

BOSTON GREETED REDMOND.

Enthusiastic Throng Voice Their Sentiments in the Most Striking Way for Ireland's Cause.

It was a novel yet conspicuously successful expedient that was adopted by the United Irish League to solidify the influence of the Irish-Americans of Boston in behalf of freedom for Ireland...

The big crowd that attended, the unfeigned enthusiasm that marked all the proceedings and the unmistakable sentiment voiced by the resolutions unanimously adopted at the close of the half-day of jubilee...

When the enthusiasm of the crowd had in a measure exhausted its energy, Mr. Redmond began his address. He said:

I thank you for the magnificent reception you have given me, and I thank you for it all the more because I know that your cheers are not intended for me personally...

I desire to utter a special word of thanks to Mr. Welch for the address of welcome that he read to me from the Clare men of the city of Boston. It is naturally a gratifying thing to me to find that men from my own constituency are here to welcome me...

THE IRISH PARTY AN IRISH GARRISON IN PARLIAMENT.

The fathers of the men who elected me fourteen years ago were the men who returned Daniel O'Connell to the British Parliament, the men who enabled him to stand there in the heart of England and to denounce and refuse to take that blasphemous oath which England imposed in order to insult and degrade the people of Ireland who proudly held the faith of St. Patrick...

IRISHMEN IN PARLIAMENT.

I know there are men who do not approve of Irishmen going to Parliament. Well, it would be a disgrace for any Irishman to go to the British Parliament to help England or to assist her, but we who are in the Parliament of England to-day are, as it were, encamped on England's heart, and every day, every hour and every minute that passes by the Irish garrison in England teaches the British people that when Ireland is not free Ireland is hostile to the British Empire.

I thank these brave men of Clare. I have represented during the last twenty-two years many parts of Ireland. My own County of Wexford; the gallant men who hold the North of Ireland for the National cause; for Inishkeen and Fermanagh I have stood. For fourteen years I have represented the County of Clare, and

while my public services are of use, proudly and gratefully I tell the Boston Clare men I will give it to the service of the people of the banner county of Ireland.

WHY IRELAND SENDS REPRESENTATIVES TO PARLIAMENT.

I am here representing the Irish National Party in Parliament. I am here representing the Party which was established by Parnell twenty-five years ago. And I am here to say to friend and foe alike that the Irish Party, so established, is still in the independent position in which Parnell placed it. We belong to no British political party; we are not concerned for the welfare or advancement of Britain or her empire. We are in the Parliament of England for one purpose alone—the purpose of bringing speedily about the day when the Irish Parliament will be opened once more and when we shall rule ourselves as freely as we did through the influence of Grattan and the Volunteers.

I desire to speak a few candid words here. In the first place let me say I know—nobody in the world knows better than I do—that there are hundreds if not thousands of good Irishmen in Boston and in America who do not believe that the freedom of Ireland can be won by any action in the British Parliament at all. I know that there are men, and I have met them and respect them, who believe that liberty is only to be won by people who take their lives in their hands, who draw the sword and appeal to the God of battles to right their wrongs. I know there are Irishmen here who refrain from supporting our Party because they believe that the only methods efficacious for Ireland are the methods attempted by the brave Fenian men, or by the men of my own county in the glorious rebellion of 1798.

I stand here not as an exile of Ireland; I stand here representing men who have not left Ireland, but who are living in Ireland and battling for her as best they can. And I say that the enthusiastic Irishmen who talk to me of rebellion and force of arms, that were there a legitimate and justifiable cause for an appeal to force of arms, there would be no necessity for Irishmen in the United States of America to urge us at home to do our duty. God forbid that I should call in question the patriotism and the sincerity of the Irishmen who refuse to support Parliamentary action here. I grant the purity of their motives, I grant the sincerity of their opinions, but I ask them, and I ask all reasonable men, is not the opinion of the Irish people at home in Ireland to be valued and respected?

I spoke awhile ago to the men of the County Clare, men like those men whose muscles we saw swelling as they took part in the games. I spoke of the young men that I represented in the County Clare. They are representatives of all Ireland.

IRELAND'S PATRIOTISM NEVER CHANGES.

Does any man here believe that these people do not love the old country as deeply as those under the Stars and Stripes? Does anyone believe that we, who are not free like you, who are living under the shadow of the English flag with English armed men at our shoulders every day, does anyone believe that we do not feel the weight of the hand of England on our shoulders, that we do not hate her rule as much as any Irishman in the United States of America? We do. I say that the Irish people to-day are as strong in their belief, in their instincts, in their patriotism as the men of '67 or '48 or the men of '88, who died under the leadership of Father John Murphy around Vinegar Hill.

There is no weakening in Ireland to-day. Let me tell you that we

do not require—and I say so with all respect—to be taught our duty by any section of our race abroad. We know the history of Ireland. We have read of the days when the streets of Dublin were red with the blood of Emmet. We have read and know in our hearts the death of Wolfe Tone. We have read and we know in our hearts the heroism of all the martyrs for Irish freedom.

THE PEOPLE OF IRELAND THE BEST JUDGES OF THE COUNTRY'S INTERESTS.

We yield to no Irish American in desire to be free, and I tell the men who refuse to support representatives of the people like myself, that it is not I and men like me that they are opposing—they are opposing the settled convictions and opinions of the masses of the Irish people who freely elect us.

There is no appeal to arms in Ireland to-day, because the people are disarmed. There is no call for rebellion to-day, because our people know that England, many of the people in England at any rate, would welcome the opportunity of once more crushing the national spirit out of Ireland.

In the rebellion of 1798 the people were driven into it deliberately by England because she wanted to drench our country in blood. If, with the Irish people unarmed, unprepared, to-morrow we could follow the councils of those who tell them to fight, the English people, or those of them who hate us, would be delighted, because it would be a short way to settle the Irish question in blood. ARMED RESISTANCE WOULD BE WELCOMED BY ENGLAND.

In Boston, in Chicago, in New York, or where you like, there is nothing easier than for the Irishman who has got a free flag over him, who is out of all connection and touch with England—nothing is easier than for him to say, "The only way to fight for Irish Home Rule is to fight as the Boers did. Why don't the people take up arms?"

That is out of the question. I say what sort of a representative would I be if when I went back to Clare I told the people who were unarmed, who are struggling for an opportunity of rearing the children God gave them, if I said to them, "Come ye out. You have no arms, the arms of England are before you; come ye out and let ye be slaughtered and your women made widows and your children made orphans." No, I say that the man who would cause an unprepared and unarmed people to march to slaughter would be an unfaithful representative of the people.

In conclusion be felt sure that the sympathy of all Europe was with Ireland and that progress would be made still further by peaceful means. The powers of Europe generally hate and suspect England to-day, and there was no chance for an alliance other than that with the Japanese. He hoped the day would never come when the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes would float side by side. The Irish members in Parliament not only represented Ireland, but the greater Ireland in America to whose voice England and the whole world must give heed.

DEATH OF REV. DAVID BOWLER, O.F.M.

English exchanges bring news of the death of Father David Bowler, O.S.F.C., who passed away peacefully after an illness of three weeks. The deceased Father was the oldest member of the English Province, having been received into the Order in 1855. During a period of twenty years he was well known as a missionary in the North of England, where he was universally esteemed. After some years' labor in the Franciscan Capuchin missions of South Wales he was made Superior of the Community of Dulwich, in which place he erected the commodious schools of that flourishing district. He subsequently went to Italy and made strenuous efforts to obtain greater spiritual facilities in favor of the Catholic sailors of the Mediterranean Fleet. His statistics were of much value to Cardinal Vaughan and Mr. John Dillon, M.P., when this subject was discussed in Parliament. He was also of deeply appreciated service to the English visitors on the Riviera. The body was removed to Crawley for interment.

WHY WAS DUBLIN UNIVERSITY FOUNDED?

The following article from the London Statist presents an independent view of the Irish educational grievance, which cannot fail to be read with interest:

There is one portion of the Prime Minister's otherwise excellent speech upon the Irish education question recently in which he did not preserve the candor which characterized all other parts of it. We refer to the passage in which he says "it is natural for Englishmen and Scotchmen to resent the tone in which Irishmen make the demand for funds to establish university education, because Parliament has never founded universities either in England or Scotland any more than in Ireland."

As Chief Secretary, he appealed to the House of Commons to divest themselves of their bigotry and wipe out the Irish Catholic higher education grievances. Now, we venture to say that this is a most unfortunate line of argument, quite unworthy of Balfour.

ENGLAND DELIBERATELY DESTROYED IRISH EDUCATION.

In the first place the question is not one respecting the proper distribution of the funds of the United Kingdom between the three kingdoms constituting it; neither is it whether Ireland is asking as a right and in an objectionable tone what England and Scotland do not ask and never have obtained: it is whether Ireland is so circumstanced that she urgently needs a good university system and is herself unable to provide it. In the second place, the circumstances of Ireland are altogether different from those of either England or Scotland. During the long wars of conquest in Ireland we deliberately destroyed the educational provisions which Irish Catholics had made for themselves. We also confiscated practically all the property of the Catholics. And, finally, we imposed a system of Penal Laws which prevented the Catholics from acquiring the wealth that would enable them to build up a new educational system.

Nothing of the kind has been done by any part of the United Kingdom to either England or Scotland, England and Scotland have old universities and schools which have come down with great prestige from the past. Ireland has nothing of the kind except the Protestant University and Protestant schools, which have been steadfastly rejected by the Catholics. No doubt English and Scotch education needs much improvement. No doubt, also, much more money is required to make the universities, the colleges and the schools thoroughly efficient. But, when all that is admitted, it still is true that there is a very large fund devoted to education in Great Britain, while there is practically no provision made for the education of Irish Catholics, except the grants to Queen's College and the Royal University. We venture to think, then, that the Prime Minister would have done much better if he had extended his rebuke to English and Scotch members, as well as to Irish, and reminded all that the question before the House was not one for the display of national passions, but rather one of calm and careful consideration.

However, the result of Ireland's unfortunate history is that the Catholic population is without any proper system of education in any grade. It is, moreover, exceedingly poor, far poorer than the Protestant population of Ireland, and still poorer than the populations of England and Scotland. Therefore, it is clearly not in a position to supply itself with the educational machinery it so sorely needs. There are, moreover, no great Irish Catholic capitalists who could out of their own superfluity found a university. The final result is that, if Ireland is to be raised out of the slough of despondency in which she is sunk, it must be done by Parliamentary action.

In these days of keen competition in education, as well as in armaments and commerce, the nation

which does not take pains to develop all its faculties is sure to go down. Even in Great Britain the system is extremely bad. It is antiquated, and it needs much larger funds than are now devoted to it. Even without funds, however, much could be done by enlightened reform. But if Ireland the whole system of education needs to be remodelled from the very bottom, and, as we have been pointing out above, it needs to be done, moreover, by means of State funds. What is called the National system, as if by irony, is controlled by a number of commissioners, individually distinguished, no doubt, but actually without experience in education. They are totally independent of the Irish people. And, strange to say, they are largely independent even of the Government. Whereas elected bodies control elementary education in Great Britain, there is no elective element in the Irish elementary system.

DUBLIN UNIVERSITY FOUNDED TO ANGLICIZE AND PROTESTANTIZE IRELAND.

The secondary system is just as bad. And the university system is equally faulty. The University of Dublin was founded in the reign of Elizabeth to Anglicize and Protestantize the country. Practically it has been shunned ever since by Catholics. A few Catholics during the past century have been educated in it. But to all intents and purposes it is as useless to the Catholic majority of Ireland as if it existed in another planet. The Royal University is a more examining body, not a university in any true sense of the word. And the Queen's Colleges suffer, firstly, from the non-existence throughout Ireland of adequate preparatory schools; and, secondly, from the distrust of Catholic parents, who fear for the religion of their children because the colleges are non-sectarian. The upshot of all this is that there is not in all Ireland a good school or a university to which the Catholic laity will go in any numbers. Is it necessary to say that, as a consequence, Ireland is far behind England and Scotland; that every class in the country is less well educated than the corresponding class in other advanced countries, and as a result is less efficient in every department of life?

Look at the countries which are really making progress—such, for example, as the United States and Germany. See the immense number of educational institutions of every kind that are springing up day by day at the other side of the Atlantic. Note the immense sums that are being given for the furtherance of education in the United States by the Federal Government, by the State Governments, by the municipalities, and by private munificence. And for a whole century Germany has not been less active in the same field. Can any one doubt that it is to this spread of enlightened and scientific education that the progress of the United States and Germany is mainly due. On the other hand, can there be a question in the mind of any unprejudiced man that that want of a sound system of education in Ireland is one of the main reasons of its continued wretchedness?

We all profess to be most anxious to do everything for the benefit of Ireland which she would do for herself if she had control of her own affairs. Yet this university question has been before us for fully a century, and it is apparently no nearer a solution now than it was at the beginning. The younger Pitt intended to deal with it, just as he intended to deal with the Penal Laws. But he failed to do so. Gladstone actually brought in a bill a generation ago, but was unable to make it law. Balfour tells us that he has long been persuaded of the justice of the Irish case, and yet he has been unable to convert either the country or Parliament, or the Cabinet of which he is the chief. Doggedly the majority of both great parties refuse to yield an inch. And then they complain because Irishmen clamor for Home Rule. As Balfour pointed out recently, the reason is that English-

men and Scotchmen look on the question as one of religion, not as one of education.

They fear, if they were to found a Catholic University, that they would be strengthening the priests; and, rather than risk doing that, they condemn the whole Catholic population of Ireland to remain in ignorance and poverty. If they would only rid themselves of bigotry and approach the question from the purely educational point of view, they would see at once the reasonableness of the Catholic demand that they should be given a place for the education of their children the spirit of which should not be hostile to their religion. And they would recognize, further, that Ireland, being as poor as she is, has not the means of founding a university for herself, and, consequently, there is a good case for doing for her what has never needed to be done either for England or for Scotland.

