acknowledged in issue following receipt.

FILL OUT THIS COUPON.

FOR

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME FUND.

Name.....

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Month of the Holy Souls.

(Specially Written for True Witness) The golden summer days have sped away at the grim touch of autumn. The trees are shorn of their foliage. The merry birds that have delighted us with their songs in the cool still mornings and balmy evenings, have gone to rest in other climes, even the tender buds and bright blossoms that adorned our gardens

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The Quest of Father Maurice.

Father Maurice sat in the big bay window of the rectory parlor. It was bright daylight outside—day in treacherous March, but full of warm sunshine; and this sunshine lay now in yellow bars on the dark red floor. A glorious day it was indeed, with enough of winter's frost in it—just barely enough—to set the blood tingling with the very joy of being alive.

But Father Maurice heeded not the sunshine nor the glory of the God-given day. The blue sky outside did not appeal to him, nor the bracing air, whiffs of which came through the window as if to tempt this lover of nature out into the open. A wide bar of the yellow light barely passed his eyes and rested on his black, closely waving hair, bringing out the purple tints in it.

He was indeed a noble-looking priest. His forehead was the broad one of a thinker. His eyes looked out on humanity—with the faith of a child in its depths, the large mouth and the square chin set the whole countenance into one of determination. A man of whom any mother might be proud as she sent him to fight the battle of God against all the world. A man to whom the old might look up as the incarnation of all gentleness, and children might cling to as the incarnation of all strength.

His books—his was a scholar of no mean attainments—lay piled in a heap at his elbow. His papers, too, in orderly precision, were stacked before him. But he touched nothing. His abstracted gaze rested on the opposite wall, and even as he gazed the rectory parlor faded from his sight and before him came a vision of the past.

It is a tiny room—kitchen and sitting-room combined. On the scrupulously clean floor is laid a gay rag carpet. Old-fashioned mottoes are framed upon the walls, and over the mantel is a cheap picture of the Sacred Heart. Muslin curtains, held back by bright red ribbons, are on the windows, and in these windows blossom the flowers their owner loves. She is a small woman, with a shrewd, gentle kindly face and soft gray eyes—eyes that send forth beams of charity on all her little world. She is a widow, her only child, a boy, her idol. She has nervous dreams for that boy of hers, and in his most turbulent moments the thought of his mother helps to curb the untamed spirit, as anxious to outrun bounds and seek mischief as any other lad of his age and healthful activity.

She had worked for him since his father's death left him with only her to guide him and take care of him. Like Anna, the mother of Samuel, she dedicated him to the Lord and in his future were bound up all the simple ambitions of her life—all her desires and hopes. No wishes for grandeur were hers, no longings for things of comfort, no craving for material good. But on the knees of prayer she humbly besought the grace that this one child of hers should be called of God to reap the spiritual harvest.

The prayer was heard. He had the blood of a long line of fighting ancestors in him, even if of humble origin. The free air of America, breathed in at every pore, made his eyes clear and his brain sharp. "We need his kind," said the good old pastor to the delighted mother. "Vigorous, healthy stock—we need him to combat agnosticism and the worship of self."

She did not understand what he meant, but he felt sure that her boy was destined for something wonderful by those very words. He grew and threw in health and mind and soul and body. From high school to college; from college to seminary. Daily the sweet face grew sweeter and more holy, for her boy was God's.

"A poor old woman, sonny," she wrote to him, in her cramped, painstaking hand, "a poor old ignorant woman, dear, but who, thanks to you, you're ashamed to face God."

And what those words meant to Father Maurice only he knew. For if she were to bring him to God as her offering, dare he detract by a single unworthy thought from the value of the gift she gave? He had too high a sense of the fitness of things not to long to perfect himself to lead the highest life attainable.

The great day of his ordination came—a happy day for both, bringing with it the wondrous ceremony that set her boy apart from all the world of men. On that glorious and wonderful day his mother's face shone upon him with the peace of heaven. She had wept tears of joy. Her lips were trembling as she kissed his hands, his anointed hands, and when he gathered her shrunken figure into his strong arms she put her gray head on his shoulder and sobbed aloud in excess of delight.

And after that—silence.

Where she went he did not know. Through what mistaken idea she had managed to efface herself he never discovered. But search for her as he might, from that day forward until this he had never seen his mother's face or heard her voice.

This was the memory that shadowed Father Maurice's eyes and made heavy his heart. Before him on the table lay his Bishop's letter—a kindly, tender letter written from a spiritual father to his well-beloved son. In it he spoke of what he knew to be the young priest's earnest longing, a post on the missionary frontier, but also of the faring of his quest, and what chances there seemed to be of success. For well the Bishop knew the anxiety of mind he suffered in consequence of this sudden void in his life.

Father Maurice lifted his head from his hand with a sigh now, folded the letter carefully and put it in his

breast pocket.

Another letter, still unopened, lay at his elbow. He turned it over carefully, not recognizing the writing. When he finally tore the envelope and perused its contents, a gleam of pleasure lightened up his countenance.

"From Max Ramsey, of all fellows!" he said in a delighted tone. "Well!"

He skimmed through it, still smiling, then settled back in his chair for a slower reading. It was a breezy epistle, and humorous, to judge by the manner in which the smile broadened and settled on his lips. It told briefly of the writer's return from the continent, asked him if he ever regretted old college days, and added in a brief postscript that he had seen the error of his ways of living in England, having fallen under the influence of the English Jesuits. "So there isn't any chance for you to try your powers after all, fighting Parson Maurice, as we used to call you," it ended. "You remember I told you once you could never convert me? See what a prophet I am, though it profiteth you nothing. Mother is still as calmly pagan as she brought me up to be. Come and see us, Father Maurice, before she goes again to the land of the idols. If you can upset her easy-going philosophy, her monarchical non-resistance, you will be entitled to my candid opinion. It shall be laid at your feet to do with as you please."

The whole letter, written in this nonsensical style, touching lightly upon things which Father Maurice knew must have turned into wide, different channels the current of a gifted mind, aroused a certain curiosity in the young priest. He replied at once, and the following afternoon found him seated in Mrs. Ramsey's drawing-room listening to the sweet-faced, stately lady relating to him the incidents of her continental trip. Max Ramsey, a big, bluff, blond young man, with an engaging countenance, put in a word now and then that served to give his mother's more serious tale a tinge of the ludicrous.

