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The True Witness

Vol. LV, No. 20

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1905.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

JOHN REDMOND ON THE EDUCATION QUESTION

Speaking at a Catholic bazaar in Sunderland, England, on Nov. 5, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., stated the attitude of the Irish Party on the education question and the general elections.

Mr. Redmond, who was received with loud and prolonged applause, said:

The history of the Irish Catholics in Great Britain in the past is full at once of pathos and of pride. They came here in the old days from Ireland the poorest of the poor. Poor to a great extent, ignorant and friendless, they came here because the means of livelihood in their own country was denied them by the conditions that existed, and no one would deal, or attempt to deal, with this question of Irish Catholics and their interests in England without bearing in mind this fact, which I take leave to state here to-day, that emigration from Ireland to this country and to all other parts of the world which is going on to-day with as deadly a drain as ever will never end until the conditions in Ireland are changed and until the country is governed by the people themselves (applause). Those Irishmen who came to Great Britain came here because they had not the means of emigrating to America (applause). They crowded into all the great cities of this great land, all the great centres of population, aye, wherever the toughest and hardest labor was to be found, they crowded in in their thousands. The Irish people, with their stout arms and brave hearts, men and women, young and old, they crowded in to all the mines and potteries and mills and gas works and factories of this great land, from the fine air of their native hills. They came in many cases into the most poisonous atmosphere of the slums of the great English cities. They found themselves here in those old days in a strange land, surrounded by a strange people, who derided their nationality, and often despised their poverty and often hated their religion (hear, hear). Now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask what would we have expected as the rational result of conditions such as that. Aye, this is why I say the history of the Irish in Great Britain is a history of pride. What would we naturally expect from a people coming to a strange country under conditions such as those? The loss of religion, abandonment of nationality, a sinking down of mere selfish materialism, or perhaps more natural than all, their utter annihilation in a vortex of misery and vice. That I believe would have been in the ordinary course of events, the history of any people under the conditions I have described. But, fellow-countrymen, what happened to the Irish who came to Great Britain? Truth compels us to admit, and with a sorrowful heart I admit it, a large proportion of our people who emigrated from Ireland, not only to Great Britain, but to America and Australia and elsewhere, succumbed to the circumstances of their surroundings, and it is a fact which cannot be lost sight of by those who desire to work for the spiritual as well as for the material welfare of the Irish race, that a large proportion of those who have emigrated, and do still emigrate, from Ireland fall from the high religious and national ideals of the Irish race. Yes, let there be no humbugging upon this matter. I have seen in every great city in the world where the Irish people have gone. I have seen a large proportion of them who have socially, morally and spiritually gone down in the dust; but, making all allowance even for this, the truth still remains that in the main the Irish people who have emigrated from Ireland have

struction, but where they are taught love of the Faith of their fathers (applause). I say, in respect of the matter of schools, the Irish in Great Britain have given an example to every section of the community—an example which, in my humble opinion, ought to command the respect of all sections and all grades in this country (applause). We politicians hear a good deal from time to time of

THE HOSTILITY OF ENGLISH NONCONFORMISTS

to Irish Catholic interests. I take leave to say that in my judgment that hostility is greatly exaggerated (hear, hear). For my part I see no reason for hostility between any section or any creed in this country, and the Catholic schools they have no cause to quarrel with as they certainly cannot say our schools are proselytising agencies (applause). They have no quarrel with me. They cannot truthfully say that any of them are asked to pay for our schools (hear, hear). In the past we paid out of our poverty—we paid for those schools ourselves (hear, hear). And as things stand at the present moment I believe it is absolutely accurate to say that the school rate paid by Catholics in Great Britain amounts to a sum more than enough to maintain all the Catholic schools (applause). Now, I would like if I had time to dwell for a moment upon that point. One of the greatest arguments used by those who have been engaged in this education controversy has been that the Nonconformists ought not to be asked to pay for the teaching of a religion in which they don't believe. Well, but if it is true that the rate paid by Catholics in Great Britain amounts to almost sufficient to maintain the Catholic schools, then I say that no man of another creed is asked to pay anything for the teaching of the Catholic religion (applause). But what I do think we have a right to claim is that money contributed by Catholics should be spent upon these Catholic schools, and that these Catholic schools shall remain Catholic in their teaching, in their spirit and in their management (applause). I have been asked by more than one person why give any inkling or how this education question will be likely to be affected because of Irish voters in Great Britain at the next election. Now, I don't think this would be the proper occasion for me to deliver an ordinary political speech; but this much I may be allowed to say, that so far as Irishmen in Great Britain are concerned in this instance of the coming election, they will find that the interests of their creed are identical, as they have been in the past, and as, in my judgment, they will always be identical in the future (applause). Home Rule for Ireland is

THE SUPREME POLITICAL ISSUE

(applause). For the Irish race it is a question of life or death, a question which comprehends religion, nationality, and the chances of eternal salvation almost for our race, and therefore our policy to-day is the same as it always was and is, to subordinate the question of Irish freedom to no other political question whatever (applause). But in taking this line it may be asked are we acting in an inimical spirit to the interests of the Catholic schools of Great Britain. No, my Lordship, ladies and gentlemen. So far as my opinion goes, and those of my colleagues of the Irish party, on the contrary, we are strengthening the defensive forces upon which these Catholic schools can rely in the future (applause). Who, let me ask you, are the defenders of Catholic interests in the English Parliament? (A Voice—"The Irish Party.") (Cheers).

Mr. Redmond—It is the Duke of Norfolk in the House of Lords ("No, no") and his nephew, Mr. Heps, in the House of Commons ("No, no"). What the case has only to be rated to be treated with ridicule that there is any other defensive force in the English Parliament for the Catholic schools except the Irish Party (applause).

pleasure). That Party is a rational Party. It is mostly Catholic Party, because many of its members are yet Catholics at all, and there is no religious test of any sort upon the political platform in Ireland (hear, hear). But it is a National Party, and just because it is a National Party it is unanimous in its determination to protect the interests of what we regard as the national religion of Ireland (applause). And it is seriously to be asked, is it seriously to be contended, that the best way to strengthen the defenses of the Catholic schools in England is to help gentlemen in reducing the numbers of the Irish Party in the House of Commons by 25 or 30? ("No, no"). Is any man at the next election to be told it is his duty in the interests of the Catholic schools to vote for men who are not only anti-Rome rulers, but who are pledged to reduce by one-fourth the number of the defenders of the Catholic interests in the House of Commons. Now, I don't say for a moment what the decision as to the action of the Irish voters in Great Britain will be when the time comes, but this I will say, that they will be asked to put Ireland before all other questions, and I say to those who are nervous as to the interests of Catholic education in the next Parliament that the Irish Party will do what men can to protect those interests, and to uphold the rights of the Catholics in this country to the control and management of their own schools (loud applause). I say, therefore—and on this point I wish to be perfectly explicit and beyond any possibility of misunderstanding—I say that in the next Parliament any attempt by any Government that may be in power to do injustice to the Catholic schools of England will meet the resolute and determined opposition of the whole Irish Party (applause). I don't for my part believe that it will be possible for any Government in the next Parliament to seriously injure the position of the Catholic schools; but if they attempt it they will have to feel our resistance at any rate, and if that resistance is to be powerful and effective, then you can only make it so by strengthening the power and prestige of the Irish party, and you can only accomplish that by maintaining its principles, and by keeping the cause of Ireland to the front as the supreme political question. (applause). Now, ladies and gentlemen, I suppose I ought to apologize to you for having spoken even at such length. This is an unexpected role for me to be called upon to perform—the opening of a bazaar, and if I have not performed the duty exactly in the way in which it ought to have been performed, the fault lies with the clergy, because I have never been asked to do this before (laughter). Allow me to say very seriously that I shall cherish the memory of this occasion as long as I live. I shall always remember with pride having been called upon to take some part in assisting you in the noble work in which you are engaged, and with all my heart I pray that the young children of Irish parents, the young boys and girls who will inhabit these schools which you are about to build, will have their hearts filled with love of the faith of Patrick, and the land of Patrick, love of that ancient faith which has withstood fire and sword, love of that ancient land which, after centuries of darkness and oppression, is at last, we all believe, emerging into the light of freedom (loud applause). I now have the greatest possible pleasure in declaring the bazaar open (renewed applause).

ST. GABRIEL'S JUVENILE T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

At the meeting of St. Gabriel's Juvenile T. A. & B. Society, held last Sunday afternoon, four new members took the pledge and were initiated. The nomination of officers then took place, and all the officers had contentments with the exception of President, Mr. J. J. Collins, being re-elected by acclamation. The elections will take place in December. St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society invited the Juveniles to their anniversary service and also to the reception to be held after the religious services. The arrangements are being arranged twice a week, and the membership at present is reaching the 300 mark.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

At St. Michael's Church on Monday morning a requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the soul of the late Father Strubbe.

Next Sunday a four weeks' mission will be opened in St. Ann's parish. The Redemptorist Fathers of Saratoga, N.Y., will be the preachers.

On Monday morning at 8 o'clock a requiem service was celebrated at the chapel of the Sisters of Mercy for the Rev. Abbe Bourassa, late cure of St. Louis de France parish. The Rev. Abbe Dupuis was celebrant, assisted by Rev. Abbes Richard, S.S., and Bernier, O.M.I. His Lordship Bishop Racicot presided at the Libera.

At a meeting of the St. Ann's Young Men's Society, held on Oct. 29, resolutions were passed expressing deepest sorrow on the death of Rev. Father Strubbe, their late spiritual director. It was resolved at this meeting to erect a memorial tablet in St. Ann's Church expressive of the great regret the society experienced, and to have a Mass offered weekly.

CONVENT AT ST. LAURENT RECEIVED GIFT.

The convent of St. Laurent was the recipient of a fine bell, the gift of Mr. Robitaille, advocate. His Lordship Bishop Racicot performed the ceremony of blessing it last Sunday. This bell, which weighs 600 pounds, bears the names Anne, Marie, Justine, Adolphe.

FEAST OF ST. CECILIA.

Last Sunday, by anticipation, was celebrated the feast of St. Cecilia. Solemn high Mass was sung at the Church of the Gesù, the preacher of the occasion being Rev. Father Loiseau, S.J. Seats were reserved for invited guests and members of the Union Ste. Cecile, who attended in a body.

COLONIZATION CONGRESS.

At present there is being held a Colonization Congress at St. Jerome. The session, which will last three days, opened on Tuesday. The day was taken up with reception of guests, reading of papers, speculating, and in the evening a banquet was held. The name of Father Labelle was frequently on the lip, he and the clergy after him taking such a live interest in the work of settlement and development of the country. His well-remembered words were quoted: "Where you build a church, you establish a centre of colonization."

BRANCH 26, C.M.B.A.

Branch 26, C.M.B.A., held a very successful reunion and excursions last Friday evening at the King's Hall, over three hundred persons being present. The President, Mr. J. H. Maiden, assisted by Messrs. W. F. Wall, W. Palmer, T. R. Stevens and James McCabe received the guests. The lady prize winners were Mrs. Malcolm, Mrs. Joseph O'Brien and Miss Murray, and the gentlemen Messrs. J. J. Costigan, W. Grant, and A. Murray. Supper was served at midnight and was followed by dancing. Branch 24 will celebrate its twentieth anniversary by an "at home" in the Conservatory Hall on November 30.

ST. JOSEPH'S HOME.

The tombola which took place last Friday evening at St. Joseph's Home was a decided success, considering that Mr. David Bennett and Mr. J. Shanahan, who organized the little affair, were rather shy in disposing of the tickets. The ladies, however, came in the nick of time and persuaded their friends, so that every one was either sold by a house to house canvass or disposed of by the dies at the Home before the drawing. The prizes were a watch, given by Mr. David Bennett; a box of cigars, by Mr. J. Shanahan; a fountain pen, by the N. K. Fairbank Co.; a quarter of beef, by Mr. F. H. Carlin; a boy's winter suit, by Mr. M. Curran; a shaving set, by Mrs. M. J. Walsh; five pounds of tea, by Mrs. McArthur; two pigs, by Mr. B. Dubord; a work box, by Mr. Bennett; a dozen of se-

binet photos to order, by Mr. P. J. Gordon; two clocks by different persons. In all there were fifteen prizes, some of which are not as yet claimed. The ticket numbers are: 1058, 21, 25, 476, 1142, 191, 1098, 481.