In these days, when we are all Imperialists, we profess to be very eager to strengthen the Empire in every way possible. Is it not clear that one of the surest ways of strengthening the Empire is to increase the well-being of the United Kingdom—not of this part or of that part only of the United Kingdom but of every part? If, for example, we had a larger population in Ireland, and a population as devoted to the Empire as, let us say, that of Scotland, is it not manifest that the Empire would be materially strengthened, especially as Ireland is, and long will be, an agricultural country; and her young men, therefore, would be calculated to make better soldiers than the youths drawn from the slums of our great towns?

GOLD IN IRELAND.

Mine "as Rich as Any in South Africa" Said to Have Been Opened.

A great deal of interest has been aroused recently by rumors and reports of the discovery of a gold mine in Ireland, which its owners state is every bit as rich as any in South Africa. They claim that it will yield about two ounces of gold to the ton.

Great secrecy is being thrown around the locality in which the alleged Irish gold mine is said to have been discovered. The announcement of its existence was first made by Seaton F. Milligan at a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries at Belfast. He stated that a friend of his had discovered the mine in the north of Ireland, and that the machinery for working it was ready. Mr. Milligan refused to be interviewed regarding the locality of the mine, but the announcement naturally aroused a vast amount of interest.

One report has it that mining operations are being carried on near Ballydoney, a small town in the west mountains. According to the story, while boring operations for a well were being carried on an extraordinary class of clay was met with. A sample of this clay was submitted to an American expert. He made an analysis and announced that the clay contained both gold and silver in paying quantities.

So far, it is said, only surface mining has been done, twenty feet being the greatest depth reached. It is not known how deep the lead extends. According to the expert, some of the South African mines are worked profitably with an output of three-quarters of an ounce per ton, while some of the Alaskan mines average only three pennyweights to the ton.

SEVENTEEN VACANT FRENCH DIOCESES.

The death of Mgr. Delannoy, Bishop of Aire, brings up to seventeen the number of French dioceses which are without Bishops.

MARRIED.

PEREGO-McILHON—On September 19th, at St. Mary's Church, by the Rev. Father Brady, P.P., Mary Alice, daughter of John McIlhone, to William Lewis Perego, both of this city.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

My Dear Nancy:

Do you remember the discussion a few of us had some little while ago about the first publicity given to woman writers, and on Agnes Repplier's name being mentioned, Hortense remarked that the Philadelphia Times was the means of bringing her to the fore. Strange to say, I came across a brief sketch by Matilde Weil in the September Critic, which I thought would prove interesting especially to two of the party who came from the land of the frog and which I append for your benefit and theirs:

"To her friends, Miss Repplier is a never-failing fount of sympathy and affection. She will take the most inconceivable amount of trouble on their behalf and go to any length to serve them. Her morning hours are the only ones in which she can work with comfort, yet she is more than patient under interruptions.

"Although a Philadelphian born and bred, Miss Repplier has passed much of her life abroad. Two years ago she spent the winter in Italy and Southern France and for the next year she is planning a trip to Egypt with some friends, with a houseboat on the Nile and a yachting trip upon the Mediterranean as its principal features. Unlike most authors who have travelled a great deal, Miss Repplier rarely writes anything connected with her travels, her works so far comprising six volumes of essays, her 'Fireside Sphinx' and the volume of Philadelphia in the 'Stories of Cities' series. Like most writers, Miss Repplier began with journalism, contributing half a column every week to the Sunday edition of the Philadelphia Times. The Atlantic monthly, however, introduced her to her public. The magazine was at that time under the editorship of Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who had a peculiar genius for finding out new authors, instead of waiting, as so many editors do, until a reputation is made and then attempting to secure the author for their firm."

"Have you decided yet as to how you are going to remodel your house gown? This is the day when to be ultra-fashionable one needs to introduce the touch of Orientalism. Cloth of silver and gold, and net embroidered with precious stones gives the desired effect. By the way, I saw an exceedingly handsome costume at Mrs. B's tea. For your new fall gown I feel sure you could choose nothing more becoming. It was fashioned a la directoire, in one of the deeper green shades. Cashmere, which is again being extensively used by the best dressmakers, was adopted for this costume. The seams extended to the shoulders and the closing was at the back. The fulness at the seams in the skirt portion was creased into plaits below the hips, rest of the same color, extending a yard in an inverted box-pleat at the back. A fancy bolero of chiffon velvet little below the bust line in front, and fitting closely to the figure in the back, gave a dressy touch to the costume. Short, full sleeve-caps fell gracefully over the full elbow-sleeves. The bolero was profusely trimmed with rich embroidery on the collar, front and sleeve-caps. The lower edge was cut in large scallops from which fell a dainty fringe of lace.

"I think this suggestion will be helpful to you who are going out into the western wilds for a couple of months. You did not care to go to the expense of getting a man-tailed riding habit as you would have so little use for it in the city. How about the following? An extra short, tight-fitting, unlined cloth skirt with a deep hem; this should be heavily stitched and leaved with small weights; also a plain wash shirtwaist with high turnover collar and four-in-hand tie. If you wish a hat get a small dark straw fastened with elastic and a pair of heavy walking gloves and heavy-soled calf-skin shoes are needed. A loose box coat of tan cover cloth will be all you require for warmth.

"Mrs. F. seems to have a never-ending supply of 'new ideas.' She, as you know, does her own housework, but always manages to look neat and tidy. While washing dishes or clothes she tucks a folded newspaper over her apron. This she throws away when the work is done, and her apron is kept perfectly dry. This is worth giving a trial, is it not?"

"You intend having a farewell celebration for Miss H., I understand. Well, I think a Japanese tea would

be most unique and not at all difficult to arrange. An oblong table is the first thing necessary, which, with a centerpiece of red silk, carries out the Japanese flag idea. On this will rest a candelabrum having small lanterns for shades. Place tiny flags on pins round the edge. A China figure might be placed at each corner holding a basket containing salted almonds. Let the first course be grape fruit. Be sure to stick a little paper umbrella in each. I trust these suggestions will be of service to you, and should you avail yourself of any I will be so pleased to hear.

Yours sincerely, HELENE.

TIMELY HINTS.

To clean bronze ornaments, take one dram of sweet oil, one ounce of alcohol and one ounce and a half of water. Apply quickly with a soft sponge, but do not rub.

To clean black cashmere wash the goods in hot suds containing a little borax. Rinse in very blue bluing water, and iron while damp.

To prevent thread from knotting, always thread your needle at the end of the cotton as you undo it from the reel, and make the knot at the end that is cut off. If this is done your thread will never knot.

The water in which onions have been boiled, if rubbed over gilt frames, will remove dust and specks and brighten the gilding wonderfully.

If curtains are allowed to dry before being starched, they will last clean much longer.

A simple expedient for ridding the house of mice is to place a little oil of peppermint or sprays of the fresh herb round their haunts, as they have a great antipathy to the odor. For cockroaches, potato ash formed by burning the parings to a cinder on the back of the stove, will effectually banish them if scattered about the places where they congregate. Water bugs, that pest of the city apartment, will vanish if all cracks and crevices where they run are sprayed three or four times a day with water in which carbolic acid has been dissolved in the proportion of two tablespoonfuls of acid to one pint of water. Care must be taken in handling the acid.

RECIPES.

Kentucky Catsup—One gallon of chopped cabbage, one gallon of chopped green tomatoes, one quart of onions, eight pods of green pepper, an ounce of mustard, ginger and celery seed, one tablespoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, horseradish and mace, a pound of brown sugar. Add the spices to half a gallon of vinegar, pour over the catsup and boil three hours.

Stuffed Cucumbers.—Pare three or four cucumbers and remove the end, cut each one in two and take out the seeds with an apple-corer. Put a tablespoonful of salt and about four cups of cold water in a basin and then add the cucumbers, and put them in a cool place until the filling is made. Put half a cup of milk and a few bread crumbs in a sauce pan on the stove and let cook until a smooth paste is formed, add a quarter of a pound of chopped veal and a spoonful of butter, season with onion juice, thyme, salt and pepper. Remove the cucumbers, dry them on a soft towel. Fill with the forcemeat, put them in a stewpan and cover with veal stock; let them simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Serve on dainty slices of toast.

Japanese Salad.—One cup of hot boiled rice drained dry and mixed with a small onion chopped fine. While the rice is still warm, mix with a French dressing and set aside to get cold. Open a can of sardines, wipe them dry of oil, and remove the skin and backbones. Carefully mix the rice and sardines, then heap in the centre of a dish of crisp lettuce leaves and cover with French dressing. Sprinkle chopped chives over all. Beet shreds are also good as a garnish for this salad.

Cheese Balls With Tomato Sauce.—Mix together two cupsful of grated cheese, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne and a cupful of fine bread crumbs. Add two eggs beaten stiff, shape into small balls, roll in crackers crumbs and fry in deep fat. Serve on small squares of buttered toast, and pour over them a tomato sauce.

TOO BUSY TO BE KIND.

"I sometimes think we women nowadays are in danger of being too busy to be really useful," said an old lady, thoughtfully. "We hear so much about making every minute count, and always having some work or course of study for spare hours, and having our activities all systematized, that there is no place left for small wayside kindnesses. We go to see the sick neighbor and relieve the poor neighbor, but for the common, everyday neighbor, who has not fallen by the way, so far as we can see we haven't a minute to spare. But everybody who needs a cup of cold water isn't calling the fact out to the world, and there are a great many little pauses by the way which are no waste of time. The old-fashioned exchange of garden flowers over the back fence and friendly chats about domestic matters helped to brighten weary days and brought more cheer than many a sermon. We ought not to be too busy to enquire for the girl away at school, or to be interested in the letter from the boy at sea. It is a comfort to the mother's lonely heart that which means so much to her, to feel that somebody else cares for that which means so much to her. Especially we ought not to be too busy to give and receive kindnesses in our own home." May no one be able to say of us that we are too busy to be kind.—The Young Woman.

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HOW TO CLEAN WRINGERS.

To clean wash wringers loosen the screw and wipe the rubbers very dry then wet a dry rag with kerosene oil rub all over the rubbers until they are white; slip a clean piece of old muslin between them (the rubbers) and put wringers away. To keep wash boilers from rusting, rub boiler dry and hold over the gas flame or put on the cooking range until perfectly dry. Then with a dry rag saturated with kerosene oil rub it all over (the inside of the kettle) and put away, or better still, hang it up in a dry place.

THE NURSERY WALLS.

The trouble with flowered wall papers is that they do not admit of pictures. Few children are content with a bedroom or nursery without pictures, and if their tastes are consulted, as they surely should be, the pictures selected for any room will be more or less miscellaneous; therefore the nursery or sitting room sacred to youth should be furnished with a view of permitting latitude in decoration. The walls should be plain buff, brown or green in softest tones, and the woodwork, for preference, white. With such a background almost any decorative color scheme may be followed. Boys need to be encouraged to fit up their own rooms, and so, in these emancipated days, do many girls. The instinct is sure to sleep if made to order rooms are given to children.

THE MASTERY.

(Sunday-School Times.)

To lose self-control is to lose the key to any situation. No man who cannot hold himself in hand can expect to hold others. It has been well said that, in any discussion or disagreement with another, if you are in the wrong you cannot afford to lose your temper, and if you are in the right, there is no occasion to. Or, as a lawyer has wittily put it, "possession is nine points of the law; self-possession is ten."

FUNNY SAYINGS.

CAUSE FOR WONDER.

They tell this of a certain editor's little boy, but it is safe to say that the editor doesn't live in Chicago. Chicago editors are supposed to know everything. Said little Tommie with contempt: "I asked papa when the millennium was comin' an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was goin' to rain next Fourth of July, an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

UNCLE JAMES.

"Uncle James," said a city lady who was spending a few weeks in the country, "is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?"

"No," replied Uncle James, "he's a Leghorn."

"Why, certainly, to be sure," said the young lady. "How stupid of me. I can see the horns on his ankles."

A READING LESSON.

It is a well-established fact that the average school teacher experiences a great deal of difficulty when she attempts to enforce the clear pronunciation of the terminal "g" of each present participle.

"Robert," said the teacher of one of the lower classes during the progress of a reading exercise, "please read the first sentence."

A diminutive lad arose to his feet,

SURPRISE PURE SOAP. An illustration of a woman in a long dress holding a basket, with the word 'SURPRISE' written above and below her.

IMMORTALITY.

Two caterpillars sprang on a leaf. By some strange accident in contact came. Their conversation, passing all belief, Was that same argument, the very same, That has been 'proed and conned' from man to man, Yea, ever since this wondrous world began. The ugly creatures, Deaf and dumb and blind, Devoid of features That adorn mankind, Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife, To speculate upon a future life. The first was optimistic, full of hope; The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope. Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation," Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation. Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates And bar our entrance through the golden gates. Suppose that death should take us unawares, How could we climb the golden stairs? If maidens shun us as they pass by, Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?"

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a Chicago mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader."

"We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said Evan.

"That was nice. What did you do?"

"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told the teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I could bring one every day."

LEFT THE CHURCH.

A Kansas farmer went to the pastor of his church and asked that his name be stricken from the church list.

"What is the trouble, Brother Jones?" asked the surprised minister. "I supposed you were a faithful follower of the lamb."

"Well, I sorter thought that myself, but there is just no use in talkin', a man can't serve the Lord where he has to milk five cows in fly time. After the first heavy frost I'll try this church business again, but now I'll either have to sell my cows, or give up church work, or be a damned hypocrite."—Topeka (Kan.) Capital.