At last they came to the point concerning which Father Maurice was most anxious to hear.

"Mother doesn't understand it," he said, laughing at the suddenly thoughtful face of the woman opposite. "She can't understand it, she won't understand it."

"Pray try to look at it with my eyes," said the mother. "He left the breakfast table in the morning—this is an honest fact—actually laughing at some preposterous dogma of the Catholic faith. At luncheon my boy came in and looked at me.

"Well, mother!" he said, "I've got it. I've always known I'd get it sometime, and it's come at last."

"His tone was so solemn—so unlike himself—that he very nearly frightened me to death."

"Got what, got what?" I cried out.

"The Catholic religion," he answered.

"And she said 'For heaven's sake, is that all? You scared me so,'" put in Max.

Father Maurice was shaking with laughter. The way in which Mrs. Ramsey mimicked her son's voice and actions was so true to life that he was forced to laugh at her and with her.

"And now that he has found out the way of it," she went on, as if it were a personal grievance, "he won't explain it. I can't get a word out of him to satisfy me."

"My dear mother, it is impossible," said Max, a thoughtful expression coming over his sunny face. "I went out that morning as veritable a pagan as—as you are now. I came back willing to believe anything they told me. Father McIntosh was talking to me. He was very kind, you know, Maurice, and much interested in both of us. He had often expended his breath in finer language; and I knew it. Suddenly just like a flash, the whole thing dawned on me."

"And I went the next day along the same route. Took particular pains even to pass by the same houses. And when I got to St. Hubert's I made Father McIntosh come out and stand on the very same spot that he had been standing with Max the day before. I was willing to try the experiment," she ended, with a light laugh, "but the spirit didn't move me."

The laugh, the last words jarred on Father Maurice. He shrank from this airy touching on the most solemn of subjects.

"You were willing to try the ex-

periment," he repeated, in his grave voice. "I should hardly call the ransom of a soul an experiment. It must be more than an experiment. It was a blind man, for the first time, comes from the chrysalis of his shadowed existence into God's own sunlight. I can imagine him exulting in it with an almost heart-breaking joy, bathing in it, putting out his hands to grasp some of its beauty, holding up objects to it, so that this new and wonderful light may transfigure into loveliness—glowing, iridescent, wonderful—those things he had but known by the poor sense of touch when he walked in the ways of darkness."

The feeling of an intensely spiritual nature vibrated in his tone. Max leaned forward, and now Father Maurice scarcely recognized the debonaire friend he had known so well and loved.

"That's it, that's it!" Everything even the most trivial, is transfigured by the golden glow of faith. Maurice, you've explained it wonderfully. Mother, can't you understand?"

"Each person has his own standpoint," said Father Maurice, "but a man is a man, and another man," said Father Maurice, "with a smile. 'I should hardly like to try my powers after Father McIntosh—I know of him; he is a wonderful theologian. But what is the difficulty with you, Mrs. Ramsey?"

"That is a hard question: I have so many," she said. "The levity had left her face. It was well to jest, indeed, but those earnest words of his had sunk deeply into her heart, and the grave thoughtfulness of his when he spoke added to the impression."

She shook herself a little, as if trying by that movement to get rid of the feeling that perhaps she was one of those blind ones, who had not yet opened her eyes. "My very first and my worst is non-belief in the power of prayer."

Father Maurice looked interested.

"You see," she went on, eager now to qualify her position before this grave young priest, and speaking with an amount of earnestness that made her son look at her in surprise—"you see, I can't conceive of anything being supernatural or otherwise, whatever it is wanting one of its creatures to bow down before it. Then, again, the Creator knows the mind He gave you. He knows also its workings and its wishes, doesn't He? Of what use is prayer in that case? He is aware of all you would say before you speak. And as to praying to the saints, why, it is ridiculous—can't see that at all. Show me first the reason why of prayer. The rest will come."

"Reason why," said Max, "has been demonstrated to this lady by no less learned priests than Fathers Dupree and Schurman, to say nothing of Father McIntosh, who simply overwhelmed her with dogma."

"Oh, dogma!" with a laugh. "I want practical proof. Show me the answering of one prayer. Then you can quote all the Fathers of the Church to me."

She spoke warily. One could say hotly. The picture of a blind man groping in the dark, of a man groping in the sense of touch, annoyed her. Father Maurice, at those last words of hers, caught his breath. His eyes grew soft. He leaned forward. His face, over which some emotion rippled, disturbing its calm, astonished her. She listened.

"I am a priest four years," he said. "I had a mother once—a mother, Mrs. Ramsey, who never in all her precious life tasted the luxury you know. Her back was bent with work and more her hands were horny and wrinkled—O God in heaven bless those horny hands wherever they may be to-day!"

Emotion choked him; he paused. "Her face was seamed and wrinkled and lined," he went on. "Humble she was and poor and a widow, and I—her only son—her only child. She gave me to God, proud of the giving, glad of it, yielding me back to Him who gave me. She prayed for me, Mrs. Ramsey. I was no wiser or better or more talented than the average lad of my years, heedless, indeed, and careless and inclined to levity. But she prayed for me. And her prayers must have touched the heart of God she loved in her pure way, for they made me what I am. After Christ, I am His priest by virtue of my mother's prayers."

"Well, on my ordination day she disappeared. There is but one explanation—she was afraid to hamper my career, she was so proud of me. My poor talents were so many sources of joy to her. She thought, maybe, the son she toiled for would be ashamed of his mother who had eaten bitter bread for his sake, and was bent with much toiling up and down another's stairs. Mrs. Ramsey, when you spoke just now I felt suddenly that there was a way—that God meant you for His instrument. Through your prayers He will give me back the one to whom I owe my life, my vocation. It must be an inspiration, mustn't it? How could you, wealthy, aristocratic, moving in the circles that you do—how could you come in contact with a poor little old woman? And I do not ask you to seek her. Just pray—that I may find her. God will, in His mercy, give to you what He has not given to me."

He had touched the woman's heart beneath her cold exterior. The tears were streaming down her cheeks—she did not check or wipe away, though generally any emotion seemed an insult to the classic calm on which she prided herself. Max put his hand out to meet his friends, and their fingers met warmly. His eyes, too, were moist. Father Maurice looked ashamed.