We hope that before long Father Holland will give his friends another opportunity to aid his grand little work, and that he will notify them in time, for many only heard of the tombola when all was over.

ARCHBISHOP BRUCHESI VISITS THE BOYS OF ST. ANN'S SCHOOL.

His Grace the Archbishop of Montreal paid his first visit to the boys of St. Ann's School on Wednesday afternoon last. The Archbishop, accompanied by Rev. Father Perrier, was escorted to the hall by Rev. Father Rioux, rector, and by Rev. Bro. William, director of the school. The large hall was beautifully decorated with flags, banners and appropriate mottoes.

Over the throne was displayed the Papal authority "Tara and keys," while on either side hung in graceful folds the flags of Erin and that of the Dominion and the United States. Over the stage hung an immense scroll on which were inscribed the words "Vivat, Pastor Bonus."

As His Grace entered the hall the school choir sang the chorus "Benedictus" in a very efficient manner. Then followed a programme of vocal and instrumental music, consisting of choruses by the choir and selections by the file and drum band.

The musical program finished, Master J. McCarthy, advancing to the front of the stage, read the address at the conclusion of which Master P. O'Reilly, on the part of the school, presented an offering to His Grace.

The Archbishop, in his reply, thanked the boys for the very kind reception they had given him, and expressed himself highly pleased with the musical programme rendered. He encouraged the boys in their studies and insisted on the necessity of being well grounded in all branches of knowledge, especially in Christian doctrine.

As a souvenir of his visit His Grace declared that Saturday would be grand holiday for the boys.

BLESSING OF CHIMES FOR ST. JAMES CHURCH.

Probably never has the ceremony of the blessing of bells attracted such a concourse of people as that which attended the ceremony last Sunday afternoon at St. James Church, St. Denis street. Hundreds were unable to gain admission. The interior of the church was gaily decorated, while the sanctuary and altars were ablaze with lights. Clergy from the different parishes of the city filled the sanctuary. Near the door of the church were the largest four of the bells, while an equal number were placed within the sanctuary. Each was covered with silk, on which was inscribed suitable emblems.

The dedication sermon was preached by Abbe Brousseau, of Mount St. Louis. He explained the significance of the ceremony and the place of bells in Catholic worship. Rev. Mr. Charrier, the parish priest, then addressed a few words to Archbishop Bruchesi, who was present and who in turn replied, saying that those in high stations had there come together with those in more humble positions to perform a pious duty, and he would pray God that it would ever be thus in Montreal.

The Archbishop then proceeded to perform the ceremony of blessing at the conclusion of which the bells were rung for the first time by His Grace, the Lieutenant-Governor, and the clergy present.

Among those present were Sir Louis and Lady Jette, Sir Alexander and Lady Lacoste, Hon. Lomer Gouin, Mr. Justice and Madame Robitaille, Hon. J. J. and Madame Roland, Hon. P. E. and Madame Leblanc, Mr. F. J. and Madame Bisson, Consul-General Kiezkowski, Mr. Jacques Grier, Mr. and Madame R. Bellemare, Mr. and Madame H. Gervais, Dr. and Mrs. Mount, and Capt. Sheppard, A.D.C. to the Lieutenant-Governor. The bells will be immediately put in the tower, and when ready will rank next to those of Notre Dame.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S ANNIVERSARY.

Last Sunday, St. Ann's Young Men's Society held its anniversary services. At 7.45 the members marched from St. Ann's Hall to the church and assisted at the 8 o'clock Mass and received Holy Communion in a body. The Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Lemire, C.S.S.R. In the evening they again assembled and marched to the church, where special services were held. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Thos. Heffernan of St. Anthony's Church.

Taking for his text: "I beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation in which you are called, with all humility and mildness, with patience supporting one another in charity, careful to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace" (Eph. chap. 4, vs. 1, 2, 3.) he said:

I have selected these words of the Apostle to form a guiding text to my theme this evening. Throughout the length and breadth of your city, it has been heralded that the members of St. Ann's Young Men's Society approached Holy Communion in a body for the benefit of the souls of their deceased members and of their founder and director, the Rev. Father Strubbe, of loved memory. Well, my dear young men, I have been selected to preach to you this evening, and I have selected these words of St. Paul which point forcibly to unity. We notice in the secular reunion of society how orators harp upon the motto: "United we stand, divided we fall." We must be as one if we would succeed, but especially so as children of God, for He is the head of the family of Christians, and we easily recall the prayer of His only Son—praying for unity among men: "That they may be one as Thou, Father, in me and I in Thee." It is not, however, on this specific unity that I would dwell this evening, it is on that other grand unity of the body Catholic, as we find its members in the family circle, in the business world, in social life. Its principles, as you may infer, are general, all that is required is its application in all circumstances with a fidelity like unto Christ's. To preserve this sweet virtue, the Apostle mentions four virtues—humility, meekness, patience, charity.

As fire and water are incompatible, so also pride and unity. Pride has for her daughters self-will, envy, selfishness, hatred, disobedience, self-exaltation and contempt of others. As the waters of the earth send their vapors heavenward, begetting thunder and lightning and other stormy accidents, so the vapors of pride, which arise from the heart into the head, raise discord and dissensions. Our everyday life proves, without doubt, that the pride of one man can bring great dissension, not alone into a family, but even into a whole community.

The preacher dwelt at length on the necessity of practising meekness, humility, patience and charity, so as to make our lives worthy of the Divine Model. In conclusion, he exhorted the members to live in unity and peace, to be models in society, thus giving good example to all as worthy imitators of Christ.

After the sermon solemn Benediction was imparted by Rev. Father Fortier, C.S.S.R., during which the choir was heard to good advantage.

SISTERS OF MOUNT CARMEL IN RETREAT.

A retreat is being held at present for the Sisters of Mount Carmel at which the Rev. Father Belval is the preacher.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Keep the house comfortably clean, but do not carry cleanliness to such a point that the home will constantly be an accusing finger, with yourself as the great human sacrifice. A man loves to have things neat and orderly about him, but he hates to be reminded constantly that his wife is the drudge who has accomplished it. And remember also, by one of the contradictions of fate which are so frequently cropping up in life, that the woman who exerts herself the least is the one most humored and cosseted. But, after all is said and done, there is little need for a woman to kill herself in these days of improved appliances. Invention has not only invaded the kitchen and stamped nearly every article there with some device for the saving of strength and labor, but has covered pretty well the entire house. Sweeping, dusting, scrubbing and polishing are now accomplished with one half the exertion of past times.

GIRLS AND BAD NOVELS.

In the past we have had occasion to call the attention of parents and teachers to the evil and pernicious effect of bad reading. This time we will allow the *Journal of Kansas City* to speak. It says in a recent issue:

"Half the woe that comes to girls in this world is the result of bad novels. They pore over all the silly, senseless stuff and get filled up with all sorts of romantic but improper ideas, and it need not be surprising that they try to cut some of the capers that their glittering heroes do." It is the duty, then, of Catholic parents to save their children from such mistaken notions of morality by providing them with good reading—papers and books that will inculcate sound principles and inspire them to be good Catholics and conscientious men and women.—*Sacred Heart Review*.

THE HANGING OF PICTURES.

In hanging pictures the guiding principles as to height is the level of the eye, but combined with that are equally important considerations of size, shade and color, in relation both to wall spaces and to each other. The inclination seems to be to hang pictures too high, giving an impression of being skied.

Too high, too far apart, poorly balanced and forming steps or gables are pitfalls to be avoided. When one's pictures are large and can be hung one in a place, with a thought only for the proper height and lighting, the problem is a comparatively simple one. The eye must rest directly upon it; it must not give the impression of weighing heavily upon the piece of furniture, nor must it float off into space above. The shapes must harmonize with the shape of the place of furniture beneath, as well as with the space. That the dark places must have light pictures and the dark photographs hang in the high lights can easily be seen.

ENRICHING EXPERIENCE.

Why has art so large a place in the lives of the Japanese? Perhaps because they begin to touch art early in life.

In a recent trip around the world the eminent English surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, spent considerable time in Japan. On the occasion of his visit to a famous temple the only living creature met with in the temple grounds was an old woman carrying a golden-faced baby—her grandson.

"Why have you come to a place so solitary?" Sir Frederick asked. "I thought it would do the baby good to see the plum blossom," the old woman replied, with the soft urbanity of her race.

THE DREADED CROUP.

A baby attacked by croup is the cause of the utmost alarm to an inexperienced mother. A doctor should be sent for, but meanwhile the mother may wring out flannels in very hot water, and place them on the child's throat, changing them very often so as to keep them hot. A very small baby may be entirely wrapped up in a blanket wrung out of water as hot as it can be borne. If possible, get a kitchen kettle of boiling water and place it so that the child may inhale the steam from it. The child's breathing will be greatly alleviated by this treatment.

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN.

The best of us talk too much. "The essence of power is reserve," said a man who knew.

Many a reputation has been built on silence. Many a one is spoiled through rushing prematurely and volubly into speech.

It is safe to be silent when your words would wound. "Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the old proverb, but one wants to be mighty sure one's friend needs the wounding and that we are qualified to administer it.

Keep still when your words will discourage. It is infinitely better to be dumb forever than to make one fellow-being less able to cope with life.

Keep still when your words will incite to anger or discomfort. An incredible amount of breath is used in the evil practice of trying to make our friends dislike their friends.

Never speak when what you have to say is merely for the purpose of exalting yourself.

Shut your lips with a key when you are inspired to babble incontinently of yourself—your ailments, your accomplishments, relations, loves, hatreds, hopes and desires. It is only to the choice rare friend that one may speak of these things without becoming a fool.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

NURSERY NOTES.

Don't take your children out in goats. They are very good for children over three, but younger ones need a baby carriage.

A successful method of giving children powders is to cut open a small piece of chocolate cream, insert the powder and close the chocolate again. Don't curl or plait a child's hair tightly if you want it to grow long and thick. Many a scanty crop of tresses in later life is due to straining the hair while the child is growing.

Comfortable footwear for children is indispensable to the proper development of the legs. With the feet in a comparatively helpless condition it is quite impossible for the calf muscles to work properly. Four hours is the longest interval during which children should go without food in the daytime, and something, if it is only a drink of milk and a biscuit, should always be given them the last thing before going to bed.

GOOD ADVICE.

The Rev. J. H. Murtagh, at a Father Mathew memorial meeting at Sioux City, Iowa, October 17, issued a warning to girls of the Epiphany Cathedral parish against marrying men addicted to the use of intoxicants with the intention of reforming them. He said the girl who took

such a course was running long chances, and he cited numerous instances which had come under his observation in order to prove his contention. No matter how much a girl loved a man, and no matter how much the man seemed to love the girl, the uncontrollable appetite for liquor would come between them and the girl would be the sufferer as well as the man.

RECIPES.

Rice Cakes with Creamed Fish.—Boil some rice, and when it is tender and dry season it with butter, salt, pepper and a little curry powder. Spread the rice on a buttered baking pan and leave it for several hours. Then cut it with a cookie cutter into rounds, scoop out a little of the rice from the middle of each, roll in egg and bread crumbs and fry in deep fat. Have ready some cooked fish that has been heated up in a rice cream sauce and fill the hollows of the cakes with it. Sprinkle with minced parsley and serve very hot.

Here is a dessert that may be prepared in a hurry: Whip a pint of rich cream and place on a round platter with ladyfingers arranged in the form of a star, the cream piled in the middle; dot the top of the cream with maraschino cherries, pouring the liquor over the sponge fingers.

Potato Balls.—Two pounds of potatoes, a little butter, chopped parsley, chopped ham, pepper and salt, one egg. Peel the potatoes, boil them in salted water till quite done, strain and put the pan on the side of the fire to steam, then mash thoroughly with a little butter, pepper and salt and chopped ham and parsley to taste. Form the potato into small balls, brush over with egg, and bake to a delicate color in the oven. The more ham that can be added to the dish the better.

TIMELY HINTS.

A satisfactory way of preventing fish from tainting a refrigerator or any of its contents is to wrap the fish closely in a cloth wrung out of cold water. This will also prevent it from becoming hard and dry.

For those troubled with roaches and water bugs borax burned on a shovel or old pie tin and sprinkled in their runways will induce them to leave their happy homes "for good."