MEMORIES.

Let us forget the things that vex and try us, The worrying things with which our souls are met; The hopes that, cherished long, are still denied us, Let us forget. Let us forget the little slights that pain us, The greater wrongs that rankle and that fret, The pride with which some lofty one despises us, Let us forget. Let us forget our brother's fault and failing, The yielding to temptation that beset, That he, perchance, though grief be unavailing, Can not forget. But blessings manifold, past all deserving, Kind words and helpful deeds, a countless throng, The fault o'ercome, the rectitude unswerving, Let us remember long. The sacrifice of love, the generous giving, When friends were few, the hand-clasp warm and strong, The fragrance of each life of holy living, Let us remember long.

THE POET'S CORNER.

IMMORTALITY.

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"I am so tired!" And the curly head nodded, Seeking its place on the fond mother's breast; There where no juvenile sorrows may follow, Tired of his play Through the long summer days, He slept while the golden beams died in the west. "I am so tired!" And the strong man sank wearily Into his chair at the close of the day; Tired of the struggle which stretched forth so drearily, Glad to put business and worry away, Tired of the cares That the endless grind wears— The fight for existence each step of the way.

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Look up and the skies are cheerful! Look down and the dim shadows fall About life's way In the heat of the day, When there's sunshine above for all! Our lives are just what we make them, In the struggle and sweat of years; The world so bright— In misfortune's light— We spectacle only through tears. It wants but a little courage And a purpose, so strongly planned To bravely fight Till the lonely night Stalks gloomily over the land. There are loud infonings many, From Niagara's deep despair, But sorrows grow dumb And feelings numb, In the peaceful valleys of Prayer. —William J. Fischer.

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The Poet's Corner.

IMMORTALITY.

Two caterpillars sprang on a leaf. By some strange accident in contact came. Their conversation, passing all belief, Was that same argument, the very same, That has been 'proed and conned' from man to man, Yea, ever since this wondrous world began. The ugly creatures, Deaf and dumb and blind, Devoid of features That adorn mankind, Were vain enough, in dull and wordy strife, To speculate upon a future life. The first was optimistic, full of hope; The second, quite dyspeptic, seemed to mope. Said number one, "I'm sure of our salvation," Said number two, "I'm sure of our damnation. Our ugly forms alone would seal our fates And bar our entrance through the golden gates. Suppose that death should take us unawares, How could we climb the golden stairs? If maidens shun us as they pass by, Would angels bid us welcome in the sky?"

A GENEROUS OFFER.

"And what did my little darling do in school to-day?" a Chicago mother asked of her young son—a "second-grader."

"We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said Evan.

"That was nice. What did you do?"

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OUR

Dear Girls and Boys—

What is the matter? would never be able to mail this week. But afraid I have been fore up, little girls, get you on. Nut-gathering time season that I am sure something to tell me notice the little squirts their winter stores, from you all. Your L. AUN

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading to the True Witness and see none for quite a while on a farm. We have and six horses. I spent vacation of three weeks. I have three there. I went to Hu on the 8th of September. I will now to see my letter in main. Your loving n Kensington, Que.

BASTING THREE

"I must have it— you if I speak." The tone was stern, and Maudie Frost's ed even more than her "Yes, dear, I know anything else that is wear, but I must go to mother in spite of that not needed me very much never have sent a tele sponded Mrs. Frost, v riously packing a travel Maudie's frown was s ceeded by a brighter ex she exclaimed: "I can do it myself! best one in the sewing year? Why, of course There's all to-morrow as for those that take tertainment, and as I'm entertainment, and as I'm singing I can have my home." Mrs. Frost glanced d the table where rested Maudie's dress, all finis broad hem at the botto "Would you measure a baste it very carefully? Maudie laughed. "Why how to do it. I often work for the younger g "I know—but that was ent. You must use fine fold it perfectly even b gift to sew." "I wish you'd trust There comes the hack n your pocketbook. I hop find grandma very ill. father and Miriam an your messages. Now 'em all."

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FITS CURED. LEIBIG'S FITCURE. If you, your friends or relatives suffer with Fits, Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, or Falling Sickness, write for a trial bottle and valuable treatise on such diseases to THE LEIBIG CO., 179 King Street, W., Toronto, Canada. All druggists sell or can obtain for you.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys—

What is the matter? I thought I would never be able to get through my mail this week. But I am really afraid I have been forgotten. Hurry up, little girls, get your thinking caps on. Nut-gathering time is such a jolly season that I am sure you will have something to tell me about it, and notice the little squirrels laying in their winter stores. Let me hear from you all.

Your loving AUNT BECKY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I have been reading the letters in the True Witness and was sorry to see none for quite a while. I live on a farm. We have eleven cows and six horses. I spent a very pleasant vacation of three weeks in Montreal. I have three aunts living there. I went to Huntingdon fair on the 8th of September and had a nice time. I will now finish, hoping to see my letter in print. I remain,

Your loving niece,

M. EDNA M.

Kensington, Que.

BASTING THREADS.

"I must have it—you know I must if I speak." The tone was very earnest, and Maudie Frost's face expressed even more than her words.

"Yes, dear, I know you haven't anything else that is suitable to wear, but I must go to your grandmother in spite of that. If she had not needed me very much she would never have sent a telegram," responded Mrs. Frost, who was hurriedly packing a traveling bag.

Maudie's frown was suddenly succeeded by a brighter expression as she exclaimed:

"I can do it myself! Wasn't I the best one in the sewing class last year? Why, of course I'll do it! There's all to-morrow afternoon free for those that take part in the entertainment, and as I'm not in the singing I can have my time here at home."

Mrs. Frost glanced doubtfully at the table where rested the skirt of Maudie's dress, all finished but the broad hem at the bottom.

"Would you measure the hem and baste it very carefully?"

Maudie laughed. "Why, I know just how to do it. I often basted the work for the younger girls."

"I know—but that was quite different. You must use fine thread, and fold it perfectly even before you begin to sew."

"I wish you'd trust me, mother. There comes the hack now. Here's your pocketbook. I hope you won't find grandma very ill. Yes, I'll tell father and Miriam and Louis all your messages. Now kiss me for 'em all."

"And remember," said Mrs. Frost, "to lay the skirt on the sewing-table flat and smooth, and baste it—"

Maudie laughed. She loved her mother dearly, but thought she was very old-fashioned in her methods. "Just as if everything must be done by rule!" she said to herself.

Maudie was to recite at the entertainment on Wednesday evening, and this was Tuesday.

She knew very well that she ought to study and rehearse the poem over and over again, but she had a story-book to finish, and it was so easy to curl up in one corner and read!

There was no one in the house to say, "Come, Maudie, you ought to be studying your piece."

When Miriam, who taught in the high school, and Louis, who was a pupil there, came home, they were surprised to learn of the mother's departure. "I'm sorry for dear grandma and mother," said Miriam, "and sorry too for you, because there's no one to help you practice. You'll study it this evening, won't you?"

"Of course," responded Maudie. "You talk as if I always failed when I had anything to do."

"No, dear, not that; but you would if mother didn't keep urging you to study."

Louis groaned an affirmation. "No too!" said he. "Haven't I drilled that girl till I know every word of her recitation? I tell you, Maudie, while you don't exactly fail, you're shaky. You keep your loving friends in a state of terror until you leave the platform."

"Oh, thanks!" and Maudie bowed low to her brother, "hear the great

orator talk. I shall have the poem at my tongue's end, and my dress skirt hemmed before to-morrow night."

"Maudie!" exclaimed Miriam, "you must get Miss Freeman to do it, now mother has had to leave it."

"She cannot possibly do one stitch besides the waist—she told mamma so. And I don't want her to. What is the use of being the best hemmer in the class if I can't do my own things?"

"Wall," sighed Miriam, "you will have to-morrow afternoon. But you ought to have help in measuring and basting your hem. That's really the hardest part. I'm afraid it's a large contract, Maudie."

"She has one essential qualification, and that is a sublime self-confidence in her ability," said Louis, as he opened his Greek grammar.

It was half-past one o'clock the next afternoon when Maudie shut herself in her room. In a chair before her was the dainty skirt, and close by was the book in which was her recitation.

"It's all nonsense to think of going twice around this," she scoffed. "If I measure and pin the seams together, why, there it is! When it is done who will know the difference?"

With perfect confidence she measured, and pinned, and began the task. Her stitches were set with care, and as she held the hem over one small forefinger she repeated:

"Sail on, sail on, O ship of state! Sail on, O Union strong and great!"

determined to make the weak places sure and relieve her brother, for once, of all anxiety. She held herself bravely to the task, but it was more than four o'clock when she finally removed the pins and shook out her skirt triumphantly.

Then for the first time she noticed a strangely uneven appearance. The last two seams had refused to meet and she had drawn the material far from a straight line. She pulled and twisted, but the broad hem was still sadly wrinkled.

"It's all wrong! I never saw such a mess! What shall I do?" cried poor Maudie.

While she was still suffering a sort of panic, Amy Lawrence, her most intimate friend, ran in to see how she was getting along.

"I've spoiled it, Amy. I never can wear it in this world! Just look!" and she held up the result of her afternoon's work.

Amy's gentle voice was full of sympathy. "What does all it? Put it on, Maudie, and let me see if I can't pull it straight," she said.

But no, there were ugly wrinkles still.

"I never made a hem myself," Amy went on, "but I think you didn't start right. Did you lay it flat on a table and baste it?"

"No, I didn't lay it flat on a table and baste it. I pinned it on the soams, and I can't imagine why it didn't behave. How can I speak—my-piece—and" wailed Maudie.

"I think I know why it did it right away. She helps mamma sew, and she's very quick."

"But I don't believe anybody can do it before eight. It's four now, and Miriam will come and she'll have to see it."

"Perhaps we can send it to Mrs. Applton before your sister comes," said Amy comfortingly. "She's got a boy in the high school, and I'll ask her to send him right up after it."

Away ran Amy, and a few minutes later Bridget announced, "A b'y in the kitchen waitin' for work to take to his mother."

This was joyful news to Maudie, but at that moment Miriam appeared.

"What's the trouble? What are you doing with your dress skirt?" she inquired.

"I didn't have good luck with the hem," Maudie faltered; "it wouldn't come straight, the best I could do, and I'm going to send it to a woman. The boy is waiting for it now."

Miriam had taken the skirt from the hands that were so eagerly folding it.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, sadly, "you didn't baste it."

"No, but I pinned it. It's the miserablest twisty cloth."

"But don't you see that if you had laid it on the sewing-table and basted it carefully it would have been all right? The best dressmakers use most basting threads. They know it saves a lot of trouble in the end."

She yielded the skirt to Maudie's impatient fingers.

Maudie basted herself wrapping up

the dress. "Next time I'm going to baste and baste and baste!" she said.

"There is a great deal in starting right in whatever we do," answered her sister.

Maudie looked very pretty that night in her new organdie, as she stood upon the platform reciting her patriotic poem—without once faltering this time. But her sister smiled as she remembered the girl's failure as a seamstress.

Nevertheless there was another side to that experience.

THE ADVENTURES OF TOMMY.

Tommy was a bluejay I took from the nest before he was able to fly. He was too young to eat by himself, so I had to feed him. Whenever I appeared at the box in which he was kept, out of the nest he would pop like a jack-in-the-box, with his bill open to the widest extent, expecting me to drop something into it.

I fed him on cracker and eggs with a small stick. When he had enough he fell back into his nest and went to sleep. He was a great pet, and when old enough was allowed to run in the garden.

If anything frightened him he would hop up on the veranda and hide. When bed-time came Tommy was always to be found in his cage; but one night I forgot him until after dark, and when I went to look for him no Tommy was to be seen. Immediately there was consternation in the family. With lighted candles we searched in the 'by-ways and hedges' and in all his favorite hiding-places, but he could not be found. On the porch was a trellis work for a climbing cactus, and as I passed it I heard a faint chirp and on looking to see where it came from discovered the lost one roosting on one of the cross-bars. He had been sound asleep and the light had awakened him.

One day I heard a terrible commotion in the garden. Thinking a cat was killing Tommy I rushed out to find him fighting two blackbirds, who had a nest in a tree overhead. As Tom's wing was clipped, the blackbirds had the advantage, but he fought valiantly. He would rush at them, and peck them, screaming with all his might. Other blackbirds hearing the noise flew to the assistance of their friends and Tommy had to retire under a bush. The other birds then flew up in the tree and waited. When Tommy thought the coast was clear he ventured out, only to be attacked once more. This lasted nearly all the afternoon until Tommy managed to escape to the shelter of the porch, from which place of safety he scolded the enemy.

Some wild jays enticed Tommy away from home; he was gone nearly two days. When he failed to return the second day I thought it was time to hunt him up, so, armed with a choice morsel of raw meat, of which Tommy was very fond, I went in pursuit of the runaway. I passed several flocks of jays and called out "Tommy, Tommy," but no Tommy answered, so with a sad heart I turned my steps homeward.

A short distance from home I saw a forlorn-looking laybird, that seemed familiar, hunting for worms in the mud. I called to him, and as soon as he heard his name he hopped up on the fence and looked all around. I shook the meat at him and said "Come, Tommy," and the next minute he had flown into my hands. And wasn't he glad to get home! He was not used to hunting for his dinner, and was nearly starved.—Pets and Animals.

THE PIGEONS OF OLD.

At one time pigeon-roosts were to be found in all parts of the United States. They were places where pigeons congregated in flocks of hundreds and thousands. They are referred to by Cooper in his novel, "The Pioneers," and were found in the east, in the Mississippi, Missouri and Arkansas Valleys, and in the bottom lands of Texas, where they had abundance of mast on which to feed.