"Pray forgive me for making you feel so badly," he said. "I do not know why I said so much—it must surely have been an inspiration, Mrs. Ramsey, for—"

"Father Maurice, I have never prayed in my life. I shall do so now for your wishes. There is another way of saying it in Catholic

parance—for your intention, I think it is." She paused a moment, adding wistfully: "Maybe if, in return, you—pray for me"—she frowned, for she was wedded to her fetish and hated to yield her pet point so easily—"I will come out into God's light," she ended, with a laugh.

It was fully two months afterwards. The May sunshine was warm and serene, and even the busy city appeared glad of the breath of coming summer. A touch of the warmth of our material bodies craved was in the air, without a hint of the summer's torridness. Father Maurice, who had just left the rectory, was walking briskly along the streets, when he found himself hailed in glad, familiar tones. He glanced up to find Mrs. Ramsey smiling a greeting. He had seen very little of her the past eight weeks and even Max managed to call on him only occasionally. The latter sat beside his mother in the open carriage. There was a blockade just at this point, and at Mrs. Ramsey's order the coachman drew up to the curb and halted while Father Maurice, his handsome head bared, stood beside her. After the first few words the lady plunged into the subject nearest her heart.

"Have you heard anything lately?" she asked.

"Concerning my mother?" he questioned, divining at once what she meant. "No, I have not. Did you keep your promise?"

"She looked at him without a shadow of her former rallery. Her eyes were earnest, her lips grave.

"I am keeping it faithfully, faithfully—and what is more, shall consider any answer you receive directly due to my prayers. Does this sound presumptuous? I can't help it. It is the queerest feeling, but it is true. I have never been so earnest about anything in my life as I am about this. I think you have bewitched me."

"I think you have been soured," he answered. "Now that the language of the spirit is finding vent at last in rightful speech, it craves for its true food."

"Thank you—there is a good deal of meaning in that. Perhaps you are right, I have read somewhere about storming the citadels of heaven—well, if such a thing is possible, I must have weakened a few of the outer ramparts. I—went more than an answer," she finished abruptly. "I who am in darkness, seek the light."

She turned her eyes on her son who smiled affectionately.

"The understanding that existed between these two was beautiful. On the son's part the love he entertained for his mother broadened a disposition inclined to aestheticism. It made him manly, as an absorbing affection for another makes the narrowest masculine soul. It softened the woman's somewhat imperious disposition, prone to the arrogance her luxurious existence engendered. To Father Maurice the mere sight of them was a keen joy—so perfect was the sympathy between them. He looked from one face to the other, smiling now boyishly.

"I am glad to hear you talk so," he said. "Very glad. You are a few steps farther on the great road. Two months ago you would not have said that."

"Maybe not," she answered, adding: "Will you get in and drive with us a way? Perhaps, too, I can persuade you to have dinner? There is much I should like to ask you."

"Thank you," he said, "but I am on duty for the evening. Next week—let us say Thursday?"

"Father Maurice, Father Maurice, please!" An excited voice called his name, an excited face met his gaze as he turned at the call.

A man had halted in a hasty run past him and now stood in front of him, hat in hand.

"Thank God, father, I met you here—was just going to the rectory. There's a poor woman run over by the street and she's being carried into the drug store. They rung up an ambulance, but she wants the priest. Quick, too, Father Maurice, I'm afraid she's pretty bad—"

It was the call no servant of God has ever heard in vain. Without a word Father Maurice turned and left his friends and was soon lost to sight in the throng. As they went along the man, who attended the church with which Father Maurice was connected, gave him hasty but

graphic details of the accident. The crowd around the drug store fell away as they saw the priest, and hats were lifted as he passed.

"Two chairs had been drawn together, and on them they placed the poor creature. A policeman stood inside the door to keep back the curious crowd, some gaping coldly, others sympathetic, but all filled with the grieved sentiment that animates a crowd anywhere—anxious to see. A kindly woman who had witnessed the occurrence had been permitted to remain. She was a young woman, and tender-hearted, and with eyes full of tears she had removed the old-fashioned bonnet and the neatly darned gloves, and had made a pillow for the gray head by folding up her own jacket and placing it underneath. The poor old face was ghastly white the eyes closed, and the woman who was kneeling beside her on the floor looked up—gladly—when she saw the priest.

"Oh," she murmured, "Father—"

He was a stranger to her, but she was a Catholic, and recognized the Roman collar and clerical bearing. She fell back to allow him to perform his priestly duties.

Why did Father Maurice suddenly grow rigid, and why did that strange mist swim before his eyes? Why did his face grow pale and his nostrils dilate?

"God, my God!" he whispered. "In any way but this—give her back to me in any way but this—"

He fell on his knees. The startled watchers saw him put one arm under the poor old woman's head, and with the other clasp her to him. They did not understand. But the pathos of the group touched them. The big policeman at the door felt his eyes, hardened by much gazing on sorrow, grow moist. He turned his head away. The woman heard his broken tones, saw the old eyes open and the wrinkled face grow suddenly into beauty under the rush of mother-love that transfigured it.

"My son, my little boy!" she murmured.

"Mother," he whispered back, in a choking voice. "My mother!"

The tears were streaming down his face and the sight worried her. She put up her right, toil-worn hands and wiped them away with faltering, weak fingers.

"Don't cry now, my little son," she said. "I'll break your mother's heart to see you cry, my bonny, bonny boy. God love you."

"Oh, mother, mother, my mother," he whispered again. "You have almost broken my heart. Where did you go—what have you done, and why, oh why, sonny—don't. Would it be me to stand in your way, childie, with the light of God shining on your big w—forehead that day? 'Twas the day of my life, my boy. And 'twas little to do to take myself out of your then. God has been good to me, sonny dear. He made you Father Maurice—my boy a priest! Think of it! Praises be to His holy name forever and forever!"

"Amen," he answered solemnly. Nature striving in his heart, took second place as the instinct of the priest asserted itself.

"I have prayed God to give you back to me, my mother," he said. "I have loved you better than you thought I did, but if He gives you to me—only to lose you, dear—His will—be done."

It cost him an effort to say the words, for his heart was breaking. But dropping his voice to a whisper, he listened to her faltering confession. He had the holy oils in his pocket, and he found time to anoint before the end, and still with his arms about her, he repeated over and over the simple prayers for the dying—the prayers she loved. The ambulance surgeon came, but Father Maurice simply motioned him aside. She was going fast then, and one glance at the glazing eyes told the young doctor so. He looked in some surprise at the white face bent so tenderly above the dying woman—at the strong arms that held the shaking old form in their tender clasp.