Iron embroideries on the wrong side over a thin, smooth cloth over flannel. Never touch lace directly with an iron on either side. Heavy laces and tatting should not be ironed, but pinned out on a board over cloth. If they seem stiff when taken out rub them gently with the fingers.

It is asserted that light scratches or marks on polished tables or chairs can be effaced by rubbing the meat of the common black walnut over them. After the oil of the nut has been rubbed in it is hardly possible to find the scratch. If the furniture is black walnut this would seem on the homeopathic principle of "similia similibus curantur."

If a brush such as painters use is used for dusting books the work will be much more satisfactorily done than

PSYCHINE

(PRONOUNCED SI-KEEN)

COUGH AND LUNG TROUBLE

"PSYCHINE" differs radically from the old fogey medicines. It is compounded on new and advanced methods of curing disease, otherwise it would be just like scores of others, without any exceptional merits. But "PSYCHINE" possesses virtues of healing, that no other preparation in the world does.

There never has been in the history of medicine, such a truly remarkable remedy, for the prompt and complete cure of obstinate coughs and lung trouble. There is nothing else just like it, or nothing else one half so good. Thousands of men and women readily and enthusiastically give testimony to prove the statement.

PSYCHINE BUILT ME UP

Linden, N. S., June 7th, 1904.

"I cannot speak too highly for your excellent I may say invaluable—remedy for weakness of throat, lungs or declining conditions. My brother, mother, and sister died of consumption, and I suppose I inherited a tendency in this direction, but, thank God, through the use of PSYCHINE I to-day enjoy good health. I suffered for some two years from a distressing, obstinate cough and weak lungs. I used PSYCHINE and OXOMULSION, and they built me right up. My lungs are now strong and I enjoy splendid health. Yours truly,

"ELLA M. COVE"

GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

AT ALL DRUGGISTS—ONE DOLLAR—TRIAL FREE

The Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, 178 King Street West, Toronto

The Bad Cold of To-Day MAY BE PNEUMONIA TO-MORROW.

The sore throat or tickling cough that, to the gardener, seems but a trivial annoyance, may develop into Pneumonia, Bronchitis, or some Throat or Lung trouble.

DR. WOODS' NORWAY PINE SYRUP

contains all the lung-healing virtues of the pine tree, and is a sure cure for Coughs, Colds and all Throat or Lung troubles. Mrs. B. H. Hunsdon, 188 Argyle Street, Toronto, writes: "I have been a sufferer from Chronic Bronchitis for years and have found Dr. Woods' Norway Pine Syrup far better than any of the hundreds of remedies I have used. Our whole family use it in cases of Coughs or Colds. We would not be without it."

Don't be humbugged into taking something "just as good," ask for Dr. Woods' and insist on getting it. Put up in yellow wrapper, three pine trees is the trade mark and price 25 cents.

with a cloth or feather duster, instead of which can dislodge the fine particles of dust from the corners and crevices. It is also very useful for dusting picture frames, bric-a-brac and moldings.

One of the surest and best ways of removing soot or dirt of any kind from a moquette, velvet or axminster carpet is to rub cornmeal well into the spots and then spread sparingly over the whole carpet. Sweep off, and the spots will be gone, leaving the carpet as bright as new.

FUNNY SAYINGS.

THE TWELFTH JUROR.

"Where is the twelfth juror?" exclaimed an Idaho judge as court reconvened, after a recess, with only eleven good men and true in the box. One juror arose. "Please, Judge," said he, "it's like Simmons as is gone. He had to go on private business, but he's left his verdict with me."

"I am from Bryn Mawr," a trifle self-sufficiently said a tourist. "Of course, you have heard of Bryn Mawr?"

"Well, by George!" ejaculated a prominent citizen of Oklahoma. "So that's a place, is it? That's shorely news to me, Podnet! I remember readin' them words som'ers, but I always sorter thought they was the name of a throat disease of some kind."

One evening she had set the batch of dough to rise in the kitchen and was reading in the parlor, when her six-year-old boy came running to her crying, "Mamma, mamma, there's a mouse jumped into your bread pan!" The good woman sprang from her seat.

"Did you take him out?" she asked, frantically. "No'm, but I done just as good. I threw the cat in, and she's digging after him to beat the band."

The Rev. Dr. Marshall, a convert to the Church, who was a very large man, had been attending a meeting at Dublin, and took a covered car to go where he was staying. Before he got into the car he asked the driver to tell him what the fare was. The answer came:

"I'll leave that to your reverence." "But how much is it?" "Whatever your reverence pleases." "That won't do. I shall not get into the car until you tell me the fare."

"Get in at once, your reverence, for if the horse turns and gets a sight of you, the devil a step he'll go at all."

TOLD IN THE BARBER SHOP.

The bath man told me this story the other day:

An Irishman and a Jew were having an argument, that grew heated as it progressed, regarding the preponderance of Jews or Irish in heaven. Finally they decided that each should name those of his compatriots whom he believed to be in the celestial region, and for each one named he would pull a hair from the other's beard.

A toss was made for first choice, and the Irishman won. "St. Patrick," he promptly exclaimed, and out came a strand from the Jewish whisker.

"The twelve apostles," retorted Mr. Isaac, and a small handful was dragged from the face of McMilligan.

This was getting serious for Mr. Isaac, and he began to concede both heaven and the hair to the Jew. He thought deeply for a few brief seconds and shouted, "The Ancient Order of Hibernians!" The Jewish beard and the argument ended right there—"Potpourri" of Catholic Union and Times.

A SONG IN THE AFTERDUSK.

Bright twinkling stars are shining now,
My little love and I stroll hand in hand,
Night deepens over all the vernal land,
While soft we breathe our true love's vesper vow.

Then sweet and still more sweet we sing,
Then dear and ever dearer ring
The verses old our hearts repeat,
Where knows, but love, our trysting seat.

A song to-night here in the darkling wood,
A quaint old song it is and simple too,
Yet with its olden notes her heart I'll woo.

For, sooth, my love, she counts it very good.

Then sweet and still more sweet we sing,
Then dear and ever dearer ring,
The verses old our hearts repeat,
Where knows but love our trysting seat.

—M. L. O'Malley.

An old couple from the country were gazing at a marble memorial to a bishop, which showed him sinking into the arms of an allegorical figure intended to represent the Angel of Death. The old lady surveyed the monument critically, and then remarked that it was a good likeness of the bishop. "But," she added, "it ain't a bit like his wife. I knew her well, and she wore spectacles and side curls."

BLOODLESS GIRLS

Find New Health Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When you see a young girl pale and ailing and wasting away, you know that budding womanhood is making new demands upon her blood supply which she cannot meet. Month after month her health, her strength, her very life, is being drained away. No food and no care can do her any good. Common medicine cannot save her from broken health and a hopeless decline. New blood is the one thing that can make her a healthy, cheerful, rosy-cheeked girl. And Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood with every dose. That is the whole secret of how they have saved thousands of pale, anaemic girls from an early grave. Miss Alice Chaput, aged 17 years, living at 475 St. Timothee street, Montreal, gives strong proof of the power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to cure. "A couple of years ago," says Miss Chaput, "I was an almost continuous sufferer, and became so weak I could hardly go about. I suffered from frequent and prolonged spells of dizziness, I had frightful headaches, and my stomach was completely out of order. The least exertion would leave me worn out and breathless, and I did not appear to have a drop of good blood in my body. I consulted a doctor, who told me the trouble was general debility, but his treatment did not help me a particle. To add to the trouble my nerves gave way, and I often passed sleepless nights. At this stage a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got a few boxes. The first benefit I noticed from the use of the pills was an improved appetite, and this seemed to bring much relief. I continued taking the pills until I had used six boxes, when I was fully restored to health, and I have not had a day's illness since. I cannot praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enough for the great good they have done me."

A pale anaemic person needs only one thing—new blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do one thing only—they make new blood. That is all they do, but they do it well. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They caused originally from bad blood. But when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills replace bad blood with good blood they strike straight at the root and cause of all common diseases like headaches, dizziness, backaches, kidney trouble, liver complaint, biliousness, indigestion, anaemia, neuralgia, sciatica, locomotor ataxia and the special secret troubles that every woman knows but that none of them like to talk about, even to their doctors. But you must have the genuine pills, or you can't be cured, and the genuine always have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent direct by mail for 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

While there is light,
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
Upon His way:
Deep in the woodlands
Unto His Voice hark I
When it grows dark.

While there is light,
Learn the bird's art,
Building and singing
With buoyant heart;
For now the woodlands
Are silent and marl
How it grows dark.

While there is light,
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
Upon His way:
Deep in the woodlands
Unto His Voice hark I
When it grows dark.

While there is light,
Garner thy sheaves,
Above life's famine,
Its fallen leaves;
Lo! from the woodlands,
Upsoareth the lark,
Out of the dark.

In many instances the heart is a better guide than the more logical mind.

The efficacy of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup in curing coughs and colds and arresting inflammation of the lungs, can be established by hundreds of testimonials from all sorts and conditions of men. It is a standard remedy in these ailments and all ailments of the throat and lungs. It is highly recommended by medicine men, because they know and appreciate its value as a curative. Try it.

The Poet's Corner.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Oh, it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured aves sink
To slumber tender-hearted.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them.

Since now they are God's only
Ah each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.

He mourns not seasons fled
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead! They have become
Like guardian angels to us;
And distant heaven like home
Through them begins to woo us.

Love that was earthly wings
Its flight to holier places;
The dead are sacred things
That multiply our graces.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven:
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back now to us are given.

They move with noiseless feet
Gravely and sweetly round us
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead! To heaven
With grudging eyes we gave you;
To Him—be doubts forgiven!
Who took you there to save you.

Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.
—Father Faber.

THE ROBIN'S RED BREAST.

The Saviour, bowed beneath His cross,
Climbed up the dreary hill,
While from the agonizing wreath
Ran many a crimson rill.

The cruel Romans thrust Him on
With unrelenting hand
Till, staggering slowly mid the crowd
He fell upon the sand.

A little bird that warbled near,
That memorable day,
Flitted around and strove to wrench
One single thorn away.

The cruel spike impaled his breast,
And thus, 'tis sweetly said,
The robin has his crimson vest
Incarnadined with red.

Ah, Jesu, Jesu, Son of Man!
My dolor and my sighs
Reveal the lesson taught by this
Winged Ishmael of the skies.

I, in the palace of delight
Or cavern of despair,
Have plucked no thorns from Thy
dear brow.

But planted thousands there.
—Brother James Randall, in *Frederick, Md., News*.

WHILE THERE IS LIGHT.

While there is light,
Cull from the flowers
Brightness to cheer thee,
Thro' wintry hours;
See, in the woodlands
Nor glimmer, nor spark!
Soon it grows dark.

While there is light
Learn the bird's art,
Building and singing
With buoyant heart;
For now the woodlands
Are silent and marl
How it grows dark.

While there is light,
Guard thy lamp's ray,
To meet the Bridegroom
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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys:

Just one letter this is from an old friend, speaks of having her I suppose that will boys and girls long of snow. This is a bring to your mind birds. You all know suffer more or less in ther. So, now, make tuition of scattering out is such an easy task, task at all, simply a Our little feathered friend depend on chance for so let the boys and girls themselves to show th which will have a prou the recording angel's Your loving

Dear Aunt Becky:

Since I have not written for a long time, I am very sorry I could not with the corrie. How good one to keep up with you see a letter of his nearly every second ride on my sleigh was glad to see so many paper. We are going Royalty, near Charlotte spring. The school is and I do not like to lecher is so nice. Papa was not going to be coast on. I like that by's nest. I hope to sins. Of course there winter comes. I remain Your loving

Bay View, P.E.I.

THE NEW BA

Yes I've got a little bro Never asked to have him But he's here. They just went away and And, last week, the d him,

Weren't that queer When I heard the news Why, I thought at first 'Cause, you see, I s'posed I could go and And then mamma, cour him

Play with me. But when I had one lo "Why," I says, "Grea that him!"

Just that mite!" They said: "Yes," and cumin'?"

And I thought they must He's a sight!" He's so small, it's just And you'd think that he He's so red.

And his nose is like a b And he's bald as Uncle Oh his head.

Why, he isn't worth a b All he does is cry and He can't stop.

Won't sit up, you can't a I don't see why he don't At the shop.