For these roosts the pigeons always selected a dense forest or grove in some out-of-the-way place. There they built nests and laid eggs and hatched their young. Now there is not a roost in the United States, and it is said that there is none on the North American continent, except it may be a few small ones in Canada.

It is the testimony of old-time hunters that the pigeons never did any harm that a war of extermination should have been waged against them.

The only harm that was wrought by them was the breaking down of trees, and a grove, after they had left it, looked as if a cyclone had swept through it. But they never selected any trees except those which

grew on wild ground—trees which were private property being passed by.

There were men now who were school boys in the days of these great roosts, and they have a good word to say for the pigeons.

THE BEAR WITH THE FOG HORN

It was her first day in the country. She had read about cows, calves, sheep and hens, and she had seen the pictures in her reading books. From the pictures she was sure that a cow was about as large as her cat, Bess, a hen was about like the sparrow to whom she gave crumbs, and a sheep was like a small dog.

A bear was larger than any of them, for she had seen a bear in the park, and she knew it was larger than the animals whose pictures were in her books. A squirrel she classed with the large animals, for all she had seen were the pictures.

The first day after she had been looking around the place for about an hour, she ran into the house as if there were some wild animal after her. Her pale, frightened looking face alarmed her grandmother.

"What's the matter, Jennie dear? What's the matter?" asked her grandmother.

"There's a bear coming up the road with a fog horn," gasped the child.

"A bear with a fog horn? What can the child mean?" and the grandmother went to the door.

"Don't, don't open the door; there he is," said the scared child.

"That a bear? Why, that's my pet cow, and she's bawling because her calf has been taken away."

It took some time to make Jennie understand that "that big thing was a cow," and not a bear with a fog horn.

A MARCH IDYLL.

(From the Italia)

It was the last day of March. The signora, attended by her friends, was sitting in the cosy library. As she glanced down the columns of the evening paper this short announcement caught her eye: "For sale. The villa of the Count Soragna."

"Just what I have been wanting so long," she cried. "I will go to-morrow and look at the place."

"It has been for sale for five or six years at least," observed one of her friends. "It must be frightfully spider-weby by this time."

"A few spider webs are easily brushed away," replied the signora, who was already busy finding directions as to how to reach the Soragna villa.

"Yes, but the real point of my remark was that if no one has taken the house in that length of time it cannot be very desirable."

"I refuse to allow the point. I am sure that it is only jealousy on your part because you did not find the advertisement yourself," and the signora smiled triumphantly.

The next morning, among the rare travellers at the north station at Milan was a lady, tall and distinguished looking. She was evidently accustomed to admiration, for she did not appear to notice the glances universally bestowed upon her, and her whole attention seemed centered in the little guide book in her hand.

"Six months of country life, amid absolute silence," the signora thought, as she took her seat in the train.

The Villa Soragna was situated in the very midst of the Alpine foothills. There were no towns, scarcely even villages, nothing but woods and fields in the neighborhood. The signora had found her ideal at last.

Not that the signora was an enemy of mankind. On the contrary, she loved her fellow-creatures, sometimes in particular, but always in the abstract, as behoves all good Christians. But there were times when she felt an irresistible need to see people from a distance in order to love them more.

The almost empty train ran swiftly on its way, and the signora amused herself with the swift glimpses of the villas dotted here and there upon the road.

"I am sure that mine will not be like any of those," she said with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders. "If they were built by a machine they could not be more alike."

When the train stopped and the signora had descended from her compartment she turned to one of the three hackmen who pressed around her and asked:

"Can you take me to the Villa Soragna?"

"The Villa Soragna!" repeated one of the men, hesitating slightly, as if recalling something he had forgotten.

"Do you not know the way?" said the signora quickly.

Fruit-a-tives OR "FRUIT LIVER TABLETS" A pleasant liver laxative made from fruit with tonics added. Nature's remedy for constipation, headaches, biliousness, kidney and skin diseases. "I have had Liver Trouble for ten years, and tried different remedies but think Fruit-a-tives are the best. I cannot praise them too highly." At Druggists—50c. a box. Mrs. JOHN CLINE, Aylmer, Ont. Manufactured by FRUIT-A-TIVES Limited, Ottawa.

"Yes, indeed, Excellency, it is not very far."

"Very well: Let us start," and the signora hastened to take her seat in the rough country coach awaiting her.

"This is certainly the solitude for which I longed," she thought as the peasant drove slowly along the winding road. "I think I could love my fellow creatures very dearly if I were allowed to gaze at them from this remote corner of the world."

At length the wagon stopped before an iron gateway which opened upon a long avenue, leading to a long stone villa, surrounded by graceful trees.

"Is this the Villa Soragna?"

"The same," replied the driver, laconically.

As she spoke a man appeared at the gate.

"You wish to see some one at the villa?" he inquired, raising his hat politely.

The signora smiled in quick appreciation.

"The villa itself, please," she said. "Is it not for sale?"

The man looked at her closely, scrutinizingly, until the signora felt almost abashed. Then slowly opening the door, he said:

"Enter."

The carriage drove lumberingly up the beautiful avenue, shaded by tall Lombardy poplars, now faintly tinged with green. Seen closer, the villa was even more beautiful than from a distance, and the signora drew a long breath of pleasure as she murmured:

"How lovely it is here!"

As she stood on the threshold the stranger who had admitted her appeared again.

"If you will permit me, signora, I will serve as your guide," he said. "I am the steward."

The signora was conscious of a vague feeling of disappointment at the man's words. Surely, she thought, that air of birth and breeding belonged to some one of a higher station. He made her think of Titian's famous "Portrait of a Gentleman," which she had long admired in the Pitti Gallery.

"The proprietor does not live here?" she asked.

"The Count is absent," replied her companion, opening the door and standing aside for her to enter.

As the signora went from one beautiful room to another she was more and more delighted. The combined elegance and simplicity of the whole charmed her.

"The people who lived here," she thought, "must be different from others. The very steward shares the olden grace of manners that is so much a part of the building."

She encouraged him to talk, watching him with keen interest. No one of her acquaintances could speak with more charming wit or ease, and as they passed in the rectangular library he referred naturally and with intimate knowledge to the books upon the shelves.

The signora listened attentively. Then feeling as if she must awake somehow from the dream that seemed to hold her she said:

"I am more than satisfied with the villa. Will you please tell me what the Count's price is?"

The steward looked troubled.

"The last one who looked at it was told the price was \$500,000. But he was a common, coarse sort of man who talked about putting in a steam heating arrangement and electric lights. The Count would not have sold the place to him under any consideration."

The signora looked amused.

"Your Count is a proud gentleman," she said. "Somewhat original, is he not?"

"Yes, I do not deny it," said the young man. "But people who are original are not always wrong. Born here on the estate, which the Soragna have owned for centuries, attached to every corner and stone of the house, each room and each bit of furniture is a part of his heart."

"But, excuse me, why then—"

"I know what you would say. Why does the Count wish to sell his chateau? Because he is very poor. He has a very modest income, which, with the sale of the villa, would suffice for all his needs. He has wavered between sentiment and material

gains. How could he sell his home to a fat old lady with innumerable cages of parrots? He must find some one who would be worthy of his beautiful home."

The signora, touched keenly by the pathetic voice, said warmly:

"Poor Count Soragna!" Then she added, perplexed: "I should never have presented myself before the Count for approval. Old maids, like myself, are surely barred."

The steward looked at her in surprise. It was his turn to wonder at her words. Surely so distinguished a woman would not have remained unmarried. But he said, quietly:

"After a certain number of deceptions the Count has discovered a plan which works very well. He himself acts as a guide for the visitors to the villa—"

The signora did not wait for him to continue. Turning with questioning eyes she cried:

"Then you are—"

"The Count Soragna, at your service."

If it was not a dream it was certainly like one. The signora, whose chief sin was not timidity, found herself for the first time in her life perhaps distinctly embarrassed. She must have shown it, for the Count hastened to say:

"I beg your pardon, a thousand of them; but there was no other method of determining the character of the aspirants to my villa. I love it so truly that I could not give it to any one who would not love it as I did."

"So you committed the penalty of springing an examination upon one unprepared?" said the signora, dryly.

"And do you think you know me now?" She smiled ironically.

"Not at all," said the Count, hearing gallantly to pick up a glove she had let fall. "To know a woman is always difficult; to affirm that you know her is imprudent. In my case, I merely bow in admiration."

"Bravo, Count Soragna!" and the signora held out her hand, smiling, this time with the smile of a woman who has found her master.

"May I take down the sign, 'For Sale'?" asked the Count as the lady made her way to the door.

The signora pretended to be busy fastening her glove and did not answer.

"May I take down 'No sign'?" iterated the question humbly.

"What are the conditions?" but the signora did not lift her eyes from the refractory glove.

There was a moment's silence. Then the Count said softly:

"Only one. It is that the future owner of the villa will consent to become the Countess Soragna."

Whatever the signora may have expected, she certainly was not prepared for this. Consequently, being quite unable in five minutes to take both a villa and a husband, she continued to button and unbutton the glove. Just then the carriage drove heavily up to the door.

"I will come myself for the answer," cried the Count, seizing her hand.

For a moment they looked happily into each other's eyes.

"Au revoir," said the signora, gently.

A CATHOLIC OFFICER.

General Sir Montague Gerard, the British representative with the Russian troops in Manchuria, who died a few days ago, was a staunch Catholic and was held in high esteem by all who knew him. The body has been embalmed and forwarded to Ajaccio, where he belonged.

A YOUTHFUL PRELATE.

One of the youngest prelates in the world is Dr. DeBoismenu, M. S. H., Coadjutor Bishop of British Guiana, who resides at Port Leo, Yule Island, New Guinea. He is only 34 years of age, and was raised to the bishopric when in his 29th year. He was born in St. Malo, Brittany, of which province the DeBoismenu family is one of the oldest, and at the present time many of its members occupy prominent positions in the army and navy of France.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1905

ARBITRATION HAND MAIDEN OF JUSTICE.

It is highly creditable to the Plasterer's Union, and must be pleasing to every one interested in the workmen's cause in Montreal, to observe the hearty manner in which the plasterers have accepted the proposals of His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi looking to the establishment of an arbitration tribunal for the settlement of disputes between employers and employed. The general lines of the Archbishop's proposals are too well known to need recapitulation here; but the fact that the journeymen plasterers have appointed their representatives to a conference board shows that there is no misunderstanding of the justice and practical nature of the proposals on the part of the workmen. This indeed is a satisfactory sign, and as we have said already, highly creditable to the plasterers, since it amounts to the most convincing sort of public declaration that they know their demands will never exceed the principles of justice. Arbitration is the hand maiden of justice.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY.

The Bishop of Salford, England, (Dr. Casarrelli) has issued a Pastoral Letter on the subject of the forthcoming conference of the Catholic Truth Society. Asking for the hearty co-operation of the clergy and faithful to make the conference a success, he points out that it will be a National gathering. "When we look abroad," the Bishop continues, "we behold with admiration the splendid Catholic Congresses organized year by year for over half a century by our brethren the Catholics of Germany, and from time to time, though not so regularly, in other lands. We cannot, of course, hope to rival in numbers those vast assemblies which have done so much for the welfare of the Church and the consolidation of her power in those countries. But this annual conference of the Catholic Truth Society is the nearest approach we have to such great congresses, and there can be no doubt of the very important part it has played during the past sixteen years in the development of the intellectual, social and devotional life of the Church in our land." The attendance of the Archbishop of Westminster at the ensuing conference is a circumstance on which he offers appreciative remarks, and in conclu-

sion the Bishop reviews the work of the Society. The work begun by it in England has so commended itself abroad, he says, that besides the Scottish and Irish societies and the International Society (New York) Truth Societies on the model of the original have been formed in New York, San Francisco, Canada and Bombay. The present number of members is about 1500.

FATHER DAVID FLEMING.

Father David Fleming, ex-Vicar-General of the Franciscan Order, and Secretary of the Commission of Biblical Studies, has been nominated Provincial of his Order in Ireland.

Father Fleming was held in high esteem by the late Pope Leo XIII., who selected him to direct the minorities at a delicate moment when the three Franciscan Orders were invited to join under the same Minister-General. Father Fleming has now served three years as Secretary of Biblical Studies, and he leaves Rome much regretted by all his friends.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION LEADS.

The published results of the Intermediate Examinations in Ireland show that the quality of Catholic education in that country continues quite as high as the records of former years which placed such institutions as Clongowes Wood College, Rockwell College, and Blackrock College in an unchallenged position. The total number and value of the prizes carried off by Catholic students compares as favorably as ever with that of their Protestant rivals. In individual successes, too, Catholic students are well to the front. The third and fourth Classical Exhibitions of £50 each in the Senior Grade are won by students of St. Malachy's College, Belfast; Master Michael McGilligan, of Clongowes Wood College, being seventh with an exhibition of £40. Blackrock College secures the second of the £50 Exhibitions in the Modern Literary Exhibitions in the same grade, the third and fourth places being occupied by students of the Christian Brothers' Schools, North Richmond street. In the Mathematical Course, Master Patrick J. Browne, of Rockwell College, Cashel, is first with an Exhibition of £50, and Clongowes Wood secures the second place with a similar exhibition, and in the Experimental Science Course four out of five Exhibitions of £50 each have been won by students of the Christian Brothers' Schools. St. Colman's College, Fermoy, has a splendid list of successes. It has taken first place in the Classical Course in the Middle Grade, the same College gaining third place in the Modern Literary Course, the first two places being occupied by pupils of the Christian Brothers' Schools, who also carry off no less than seven of the ten exhibitions given in the Experimental Science Course, the other three finding their way respectively to St. Colman's College, Fermoy; Clongowes Wood College, Salford; and St. Mary's College, Dundalk. The returns given for the Preparatory Grade are confined to special prizes, and it is gratifying to find a Catholic College—that of the Marist Fathers—at the head of the list in Greek.