"She is my mother!" said the priest in answer to the curious look, and at that the man fell back, touched to the heart at the grief expressed in the simple words. The Catholic woman was on her knees, sobbing audibly.

Outside Mrs. Ramsey saw the crowd thinning rapidly away from the drug store, for excitement in the city is but ephemeral. She called the coachman to halt.

"Father Maurice must be in there yet," she said. "Go, Max. Perhaps we can help the poor creature, whoever she may be."

Max obeyed. He entered the store hastily, coming out a few minutes afterwards and approaching the aristocratic woman who waited him. Her somewhat languid expression gave way to a look of anxiety when she saw his face. She sat up quickly.

"What is it, Max? Something has happened!"

"Your prayer has been answered, mother dear. I shall stay here—perhaps I can be of some use to Maurice."

"Max!"

"He has found his mother, he has found her at last."

"And she is—"

"Dead, dear. Go home without me, I shall come as soon as possible and tell you all about it."

Three months later Father Maurice was sent on his longed-for mission work. Two things he likes to remember of his last few days' stay in New York. One is the reception into the fold of Mrs. Ramsey, who found faith the day the quest was ended, and who is now among the humblest children of Mother Church. The other is his last visit to the little mound in Calvary Cemetery where rests all that is earthly of his mother's form—Grace Keon, in "The Ruler of the Kingdom."

Backache is the primary cause of kidney trouble. When the back aches or becomes weak it is a warning that the kidneys are liable to become affected.

Heed the warning; check the Backache and dispose of any chances of further trouble.

If you don't, serious complications are very apt to arise and the first thing you know you will have Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's Disease, the three most deadly forms of Kidney trouble.

Mr. James Bryant, Arizhat, N.S., was troubled with his back and used Doan's Kidney Pills, he writes: "I cannot say too much about the benefit I received after using three boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. I was greatly troubled with an aching pain across the small of my back. I could not go to work and my back was so weak I would have to sit down. It would go away for a few days but would always return. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and I must say they completely cured me."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Eye Strain Headaches

Manitoba lady tells how headaches disappeared with the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.

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As a positive cure for headaches, not merely relief but cure, Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food stands without a rival because it gets at the cause of the trouble and builds up the nervous system to health and strength.

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The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt book author, are on every box: 50 cents at all dealers, or Edmondson, Raies & Co., Toronto.

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TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Dear Reader,—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper-Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant. No Endowment (except Hope).

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say—For the sake of a "little cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—
Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the alms which you have received, and you have placed them sincerely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit alms for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

You can see G

Gin Pills turn the urine in Pills for Kidney or Blad changed color. You see if has started to cure. It works you good. 50c a box; 6 for \$2.50. At all dealers. If you can't get them in your neighborhood, order direct. Sample free if you mention this paper.

THURSDAY, NOV 19 1908

TWO LITTLE

Two little children
Kneel at their
Four little hands
And lowly whisper

Two little angels,
Praying to God
Four little eyes to
ed,
And sweetly pray

"Now, ask of God,
Your hearts both
Forgive each other
You must forget

Two little heads in
raised,
And answered: "Yes"
We'll ask of God to
But, what must you

Four little arms we
Their eyes with
"O, mother! what
What have we to

Each little angel (o
Kneel at their mo
With quivering lips
"The naughty one
—Selected.

FAIRY I

Such lovely stories
could tell—stories of
lins and of little fla
cesses! And how I
love to hear them!

"I think, Aunt El
"that I like best of
the wish fairy. I
wishes, all day long
And what do you
Emily did? Made the
of shining gold paper
blue bows and bells c
and a sash round h
wand of glistening pe
hand; and little Dot
transformed into a sv
eyed fairy. Aunt El
and sent her off to "

"O, dear," said gra
I could find my gles
And away Fairy Do
and downstairs, and
grandma's glasses. C
came true.

"Oh," said little L
"I wish someone wo
my soldiers away!"

And there on th
Was Fairy Dot

Mother watched her
newspaper, Aunt Em
someone to help stir
seed the raisins, and
she knew what the cl
ser looked as though
drink, and the kitt
some milk; and there
wishes, everywhere in
Wasn't it good F
there!

BOBBY.

Bobby was a little f
good-natured and the
neighborhood. His h
white house surround
lawn, and beautiful sh
where they were most
Bobby.

"Now, Bobby usually
tite, and he was not b
ing his home lived "Au
he called her, althoug
really no relation to hi
thought Bobby was ab
boy in the world, and
ver tired of the little
hands, and the winning
Bobby's mother thoug
time to give the young
lessons. One was that
ask for things to eat
away from home.

"I don't care," said
his mother had told hi
law. "I can get all I
here and at Aunt Eliza
"But you are not to
thing to eat at Aunt E
"Ho! What'll I do, w
gray at Aunt Eliza's."

"Come right home ar
thing to eat. Now, rem
The next day Bobby
Eliza's as usual. His
told Aunt Eliza about
and she was instructed
the youngster if he bro
When it was near the
mother called to him to
so as to see Dad, who
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Bobby's eyes turned tow
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At last he said:
"Aunt Eliza, if you g
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It is needless to say
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VERS
ANTHONY
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atient with me
in how much I
can I help you?

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BOYS and GIRLS

TWO LITTLE ANGELS.

Two little children, gentle and fair,
Kneel at their mother's knee—
Four little hands, uplifted in prayer,
And lowly whispered to me.

Two little angels, at close of day,
Praying to God together—
Four little eyes to heaven were rais-
ed,
And sweetly prayed for each other.

"Now, ask of God, in mercy to make
Your hearts both kind and true;
Forgive each other's little faults—
You must forget them, too."

Two little heads in surprise were
raised,
And answered: "Whilst we live
We'll ask of God to pardon us;
But, what must we forgive?"

Four little arms were clasping light,
Their eyes with tears were wet,
"O, mother! what could we forgive?
What have we to regret?"

Each little angel (one my one)
Kneel at their mother's knee,
With quivering lips they lowly said:
"The naughty one was me."

FAIRY DOT.

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily
could tell—stories of fairies and gub-
bins and of little flaxen haired prin-
cesses! And how Dottie Dudley did
love to hear them!

"I think, Aunt Emily," said Dot,
"that I like best of all the story of
the wish fairy. I wish I were a
fairy, and that I could grant wishes,
wishes, all day long."