Now we've got to dress And we really didn't need More'n a frog;

Why'd they buy a baby I When they know I'd a g ther

Have a dog?

WHY HERBERT GAVE ING.

"It's too mean for anything and Herbert, in spite of years. 'They might tak Just as well as not."

"What would I do with the man?" asked mamma. Herbert refused to be consol

"You've got papa and you needn't be afraid. I Ralph could be so selfish, as good and do every them if they'd only tak

"Well, pack your traps, said the voice of his big him. "I asked the they'd care, and they sa go. There, don't squeak off."

Herbert was so delighted he had to say yes and make a big bundle of ch her small son. "It will two weeks, mamma," he

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Just one letter this week, and it is from an old friend, Monica. She speaks of having her first sleigh ride. I suppose that will make all my boys and girls long for a heavy fall of snow. This is a good time to bring to your minds the care of the birds. You all know that they must suffer more or less in the cold weather. So, now, make the good resolution of scattering out crumbs. This is such an easy task, in fact, not a task at all, simply a labor of love. Our little feathered friends have to depend on chance for what they eat, so let the boys and girls take it upon themselves to show them a kindness which will have a prominent place in the recording angel's book.

Your loving

AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

Since I have not written to you for a long time, I am going to write. I am very sorry I could not keep up with the corner. Harold D. is a good one to keep up with the corner. You see a letter of his in the paper nearly every second week. My first ride on my sleigh was to-day. I am glad to see so many letters in the paper. We are going to move to Royalty, near Charlottetown, next spring. The school is not so near and I do not like to leave. Our teacher is so nice. Papa said there was not going to be any hill to coast on. I like that story of Bobby's nest. I hope to see more cousins. Of course there will be when winter comes. I remain,

Your loving niece,

MONICA.

Bay View, P.E.I.

THE NEW BABY.

Yes I've got a little brother. Never asked to have him, nuther. But he's here. They just went away and bought him. And, last week, the doctor brought him. Weren't that queer? When I heard the news from Molly, Why, I thought at first 'twas jolly. 'Cause, you see, I s'posed I could go and get him. And then mamma, course, would let him. Play with me. But when I had once looked at him, "Why," I says, "Great snakes, is that him?" Just that mite!" They said: "Yes," and "Ain't he cunnin'?" And I thought they must be funnin'—He's a sight! He's so small, it's just amazin'. And you'd think that he was blazin'. He's so red. And his nose is like a berry. And he's bald as Uncle Jerry. Oh his head. Why, he isn't worth a brick. All he does is cry and kick. He can't stop. Won't sit up, you can't arrange him—I don't see why he don't change him. At the shop. Now we've got to dress and feed him. And we really didn't need him. More'n a frog. Why'd they buy a baby brother. When they know I'd a good deal rather have a dog?

WHY HERBERT GAVE UP CAMPING.

"It's too mean for anything!" wailed Herbert, in spite of his seven years. "They might take me along just as well as not." "What would I do without my little man?" asked mamma. But Herbert refused to be consoled. "You've got papa and the baby, so you needn't be afraid. I didn't think Ralph could be so selfish. I'd be just as good and do every errand for them if they'd only take me." "Well, pack your traps, youngster," said the voice of his big brother behind him. "I asked the fellows if they'd care, and they said you might go. There, don't squeeze my hand off."

Herbert was so delighted that mamma had to say yes and hurry to make a big bundle of clothes up for her small son. "It will only be for two weeks, mamma," he said as he looked her good-bye. "and you surely can stand it that long. I put my picture on your dressing, and I'll

think of you at bedtime every night. Good-by."

Somehow mamma didn't cry as hard as he expected her to do, but the fun of rumbling along in a big farm wagon made Herbert forget everything else. The camp was ten miles from home, and it took a long time to drive that distance through the hot sun, for the wagon was loaded with tents and other things needed in camping. Just at noon they came in sight of the pretty grove by the lake, and Herbert remembered his promise to do all the errands as the boys set up the tents.

"Not want any dinner! Are you sick?" demanded Ralph, as Herbert refused a boiled potatoe and some friend bacon.

"I like my potatoes mashed," stammered Herbert, "and I never eat fat meat."

"He's as sleepy as can be," said an older boy, looking with pity at the tired little figure. "Take a nap on those clothes, sonny, and you'll have your appetite when you wake up."

It was four o'clock when Herbert came out of the tent, and he was very hungry indeed. One of the boys gave him some bread and milk in an old tin, and then he offered to do some errands as he had promised.

"Can you clean fish?" asked the big boy who had charge of the camp for the day, very soberly. "Well, maybe you can roast potatoes in the ashes?" he went on, as Herbert shook his head. "Or you might run across the field to that farm house for some milk and eggs."

Were those the errands campers had to do? Herbert looked across the field and it seemed to him the house must be a mile away at least. He could go to the grocery for mamma, and wheel the baby in her cab up and down the walk; but there was no grocery here, nor babies to take care of. One of the boys went for the milk, and Herbert was given an old fork to turn the ham in the frying pan on the curious brick stove, while the big boy stirred up some cornmeal to bake little cakes before the glowing coals.

After supper the boys sat around the fire telling stories and making plans for the next day's fun, but Herbert was very silent. He snuggled as close as possible to Ralph, and thought of mamma wishing for him at home with only the baby to keep her company until papa got home. The big boys glanced anxiously at the drooping little boy, but not one of them said a word about home.

"Hello! Anybody at home?" called a familiar voice, and there in the dusk were papa and mamma with old Dobbin and the buggy. "We found Ralph's fishing tackle after the wagon started, so we thought we would take a drive and bring it out to him."

"I thought maybe you came after me," said Herbert with a sigh, throwing his arms around mamma's neck. "I've been wondering who would get the milk for you in the morning."

"I've been thinking of that, too," said mamma, with a little squeeze. "I wish you didn't want to camp with the boys so much."

"Oh, I'll go home with you," said Herbert, eagerly. "Papa says the milk pail is too heavy for you to carry."

"And who will do our errands?" asked the big boy.

"Well, there's such a lot of you boys, and mamma has only one. Get-up, Dobbin!"

A FORGOTTEN PARTY.

"Did my son post that letter I gave him yesterday?" asked Ned's mamma.

Ned's hand dived into the inside pocket of his coat and brought out a crumpled letter.

"I'm so sorry, mamma!" he cried, seeing the gloved look on his mamma's face.

"I, too, am sorry," responded mamma, "as that was a letter inviting Aunt Amy to stop off here on her way home."

"Oh! Oh!" cried Ned. "And I do so love Aunt Amy!"

"If you catch this mail the letter may yet be in time," said mamma. Ned ran off as fast as he could to post the precious letter.

Another day it was a school book which he left out in the orchard, it rained all night and ruined his book. Ned tried to remember, but always forgot.

One day Uncle Charlie heard Ned say to his mamma:

"Flague take my forgettery!" Un-

THREE Trying Times in A WOMAN'S LIFE WHEN MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are almost an absolute necessity towards her future health.

The first when she is just budding from girlhood into the full bloom of womanhood.

The second period that constitutes a special strain on the system is during pregnancy.

The third and the one most liable to leave heart and nerve troubles is during "change of life."

In all these periods Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will prove of wonderful value to tide her over the time. Mrs. James King, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I was troubled very much with heart trouble—the cause being to a great extent due to 'change of life.' I have been taking your Heart and Nerve Pills for some time, and mean to continue doing so, as I can truthfully say they are the best remedy I have ever used for building up the system. You are at liberty to use this statement for the benefit of other sufferers."

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

cle Charlie knew that Ned had been forgetting again, and he thought of a plan to cure Ned of his habit.

"Ned will be eight years old Saturday," said mamma that day at tea time.

"Can I have a party with both boys and girls and plum-cakes and candles?" cried Ned.

"Of course you can," said Uncle Charlie. "I'll buy the candles—eight and one to grow on."

"I'll bake the plum-cake," said mamma.

"I'll write the invitations," said Sister Nell.

"I'll make a heaping platter of fudges," laughed Aunt Amy, who, after all, had gotten the delayed letter in time.

"And I," said papa, "will send up some ice cream."

Ned danced with joy and ran off to school with a hop, skip and jump. Saturday morning Ned's mamma sent him over so far to Mr. Benton's, who raised vegetables and chickens to sell. Try as he would, Ned could not get home until just dinner time but he told Mr. Benton all about his party, and Mr. Benton gave him a cute little bantam chicken for his birthday present.

"Well, well," said Uncle Charlie, "I forgot all about those candles!"

"I've been so busy," said Aunt Amy, "that I forgot to make the fudges!"

"And I," said papa, "forgot to order the ice cream. It is too bad!"

"It doesn't matter at all," said Sister Nell, "for I forgot to invite anyone to the party."

Ned's face grew longer and longer, and he looked at his mamma, who had not spoken yet. "Surely, she had not forgotten!"

"Why," laughed Uncle Charlie, before mamma could speak, "it'll be a forgot party, won't it?"

This was too much. Ned burst into tears and ran up to his own little room. After what seemed a long, long time to Ned, and to Ned's mamma, too, she stole upstairs with a big piece of plum-cake, for, try as she would, mamma could not forget her little boy's birthday.

After that, when Ned forgot, which he seldom did, someone would say, "I guess we would better have another forgot party."

ODD MINUTES.

"Dear me," said Sue, "Isn't it mean that there's not time for things?"

"For what?" asked a tiny, white-haired lady, tilting her head on one side, like a bird, to see if a bit of pink muslin looked well beside a brown gingham triangle.

"I mean extras," said Sue, settling herself on the rug in front of the crackling fire. "Of course, I have to get my lessons and practice, and do my part of the housework, but there are things I want to do, and plan to do, and don't do."

Sue thought that grandmother might pay attention, and she went on in a louder key: "Now, I decided

Sunday to run in and see old Mrs. Williams, and write to Pauline to keep her from being homesick and boarding school, and lend Nell some of my birthday books; and here it is Saturday, and I've not done any of them—only regular things."

"What time was it when you began to talk to me?" asked the grandmother.

"Twelve, I think."

"And now it is—"

"Ten minutes past."

"Could you write one page of a letter to Pauline in ten minutes?"

"Oh, two; I write awfully fast, and—"

"Odds and ends of cloth make a quilt," said the grandmother, softly,

"and odds and ends of time can be patched up very nicely, too."

"Oh," laughed Sue, running to the desk; "there are still ten minutes before dinner."

THE FAIRIES' TEA.

Five little fairies went out to take tea

Under the shade of a juniper tree.

Each had a cup from an acorn ball cut

And a plate from the rind of a hickory nut.

And the table was spread with a cloth all of lace,

Which the spiders had woven the banquet to grace.

Oh, such good things as they all had to eat!

Slices of strawberry—my, what a treat!

Honey the sweetest the wild bee could give.

And a humming bird's egg for each one of the five.

Then they plodded their host's health in their favorite drink,

Which was—well, what was it? Can any one think?

Why, the dewdrop that comes from the heart of the rose

Is the drink of the fairies, as every one knows!

BUYING A PAPER.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the City Hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell a paper on this here block, mister, cos it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't get around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He is a fortunate boy to have such friends."


The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field—Exchange.

I WOULD RATHER SING.

An eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand, was brought to a physician. It was necessary to make a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair and was admonished gently by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.



Fruit-a-tives

OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS"

Fruit with tonics. Try them for constipation, headaches, biliousness, skin and kidney diseases.

"I am taking Fruit-a-tives, and find them all right. The easiest to take and the most effective laxative I have ever used."

At druggists—50c. a box. Mrs. L. DAVY, Prescott, Ont.

Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES LIMITED, Ottawa.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I'm not sure," responded the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient at once proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor. "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of the mother. It is, I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feeling tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?

MISERABLE NIGHTS.

Nothing so demoralizes an infant and enslaves the parents as to take a cross or waked baby from the bed and walk him up and down the floor during the night. The baby cries because it is not well—generally because its stomach is sour, its little bowels congested and its skin hot and feverish. Relieve this and baby will sleep soundly all night, growing stronger and better every day. Just what mothers need to keep baby healthy and make him sleep soundly is Baby's Own Tablets, which cure all stomach, bowel and teething troubles and thus promote natural health-giving sleep.