MANUFACTURING IRISH CRIME.

A remarkable official exposure of manufactured Irish crime has been made by the Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary in response to the determined challenges of the Irish Parliamentary Party. What has been called "the Boyle outrage" made a sensation some time ago in the Unionist press and became the subject of several questions in the House of Commons. The Irish Chief Secretary, in course of time, admitted that no such outrage had ever occurred, whereupon the alleged victim of a lawless peasantry demanded the police report of the actual occurrence. Sir Neville Chamberlain has now given the official report to the public, and it is indeed a remarkable document. The following are the essential portions. It is only necessary to say that the out-

rage alleged was an armed attack upon the residence at Drumdoe, near Boyle, of a Protestant landowner named Magens.

"After most careful consideration of the facts to which I have above referred, the police were forced to the conclusion that no genuine attack was made on Drumdoe on the night of July 11th, 1905, and that the damage done to your windows was done by some person or persons inside the house.

This conclusion is further supported by the fact that, although the police made a very careful examination of the ground round the house, they could not discover any traces of footprints on the flower border under a window, where such marks might have been left, if any person had broken the glass from the outside.

There is one point in connection with the case to which I think it is desirable to draw your attention.

On the 16th July a document was found by Captain Baker and Major Murphy, fastened with a pin to the lid of a cardboard box, in the box house in the yard at Drumdoe. It runs as follows:—"Maginess do not be by yourself to-morrow night. A Friend."

There were, in addition, some lines and a rough sketch of what appears to be a man at foot. It was written with pen and ink, and you have referred to it in previous correspondence as a "warning notice."

The head constable who examined the box-house on the 12th July is sure that the warning notice was not then in the place where it was subsequently found.

District Inspector McClelland, who examined the same place on the 12th and 13th July, is quite positive that the notice was not there on either of those dates.

You stated that you put a lock on the "box-house" door on 12th July, and that between that date and July 16th you kept the key carefully in your own possession, and no person in the interval had access to the "box-house" except in your presence. Consequently the "warning notice" must have been placed in the "box-house" when it was open, or after you had parted with the key.

The "warning notice" appears to have been written in your study. One of the sheets of your blotting paper which was found by District Inspector McClelland in the study, and which was taken away by him with your permission, contains the impression of the "warning notice," including the lines and the rough sketch of a man.

I was anxious you should see these papers and the panes of glass. Your refusal to meet the officers makes that impossible unless you desire to examine them at the office of the District Inspector at Boyle, who will be happy to produce them on receipt of an application from you.—I have the honor to remain, sir, your obedient servant.

(Signed)

NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, Inspector-General.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

According to papers, steps are being taken in Hobart (Tasmania) to celebrate Archbishop Murphy's diamond Episcopal Jubilee in October by raising funds to complete the local Diocesan College. Archbishop Murphy is the oldest prelate in the world.

It is announced that the Pope, on the recommendation of Cardinal Merry del Val, has decided to establish a press agency at the Vatican, which will furnish all newspapers, irrespective of party, with the latest information. It is said that His Holiness has taken this step on account of the innumerable false reports that have been circulated from time to time regarding the Vatican.

THE CATHOLIC CONGRESS AT STRASBURG.

A fund was recently raised to erect a bust of Pius X. in his native town, Riese. Among those who subscribed was the Duke of Genoa, brother of the Dowager Queen Margherita, and one of the most popular members of the Italian Royal family. The Pope, it is stated, has been deeply touched, and it has been interpreted in Rome as a fresh symptom of the increasing cordiality between the Vatican and the Quirinal.

The Catholic Congress at Strasburg—the old Strasbourg of the French—was very successful. It was attended by large French contingents, who were welcomed by the Germans

of the Lourdesverein, or Society of Pilgrimages to Lourdes. According to a paper read by one of the prelates, the number of German missionaries is still very inferior to that of the French. Most of the German Evangelists belong to Alsace-Lorraine, and in 1904 the dioceses of Strasburg and Metz alone gave to the Church more priests than the whole of the rest of Catholic Germany. A noteworthy feature of the Congress was the assembly of Catholic students of sixty societies. They met in a vast hall, and after the speeches thousands of mugs of comparatively harmless Strasburg beer were emptied in honor of the prominent persons attending the Congress. The next German Catholic Congress, which will be the fifty-third, will take place at Essen, in Westphalia, twenty miles from Dusseldorf, on the Rhine.

BUCKINGHAM NEWS.

(Special Correspondence.)

There has been sensation, surprise, and withal on every side exclamations of joy and satisfaction at events of a startling nature that have been transpiring here during the past week or two. Not that joy and satisfaction were to be found in the rumors of crime and conspiracy that were in circulation on every side, but because, many said, that at last a veritable criminal was caught and would pay the long deserved penalty for one of many crimes. What a fate! What a fate for one who has made all his money honestly—every cob of it—and the poor, who have been his creditors, can bear testimony to this—all his money honestly and very honestly, to be talked of so harshly and in a manner so unsympathetic and by the very people whom he has so often befriended with his open purse.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind Thou art not so unkind As man's ingratitude."

—As You Like It.

The grand work of erecting a hospital goes on. The magnificent building is nearing completion, and yet we have no news of new arrivals in the medical profession. As before stated, Buckingham needs at least two or three more young physicians. These should all be Catholics, and at least one should be an Irish Catholic. This Catholic centre has a wonderful dearth of Catholic medical men. The town has five physicians, only one of whom is a Catholic. Has this Province of Quebec no medical practitioners to spare among our young men, French and Irish Catho-

lic? Even apart from the inequality in proportion to our population on the lines of race and religion, our town and surrounding country needs more young, able men in this profession here.

The good Sisters have been making an extension to their convent, too. It is with pleasure that we have learned that the Grey Nuns here were the first to introduce the study of Irish history into their classes. If we had more knowledge of Irish history among our Irish mothers we would probably have less frequent occasion to blush at the expressions of exuberant loyalty and flunkeyism by the children and grandchildren of men who were driven into exile, starved, imprisoned or hanged by the liberty-loving Anglo-Saxon.

A sad state of affairs exists here with regard to our school for boys. The good pastor and the Irish people have not been of one opinion about the sort of teachers necessary. There has been friction for the past two or three years on this matter. The pastor is anxious to retain the services of the Brothers, but, whether rightly or wrongly, many of the Irish people have become very much dissatisfied with the work done by them. This dissatisfaction has no doubt been exaggerated a great deal by over-zealous opponents of the Brothers, and complaints of a most unjust nature have been put into circulation by unscrupulous and exceedingly ignorant people. How ignorant and devoid of Christian shame some of these are may be surmised by the reader when he is informed that among them were to be found poor creatures so far exulting and glorying in their shame as to boast that they were cut off from the church and refused the sacraments on account of their persistency in sending their children to non-Catholic schools. A compromise was agreed to last year and the year previous by the bringing in of a lay teacher for the senior class, but this year no compromise could be reached, and the pastor was accused of talking extreme measures by opposing an Irish representative on the Board of Commissioners. It is true that some of the pastor's best wishes regarded this step with deepest feelings, of regret. The outcome is that quite a few Catholic children are attending the Protestant school. Masonry and Orangism are exulting, and encouraging the unfortunate split to the utmost extent. Every good man must feel sorry to see such a state of affairs. We know wrong has been done excessively by those who have opposed the Brothers, and we know, too, that Masonry dreads and hates religious teachers. All this notwithstanding, we must with all true men deplore the fate of the innocent children who are being exposed to danger and brought up in rebellion

against acknowledged authority. Our good old tradition, handed down to us, has ever been to first of all bow in obedience to spiritual authority, no matter whatever else we may have to suffer thereby. It was this good old tradition that brought our people safely through many centuries of direct persecution, and made our faith the highest and most ennobling feature of our race and made it to be acknowledged as such by the faithful throughout the world. With that confidence that a faith so long tried in the fires of past persecutions do we hope for a happy and beneficial terminating of all these sad misunderstandings. We feel that if error had been committed, that it is little wonder such should be the case, so often have the mists of folly and falsehood been raised.

OWEN AN SOGARATH.

NUN DECORATED.

A striking commentary on the persecution of the Nursing Sisters in France is furnished by the decoration with the Cross of the Legion of Honor of Mere Chevillard, Lady Superior of the Hospital of St. Jean de Lonsme. An interesting history of her career is given in the columns of the *Matin* by a correspondent who has recently interviewed her. Although she has attained the great age of 97, she is in good health and in full possession of her faculties. Born in 1809, she entered the hospital as a Sister 72 years ago, and has much to tell of her experiences in war and pestilence. During the cholera epidemics of 1849 and 1854, and in the smallpox of 1870, she witnessed many heartrending scenes, but her reminiscences of the Franco-Prussian war are among the most remarkable of her narrations. Though bitter in her complaints of the brutality of the Prussian troops in general, she was full of praise for Prince Frederick Charles, the "Red Prince," with whom she had a memorable interview in pleading for the lives of two nuns captured and sentenced to death by the invaders. She graphically described her escape from the hospital at night when she heard of their having fallen into the hands of the enemy, and of her arrival at headquarters only to see the two men on their way to the place of execution. But she reached Prince Frederick Charles in time to save them, and throwing herself at his feet, obtained their release.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE.
 ANN'S PARK
 The annual pilgrimage place last Sunday to the cemetery was largely attended. Fathers Rioux and Flinn led the pilgrimage.

TO CONFER WITH ST. REFUGEE BOARD.
 Last Sunday the church held a meeting at which it decided to appoint a committee with the Refuge Board to purchase of the Catholic building.

CONCERT IN AID OF FUND.
 The choir, convent girls and talent of St. Mary's gave a concert on Monday, Oct. 16th, in St. Mary's aid of the organ fund. Pupils are preparing another occasion.

PREACHING HERE.
 Rev. Father Wulstan treated to the pupils of Marie Convent last week. Father Hoffmann preached to the pupils of Cote des Egoes also last week, and gave in giving one to the Ville Marie Convent.

ST. GABRIEL'S EUCISMOKER.
 This evening the Ladies of the Hibernians are giving a party in the basement of the church. The date of the Young Men's Society has been fixed for Monday, Oct. 2nd.

Next Sunday after his regular monthly meeting of the T. A. & B. Society

WILL HONOR MEMORIAL FATHER MATTEO.
 On the evening of October 11th a concert will be given at the church of St. Patrick's to celebrate the centenary of the death of Father Matteo. This is a temperance society of which he founded one year after the death of Father Mathew's land. Prof. McCaffrey's musical arrangements in his reason to look forward to an enjoyable time.

BURIAL OF SAID.
 James Dyanan, a native of Shields, England, sailor, died of Black Diamond typhoid fever at the General on Wednesday, 20th. He remains were taken in the Catholic Sailors' Club in the sailors' lot, Cotnam cemetery, Rev. F. W. officiating. Deceased leaves two children to mourn. May his soul rest in peace.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS ELECT COMMISSIONERS.
 The Catholic School Commissioners elected for the coming year are: Mayor Laporte and were elected to the finance: Messrs. Piche, Ald. Abbe Perrier to the school, while Mr. P. Marth Vallieres and Mr. O'Meara pose the committee on the school committee. The school committee was to negotiate for the of a professor of manual from Paris.

O'LOGHLIN-HARRINGTON.
 The marriage of Miss Harrington, daughter of Mr. Harrington, of 178 Nazareth St. Ann's Church on the Rev. Father Flynn. The ceremony was very simple. Immediate relatives being the bride, who was given by her father, wore a travel of blue chiffon cloth, with a white rose. Mr. O'Loghlin known in athletic circles, prominent on the Shamrock and football teams. Mr. Harrington is the champion Shamrock best man. The happy couple received numerous and valuable presents.

AT THE FRANCISCAN.
 At the Franciscan Church yesterday afternoon, Rev. Father Spots of the necessity of good example. Tertiary Franciscans are not ordinary they are members of a brotherhood, as such they have especially by their example called to the Minister of the world, but all, and espec-

ITEMS OF INTEREST

ANNUAL PILGRIMAGE OF ST. ANN'S PARISH.

The annual pilgrimage which took place last Sunday to Cote des Neiges cemetery was largely attended. Rev. Fathers Rioux and Flynn accompanied the pilgrimage.

TO CONFER WITH ST. BRIDGET'S REFUGE BOARD.

Last Sunday the church wardens held a meeting at which it was decided to appoint a committee to confer with the Refuge Board for the purchase of the Catholic High School building.

CONCERT IN AID OF ORGAN FUND.

The choir, convent girls and other talent of St. Mary's parish will give a concert on Monday evening, Oct. 16th, in St. Mary's Hall, in aid of the organ fund. The convent pupils are preparing an operette for the occasion.

PREACHING RETREATS.

Rev. Father Wulstan gave a retreat to the pupils of Mont Ste. Marie Convent last week. Rev. Father T. Heffernan preached one to the pupils of Cote des Neiges College also last week, and is now engaged in giving one to the pupils of Ville Marie Convent.

ST. GABRIEL'S EUCHRE AND SMOKER.

This evening the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Hibernians are giving a euchre party in the basement of the church. The date of the Young Men's smoker has been fixed for Monday evening, Oct. 2nd.

WILL HONOR MEMORY OF FATHER MATHEW.

On the evening of October 10 there will be given a concert under the auspices of St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society to celebrate the Father Mathew anniversary. This is the pioneer temperance society of America, being founded one year after the opening of Father Mathew's work in Ireland. Prof. McCaffrey has the musical arrangements in hand, so there is reason to look forward to a most enjoyable time.

BURIAL OF SAILOR.