And what do you suppose Aunt
Emily did? Made the loveliest crown
of shining gold paper, and put little
blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes
and a sash round her waist and a
wand of glistening paper stars in her
hand; and little Dottie Dudley was
transformed into a sweet little hazel
eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her
and sent her off to "Fairy Dell."

"O, dear," said grandma, "I wish
I could find my glasses!"
And away Fairy Dot flew, upstairs
and downstairs, and back came
grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish
came true.

"Oh," said little brother John,
"I wish someone would help me put
my soldiers away."

And there on the spot
Was Fairy Dot.

Mother wished her flowers were
watered, and father wished for his
newspaper, Aunt Emily wished for
someone to help stir the cake and
seed the raisins, and Bridget wished
she knew what the clock said; Tow-
ser looked as though he wanted a
drink, and the kitten begged for
some milk; and there were wishes,
wishes, everywhere in "Fairy Dell."
Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there!

BOBBY.

Bobby was a little fellow, bright,
good-natured and the pet of the
neighborhood. His home was a
white house surrounded by a large
lawn, and beautiful shade trees just
where they were most convenient for
Bobby.

"Now, Bobby usually had an appet-
ite, and he was not bashful in tel-
ling what he wanted to eat. Adjoin-
ing his home lived "Aunt Eliza" as
he called her, although she was
really no relation to him. Aunt Eliza
thought Bobby was about the only
boy in the world, and she was nev-
er tired of the little feet, the busy
hands, and the winning voice.

Bobby's mother thought it high
time to give the youngster some new
lessons. One was that he must not
ask for things to eat when he was
away from home.

"I don't care," said Bobby, when
his mother had told him the new
law. "I can get all I want to eat
here and at Aunt Eliza's."

"But you are not to ask for any-
thing to eat at Aunt Eliza's."
"Ho! What'll I do when I'm hun-
gry at Aunt Eliza's?"

"Come right home and get some-
thing to eat. Now, remember."

The next day Bobby was at Aunt
Eliza's as usual. His mother had
told Aunt Eliza about the new rule,
and she was instructed not to screen
the youngster if he broke the rule.
When it was near the noon hour his
mother called to him to come home
so as to see Dad, who was coming
up the street. On the top of the
oven was an appetizing pudding, and
Bobby's eyes turned toward it as he
sidled in the direction of the door.
At last he said:

"Aunt Eliza, if you gave me some-
thing good to eat, and you put in in
a big saucer, and told me to carry
it home, I wouldn't spill it."
It is needless to say he carried
home a dish of the pudding.

TWO WISHES.

"O, manhood is so far away!"
I heard the ruddy schoolboy say:
"It is so very long until
Manhood will let me have my will;
So very long till I can be
A stately man both gay and free."

"O, for another boyhood day,"
An aged man was heard to say;
"The daily care, the toil and strife,
Have made me nearly tired of life;
If back to boyhood I could flee,
I'd once again be gay and free."

A CERTAIN BOY.

He doesn't like to go to bed,
And getting up is worse;
To washing, too, I've heard it said,
He's just as much averse.

And as for school and studying
When he would rather roam,
He hates it more than anything
He must do jobs at home.

I must admit that is true
Though 'tis a sorry boast,
Whatever he is told to do
Is what he hates the most.

I do suppose that if he choose
He'd play and cat awhile, and then
He'd eat awhile and play.

"B OH NO B."

I really think my sister May
Is stupider than me,
Because she said the other day
"There wasn't any 'b'."

In honeycomb, and spelt it just
C-double o-m-e,
Of course she's wrong, I told her so.
There's got to be a "bee,"
Somewhere in honeycomb, because
He makes it, don't you see!

AUTUMN FRUIT.

Said Mrs. Baldwin Apple,
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"You're growing very plump, nandan
And also very fair."

"And there is Mrs. Clingsome Peach
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat."

"And all the Misses Crabapple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led."

"Just see the Isabellas!
They're growing so apace
That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face."

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows unto her sorrow
Preserving time has come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended
The fruits that looked so fair
Had vanished from among the
leaves
And the trees were stripped and
bare.

They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape,
"I'm cider," sighed the apple,
"I'm jelly," cried the grape.
They were all in jars and bottles
Upon the shelf arrayed.

And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to Marm Alade.

DON'T BE TOO CHOICE.

Boys and young men who are just
out of school or college and who are
beginning their life's work should not
be too choice and dainty in the mat-
ter of positions, remarks the "Sac-
red Heart Review." The youth who
waits for a "gentleman's job" is
to come and beg him to take it is li-
kely to wait a long time. Some-
one has well said: "Any legitimate
occupation of the brain and the hand
that enables one to earn a living
honestly, and that helps society, is
worthy and dignified. There would
be fewer failures in life were this
better understood. Lawyers who
never hold a successful brief, doc-
tors who may pass a good examina-
tion but cannot cure patients, busi-
ness men who never achieve re-
sults are among those whose first
error was in looking for a "gentle-
man's job."

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man,
when troubles come,
Instead of sitting round so sour and
glum?

You cannot have all play
And sunshine every day
When troubles come, I say, why
don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? I will ever
help to soothe
The aches and pains. No road in life

is smooth.
There is many an unseen bump
And many a hidden stump
O'er which you'll have to jump. Why
don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your
spirit wilt,
Don't sit and cry because the milk
you've spilt.
If you would mend it now
Pray let me tell you how—
Just milk another cow. Why don't
you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us
all laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting
blue?

A laugh will always win,
If you can't laugh, just grin,
Come on! let's all join in. Why don't
you laugh?

SHARING FATHER'S BURDEN.
"Of course I don't pay any board
at home, and father buys a good
many of my clothes, so that leaves
my money for any little thing I
happen to want."

It was plain that the pretty speak-
er had "happened to want" consid-
erable in the way of finery. She was
well dressed—too well dressed, peo-
ple would have thought, for a young
girl in a business office. Her gloves
were immaculate, her tailor-made
suit of the latest design. A hand-
some bracelet encircled her arm and
a dainty pearl stick-pin fastened her
silk shirtwaist. Altogether she look-
ed like a young society lady on her
way to an afternoon tea.

"You have a good father," said
the other girl, but there was no envy
in her blue eyes. She herself was
dressed very plainly. Her suit had
been bought in a marked-down sale
and her gloves were mended, yet the
two earned the same salary.