Mrs. Wm. Holmes, Dacre, Ont., says: "My baby was troubled with sour stomach and was constipated most of the time, and was always cross and restless. I gave him Baby's Own Tablets and found them a complete success and would not now be without them."

You can get Baby's Own Tablets from any druggist, or by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A MERE ACCIDENT.

Johnny Ralston was a very good boy, declares Answers, but he had one fault which it seemed impossible for his mother to overcome: he would fight with other boys. He had been reproved, and at last Johnny had made a faithful promise that he would battle no more.

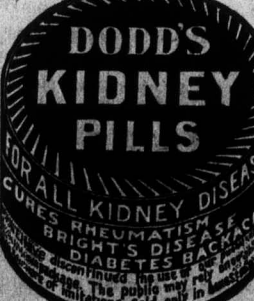
That very evening he returned from school with a cut cheek and a swollen nose.

"Johnny," said the mother, "you promised me this morning that you would not fight again."

"But I haven't been fighting, ma. This is an accident."

"An accident?"

"Yes, ma. I was sitting on Tommy Biggs, and I forgot to hold his feet."



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO, GOUT, AND ALL KIDNEY DISEASES.

Our Offer

If you are willing to buy one of these guns, please send your name and address to the following address: **JOHNSTON & CO., DEPT. 1140, TORONTO, ONT.**

BIG GUN BARGAIN

Free Trial

Some Remarkable Offers in Guns

We've just commenced

COLONIAL HOUSE

**PHILLIPS
SQUARE.**

TWO DAYS' SALE!

A great many of our customers having been disappointed on finding that they could not purchase "SPECIALS" from us on Friday, we have decided a Two Days' Sale for this week, and will, therefore, offer the following inducements

ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

DRESS GOODS.

SPECIAL PURCHASE OF

20 pieces 28 inch High Class Striped All Wool Albatross and Striped All Wool Zephyr Cloth, manufactured expressly for dressy Kimonos, Waists and Wrappers. Regular \$1.00 per yard, for 40c.

COLORED DRESS GOODS.

6 pieces Black Serge with white stripes, 42 inches wide. Regular 80c for 25c per yard.

42 inch Canvas Tweeds, all good shades. Regular 52c for 26c per yard.

Balance of Cream Materials on Special Tables to clear at 85c per yard.

One special line of Silks and Wool Mixed Tweeds, double fold, for 25c per yard.

Balance of Fancy All Wool French Plaid. Regular 80c and \$1.25 to clear at 25c per yard.

54 inch Mixed Honespun, remains of \$1.25 line, to clear at 50c per yd.

Table of Assorted Odd Lines, including some choice pieces of Brown Materials, at very Special Prices.

Balance of Evening Wear on counter. Regular \$1.00 to \$2.00, for 40c per yard.

SILK DEPARTMENT.

Striped Chiffon Taffeta Silks, in light colors, pink, green, grey, and cardinal. \$1.25, less 50 per cent.

32 inch Korean Pongee Silks, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per yard, at half price.

24 inch Colored Printed Foulard Silks, \$1.30 per yard, less 25 per cent.

Navy Blue and White Foulards, 90c per yard, less 25 per cent.

Black and White Foulard Silks, \$1.30 per yard, less 25 per cent.

Hair Line Striped Taffeta Silks, 65c per yard, less 20 per cent.

Shot Chiffon Taffeta Silks, a large range of colorings, \$1.00 per yard, less 20 per cent.

Shot Taffeta Silks, 76c per yard, less 20 per cent.

Black Silks, Black Satin Merveilleux, \$1.25 and \$1.50 per yard, less 20 per cent.

Black Taffeta Silk, 50c, 75c and 90c per yard, less 20 per cent.

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

TWO SPECIAL TABLES OF

BLACK DRESS GOODS.

Black Vesta Cloth, 44 in., 48 in., 46 in. and 50 in., at \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.75 and \$2.50; less 33 1-3 per cent., 57c, 84c, \$1.17 and \$1.07.

Black Amazon Cloth, 50 inches, \$2.50, less 33 1-3 per cent., \$1.67.

Black Dress Cloves, 42 inches, 60c, less 33 1-3 per cent., 40c.

Black Bedford, 44 inches, \$1.25, less 33 1-3 per cent., 84c.

Black Armure, 44 inches, \$1.50, less 33 1-3 per cent., \$1.00.

Black Bengaline, 44 inches, \$1.50, less 33 1-3 per cent., \$1.00.

Black Serge, 44 inches, 90c, less 33 1-3 per cent., 60c.

Black Chiffon, 44 inches, \$1.00, less 33 1-3 per cent., 67c.

Black Cheviot Serge, 50 inches, \$1.25, less 33 1-3 per cent., 84c.

Black French Serge, 48 inches, \$1.25, less 33 1-3 per cent., 84c.

Black Voile de Paris, 44 inches, 75c, less 33 1-3 per cent., 50c.

Black Voile de Paris, 44 inches, \$1.50, less 33 1-3 per cent., \$1.00.

CHILDREN'S FURS.

A full assortment of Children's Furs in Coats, Hats, Caps, Stole Hoods, all reduced prices.

SILK BOLIVIAN (Fancy)

5 pieces only, 48 inches wide, in grey, black, sky, champagne and ivory; these are beautiful goods and lovely shades; \$2.00 per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.

20 PER CENT. OFF.

All Dress Hats, All Street Hats and All Untrimmed Shapes.

Children's Felt Sailors, Colors—Navy, Red, Brown and Grey, at 75c each. Good value at \$1.25.

Children's Cream Silk Hats and Hoods, a large assortment, less 20 per cent.

20 PER CENT. OFF.

Black Ostrich Feathers. Colored Ostrich Feathers. White Ostrich Tips.

White Ostrich Feathers. Black Ostrich Tips. Black, White and Colored Ostrich Feathers.

French, English and American Flowers, Ornaments, Buckles, Pins, etc.

Special Table of French and English Flowers at 10c each.

Ladies' Umbrellas, good, durable coverings, neat handles, at \$1.00 each.

Black Taffeta Waists, regular \$5.00 for \$3.50; new style, perfect fitting, sizes 34 to 44 inches.

Flannel Waists, regular \$8.50, \$4.00, \$5.50 and \$6.00, for \$2.50 each.

Silk Waists, regular \$6.00, \$7.50 and \$8.50, for \$3.00 each.

Odds and ends in P. D. Corsets at half price.

Children's Serge Dresses, regular \$4.75 and \$5.50, for \$3.50.

LADIES' FURS.

ALL REDUCED.

Ladies' Persian Jackets. Ladies' Electric Seal Jackets.

Ladies' Mink Stoles. Ladies' Alaska Stoles.

Ladies' Black Tibet Muffs. Ladies' Near Seal Jackets.

Ladies' Gray Lamb Jackets. Ladies' Fox Stoles.

Ladies' Squirrel Stoles. Ladies' Squirrel Muffs.

Ladies' Alaska Muffs.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

One Lot of Ladies' Rib. Combination Suits, less 20 per cent.

One Lot of Rib. Vests, less 20 per cent.

Ladies' Emb. Cash. Hose, less 20 per cent.

Ladies' "Ramie" Fibre Vests, long and short sleeves, at half price.

FLANNELS, BLANKETS, QUILTS ETC.

20 PER CENT. OFF.

1 Lot of Special Blankets.

1 Lot White Quilts.

1 Lot Down Quilts.

1 Lot French Opera Flannel.

1 Lot Flannelette.

1 Lot Ends Flannel and Flannelette.

Table Cloths and Napkins, 20 per cent and 33 1-3 per cent.

Hemstitched Tea and Tray Cloths, and Bureau and Side Board Covers, less 20 per cent.

Hemstitched Sine Board Linen, Bedroom and Bath Towels, and Bath Sheets and Bath Towelling, less 20 per cent.

Hemstitched Plain Linen Tea Cloths, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Ends Table Linen, Roller, Glass, and Kitchen Linen, less 20 per cent.

Special Cotton and Cambrics, less 20 per cent.

LACE DEPARTMENT.

Narrow Val. Laces, less 50 per cent.

Narrow Torchon Lace, cards of 12 yards for 10c per card.

An assortment of Wide Val. Laces, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Chiffon Veils, less 50 per cent.

An assortment of Black and White Veiling, less 50 per cent.

Fancy Laces in white and cream, less 50 per cent.

A line of narrow cream chiffon applique, less 25 per cent.

Black Silk Guipure Lace and Insertion, less 50 per cent.

RIBBONS, NECKWEAR, ETC.

Satin Baby Ribbon, 25c per piece.

Ottoman Baby Ribbon, all shades, 17c per piece.

Ends of Plain and Fancy Ribbon, less 50 per cent.

Colored Taffeta Ribbons, 25c per yard.

Duchess Satin Ribbon, all desirable shades, 20c.

Spotted Crepe de Chine for scarfs, less 50 per cent.

Remnants of Frilling and Pleatings, less 50 per cent.

Assortment of Embd. Handkerchiefs, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Balance of washing stocks for 15c each.

Embroidered Sets, asst. patterns, 25c and 35c.

Variety of Silk Stocks at 35c ea.

EMBROIDERIES, ETC.

20 PER CENT. OFF.

Tapestry, Satin and Plush Cushion Tops.

White Muslin Cushion Covers (plain and embroidered).

Hardanger Centre Pieces.

Hand Crochet Mats.

Laundry Bags, asst. colors.

White Linen Tea Cosies.

White stamped linen work in doilies, centre pieces, tray cloths, photo frames, glove cases, handkerchief cases, tea cosies.

Special line of drawn work linen in centres, doilies and table cloths, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Slip Waists emb. 12 and 15 inches, less 10 per cent.

DRESS TRIMMINGS.

50 PER CENT. OFF.

Colored Jewel Gimp.

Black, white and colored Satin Folds.

Black, black and white and black and Cream Velvet Fagotting.

20 PER CENT. OFF.

A line of Colored Fancy Military Braids.

Colored Cloth Applique.

Black Cloth Applique.

Colored Beaded Gimp.

White Pearl Gimp.

33 1-3 PER CENT. OFF.

Black, White and Colored Drop Ornaments.

Colored Cloth Embroidery, and Colored Cloth and Silk Collars.

ELECTRICAL DEPT.

Limited number of Fancy Portables and bronzes, less 50 per cent.

Special table of bronzes, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Fancy Portables, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Fancy Glass Shades, less 20 per cent.

Persian Bronzes, less 20 per cent.

Electric and Gas Fixtures, less 10 per cent.

Silk shades in great variety, less 10 per cent.

FIVE P. C. DISCOUNT FOR CASH

Mantle Department.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRTS.

100 Ladies' Black and Navy Walking Skirts, Values \$5.00 and \$6.50, for \$3.25 and \$3.

300 Ladies' Tweed Walking Skirts, assorted shades, \$9.00, \$10.50, \$12.50, for \$4, \$4.50 and \$5.

These Skirts are all cut in the latest styles.

45 Ladies' Dressing Gowns, in eider down, charries and nun's veiling, less 75 per cent.

200 Ladies' Long Cloth Jackets, less 75 per cent.

125 Ladies' Covert Cloth Jackets, less 75 per cent.

60 Ladies' Tweed Costumes, less 75 per cent.

45 Ladies' Light Tweed & Jack-ets, \$15.00 for \$10.50.

35 Ladies' Fancy Tweed Jackets, \$18.50 for \$15.00.

125 Ladies' Box Cloth Costumes, & Jackets, plaid skirts, less 33 1-3 per cent.

250 Ladies' Fancy Silk Mirette Under Skirts, \$5.50 to \$8.50, for \$2.75 to \$5.00.

125 Children's Long Coats in beaver cloth or tweed, less 50 per cent.

MANTLE CLOTH DEPT.

1 piece Tobacco Brown Beaver Cloth, heavy, 54-in. wide, \$2.00, less 20 per cent.

1 piece Dark Navy Beaver, 54-in. wide, \$2.50, less 20 per cent.

2 pieces Light Champagne and Fawn, 58-in. wide, \$4.00, less 20 per cent.

1 piece Fancy Black Beaver, 56-in. wide, \$1.75, less 20 per cent.

2 pieces Grey Scotch Tweed Cloaking, heavy weight, 54-in., \$1.50, less 20 per cent.

6 pieces Reversible Cloth, asst. colors, 54-in., prices, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$2.50, less 20 per cent.