James Dyan, a native of South Shields, England, sailor on ss Catalone, Black Diamond Line, died of typhoid fever at the General Hospital on Wednesday, 20th inst. The remains were taken in charge by the Catholic Sailors' Club and interred in the sailors' lot, Cote des Neiges cemetery, Rev. F. W. Doyle, S.J., officiating. Deceased leaves a wife and two children to mourn their loss. May his soul rest in peace.

CATHOLIC SCHOOL COMMISSIONERS ELECT COMMITTEES.

The Catholic School Commissioners on Tuesday elected new committees for the coming year. Mr. Sample, Mayor Laporte and Abbe Troie were elected to the finance committee; Messrs. Piche, Ald. Gallery and Abbe Perrier to the school committee, while Mr. P. Martineau, Ald. Vallieres and Mr. O'Meara will compose the committee on construction. The school committee was authorized to negotiate for the engagement of a professor of manual training from Paris.

O'LOGHLIN-HARRINGTON.

The marriage of Miss Annie Harrington, daughter of Mr. Jno. Harrington, of 173 Nazareth street, to Mr. J. P. O'Looghlin, took place at St. Ann's Church on the 20th inst. The Rev. Father Flynn officiating. The ceremony was very quiet, only immediate relatives being present. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a travelling suit of blue chiffon cloth, with hat to match, and carried a bouquet of white roses. Mr. O'Looghlin is well known in athletic circles, being prominent on the Shamrock lacrosse and football teams. Mr. M. Casey, of the champion Shamrocks, acted as best man. The happy young couple received numerous and valuable presents.

AT THE FRANCISCAN CHURCH.

At the Franciscan Church on Sunday afternoon, Rev. Father Ethelbert spoke of the necessity of setting good example. Tertiaries of St. Francis are not ordinary Christians, they are members of a true religious order; as such they have to preach, especially by their example. All are not called to the Ministry of the world, but all, and especially Ter-

tiaries, must co-operate in carrying out the designs of God, who "will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth." Tertiaries, then, must work by example; they must "let their light shine before men, that others seeing the light may glorify their heavenly Father."

After a warm exhortation the Rev. Father concluded by wishing that they may indeed be true soldiers of Jesus Christ by being perfect tertiaries and faithful followers of the seraphic St. Francis.

REV. T. HEFFERNAN'S DISCOURSE AT ST. ANTHONY'S.

At St. Anthony's on Sunday the subject of the discourse was the closing one ordered by His Grace the Archbishop. Rev. Father T. Heffernan, who was the preacher, took for his subject "The love a true member of the Church must bear in his heart towards his mother, the spouse of Jesus Christ." His love must be that of a valiant man, of a man who really understands the position of the Church as the mouthpiece of God, the intelligent bond that elevates the tastes, the desires, etc., of man; the Church, that virginal spouse, so perfect in its purity of organization, so perfect in its prerogative to demand obedience, fidelity, respect, that bulwark of civilization; the Church that has erected the bridge that spans the distance between time and eternity, pointing out the dangers of advance. Beware, beware, lest in approaching you should slip the step.

The preacher went on to explain how want of attention to the minor details of religious life lead on to indifference and indifference to ultimate infidelity. Taking a practical lesson from the Gospel of the day, he said that the Church mourns, like the widow of Naim, over the imprisonment of the Sovereign Pontiff in the Eternal City, and the lash of infidelity which France has raised against her. France, the oldest daughter of the Church, yet the youngest in spirit, has wandered from the path of rectitude to the path of shame and dishonor. Cursing, swearing, impurity, drunkenness, slander and dishonesty were gnawing the vitality of the spiritual life, and leading many into the grave of infidelity and spiritual death.

AT ST. MICHAEL'S.

Rev. Father Salmon, of the Cathedral, Kingston, preached at St. Michael's at high Mass on Sunday last. The young man raised to life by the power of the sympathetic Jesus reminded us of the great sentence of death pronounced in the garden of Eden against the whole human race. Death came of sin—death is the wages of sin. Mankind, destined to immortal life here and hereafter, became a victim to God's wrath at the disobedience of its first parents. Death is a sanction to God's law—God's voice must be heeded. He will brook no contempt. As He rewards the good and the faithful, so will He chastise the wicked and the rebellious. This sentence of death, though appalling, is not overwhelming; death may lose its terrors, it may become sweet by due preparation. Death, therefore, must not be overlooked, our thoughts must grasp and retain its certainty, but at the same time our mind must fully conceive that there is comfort at its approach if we die in the Lord, in the arms of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, in peace with our God and without guile before our fellow-creatures.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CLUB.

The weekly concert held last evening was under the auspices of St. Patrick's Society. The audience was the largest yet gathered in the spacious hall and galleries, both places being taxed to their utmost capacity, and many were turned away. Mr. F. J. Curran acted as chairman, and in his opening remarks spoke of the pleasure it gave him in seeing such a large audience present, which testified to the popularity of the Catholic Sailors' Club, and also that St. Patrick's Society, the national society of the city, was proud to help in the good work for the sailors. The programme was a long and varied one, and greatly pleased the audience. St. Ann's Orpheus Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Murphy, Hamilton, Norris and McCrory, sang "Killarney," and were loudly applauded, and as an en-

core gave "Good Night." The recitations of seaman Robertson, of the ss Athene, entitled "Murphy shall not sing to-night" and the "Hamilton Brigade," greatly pleased the crowd. The clog dancing of Mr. T. Hogan deserves special mention, as well as the songs of the Misses Foley, Delahanty, Broderick and O'Brien, Messrs. Ed. Quinn, R. Lattimer, seaman Chas. Mallon and Geo. Chrimes, and the recitations of Mr. S. P. Murphy. Prof. P. J. Shea was the accompanist. Among those present were Rev. Fathers Malone, S.J., Loyola College; Killoran, St. Patrick's; Kearns, Washington; Hon. Justice Curran and Mr. F. B. McNamee.

AT NOTRE DAME DE BONSECOURS.

Last week we merely noted the fact that the consecration of the above church had taken place. Further particulars we take from La Semaine Religieuse of this week's date: "On Thursday, the 21st September, feast of St. Matthew, a ceremony of most imposing character took place at the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours. This modest little church ranks as the first of our temples by reason of its antiquity. It was the Sieur de Maisonneuve and the Venerable Marguerite Bourgeoys who were instrumental in laying the foundation. This church has been at all times, in this city and in this entire Canada of ours, an object of particular veneration. From the time the much regretted Rev. Hugues Lenoir, P.S.S., conceived and executed the idea of placing directly above the old chapel a fac-simile of the house at Loretto, Bonsecours became more than ever the objective of tourists and a spot of devotion for pilgrims. Taking counsel with His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi, the Rev. H. Filiatrault, P.S.S., the zealous chaplain of Bonsecours—whom the former students of Montreal College hold in such high esteem—wished to assure to the church he has such affection for the favor and grace of solemn consecration. At the same time there were three very fine marble altars ornamented with onyx and bronze also to be consecrated. On the 21st then Mgr. Suardetti, Apostolic delegate to Canada, His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi and His Lordship Bishop Emard of Valleyfield, officiated at the imposing ceremonies. His Excellency consecrated the church and principal altar; His Grace the Archbishop the altar dedicated to the Sacred Heart, and Bishop Emard of Valleyfield that dedicated to St. Joseph. The autumn rain which had been falling for some days gave place that morning to a bright September sun. This enabled the prelates and their assistants to go outside the church without discomfort for the numerous processions, aspersions and prayers as designated in the ritual. The ceremonies began at 7.30 a.m. and closed at one o'clock. * * * At Bonsecours there are no ruins; if there have been such repairs and artistic additions have preserved and embellished the souvenirs of the past. More than anywhere else in Montreal at Bonsecours the stones speak and sing of the glory and of the piety of a time that is past. Few of the number witnessing the ceremony realized at its real value the religious poetry embodied in Bonsecours, intensified and made lasting by the solemn blessing of the prelates. Such is life. Poor human beings that we are, the edifices which we build live longer than ourselves. Notwithstanding that the Church by her ceremonies and her rites invites us to reflect on what is lasting, we are carried away by pleasures which are but fleeting."

Do your own thinking. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to our thoughts; but when alone, weigh what you have said.

If, in spite of all, you wish to judge, if you find it indispensable to sit at the tribunal, put Christ as an advocate by the side of the one you are judging. He will only have to look at you to teach you what you should do.—Charles Wagner.

Amnesty! Amnesty! Power of forgiveness! Clearness of soul; disposition towards mercy; a desire not to condemn any one indefinitely; a fear; a great fear; a terror of committing injustice; a terror of using one's soul to weigh the soul of others and to condemn them. May God teach us all these things! May the simple word of the One who was Divine simplicity be boldly carried out by us. His counsel is at the height of a child's head, yet it is also at the height of the stars.

ST. PATRICK'S FIELD DAY

Yesterday afternoon the Shamrock grounds were the scene of some very interesting athletic contests. It was field day for the boys of St. Patrick's. The lads turned out 400 strong, and many friends and lovers of manly sport were there, too, to encourage the competitors and applaud the victors. A goodly number of the "old boys" were on the field and Shamrock colors were flung freely to the breeze. The weather was delightful and the programme was a decided success. The field events were better this year, than ever before. Master Leslie Dann, the winner of Mr. Frank Lukeman's championship medal, distinguished himself in a special manner. The open bicycle race was a most interesting one, the winner, Master James McMenamin, having stolen his way to the front only a few seconds before reaching the mile limit mark. The lacrosse match which closed the day was won by Master Joseph Rowan and his club. It was a neat game for younger players. Mr. B. Tansey acted as referee and Mr. J. T. Murphy and Dr. Prendergast as umpires.

Rev. Father M. Callaghan was there in the midst of his boys with a pleasant smile and a word of encouragement for each and all.

Among those present were Rev. Father Kearns, Washington; Rev. Father Killoran, Rev. Father Cullinan, Messrs. B. Tansey, N. Dann, M. McCracken, F. Lukeman (M.A.A.A.) Dr. Prendergast, Dr. Mullally, M. Healey, J. Reddy, B. Hyland, R. Walsh, J. Stratton, T. Ireland, members of St. Patrick's A.A.A., representatives of St. Ann's school, etc.

The following is a list of the prize winners: Senior Championship Medal—Master Leslie Dann. Junior Championship Medal—Master Albert Moss. Silver Medal, presented by Mr. J. T. Murphy for the 440 yards race, won by Master Leslie Dann.

100 yards dash (open)—1, Jas. Bracken; 2, Leslie Dann; 3, J. Rowan.

100 yards dash, under 14—1, C. Donnelly; 2, W. Brown; 3, I. Roche.

100 yards dash, under 13—1, Jas. Bracken; 2, M. Coody; 3, P. Patterson.

100 yards dash, under 10—1, C. Heffernan; 2, P. Burgess; 3, E. Elliot.

Sack race, open—1, R. Lynch; 2, E. Roach; 3, J. McMenamin.

Sack race, under 14—1, James O'Shaughnessy; 2, R. Lukeman; 3, C. Donnelly.

Sack race, under 13—1, Peter McKay; 2, Chas. Gallagher; 3, Clarence Blinkstead.

Sack race, under 11—1, Chas. Heffernan; 2, Harold Ahern; 3, G. Paillard.

440 yards, open—1, Leslie Dann; 2, Jno. Bracken; 3, J. Rowan.

440 yards, under 14—1, W. Brown; 2, C. Donnelly; 3, I. Roche.

440 yards, under 13—1, James Bracken; 2, J. Dwyer; 3, F. Cunningham.

440 yards, under 11—1, W. Brown; 2, P. Caveny; 3, Edl Casey.

Three-legged race, open—1, J. McMenamin and W. McCloskey; 2, L. Dann and E. Roach.

Three-legged race, under 15—1, R. Lynch and I. Roche; 2, J. O'Shaughnessy and W. O'Neill; 3, O. McDonnell and E. Farney.

Three-legged race, under 13—1, J. Warren and A. Moss; 2, F. Maker and P. Daly; 3, M. Brophy and P. McKay.

Three-legged race, under 11—1, T. Bracken and W. Hennessy; 2, W. Coyle and G. Paillard; 3, F. Maguire and R. Foote.

Half mile championship race, open—1, Leslie Dann; 2, R. Lynch; 3, J. Sheehan.

Half mile championship race, under 14—1, W. Brown; 2, I. Roche; 3, R. Lukeman.

Half mile championship race, under 10—1, P. Burgess; 2, H. Ahern; 3, R. Kelly.

Potato race, open—1, L. Dann; 2, C. Curran; 3, J. Graham.

Potato race, under 14—1, R. Lukeman; 2, E. O'Brien; 3, C. Donnelly.

Potato race, under 12—1, H. Fields; 2, H. Dunn; 3, R. Linagh.

Potato race, under 10—1, C. Heffernan; 2, F. Maguire; 3, J. McGarrity.

Running hop, step and jump, under 13—1, A. Moss; 2, E. Smith; 3, James Gorman.

Running hop, step and jump, under 11—1, E. Kennedy; 2, J. Murphy; 3, J. Dooley.



Ogilvie's Reputation goes into every barrel of Royal Household Flour

If Royal Household Flour were not as good as Ogilvies say it is, who would be the greatest loser?

You would try it once—if it were not good you would be a small loser, perhaps. But Ogilvies would probably lose your custom.

They would also lose the custom of every other woman who tried it and of thousands who had never tried it but had been told that it was not as represented.

Therefore Ogilvies must make Royal Household Flour the best flour because they stake their reputation upon it, and if you and thousands of others found it was not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their business.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their own protection. Incidentally that is your strongest protection—it guarantees you the best flour because the brand carries with it Ogilvie's Reputation.

Ogilvies simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.