When girl No. 2 started out as a
wage-earner, she had insisted on
paying her board at home. At first
her father had protested. He was
almost hurt by the suggestion. But
little by little she brought him
around to her way of thinking. There
was a number of small children and
the bills were large. The baby was
delicate, and the doctor had made
visits within the year. The older
daughter wanted to help. And that
is why she did not envy her well-
dressed companion. For in supply-
ing her own needs, in adding her
mite to the family income, in feeling
that she was sharing the burden
that lay so heavily on her father's
shoulders, she had a satisfaction the
other knew nothing of—the happiness
of helpfulness.

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN
A plump little robin flew down from
a tree
To hunt for a worm which he hap-
pened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scamp-
ering by
And gazed at the robin with wonder-
ing eye.

Said the chick: "What a queer look-
ing chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body
so fat."

While the robin remarked, loud
enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-
looking bird."

"Can you sing?" Robin asked; and
the chicken said "No";
But asked in its turn if the robin
could crow.

So the bird sought a tree, and the
chicken the wall,
And each thought the other knew
nothing at all.

KATE'S WAY.
"Well, I know I have plenty of
faults, but bad temper isn't one of
them!" Kate's voice had the little
ring of complacency that is so apt
to creep into our tones when we
acknowledge the possession of vari-
ous unnamed sins, but disclaim some
specific, ugly one.

It was in a sweetly-impersonal way
that Gordon looked up with a scowl.
He felt he was perhaps being "aimed
at." He knew his temper was quick
and sharp, to go with his thatch of
curly, reddish hair. He spoke ab-
ruptly now, and without stopping to
weigh his words:

"That's so, sis," he said, "but you
are ugly sometimes by proxy. You
hold on to your own temper at the
expense of other folks!"

"Why, the idea!" Kate's fair face
flushed quickly. "What on earth do
you mean, Gordon?"

"Oh, just what I say!" Perhaps
his tone was a bit ashamed now
Kate's face was so evidently bewil-
dered, and—yes, troubled, but free
thing sound in her claim to good
temper. "I suppose you don't know
yourself, but you're constantly
making other people lose their grip
on themselves, while you keep as
cool as a cucumber!" A moment
more and he had left the room, per-
haps he did not want to stay and
be urged to enlighten Kate any
further.

But Kate herself was quick-witted,
and for several minutes she took
some unheeded stitches on the pink-
embroidered rose on her tray cloth.
What curious things boys were, any-
way! Where could you find any-
thing to match the frankness of a
freckled, red-haired brother, under no
illusions about his sister and unbur-
dened by any great desire to spare
her "feelings." But possibly—just
possibly—there was some bit of truth
in what he said. Kate would give
him the benefit of the doubt and
think it over.

And then, before the last petal was
finished on her rose, one of Kate's
girl friends entered.

"Oh, Kate!" exclaimed the new-
comer, without preamble, "I've come
to scold you! Why didn't you come
to our committee meeting? We
thought you'd surely be there, from
all you said the other day, and we
did need you so. We got into a real
snarl. Did you forget about it?"

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TORONTO, ONT.

Kate turned a sweetly ingenious
countenance upon her friend.

"No, my dear, it was a case of
malice aforethought! I decided I
could not in the time better at
home. I wasn't feeling particularly
well, and there's a lot of wrangling
and disputing at the committee meet-
ings, and such a using up of super-
fluous energy, that I decided I'd
keep out of it. You know, dear,
you all do get wrought up and ex-
cited over the discussions, and it
doesn't pay. So I stayed home and
read."

Alice's face reddened with exasper-
ation. Kate was a dear girl, but
chat superior, conscious calm and
self-control were so irritating.

"Some of us have to get heated,"
she said, quickly, "it's the natural
result of having members on the
committee who won't do their part,
and throw so much on the rest of
us that we get all worn out!"

"Why, Alice, you must have got
too overtired!" Kate's voice was
very kind and indulgent. "I sup-
pose I ought to have sent word,
but I didn't think of it, and you
always did take things too hard."
"Care killed a cat," she added,
playfully.

"Well, I haven't time to stop any
longer," Alice said, trying to keep
some of the irritation out of her
voice and not succeeding very well.
"Good-bye!"

"Good bye, deary!" Kate's voice
was serenely itself. It was not till
after Alice had gone that Gordon's
phrase flashed into Kate's mind.

"Ugly-tempered by proxy." Was
there really something in it? Had
she just had a clear illustration of
his meaning?

An hour passed, in which the roses
grew in beauty on the linen in her
hands, and the rather troubled look
faded out of her face. Then she
consulted her watch. Three o'clock,
and that engagement to meet Lennie
for the lecture at half-past. Scant
margin of time, but she believed she
could make it.

It was ten minutes to four when
she went into the reception room
at the department store when Len-
nie and she had arranged to meet
promptly at half-past three.

Lennie was leaning stiffly forward
scanning all the faces as they ap-
peared. Relief and irritation strug-
gled in her face as Kate approach-
ed.

"What did keep you?" she said.
"I am a little late." Kate's tone
was sweetly but slightly apologetic.
"You know procrastination has al-
ways been my besetting sin."

Lennie bowed a prompt assent
with a smile that tried to be sweet
and failed in the attempt.

"We'll go as fast as we can now.
These free lectures are always so
crowded, we probably can't get de-
cent seats."

"Oh, I think we can. Don't let's
cross the bridge till we come to it."
Kate squeezed her friend's arm af-
fectionately. "I'm sorry, dear, but
you really shouldn't have waited if
you got uneasy."

"I never break an engagement,"
Lennie said, rather stiffly. "I knew
you would come—if it was at the
eleventh hour."

The hall was crowded, and when
an obliging usher at last found
seats for them, they were separated
and so far from the platform that
eyes and ears must both strain to
make anything of the lecture. It was
too bad! Once Kate looked over
at Lennie, and catching her eye,
smiled brightly. But Lennie's smile
in return was different. It curled
her lips merely—as if there was no
warm feeling back of it.

"She looks so sour," Kate
thought to herself. "Lennie always
takes disappointments that way. It
is too bad, when she's such a nice
girl in most ways."

Somehow the lecture was not so
interesting as they had expected, or
their inferior seats and the rather
close air prevented a full apprecia-
tion of it. Kate found her thoughts
wandering far away. By and by the
color deepened in her cheeks. Gor-
don's phrase had come back to her.