1 piece Red and Black Check Blanketing, 58-in. wide, \$1.50, less 20 per cent.

Fancy Scalet, Grey, Brown, Black, \$4.00, \$5.00, and \$8.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.

All wool plain black Scalet, \$12, less 33 1-3 per cent.

1 pc. Imitation Ermine, \$8.50, less 33 1-3 per cent.

1 pc. Silver Grey Fur, \$4.00, less 20 per cent.

1 pc. Grey Irish Frieze, \$1.75, less 33 1-3 per cent.

1 pc. All Wool English Black Cheviot, \$3.00, less 20 per cent.

1 pc. All Wool Grey Halifax Tweed, \$1.50, less 33 1-3 per cent.

1 pc. All Wool Irish Grey Tweed, \$3.00, less 50 per cent.

1 pc. Brown Serge, 54 in., \$1.00, less 33 1-3 per cent.

TRUNKS AND BAGS.

Leatherette Suit Cases, with steel frame and brass lock and catches, Special 20-in. for \$1.50, 22-in. for \$1.60, 24-in. for \$1.75.

Kerato Suit Cases, very light and durable, steel frame, and brass lock, leather straps, 22-in. for \$3.25, 24-in. for \$3.50, 26-in. for \$3.75.

Solid Leather Suit Cases, with steel frame and valances, heavy brass lock and catches, leather straps, 22-in. for \$4.50, 24-in. for \$4.75, 26-in. for \$5.00.

Special values in Fitted Bags and Suit Cases.

PRINT DEPARTMENT.

Gingham, Black and White Check, 25c, less 50 per cent.

Plain Gingham, Grey and Red, 18c, less 50 per cent.

Plain Zephyr, Red, Green and Grey, 25c, less 50 per cent.

Creponnes, white ground, with asst. colored spots, 50c, less 50 per cent.

Plain Creponnes, in white, cream, grey, fawn and green, 16c, less 20 per cent.

Flaked Gingham, navy and green, 22c, less 50 per cent.

Matalasse, white ground, asst. design, 18c, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Fancy Canvas, in all white, black and white stripes, brown and white stripes, 75c, less 50 per cent.

Fancy White Vesting in all white, blue and white stripe, black and white stripe, and navy with white stripes, 50c, less 50 per cent.

LADIES' SHOES.

VERY SPECIAL.—We will offer every pair of our \$5.00 boots and shoes at 10 per cent discount, with the 5 per cent. extra for cash, \$4.28.

Ladies' Wool Lined Rubbers, not all sizes, regular 95c for 50c a pair.

Special Table at \$2.50 of Ladies' Boots and Oxfords, broken sizes only, values \$3.00 to \$4.50.

Special Table at \$3.50, broken lines.

MEN'S SHOES.

A few pairs only Men's Rubbers, pointed toes, regular \$1.00 for 50c.

Men's Wool Lined Rubbers, medium wide toe, regular \$1.25, for 75c.

Men's Box Calf Button Boots, exceptionally high grade, regular \$6.50 for \$5.00.

Men's Enamel Horsehide, Blucher Cut Laced Boots, with grain calf quarters, kid lined throughout, regular \$6.00 for \$5.00.

A broken line of Men's Patent Colt Blucher Cut Laced Boots, regular \$7.50 for \$5.00.

Exceptional value in Men's Waterproof Boots, at \$3.50.

Men's Patent Coltskin Button Boots, with dull calf tops, regular \$5.50 and \$6.50, for \$5.00; a chance for St. Andrew's Ball.

MEN'S FURNISHINGS DEPT

A lot of Cuff Links in Silver, Pearl, and Gold Plated, made very strong and durable, pretty design, Special 35c.

A lot of Dent's Winter Gloves, lined, suede, all shades of tans, regular \$1.50 for \$1.00.

Men's English Flannelette Pyjamas, made on the premises, a pretty range of patterns, made with nice girdle, regular \$2.00 for \$1.50.

Men's Heavy Irish Knit Half Hose in Black, Grey, and Heather, regular 35c for 25c.

A lot of Men's Handkerchiefs, pure Belfast linen, Hemstitched, full size, all perfect, to be sold \$2.50 per doz.

Boys' Sweaters in High School, Westmount Academy, Victoria School, etc., regular \$1.50 for \$1.

CURTAIN DEPT.

Table Covers, less 10 per cent.

Sample Pairs of Lace Curtains, less 20 per cent.

Linen Transparent Curtains, with silk mixtures in light shades, 34 yards long, from \$4.00 to \$7.50 a pair, less 20 per cent.

Remnants of Furniture Coverings and Curtain Materials, less 20 per cent.

MEN'S HAT DEPARTMENT.

1 Lot of

The Colonel's Mascot

(Continued from Page 6.)

The hotel veranda commenced to show signs of activity. Pedestrians were strolling along the beach in search of a morning appetite. Sin grow desperate. Suddenly he uttered an exultant cry and plunged overboard. When he came puffing to the surface of the water he clutched a handful of wet sand, in the midst of which—regal in its commonplace surroundings, like a deposed princess—glazed the Colonel's diamond.

When Mrs. Winterbourne came down to breakfast the ring was reposing comfortably in Colonel Harrington's vest pocket, while in Sin's pocket a couple of gold pieces clinked over a cheerful melody. But of this Mrs. Winterbourne knew nothing. She had passed an uncomfortable and wakeful night, haunted in her occasional dreams by the thought that she had treated brusquely and discourteously a man whose only offense was his unswerving devotion. Then the loss of the ring, for which she had been responsible, though innocently, troubled her too. She had made up her mind to be very kind to Colonel Harrington during his stay. Her good resolutions were not destined to be carried out, however. There was an obstacle.

The obstacle was Bessie Willis. Bessie was not one of Mrs. Winterbourne's favorites. Perhaps that may have been because she was so aggressively young. You read her youth in her dimples and blouses, her silly little giggles, her pouts and cries, her unflagging vitality and her healthy animal spirits. Perhaps Bessie's undeniable prettiness may have been partly responsible for the older woman's dislike. Mrs. Winterbourne would have explained it by saying that the girl was coarse and crude, that she dressed as if the world were one huge ball-room, that she had an obnoxious brother and a good-naturedly vulgar mamma. Under these circumstances Mrs. Winterbourne's equanimity sustained a severe shock when, as she drank her coffee, a shrill voice floated in from the piazza, "Come on, Colonel, and I'll teach you something about tennis this morning. O, it's the gayest sort of sport. You'll like it when you get used to it."

Mrs. Winterbourne was far too well bred to look in the direction of the voice, but by some mysterious law of refraction which no physicist has as yet explained, she perceived distinctly enough a tall figure moving toward the tennis court in the wave of a brilliant creature in pink. Even, to her indignation, there was something pathetic in the sight. "Like a lamb to the slaughter," she said to herself and then, for some unknown reason, she felt suddenly old and deserted.

Things grow no better as the days went on. When Bessie was not engrossing the Colonel's attention, Bessie's mamma took him in hand and entertained him with stories of the young lady's precocious childhood, when circumstances freed him from both ladies Bessie's brother Ed. stuck fast to his side and told him stories, not of Bessie, to be sure, but of other girls he had known, not half so desirable as acquaintances.

BLOOD HUMORS

PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ERUPTIONS
FLESHWORMS
HUMORS

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unsightly eruptions, pimples, blotches, fleshworms and humors, and various other blood diseases.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.
Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and I thought I would give it a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken these I was completely cured and have had no more pimples since."
Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Williams Co., London, for over 50 years, and has won thousands of medals and prizes at the various international exhibitions in that time. It is now being sold in Canada by Messrs. J. & J. McKim, 110 St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

And Mrs. Winterbourne saw it all in silence. She had the Spartan instinct which made her ready to bear anything rather than exhibit weakness in the presence of the enemy, but this woman at the hotel began to say that Mrs. Winterbourne was really showing her age. And they all agreed it was a wonder that she had put off the evil day so long.

One afternoon as she sat on the piazza Colonel Harrington approached her. "I've engaged a yacht for to-morrow, Mrs. Winterbourne," he began, "and I wish to ask you to make one of a party to go up the north shore of the lake. It promises to be a pleasant day."

Mrs. Winterbourne shuddered at the thought of spending any length of time in company with the Willis family. She was about to decline the invitation when she noticed the occupant of a hammock near by, glancing in her direction with an abstracted air, and she at once replied that she should be delighted.

The Colonel flushed. "I thank you very much," he said, with evident gratitude. Then he went away, and Mrs. Winterbourne looked into the cloudless face of the sky and prayed for rain.

The rain did not come, however. Mrs. Winterbourne, summoning all her resolution, went on board the yacht next morning, looking as unruffled as the perfect day. In fact, things were not so bad as she expected. Bessie Willis was among the guests, of course, and her mother and the detestable Ed., but there were several really agreeable people present beside, and the Colonel was too careful a host to allow himself to be monopolized by any one of his guests. It was evident that Bessie chafed a little over the last-mentioned fact. "Where is that man, anyway," she cried once during the morning, "I can't seem to keep track of him."

"Perhaps he is giving some orders about luncheon. You really must let him off for that," said Mrs. Winterbourne, smiling at her amiably. But neither woman would have been so indifferent had she guessed the transaction in which the subject of their conversation was at that moment engaged.

The Colonel had called Sinbad into the cabin and shut the door. "Sin," he began, "you know your lucky and I'm not."

"Ya'as, sah. Dis yere bein' bawn lucky is 'sometin' a pussen can't help a-not havin'. A pussen ain't, so to speak, irresponsible."

The Colonel found it necessary to interrupt these philosophical reflections. "The truth is, Sin, I want your help on a matter of some importance. I wish to present this ring to a lady on board the yacht to-day, Mrs. Winterbourne, in fact. And circumstances—" the Colonel coughed slightly—"circumstances make it undesirable for me to offer it myself. Now, do you think it would be possible for you to find some delicate and unobtrusive way of conveying this to her?"

Sinbad smiled, a glittering smile. "Ya'as, sah. I'll fix it. It'll be all right, sah." He took the ring from his master's fingers with as much emotion as a postman might be expected to show on being entrusted with a love-letter.

The Colonel's lips parted as if to ask a statement of Sin's plans. Then recalling the success which invariably attended Sin's undertakings and his own ill fortune, he kept silent. He went out of the cabin, casting on his attendant a glance of mingled admiration and envy.

When lunch was served most of the party had acquired vigorous outdoor appetites. The exception was Colonel Harrington. Mrs. Winterbourne, who sat opposite him, noticed his abstracted air and wondered at it. "The only explanation I can find for your not being hungry," she said, smiling at him, "is that you have been lurching between meals."

As she spoke she attacked the fish which had just been brought to be with a pretty affection of greediness.

Her knife cut upon something hard. Something rolled out into her plate, thinking pleasantly against the china. She uttered an exclamation which riveted all eyes upon her.

"Goodness gracious," cried Bessie Willis, "it's a ring. Look everybody. There's a ring in Mrs. Winterbourne's fish!"

It was indeed a ring. Not that alone, but it was the particular ring which had belonged to Colonel Harrington's mother, and which Mrs. Winterbourne had herself seen splash into the moonlit waters of Birch Lake. She sat staring at it, as if it were something distinctly uncanny.

"Well, by Jove, I've heard of such things lots of times, but I never saw it before," said Ed. Willis, addressing the company in general. "You know your ring in the water. You lose



swallow them, and then, the first thing you know they're turning up on somebody's table. Well, really, it's worth seeing."

To Mrs. Winterbourne's bewildered brain this absurd explanation seemed as plausible as any. Fate itself had returned the gift which she had spurned. Earth, as well as Heaven, had pitied her misery, and a half-miracle had been wrought to give her back her chance of happiness. Her head whirled and there was a strange humming in her ears. And, in the midst of it all, she heard Bessie Willis say shrilly, "Well, what I want to know is, who does the ring belong to now?"

The Colonel did not hesitate. "If I may be allowed to express an opinion," he said, looking across the table, "I should say without doubt to the finder."