- Running long jump, under 11—1, T. Bracken; 2, J. Murphy; 3, M. Dawson. Running high jump, open—1, Leslie Dann; 2, J. Rowan; 3, J. McMenamin. Running high jump, under 15—1, R. Lynch; 2, G. Ryan; 3, R. Lukeman. Running high jump, under 13—1, A. Moss; 2, J. Robinson; 3, W. Lukeman. Running high jump, under 10—1, J. Taylor; 2, M. Dawson; 3, S. O'Shaughnessy. Throwing baseball, open—1, J. McMenamin; 2, L. Dann; 3, D. McDonnell. Throwing baseball, under 14—1, C. Donnelly; 2, O. McDonnell; 3, W. Brown. Throwing baseball, under 13—1, J. Bracken; 2, J. Dwyer; 3, J. Taylor. One mile bicycle race, open—1, J. McMenamin; 2, A. Walsby; 3, A. Morris. One mile bicycle race, under 14—1, J. Monahan; 2, F. Kelly; 3, D. McMenamin. One mile bicycle race, under 13—1, Jno. Murphy; 2, W. Prendergast; 3, M. Brophy. Most successful competitors: Section I. of Programme. Leslie Dann 20 points Richard Lynch 12 points Walter Brown 12 points James McMenamin 11 points C. Donnelly 10 points Section II. of Programme. Albert Moss 13 points James Bracken 9 points C. Heffernan 9 points J. Dwyer 7 points T. Bracken 6 points The boys wish to thank the following gentlemen for valuable contributions to the prize fund: Rev. Father M. Callaghan, P.P.; Rev. P. Heffernan, Mr. P. J. Brennan, S.A.A. A.; Mr. J. F. Murphy, Mr. F. Lukeman, M.A.A.A.; Mr. B. Tansey, Mr. B. Hyland, Mr. W. Kiely, Mr. Jas. Dawson, Mr. J. Brady, Mr. L. McCrory, Mr. C. Curran, Mr. F. Brophy, Mr. J. McAn, Mr. G. Ryan, Mr. F. Donovan, Mr. A. Foster, Mr. W. Bolan.

Canvassers Wanted.

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All Local Talent invited. The finest in the City pay us a visit. MASS at 9.30 a.m. on Sunday. Sacred Concert on Saturday evening. Open week days from 5 a.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays from 1 p.m. to 10 p.m. ST. PETER and COMMON STS.

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For life is not made up of joys few and intense, but of joys many and gentle. Great happiness is the sum of many small drops.

A WONDERFUL CATHEDRAL.

Journalist's Impressions of the Great and Still Unfinished Basilica at Westminster.

A contributor to the London Daily News who has been writing a series of sketches entitled "Sunday morning in London," thus describes his impressions—the impressions of a tolerant unbeliever with an eye for the picturesque—of High Mass in Westminster Cathedral:

I enter the porch, and my eye is held, not by the mighty building, but by the great golden crucifix which hangs suspended from the chancel arch, as if the Man of Sorrows would welcome and warn every crosser of the threshold—the arms outstretched in welcome, the hands pierced in warning.

A vast yellow brick building of immense proportions, with four mighty domes, the westernmost in strong light, the next in shadow, the third in still darker shade, the fourth, above the high altar, illuminated by twelve windows. The size is impressive, overwhelming. The wide areas of space encompassed forbid the temerity of noise. Here, where the loudest shout would be dashed by its littleness, the voice is hushed to a whisper. The naked majesty of the place demands and secures homage; here at least is a worthy symbol of an awe-inspiring faith. The architect has planned, the builders have builded, but the believers must adorn and these yellow cliffs are at once a challenge and a prayer. No one now living will witness the temple completed, no pious priest see the travail of his soul and be satisfied; masses, priests, worshippers will long have been dust ere the last stone is encrusted with gems, the last brick covered with gold. But the present is profuse. Already marble columns, rich and rare, the votive offerings of benefactors, support the vaulting of aisles and arches. To walk around the Cathedral is a pilgrimage through Europe. Monoliths from the ancient classical quarries of Thessaly and Euboea stand beside Verona's grey and purple treasures. Norway bends her crimson granite to wear the white crown of Carrara's famous mines. The chapels are fair with delicate stones and intricate mosaics; marbles green and translucent as the sea, marbles black and impenetrable as the tempest, marbles violet, and marbles rose-red, with jasper and lapis lazuli, and mother-of-pearl and porphyry.

The worshippers stream in, men and women, poor and rich, hale and infirm, old and young. Each as he or she enters sinks on one knee to the temporary high altar, which stands before a green curtain stretched across the Cathedral, above which scaffolding can be seen, stands in lonely simplicity beneath its green canopy, bearing six giant "candlesticks, three on either side of a crucifix. A green carpet leads down from the altar to the base of the altar steps. To right and left sits the choir. The congregation increases until the Cathedral is well filled. The six lighted candles burn steadily at the end of what, from where I sit, is a dim vista. The chanting of the priest reaches me as from across a valley; the sound ebbs and flows, now swelling high, rushing against the arches and roof to be sucked back in echoes and tossed to and fro, now sinking to a suspiration, the murmur of a summer sea. From time to time the organ is heard, but it never becomes more than a background for the voices, deep, sonorous voices, which roll their syllables richly forth. To and fro in front of the altar move the white figures, advancing, retreating, bowing, kneeling, weaving the, to me, complicated pattern with infinite ease and dignity. The smoke of the incense floats up, thinly veiling the black scaffold poles, the great congregation silent and still, watches the white figures, rises as one man, kneels with a like unanimity, the bell rings, with bowed head the priest uplifts the Host, the climax is reached, the tension relaxed.

A few yards away from me is a man of about thirty-five, whose coat is tightly buttoned to conceal his lack of a shirt, the coat itself is torn and ragged, and as he kneels I see the soles of his boots are almost gone. The face is a sad, weary face, tanned by exposure, lined by anxiety; the features are small and refined. No one is more devout. He sets me musing. Into how many of our churches could you have wandered, my brother, without being stared at with eyes, not altogether friendly—supposing, indeed, you had been admitted and given a seat. But here thou canst sit beside ladies in dresses the most exquisite brains can devise or money purchase, without a single curious glance to make thee feel thy lack.

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ROME'S DEBT TO THE POPE.

Rome is undergoing a gradual transformation, writes Rev. D. S. Phelan in a letter from the Eternal City to the Western Watchman. I fear it will be soon "Rome no more." For the tourists there is still left but the Pope and the Vatican. All else has been given up to the small shopkeeper, who is the most remorseless of iconoclasts. Public buildings are encroaching on historic spots, and where in years gone by the classic traveler would stop to decipher a Latin inscription, his eyes are greeted with signs in English: Tea rooms at such a place; English goods at such another place; American drinks here; and American wares there. The old city of Romulus and Remus resembles a fair; and every citizen in it is on the qui vive for the stranger's lira. The children in the schools are being taught modern languages with a view to manage the tourists of the future. I was astonished at the correctness with which these children spoke English. At the hotel where I stopped 250 tourists from Germany arrived in one evening. They formed a jolly party and saw the sights together. The small boy was equal to the occasion; and I was surprised to hear those same little fellows speaking even better German than they had English. I found that these two languages are down in the compulsory courses of all elementary schools. Italy has made up her mind to go into the hotel and restaurant business and the sooner she goes out of all others, including the military, the better for the people. Rome can well live off of travellers as long as the Vatican lasts, and the Pope continues to occupy it. For there is absolutely nothing to repay a visit to this city, but the hope of seeing the Sovereign Pontiff and the assurance of being able to visit the Vatican gallery and the churches. This attraction has lost none of its charm, and the growing enthusiasm of the visitors is proof that it is more likely to increase than to decrease. It has softened the asperity of the patriots towards the Holy Father. In 1870 they were told that the Pope could do more for Rome than the Savoyard intruder; they have learned by this time that he is the only one who can do anything for the city. Applying the words of Holy Writ to the present situation in the peninsula we can imagine the most rampant Garibaldian saying to-day; not in a great standing army, or in mighty battleships do we place our hopes; but in the temples of the Lord and his viceregent, The King, and his court, and his Parliament have as little to do with the temporal well-being of Italy's capital to-day, as has a college debating society with the material prosperity of St. Louis. I do not know whether Victor Emmanuel is in the city or not; I have not inquired; and I have heard no one inquire where his beautiful coach is; what chance there is to see her is a question that does not disturb the minds of tourists to Rome. But to come to the Eternal City, and not see the Pope, is to have spent both time and money in vain. To see the long line of carriages on both sides of the Square of St. Peter's, one would be led to think that there was a General Council in permanent session within the great basilica. It would be a curious exhibit if the Minister of the Interior were to give to the world the exact figures of the revenue derived from tourists in the City of Rome in one year. We would then know how much it owes to the Pope and the Vatican.

I had a long and charming interview with Cardinal Satolli yesterday. He sized up the situation of the papacy by saying that Pius IX. was a representative of its burning heart; Leo XIII. of its throbbing brain; and Pius X. of its busy and beneficial hands. He said that in his last interview with the Holy Father he had dwelt long on the happy situation of the Church in the United States, and that Pius thoroughly agreed with all he said, and added: "The Church is strong in America, because the people there love justice and obey the law." The Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation of Studies lamented the financial condition of our Catholic University, and still more the internal dissensions of that institution. He seemed to think that the professors were adopting the policy of the mutineers of the Black Sea, and said most po-

sitively that the present rector would be sustained "against the egotistic professors." His Eminence showed much feeling in speaking on the subject, a fact all the more remarkable as he knew I was seeking for information to be used in these columns. I had a very pleasant visit at the American College, and was surprised at the great material improvement that had been made in the institution in the past few years. The late rector, the present Bishop of Portland, some years ago purchased a splendid castle at Castel Gondolfo for the insignificant sum of 120,000 lire, while it had cost more than a million to build. Here the students can spend their vacation in as much ease and comfort as any prince in Rome. In the city the present rector, Mgr. Kennedy, has purchased a building adjoining the present college, which gives him forty additional rooms, and much needed recreation ground. Now it is as well off in point of space as any college in Rome. The college is in a very prosperous condition, and is the pet of the Holy Father.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MANUFACTURING COMPANY. "A Pure Hard Soap" Makes Child's Play a Wash Day. Were you ever in a soap factory? Not a two by twice affair, but one of the largest in high grade soap in Canada. No, do you say? Well, if you will follow the writer through the Surprise factory, you will probably have a little clearer idea of the magnitude of this up-to-date and pushing firm.

Now, the principal ingredients in the manufacture of soap are tallow and caustic soda. The tallow comes in large hogheads. The soda in iron drums. It is then put in tanks and diluted. From here it is pumped upstairs to the soap kettles. This takes place on the ground floor and you have made a start towards seeing the manufacture of that famous article, Surprise Soap. On the first floor are eight kettles and an apparatus for steaming grease from the barrels, as it is in barrels that the grease is received at the factory.

It is on the top floor where you get your first "surprise." Here are four huge kettles each holding fifty tons. The smaller kettles on the second floor to inexperienced eyes seem to be immense. But these monsters holding fifty tons each actually give one a shock—to peep timidly over the edge of this boiling, bubbling, seething mass of fifty tons of soap in each.

The different ingredients are put in the tanks and boiled for a week; the mass is then allowed to cool for another week. The soap has by this time reached a consistency which allows it to run slowly into frames, where it takes about four days more to cool sufficiently to remove the frames; and there, behold, is a solid cake of soap weighing 1200 lbs. This is known as the frame room, and there are generally about 150 of these huge cakes on the floor at one time.

Now to the cutting-room. Here is another wonderful machine. It takes a 1200 pound cake of soap and cuts it into slabs. These slabs are then put through another part of the machine, where they are planed smooth; again through another part where it is cut up in bars all of a uniform size and thickness. It is then spread on the racks ready for the drying room.

That 1200 pounds of soap seems to melt before your astonished eyes. It's about the slickest sight you ever saw. These cakes are then conveyed on wheeled trucks to the drying room, where they are exposed to a current of warm air for thirty-six hours, and when it is sufficiently dry conveyed to the pressing-room, where it is to be seen another interesting machine. The soap is only in its rough state. These oblong cakes are put in this machine and automatically stamped with the name and familiar shape of the celebrated Surprise Soap at the rate of eighty per minute. The finished product is then shot automatically from the machine down a long slide, where you see six girls doing about the quickest work conceivable. Just imagine! They can wrap with tissue and cover eighty bars of soap in a minute. The girls put these in boxes; the cover is then nailed on and we have the finished product ready for the market.

On the top floor is the box factory. Here is another curious machine known as an automatic nailing machine, capable of nailing 100 boxes together in one hour. It is strange-ly familiar to anyone who has been around an up-to-date printing office. It works on the same principle as a typesetting machine. One might almost call them cousins from their resemblance.

The rear end of the second story is devoted to the manufacture of a by-product. This is now a valuable asset. Up to ten years ago this was thrown away as waste and of no value. This product is glycerine. On the lower floor are four large tanks for the storing of the soap lyes, a liquid that forms in the kettle during the process of boiling. Two vacuum evaporators with a capacity of 30,000 pounds per day are for concentrating the soap lyes into crude glycerine. The soap lyes go through a chemical and filter treatment, which leaves them in a clear dilute condition of glycerine and salt. In the evaporators large quantities of salt are precipitated and this is used over again in the manufacture of soap.

In addition to Surprise Soap they also manufacture Sea Foam, a white floating soap; a soap powder called White Cross Granulated, and a superior class of laundry chips. These products enjoy a good share of public good opinion, and are meeting growing sales.