"Ugly-tempered by proxy!" Was this
another illustration of it? And
twice already in one afternoon!

One of Kate's noble traits was a
readiness to acknowledge herself
wrong, when once it was proved to
her, though perhaps she was not al-
ways very quick to see such proofs.

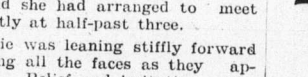
As soon as the lecture was over
and she could gain Lennie's side, she
pressed her friend's hand with real
penitence. "I'm so sorry, Lennie,"
she said. "I know I just spoiled it
all for you by making you late. Do
forgive me! I'm going to turn over
a new leaf, truly—two or three of
them."

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secretion of bile, which is the natural regulator of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged, and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint is produced, and is manifested by the presence of constipation, pain under the right shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes, slimy-coated tongue and headache, heartburn, jaundice, sour stomach, water brash, catarrh of the stomach, etc.

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PhJ.D. For Catholic Sister.

The degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred by the University of Chicago upon one of the sisters of St. Elizabeth's College here. The conferring of the degree followed the work of the sister as fellow in biology at Chicago, which she has just completed. She is the first of her order, that of St. Vincent de Paul, to hold a fellowship at the university, and the award was the only one for original research in biology.

The recipient of the degree, while one of the faculty of St. Elizabeth's, is still at work at Chicago and will not return until December—Convent Station (N.J.) cor. New York Sun.

KEEP BABY WELL.

No matter whether baby is sick or well Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the house. They not only cure the minor disorders of childhood, but prevent them, and should be given whenever the little ones show the slightest signs of illness.

Children take Baby's Own Tablets as readily as candy, and they are absolutely safe. Mrs. Geo. Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says: "My baby was greatly troubled with colic and cried night and day, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I advise all mothers to use this medicine." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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Parish News of the Week

Subscriptions to the Father Holland Birthday Fund.

Table listing names and amounts for the Father Holland Birthday Fund, including P. McDermott, Robt. Archer, James Duggan, etc.

ST. AGNES PARISH FAIR.

One of the leading social events in church circles will undoubtedly be the autumnal fair of St. Agnes parish, which takes place next week.

chre.

The arrangements for the banquet are in the hands of the following ladies: Mrs. Charade, The Misses Grace, Mrs. Somers, Mrs. Cummings, etc.

IRISH DOMINICAN TO BE LENTEN PREACHER AT ST. PATRICK'S.

An announcement that will be received with pleasure by all is that made by Rev. Father McShane, pastor of St. Patrick's, that the Lenten preacher at that church will be the Very Rev. Thomas Barrett, a Dominican, of St. Saviour's Priory, Dublin.

RETREAT FOR UNMARRIED WOMEN OF ST. PATRICK'S.

During this week the exercises of the unmarried women's retreat are being conducted in St. Patrick's Church by the Rev. Father Brady, Paulist, of New York City.

ORGAN RECITAL AT ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

On Sunday afternoon next, feast of St. Cecilia, there will be an organ recital in St. Patrick's Church by Prof. Poirier, organist.

LADIES OF ST. THOMAS AQUINAS PARISH TO HOLD FAIR.

For some time the ladies of the new parish of St. Thomas Aquinas have been working hard to make the coming first fancy fair a big success.

Advertisement for DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS, featuring an image of the product box and text describing its benefits for kidney ailments.

MONTHLY CALENDAR

Monthly calendar for November 1908, listing feast days and events for each day of the month.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and other Patentees transacting business in Canada.

Broderick, Mrs. J. Callaghan, Mrs. A. Belliveau, Miss E. McGuire and others. Chinese Laundry Table—Mrs. J. O'Dowd, A. Messier, R. Salisbury, M. St. Denis and others.

A.O.H. CHURCH PARADE.

On Sunday next the A.O.H. will hold a church parade to St. Thomas Aquinas Church. A special feature will be the first appearance of one hundred cadets in uniform.

A Purely Vegetable Pill.—The chief ingredients of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are mandrake and dandelion, sedative and purgative, but perfectly harmless in their action.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

Last evening at the Catholic Sailors' Club, during the successful concert given by the Hibernian Knights (A.O.H. Division No. 7) a pleasant interlude was occasioned by the presentation to the Club by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, through the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, of a copper shield made from the plating of Nelson's battleships, Victory and Fondroyant.

The Rev. Edward Matthews, the energetic and much travelled Secretary of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, accompanied by Mr. J. J. Ritchie Bell, the manager of the sister Montreal Sailors' Institute, made the presentation in that cheerful, breezy and captivating manner by which he has gained for himself, originally a sailor man, but now, originally a chaplain from Jack's Palace, London, England, the title of "Archbishop of the Seas."

The newly appointed director of the Catholic Sailors' Club, Dr. Atherton, of Loyola College, accepted this gift of interest and zeal in the welfare of the nation's seamen, in brief and appropriate words, and the merriment of the evening proceeded all the more gaily for the above episode.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

MONTREAL-TORONTO 4 Express Trains Each Way Daily. Leave Montreal—9.00 a.m., 9.45 a.m., 7.32 p.m., 10.30 p.m. Arrive Toronto—4.30 p.m., 9.45 p.m., 6.10 a.m., 7.30 a.m. Elegant Cafe-Parlor Car service on 9.00 a.m. train.

MONTREAL-OTTAWA 3 Trains Week Days, 2 Trains Sundays. Leave Montreal—8.30 a.m., 11.40 p.m., 8.00 p.m. Arrive Ottawa—11.45 a.m., 6.55 p.m., 11.15 p.m. Elegant Buffet Parlor Cars on all trains.

MONTREAL-NEW YORK Leave Montreal—18.45 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 7.40 p.m. Arrive New York—18.00 p.m., 11.08 p.m., 7.20 a.m. Daily. 4 Week days.

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OTTAWA TRAINS. LEAVE WINDSOR STATION. 18.35 a.m., 5.55 a.m., 10.10 a.m., 14.00 p.m., 9.50 p.m., 10.15 p.m. Parlor or Sleeping Cars on all trains from Windsor Station.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

BONAVENTURE UNION DEPT. TRAIN SERVICE 7.31 A.M. St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec and Riv. du Loup. Parlor and Buffet Car Montreal to Levis. Except Sunday.