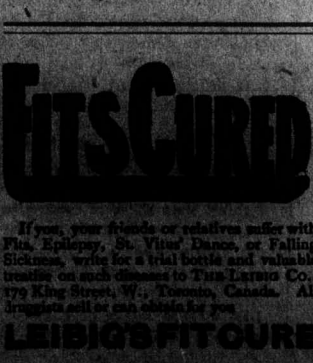
There was a moment's hush. Then Mrs. Winterbourne took up the ring, scrutinized it for an instant, then slipped it upon her finger. The meal went on with much laughter and gay banter, but neither the host nor the lady opposite him showed much appetite, and both were strangely silent.

As they rose from the table he came to her side. He was noticeably pale and the voice in which he spoke, so low as to reach only her ears, as he said, "Have I your permission to announce our engagement?"

"Whenever you please, Colonel Harrington," she answered. She took his arm, giving the simple action the effect of a caress, and the two went on deck together.

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LEIBIG'S FITOURE

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The Colonel found it necessary to interrupt these philosophical reflections. "The truth is, Sin, I want your help on a matter of some importance. I wish to present this ring to a lady on board the yacht to-day, Mrs. Winterbourne, in fact. And circumstances—" the Colonel coughed slightly—"circumstances make it undesirable for me to offer it myself. Now, do you think it would be possible for you to find some delicate and unobtrusive way of conveying this to her?"

Sinbad smiled, a glittering smile. "Ya'as, sah. I'll fix it. It'll be all right, sah." He took the ring from his master's fingers with as much emotion as a postman might be expected to show on being entrusted with a love-letter.

The Colonel's lips parted as if to ask a statement of Sin's plans. Then recalling the success which invariably attended Sin's undertakings and his own ill fortune, he kept silent. He went out of the cabin, casting on his attendant a glance of mingled admiration and envy.

When lunch was served most of the party had acquired vigorous outdoor appetites. The exception was Colonel Harrington. Mrs. Winterbourne, who sat opposite him, noticed his abstracted air and wondered at it. "The only explanation I can find for your not being hungry," she said, smiling at him, "is that you have been lurching between meals."

As she spoke she attacked the fish which had just been brought to be with a pretty affection of greediness.

Her knife cut upon something hard. Something rolled out into her plate, thinking pleasantly against the china. She uttered an exclamation which riveted all eyes upon her.

"Goodness gracious," cried Bessie Willis, "it's a ring. Look everybody. There's a ring in Mrs. Winterbourne's fish!"

It was indeed a ring. Not that alone, but it was the particular ring which had belonged to Colonel Harrington's mother, and which Mrs. Winterbourne had herself seen splash into the moonlit waters of Birch Lake. She sat staring at it, as if it were something distinctly uncanny.

"Well, by Jove, I've heard of such things lots of times, but I never saw it before," said Ed. Willis, addressing the company in general. "You know your ring in the water. You lose

Furs!

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Our Assortment Is Large and Varied.

Russian Sable, Hudson Bay Sable.
Ermine, Chinchilla, Canadian Mink,
Fox: Blue, Natural, Black, Silver;
Black Persian Lamb.
Rock Sable, Alaska Sable,
Gray Squirrel, Mole, Castor,
Muskrat, Opossum.
Japanese Beaver, Wildcat,
Thibet: Blue, White, Black;
Opossum: Natural, Gray, Imitation;
Rock Sable, Imitation Skunk,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

TO SUIT THE BEST FILLED AS WELL AS THE SMALLEST PURSES.

Manufacturing all our furs ourselves; and, furthermore,
BUYING ALL OUR FURS FOR CASH,
and directly from the largest markets in the world: Siberia, Russia, Persia, Alaska, Labrador, Canada, etc., etc., and from the hunters, we procure for ourselves the choice of the finest furs at prices that permit us to give you, for the same money,
40 PER CENT. BETTER VALUE
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MAGNIFICENT Blue Fox Ruff FREE NO MONEY REQUIRED

Think of it, a beautiful Ruff of Blue Fox, the most fashionable fur worn, given absolutely free. Such an offer was never made before. The only reason we can afford to do it is that we arranged for these handsome Ruffs during the dull season in the summer and got them nearly at cost. The Ruff is 41 inches long, nearly 4 inches wide, made of the handsomest Blue Fox Fur, very rich, soft and fluffy. It is warmly padded, lined with the same shagreened satin and ornamented with four long tails of Blue Fox also. Such a handsome fur has never before been given away, and you can get it for free. Write today. We trust you and send the Picture Post-Card to: The National Trading Co., Dept. 1148, Toronto.

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To suit the set (4 cards to a set). They are beautifully colored, all the rage, and sell like hot cakes. Such an opportunity was never offered before to the women and girls of Canada. You couldn't buy anything in the fur shops that would look richer, be more becoming or more stylish, and remember, it won't cost you one cent. Write today. We trust you and send the Picture Post-Card to: The National Trading Co., Dept. 1148, Toronto.

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21-JEWELLED GOLD INLAID WATCH ONLY \$3.98

Buy from us and save the wholesaler's and retailer's profits. We purchase direct from the factory in large quantities for spot cash, and give our customers the benefit of our close prices. This "Railroad" Watch, as it is called from its good timekeeping qualities, has a 24 ounce case, SOLID ALABAMA SILVER, RICHLY GOLD-PLATED, beautifully hand-engraved, and in appearance, finish and wearing qualities equal to the best coin-silver case ever made. It is open face with heavy French crystal dust proof, screw back and screw bezel, the whole case highly polished and tested to 600 pounds strain. The movement is plainly stamped "Jewels-Railroad Timekeeper." A watch of this kind will last you your life, and you will always have the correct time. We have no hesitation in saying that no better watch was ever sold for less than \$15.00. We want you to see and examine this watch before paying for it, just as you would if you were buying it in a store. Simply send us your name and address, and we will ship the watch for your free inspection. Then, if after a thorough examination you find it just exactly as we describe it, and worth much more than we ask, pay the express agent \$3.00 and express charges, otherwise **NOT ONE CENT**. If there is no express office near you, or if you wish to save express charges, send \$3.00 cash, and we will forward the Watch carefully packed, by registered mail. We guarantee perfect satisfaction, and will refund your money if you wish. Address: The National Trading Co., Dept. 1148, Toronto.



IDEAS ABOUT THE RAINBOW.

In many countries the rainbow is spoken of as being a great bent pump or siphon tube, drawing water from the earth by mechanical means. In parts of Russia, in the Don country, and also in Moscow and vicinity, it is known by a name which is equivalent to "the bent water pipe." In nearly all Slavonic dialects it is known by terms signifying "the cloud siphon," and in Hungary it is "the pump," "Nash's pump," and "God's pump."

The Malay natives call it by the same name that they do their banded water cobra, only that they add "toba," (meaning double-headed), the equivalent in our language being "the double-headed water snake." They, three angels, one of whom pumps the

water, the second "feeds" the clouds, and the third sends the rain. Many improbable things would happen if you could only get in reach of the bow.

The Little Turk is told that if he would have a silver head, with gold teeth and ruby eyes, he has but to touch the orange stripe.

In Greece they say that the person so unfortunate as to stumble over the end of the bow will have his or her neck immediately cracked—Golden Days.

THE MANCHESTER MARTYRS' CELEBRATION.

The Ancient Order of Hibernians celebrated the anniversary of the Manchester Martyrs by holding a church parade last Sunday. At 9.30 the procession left Place d'Armes Square headed by St. Ann's brass band and followed by the uniformed Knights and the different divisions of the order. The fine marching and fancy drill of the Knights made a favorable impression to and from the church. At St. Michael's Church solemn high Mass was sung by Rev. Father Cox, S.J., Loyola College, assisted by Rev. Father McCrory, Chatham, N.B., as deacon, and Rev. Father Singleton as sub-deacon. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. John P. Kiernan. He took for his text: "The life of man on earth is a warfare," Job, chap. 7, 1. "It is with unfeigned pleasure," said Father Kiernan, "that I welcome so numerous and so representative a body as the Ancient Order of Hibernians, to St. Michael's Church. I welcome you as Catholics who held steadfastly to the tenets of your faith and who made an open profession thereof by marching to this abode of divine worship, as a public testimony of your loyalty and devotion to that Church, which has braved the storms and winds of nineteen hundred years. I welcome you as Irishmen, who glory in your motherland. I welcome you as friends of St. Michael's parish. A friend in need is a friend indeed. In our recent agitation for our own schools, I found our strongest supporters and upholders were members of your powerful organization. Hibernians, the people of St. Michael's have warm and grateful hearts and you have earned a grateful share in the welfare of this promising and prosperous parish. "It to-day, we can exhibit our faith and our nationality, it is because we have warred for it. It is not the individual alone who must war—it is the nation."

Here Father Kiernan depicted the dark pages of Irish history when Ireland, plundered and trampled in the dust, lay bleeding at every pore; her religion mangled, her ministers of religion martyred or exiled, her schools suppressed, her young outlawed, her homes laid waste and her sons banished or butchered, but with Spartan courage she had won, inch by inch, the right and liberty to practise the faith which her faithful sons clung to so tenaciously.

In alluding to the granting of a Catholic University to Ireland, Father Kiernan hoped that its effects might be seen in Montreal in the shape of an Irish Sisterhood or an Irish Brotherhood to handle the schools of the English-speaking Catholics. "The success we have achieved," concluded Father Kiernan, "gives us bright hopes for the future. We have no enemies, but mistaken friends, to use an expression of the late Father Dowd in his fight for the existence of our Irish Catholic parishes. We have to fight friends who know not what we want. We may soon need that united strong Irish action to place our educational system on a stronger footing. Pray for unity—for it means strength. Is it not sweet to live in union as brothers? Our God is a God of peace and is not where there is trouble. Go forward guided by true principles, in truth and unity to the final goal and our God will give to each and every one of us the crown of eternal glory."

At the elevation of the Mass the Knights, to the number of thirty-five, under the command of Captain P. Foley and Lieutenants J. Doyle and J. Heney, presented arms. The altar was tastefully decorated, while the congregation was the largest yet seen inside the walls of the new church. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. J. V. Doucet, with Prof. E. Barry at the organ, rendered Bertholomew's Mass in splendid style. At the conclusion of the Mass Rev. Father Kiernan again thanked the Hibernians for their visit, and hoped they would come often. The procession then reformed under Marshal McManus and marched back to their hall.

AN EVENING AT ST. MARY'S.

Seldom has it been given to those usually in the habit of seeking concert amusements in our city to spend a few hours more pleasantly than those passed with the members of the St. Vincent de Paul Society and their friends at St. Mary's Parish on Monday evening.

Long before the appointed time every available corner in the tastefully arranged hall was filled to its utmost capacity, and as the curtain

rose a more pleasing spectacle than was presented is difficult to imagine. Mr. F. C. Lawlor, secretary of the Society, acted as chairman for the evening, and certainly made an ideal one. The programme was admirably carried out, and reflected much credit upon those taking part. The chorus greeting by the members of St. Ann's and St. Mary's Catechetical Club; the dramatic reading by Miss E. Furlong, the instrumental and vocal selections by the O'Hara family, entitled "Ireland as She Ought to Be"; the tambourine drill and tableau, by the St. Ann's Catechetical Club, the altar boys' chorus, the Lyric Male Quartette, the Shamrock Gymnastic Club, the song entitled "Good-bye, Summer," rendered by Miss Dineen, in a soft and well cultivated voice, the recitation, "Jimmy Butler and the Owl," by Mr. L. O'Brien, the dumb-bell exercises by the St. Ann's Club, the musical selections by the St. Cecilia Mandolin Club, and the scarf drill by the Shamrock Gymnastic Club and the fancy dancing of the Kane brothers deserve particular notice.

While waiting for the different events a powerful and well-trained orchestra gave some fine numbers. We must not omit to mention the fact of the production of one of the most laughable farces ever presented in the city, depicting as it did the miseries of a family brought on through the stupidity and good-natured nonsense of a servant, who, while trying to do his duty in every way towards his patrons, was yet overlastingly at the wrong end of things.

On the whole, a more enjoyable evening would be difficult to spend, and too much credit can hardly be given to its promoters. All, both priests and people, are to be congratulated, and we sincerely wish them every success in their grand and noble undertakings.

IT WAS NOT A FAITH CURE

Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Mrs. Adams' Bright's Disease.

She Did not Believe in Them, but Today she is Strong and Well.