MARITIME EXPRESS. St. Hyacinthe, Levis, Quebec Riv. du Loup, Campobello, Moncton, St. John, Halifax, Sydney. This train has direct connection to Newfoundland, Saturday to St. Flavie only.

4.00 P.M. St. Lambert, St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, St. Leonard and Nicolet. Except Sunday.

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OBITUARY.

FUNERAL OF MR. J. H. SEMPLE. Amid a great concourse of relatives, friends and former associates in business and on the Catholic School Board, the remains of the late Mr. J. Hugh Semple were taken to St. Patrick's Church, and after the funeral service there were taken for interment to Cote des Neiges Cemetery.

St. Patrick's Church had been draped in mourning colors, and about the catafalque numberless lights were burning. Rev. Father McShane, the pastor, received the body and celebrated the solemn Requiem Mass, attended by Rev. Father Singleton, as deacon, and Rev. Father Elliott as sub-deacon. In the sanctuary were Rev. Father I. Kavanagh, S.J., Rev. Abbe Perrier, visitor of the Catholic schools, Rev. Canon Adam, and several other city clergymen.

The chief mourners in the funeral cortege were Dr. E. J. Semple and Mr. G. Hugh Semple, advocate, the sons. The other son, Mr. Henry Semple, is in the West, while the other members of the family at home are the widow, one sister, Miss Mary Semple, and a daughter, Miss Stella Semple. Other relatives in the funeral cortege were Dean Murray, Brockville, and Rev. Father Charles Murray, Coburg, brothers-in-law, Rev. Isidore J. Kapanagh, S.J., Loyola College, H. J. Kavanagh, K.C., R. E. Y. Hunter, cousins.

Among others who followed the remains were Messrs. Martin Egan, James Rodgers, Felix Casey, J. N. Perrault, Director General of the Catholic schools; P. Ahern, principal of St. Paul's; J. V. Desautels, principal of Belmont; Bro. Hortensius, director of Meilleur school; J. P. LaBarre, principal of Champlain school; H. Mondoux, principal of Montcalm school; T. F. Cuddy, representing Oler school; Ald. L. A. Lapointe, Dr. J. Decarie, members of the School Board; Hon. Robert Mackay, A. D. McGillis, Mr. Justice Guerin, W. J. Johnston, Bernard Tansey, T. W. Lesage, George Caverhill, James Lynch, Dr. T. D'Arcy Tansey, C. A. McDonnell, ex-Ald. S. D. Vallieres, H. C. Scott, J. P. Dixon, Mr. Justice Purcell, D. McEntyre, M. D. Carroll, E. J. Hatcher, C. E. Lamontagne, Dr. J. J. Guerin, W. W. Cavan, H. W. Spetsinger, M. Fitzgibbon, H. Fitzgibbon, Dr. McAuley, W. Burnett, W. E. Doran, W. J. McAndrew, D. M. Reynolds, James Brown, John Meagher, E. J. Dubeau, W. S. Mitchell, J. Coughlin, J. R. Barclay, Dr. J. D. McCarthy, J. D. Kennedy, and many others.

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New White Japanese Silk, very good quality, fine finish—22 inches wide for, yard. 24c 24 inches wide for, yard. 29c 29 inches wide for, yard. 44c 36 inches wide for, yard. 48c

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DEATH OF MISS DAISY WHELAN

Miss Daisy Whelan, second daughter of Mr. John P. Whelan, died at her father's residence, 31 Durocher street, in this city, on Friday, the 13th instant. Her illness was very brief, only three months. And taken as she was in the fullness of her youth, before the bereaved ones could scarcely realize the impending calamity, her loss is of the saddest and her absence leaves an aching void in the hearts of all who loved her.

IN AID OF The Catholic Sailors' Club

The following concluding Concerts of the season 1908 will be given every Wednesday at 8.15 p.m. Nov. 11. Under the auspices of The Young Irishmen's Literary and Benefit Society. Nov. 18. Hibernian Knights, Division No. 7, A. O. H. Nov. 25. Miss Agnes Lynch. Dec. 1. James McCready & Co.

NOTICE is hereby given that Theodore David, painter, of the City and District of Montreal, will apply to the Legislature of the Province of Quebec, at its next session, to obtain an act to ratify a deed of exchange made between himself and Joseph Bourgeois and others, of the said City of Montreal, before Mre. Leandre Belanger, N.P., on the twenty-seventh of August, 1908, under No. 19025 of the minutes of said Mr. Belanger.

Montreal, 12th November, 1908. BEAUDIN, LORANGER, ST. GERMAIN & GURFIN, Attorneys for Petitioner.

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Special religious held at Turin Sunday.

occasion of the departure of the Salesian missionaries for Brazil, Chile and Colombia. The economic factoring of some of the well to aged parents never see again.

The Pope on Tuesday, S. D. Sazonoff, the Holy accredited to the Holy with the whole staff who presented an address from the Czar congratulating the Holy's Holy Holiness.

During the audience Holy pilgrimage last, shops offered the Holy sum of \$80,080 as the

Vol. LVIII.

Note and

Pope Pius has recent jubilee gift in the shape of a faceted column of nice, where the Patriarch for ma

under their jurisdiction 72 Fraternities (posed of over 80 the Franciscan these there are ties under the direction of the Minor. Already Congresses have larger cities of the important works for

In his private Holy Father last Bourne, of West Pope a replica in badge of the Euc London, and also a beautiful bound Bridgett's work of the Blessed Euchar

The "Almanach Fathers of the Holy year 1909 furnishes information on development of Cath what used to be content, and their In 1800 there were gious congrega throughout the w Fathers of the Holy, and the Fran missions in Morocco poli.

M. Clemenceau peculiar to the French ing them that they M. Briand copies cements. The G dently troubled ab Bishops are taking Catholic schools.

Very Rev. A. J. after years of pa in the fact the Vancouver Island cile and pious Cath ago they were pag

Catholic Bishops of the Emperor, ar treated as equals o

Mr. John Delaney vivors of the Pape went to the aid of time of the invasion the Church by Gar cently in St. M Brookline, N.Y., at years. Two others still reside in that

One becomes wear the acts of injustice committed by the F against the Catho possible to pass un incredible outrage cently. M. Jourde and his professors force from the Cath boys at Charolles. nature of this expul derstood when it is school buildings were the Bishop of Aut that a school shoul in them, and tha should always be no Bishop of Autun.

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