Collingwood, Ont., Nov. 20.—(Special)—Mrs. Thos. Adams, who moved here about two years ago from Burk's Falls, is one of the many Canadians who once had Bright's Disease and are now strong and well. Like all the others she was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was eight months an invalid," says Mrs. Adams, "and no one can tell what I suffered. My doctor said I had Bright's Disease and Sciatica, but I got no relief from anything he gave me. At last a friend of my husband induced me to give Dodd's Kidney Pills a trial. I had no faith in them, for I thought I never would get better, but after taking three boxes of them I was able to do my work. I have had good health ever since I used Dodd's Kidney Pills."

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN P. NUGENT.

A well known resident of the city passed away last Friday in the person of Mr. John P. Nugent, for many years a merchant tailor. The funeral took place from his late residence, 51 St. Monique street, to St. Patrick's Church, at 8 o'clock Monday morning, and was largely attended, those present including members of the A.O.U.W., C.M.B.A., and Catholic Order of Foresters, in all of which the deceased held membership. Rev. Father Martin Callaghan was the celebrant of the Mass, assisted by Rev. Father McGinnis as deacon, and Rev. Father Peter Hoffmann as sub-deacon. Rev. J. E. Donnelly, of St. Anthony's Church, officiated at the service at Cote des Neiges Cemetery. The chief mourners were the five sons of the deceased, Messrs. Edward M., John P., Arthur, Emmet and Samuel Nugent; Mr. A. Nugent, brother; Mr. E. O'Shea, son-in-law; Mr. B. Hughes, brother-in-law; and Messrs. T. Murphy, E. Murphy and M. A. Phelan, nephews. Among the others present were Messrs. John O'Shea, P. J. Rowan, Louis Riverip, J. Hughes, Michael Cuddy, Richard King, T. Altimus, Jas. Ryan, M. Hickey, James Hughes, R. E. Early, J. E. Healy, M. Hughes, H. J. Ward, James Ward, ex-Ald. Conroy, M. Sherkey, P. Flannery, Patrick Wright, John Dwyer, Cornelius O'Brien, Owen Ahern, W. J. McClurg, A. S. Ross, J. Collins, L. D. Perham, Edward Donohue, M. Sharkey, P. McGovern, W. F. Fitzpatrick, J. Brooks, John Slattery, Thos. C. Collins, S. Doherty, R. Lemarre, P. Reynolds, G. W. Ryan, Thos. Burns, T. F. Slattery, D. Sweeney, R. J. Lunny, P. McCrory, H. McLaughlin, Francis O'Connor.

To BE PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

Irish History and the Irish Question

By PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH

Author of "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence," "The Founder of Christendom," "Shakespeare: The Man," "The United Kingdom; A Political History," "Life of Cowper," "Bay Leaves," etc.

Days and Nights in the Tropics

By REV. W. R. HARRIS, D.D.,

Author of "History of the Niagara Peninsula," etc.

About two months ago Dean Harris had a series of letters in *The Mail and Empire*, Toronto. These letters have been revised, enlarged and compiled into book form.

MORANG & COMPANY LIMITED

90 Wellington Street West,

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The Mohr Company

90c Fancy Canvas Cloth at 35c

Continuing the sale of this excellent fabric, gives you an opportunity to secure the material for a most beautiful gown at the price of an ordinary dress. It's 48 inches wide, former price 90c. Sale price, 35c.

36 Inch French and Swiss Black Taffeta 55c

This is a superior quality—best Lyons dye—note the width 36 inches, a brilliant, rich, lustrous black, excellent for slip skirts, linings or waists, our \$1.00 quality at a special price of 55c.

Plain Silk Handkerchiefs, 25c.

Others varying in size, also in price, 40c to \$1.50. Then for one day a 20 inch one inch hemstitched heavy silk quality. Special 25c

Fancy Linen Pieces, Regular Values \$2.50 to \$3.25, For \$2.00!

100 pieces lace, embroidered and hand drawn Centrepieces, Doylies, Table Covers, Pillow Shams, Dresser and Sideboard Covers, white and colored embroidery, round and square pieces. Special \$2.00

This store is open daily from 8.00 a.m. till 5.30 p.m.

The Mohr Company

NOTICE.

During November and December I offer very special reductions in all lines of religious goods as follows:

Colored Statues—Sacred Heart and Blessed Virgin, regular \$5.00 each for \$4.00, and St. Anthony, regular \$4.00 for \$3.00.

Prayer Books from 10c up. Prayer Books from 50c up.

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John Mathieson, John Drury, B. Tansy, D. Gorman, F. Langan, T. Wray, P. J. Kearney, John Hooker, and James Steele. R.I.P.

Useful at All Times.—In winter or in summer Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will cope with and overcome any irregularities of the digestive organs which change of diet, change of residence, or variation of temperature may bring about. They should be always kept at hand, and once their beneficial action becomes known, no one will be without them. There is nothing nauseating in their structure, and the most delicate can use them confidently.

There is nothing you should more earnestly avoid encouraging than the spirit of intolerance. Intolerance is a confession that you yourself are not free from weakness.—Angela Morgan.

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Parlor or Sleeping Car on above trains.

OTTAWA TRAINS

LEAVE WINDSOR STATION 18.45 a.m., 9.40 a.m., 10.00 a.m., 14.00 p.m., 9.40 p.m., 10.10 p.m.

LEAVE PLACE VIGOR 18.20 a.m., 15.35 p.m.

*Daily, (Daily except Sunday, \$Sunday only.

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Shortest Line. Quickest Service.

2 Day Trains daily, except Sunday, each way. 1 Night Train daily, each way.

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*Daily, (Daily except Sunday.

FAST OTTAWA SERVICE.

Lvs. 8.40 a.m. week days, 4.10 p.m. daily. Ar. Ottawa 11.40 a.m. week days, 7.10 p.m. daily.

CITY TICKET OFFICES.

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SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Provinces, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent receive authority for some one to make entry for him.

The homesteader is required to perform the conditions connected therewith under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader or resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing should be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior

I think that there is success in all honest endeavor, and that there is some victory gained in every gallant struggle that is made.—Dickens.

Lift up the fallen ones gently and point out to them the golden morning. Life is never so sweet as when doing deeds of kindness.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

Store Closes at 6 o'clock daily. THURSDAY, Nov. 23, 1905.

BEAUTIFUL HOUSEHOLD LINEN UNDERPRICED.

Clear, fine, white, handsome Linens, that deserve a place in your linen chest—Linen you may be proud to show to your guests. A few specials, with the under prices:

Irish Linen Sheets, best quality, size 24 by 3 yds., hem-stitched. Special, per pair.....\$6.75

Heavy Hand Loom Tabling, pure linen, new patterns. These special prices:

63 in. wide.....43c

69 in. wide.....48c

66 in. wide.....55c

72 in. wide.....60c

Pillow Cases and Shams combined, made of best Irish Linen, size 26 by 42 in. Special, made of price, the pair, Irish Linen Table Damask:

73 in. wide. Special, yard.....\$1.10

73 in. wide. Special, yard.....\$2.00

STIRRING SALE OF DRESS GOODS

Here's a Dress Goods sale that cannot be measured by any previous event of its kind, because goods of equal quality have never come before us at prices that have made such an extraordinary low priced sale possible. Here's two delegate groups:

NEW DRAP Liege at 52c. ALL-WOOL VENETIAN CLOTH 53c.

You generally pay 75c for this quality. Two cases offered to-morrow, 42 in. wide, quite the rage for winter costumes, in the following shades:

Navy, Brown, Cardinal, Green, Fawn, Spanish Brown, Prune, Garnet, Gray.

Manufactured to sell at 75c yard. This quality is sold everywhere at 75c. Sale price.....52c

DEEP CUTS IN SHOE PRICES.

Two strong footwear items, each one telling you it stands at the head of its class in quality and value. Best to come early, because such quick moving prices will hurry them out in record short time.

Boys' Strong Buff Laced Boots; good heavy soles for winter wear; will keep the youngsters' feet warm and dry, and keep their shape till the last, sizes 11 to 13. Regularly sold at \$1.25. Special.....99c

Ladies' Laced Boots, of fine quality. Dongola Kid, jet black dull kid top, smart patent tip, good medium weight soles and military heels, an excellent model for winter wear, sizes 24 to 7. Regularly sold at \$1.75. Special.....\$1.35

75c. BOYS' KNEE PANTS 49c.

Here's a bargain in which every mother will want to share to-morrow. Not likely to be repeated either, because conditions under which we bought these sturdy little pants are unusual. There's 25 dozen all told, made of good quality fancy tweed, extra tough wearing, full cut, well lined throughout, sizes 24 to 33. Regularly sold at 75c. Special sale price.....49c

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1675 to 1783 Notre-Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St., Montr.

Carpets and Furniture.

Parties furnishing should call and see the immense variety we are showing in Carpets, Oilcloths, Curtains and Furniture. Also Brass and Enamelled Bedsteads, Bedding, Etc. For the balance of November we are offering

A Discount of 15 Per Cent. on Our Entire Stock.

If you do not wish to pay cash for your purchases we can help you out considerably by your taking advantage of our Easy Payment System. These inducements are for the remainder of this month only.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY EXECUTED.

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BED SPRING AND MATTRESS \$8.50

This is undoubtedly the best offer in housekeeping goods on the market and is made solely to introduce our large new catalogue of Furniture. The outfit consists of Iron Bed, enameled white, heavy posts and solid brass trimmings, one of our new designs, in all widths; Woven Wire Spring, good quality, to fit bed, and All Mattress of durable quality ticking and wool both sides. Our special price for this combination Complete \$8.50

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GET THE BEST

LUNN'S LAMINATED SKATE

THE ONLY LAMINATED SKATE IN THE WORLD.

Manufactured by G. J. LUNN & CO.,

CHATHAM WORKS, 124 Carlton Street, MONTREAL, Que.

MAINTENANCE AND REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS.

VINDICATION

The following letter, by the editor of the New York Saturday Review of Books, B. Sabate, a well known journalist, at present in living at 128 West 2nd street, will be read by a Father Damien, the martyr of Molokai, with mingled gratitude and indignation, be grateful because it comes from the minds of his slightest taint that clung to the memory of the saintly Damien of the vile slander circulated by Dr. Hyde. Catholics and sons of every creed will dignation when they learn absolute and definite that the apostle of the lepers played for sixteen years the almost criminal silence of or persons in possession facts.

"My attention having been a paragraph in the question of the Times's Saturday Review of Books, in which charges against Father Damien, martyr priest of Molokai, ed, I hereby appeal to you justice to print the following earliest convenience:

A MANLY AND GENEROUS FENCE OF THE APOSTLE OF THE LEPERS

"The whole controversy of the now famous letter of Dr. Hyde, to a brother written about sixteen years ago, will remember, if you think over, that Dr. Hyde worse things of Father Damien Robert Louis Stevenson evaded himself to say, and it this very reason that Stevenson his manly and generous defence of apostle of lepers. Dr. Hyde went to the leper settlement never saw Father Damien.

"Stevenson went to the tlement as a guest of the Government, remained there days, but, strangely enough, hear a single word against reality, even from the bitter Stevenson as a Protestant. Molokai in the hope of finding thing against the priest, a which would tend to his dis the eyes of mankind; but after investigation on the ground with the conviction that Da a "man with all the grime kind, but a saint and a hero more for that." And Stevenson right, as has lately been TESTIMONY FROM AN ENEMY.

"The mysterious thing in affair was the source of Dr information. Notwithstanding statement that the cult of priest was largely among Protestant and non-Catholics, the only ants of Father Damien's have been Protestants. And it is true that some Protestant United States, and England

narrowly come forward in his his only champions in Hawai been members of his own Church writer has been for seven years resident of Hawaii, has visited settlement of Molokai newspaper man, and therefore whereof he speaks.

"At Honolulu the members Congregational Church, which was the first on the and had the best opportunity failed to utilize them—have been a few weeks ago the bitterest of Father Damien, (probably he accomplished that which them dared to do). Dr. Hyde

Pond, Mrs. Castle, Mr. Bright and have been the leaders in campaign of villification and presentation. The late Bishop atap, Bishop Gilbert, Father Monte and Father Woodin (D comrades and co-laborers), J. Hughes, Thomas McTigue, and D. Creedon—these were the priest whenever his memory called. And their persecution lately been rewarded.

"After sixteen years of almost silence, after sixteen years of malvolent efforts to blacken the memory of a good and noble man, Dr. Pond, a Congrega-