The firm believe in the old but ever effective method of advertising Surprise Soap by means of premiums and have gone into it with their usual enthusiastic custom. Every housekeeper uses soap. "Anything is good enough" for some few people, but the good housekeeper demands the best value. They recognize this fact, and realize they must have the buyers of soap know that Surprise is the most economical and satisfactory soap in use. To do this means advertising; calling attention to its merits to induce a trial. One of the methods of advertising the fact that Surprise is a pure, hard soap, with peculiar qualities and power for washing clothes is the premium idea.

They give good premiums, useful articles and ornamental. Every article is first-class. They are bought at the lowest price; much lower than any individual can secure. They give them at cost. Well, reader, one hopes you have kept up with the procession and followed us through the spacious home of Surprise Soap, watched the different processes of its manufacture and have learned something about how this trade-winning and not-to-be-beaten Surprise Soap is got in readiness for the market.

POPULARITY HIS RUIN. Dean Ramsey of Scotland, once spoke sharply to a whiskey-loving parishioner, ending his lecture by setting himself up as an example. "I can go to the village," said the Dean, "and come home sober." "Ay, minister," was the reply, "but I'm sae popular!"

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, Superior Court. No. 2287. Dame Josephine Enlow has this day instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Edward Lawrence Wood, of the City of Montreal, in the said District of Montreal, trader. Montreal, 11th August, 1905. MURPHY, LUSSIER & ROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Morrison & Johnson, Advocates, Barristers and Solicitors, ROOM 587 - TEMPLE BUILDING. M. J. Morrison, LL.B. A. R. Johnson, B. CL.

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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 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. O'RY, Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at No. 25 St. Antoine street, Montreal, Canada. The True Witness is published by F. O'Connell, Toronto, proprietor.

THURSDAY, SEPT... THE WO... Story of a Love... From the... It was tea time before t... ance of the lamps. The v... looked the sea, and... which had disappeared, h... glish surface shining lik... dished metal plate. For off to the right... mountains lifted their bla... against the pale purple of... We were talking of love... the old subject, and sa... the things which we had a... so often. "Can one remain in lo... years in succession?" ask... the group. "Yes," maintained some... "No," said others. All of a sudden some on... been listening and looking... into the distance cried: "Oh, see! What is it?" On the horizon line, whe... heavens met, loomed up... gray mass. Some one said: "It is Corsica. Two... times a year it may be see... the air is perfectly clear... is no fog." That an old gentleman... been silent until then, sa... "I know a story of lov... which brought lasting... which the sight of that isl... as if it had come in answe... questioning. Listen: "Five years ago I was... in Corsica. This wild isl... ther away and less known... than America, despite the... we can see it from our v... as we have done to-day. "Imagine a world which... chaos; imagine ranges of... separated by narrow rav... with rushing torrents;... plains; but rolling hills... and pine covered earth... desert, lonely, uncultivat... sometimes you can see a... a pile of rocks, perched o... mit of a mountain. "There is no culture th... duries, no art. Not a... carved wood or a piece of... stone. Face to face y... where every palace is a... and where every metal an... stone bears witness to ma... Corsica has remained exa... the first wild days. "Each man lives in his... indifferent to all that doe... cern his bare existence an... ly leads. They have reta... and the virtues of savage... are violent, bloodthirsty... shadow of remorse, but th... wise hospitable, generou... opening their doors to... traveller and bestowing... friendship in return for th... sign of sympathy. "I had been wandering... island for a month, feelin... had reached the end of the... roads, no taverns, no inn... "You follow mule paths... mountain sides to outc... seem perched in midair... and ask shelter for the n... something to live on unt... row. In the morning you... host's hand and he guides... as the outskirts of the vil... "One night, after ten h... ing, I came to a little ca... quite alone in a narrow... leagu from the sea. T... mountain sides, covered w... and jagged piles of ston... the valley like two somb... "There was a garden a... vines around the clay h... close by several large chest... enough to live on, and in... a fortune for the barren... "In answer to my kn... woman, exceptionally nee... opened the door. The ma... seated on a stray chair... entered and then sat do... without saying a word. "E... said: "Excuse him, he is dea... years old." "She spoke the French... I was surprised. "You were not born i... I asked. "No, we are from the... she answered. "But we... here fifty years." "A feeling of dismay... swept over me at the th... those fifty years spent in... ter valley, so far from... of other men and women... shepherd returned and w... at the bare table to eat... of potatoes, lard and ce... together, the only th... was. "When we had finished

THE WORLD WELL LOST.

Story of a Love that Time and Change Did Not Lessen.

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

It was tea time before the appearance of the lamps. The villa over-looked the sea, and the sun which had disappeared, had left its glassy surface shining like a burn-ished metal plate.

Far off to the right the jagged mountains lifted their black outlines against the pale purple of the west. We were talking of love, discussing the old subject, and saying again the things which we had already said so often.

"Can one remain in love several years in succession?" asked one of the group.

"Yes," maintained some.

"No," said others.

All of a sudden some one who had been listening and looking far away into the distance cried:

"Oh, see! What is it?"

On the horizon line, where sea and heavens meet, loomed up a confused gray mass.

Some one said: "It is Corsica. Two or three times a year it may be seen so when the air is perfectly clear and there is no fog."

There an old gentleman, who had been silent until then, said slowly: "I know a story of love, of true love that brought lasting happiness, which the sight of that island recalls as if it had come in answer to your questioning. Listen:

"Five years ago I was travelling in Corsica. This wild island is further away and less known in France than America, despite the fact that we can see it from our very shores as we have done to-day.

"Imagine a world which is still chaos; imagine ranges of mountains separated by narrow ravines filled with rushing torrents; no fertile plains, but rolling hills of granite and pine covered earth. It is a desert, lonely, uncultivated, although sometimes you can see a village, like a pile of rocks, perched on the summit of a mountain.

"There is no culture there, no industries, no art. Not a scrap of carved wood or a piece of sculptured stone. Face to face with Italy, where every palace is a masterpiece and where every metal and precious stone bears witness to man's genius, Corsica has remained exactly as in the first wild days.

"Each man lives in his rude house, indifferent to all that does not concern his bare existence and his family loads. They have retained vices and the virtues of savage races, they are violent, bloodthirsty, without a shadow of remorse, but they are likewise hospitable, generous and simple, opening their doors to the chance traveller and bestowing a faithful friendship in return for the slightest sign of sympathy.

"I had been wandering about the island for a month, feeling that I had reached the end of the world. No roads, no taverns, no inns.

"You follow mule paths up steep mountain sides to cottages that seem perched in midair. You knock and ask shelter for the night and something to live on until the morrow. In the morning you press your host's hand and he guides you as far as the outskirts of the village.

"One night, after ten hours walking, I came to a little cabin built quite alone in a narrow valley a league from the sea. The steep mountain sides, covered with brush and jagged piles of stones, shut in the valley like two sombre walls.

"There was a garden and a few vines around the tiny house and close by several large chestnut trees—enough to live on, and indeed quite a fortune for the barren land.

"In answer to my knock an old woman, exceptionally neat and clean, opened the door. The man, who was seated on a straw chair, rose as I entered and then sat down again without saying a word. But the wife said:

"Excuse him, he is deaf. He is 82 years old."

"She spoke the French of France. I was surprised.

"You were not born in Corsica?" I asked.

"No, we are from the Continent," she answered. "But we have lived here fifty years."

"A feeling of dismay and terror swept over me at the thought of those fifty years spent in this sombre valley, so far from the contact of other men and women. An old shepherd returned and we sat down at the bare table to eat a thick soup of potatoes, lard and cabbage boiled together, the only thing there was.

"When we had finished eating I went and sat down before the door, my heart filled with the melancholy of the mournful landscape. The old woman joined me and began to question me, stirred by that curiosity which lives in the most resigned souls.

"Are you from France?" she asked.

"Yes, travelling for pleasure."

"Do you come from Paris, perchance?"

"No, I am from Nancy," I replied.

"An intense emotion took possession of her. It was nothing I could see, I only felt it.

"She repeated, slowly: 'You are from Nancy?'"

"The man appeared in the doorway, impassive, like all the deaf."

"It does not matter; he cannot hear," she said. Presently she continued:

"Then you know many people at Nancy?"

"Why, yes, nearly every one."

"The De Saint Alliaze family?"

"Very well; they were friends of my father."

"What is your name?"

"I told her. She looked at me fixedly, and then said in a low voice full of memories:

"Yes, I remember perfectly; and the Brismares—that has become of them?"

"They are all dead."

"Ah! And the Sirmonts—do you know them?"

"Yes, the last of the family is a General."

"Then trembling with emotion, compelled by some overpowering need to confess and tell all, to talk of those things which she had kept shut in her heart until then, she said:

"Henry de Sirmont. I know him well. He is my brother."

"I looked at her keenly, surprised. Then suddenly I remembered.

"It had caused a good deal of scandal at the time among the nobility of Lorraine. A young girl, rich and beautiful, Suzanne de Sirmont, had run away with an under officer of the hussars in her father's regiment.

"He was a handsome fellow, the son of a peasant, but he knew how to wear his blue dolman well, this soldier who had captivated his Colonel's daughter. She had seen him, noticed him and fallen in love with him probably while the squadrons were marching by.

"But how she had talked with him, how they had met and learned to understand each other, how she had dared to tell him that she loved him—that was never known. Nothing had been divined nothing suspected.

"One evening when the soldier had finished his time, he disappeared with her. They were searched for, but nothing was ever heard of them. Finally her parents considered that she was dead.

"And I had found her thus, in this sinister valley.

"In my turn, I said: 'I remember. You are Mlle. Suzanne.'"

"She nodded her head for 'yes.' The tears were falling from her eyes. With a glance at the old man sitting at the door of the cabin, she said:

"That is he."

"And I understood that she loved him still, that her eyes were still filled with love's light.

"I asked: 'Have you been happy?'"

"She replied in a voice which came straight from her heart: 'Yes, very happy. He has made me very happy. I have never regretted anything.'"

"I looked at her, sad, surprised, wondering at the mighty power of love. The rich young girl had gone away with the son of a peasant. She, too, had become a peasant woman.

"She had lived her life without charm, without luxury, without delicacies of any sort; she had learned to conform to simple ways. And she loved him still. She had become the wife of a rustic, in her cloth cap and coarse woollen skirt. She ate from an earthen dish on a wooden table and seated on a straw bottomed chair. She slept on a rough mattress at his side.

"She had thought of nothing but of him. She had never regretted her jewels nor her fine dresses nor any of the elegancies of life. She asked for nothing but him, and so long as he was there she desired nothing more.

"Still young, she had abandoned life and those who had cared for her and brought her up and loved her. Alone with him, she had come to this savage valley.

"And he had been everything for her, all that one desires, all that one

dreams, all that one waits and hopes for. He had filled her life with happiness.

"She could not have been more happy."

"And all night long, as I listened to the hoarse breathing of the old soldier, stretched on his low cot beside her, who had followed him so far, I wondered at this strange and simple adventure, at this happiness which was so complete and yet made of so very little.

"At sunrise I went away, after pressing the hands of that aged pair."

The story teller was silent. A woman spoke:

"All the same, her ideal was too easy; she was too simple, too primitive; she must have been a fool."

But another said slowly, in a low voice:

"What matter? She was happy."

Far away on the horizon Corsica was sinking into the night, slowly returning to the sea, blotting out her great shadow which had appeared before us as if to tell itself the story of the two humble lovers who were sheltered on her coast.

Convert of Real Presence.

Recently an old lady called on a Catholic missionary and told him the story of her conversion, substantially as follows:

I was reared a strict Protestant, in the city of Springfield, Illinois. One Sunday afternoon, when I was eleven years old, away back in the forties, I was passing the little shanty church in which the Catholics at that time worshipped. I had never been in a Catholic church, nor even knew a Catholic. But as I heard the music and singing I was moved interiorly to look in. That is all I did, I merely opened the door a little bit and looked in. At that very moment the priest was giving benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. All this was absolutely strange to me—the vested priest, the glitter of lights, the tinkling bell, the bowed and hushed congregation. I did not enter, but closed the door softly and went home.

But a powerful influence had entered my soul, and I was drawn to the church the next Sunday afternoon. My first little visit had filled me with thoughts of God. Soon I went there every Sunday, having, after much pleading, obtained leave from my parents to do so.

But it happened just then that we started for California, across the plains and mountains, my father having caught the gold fever. And our family was of the Donner party that was snowed in near Lake Tahoe in the Sierra mountains. Many died of starvation and exposure, and such starvation to be the lot that awaited us all. Meanwhile I had come to the conviction that the Catholic religion was God's only true church. And in our wretched cabin at Donner lake, amid the dreadful storms of winter, I vowed to God that if I ever came through alive I would become a Catholic. And so I did. Providence sent us help, and when I reached

California, little girl as I was, I sought the first opportunity to be instructed and received into the church. I am a convert to the Real Presence.

Number of Strokes of a Brush in a Picture.

Some years ago, writes F. G., in Nature, I was painted by Graef, a well known German artist, when, finding it very tedious to sit doing nothing, I amused myself by counting the number of strokes per minute that he bestowed on the portrait. He was methodical, and it was easy to calculate their average number, and as I know only too well the hours, and therefore also the number of minutes, I sat to him, the product of the two numbers gave me what I wanted to learn. It was 20,000. A year and a half ago I was again painted by the late lamented artist, Charles Furse, whose method was totally different from that of Graef. He looked hard at me, mixing his colors the while, then, dashing at the portrait, made his daubs so fast that I had to estimate them rather than count them. Proceeding as before, the result, to my great surprise, was the same, 20,000.

The following point impressed me strongly. Graef had a humorous phrase for the very last stage of his portrait, which was "painting the buttons." "Thus," he said, "in five days' time I shall come to the buttons." Four days passed, and the hours and minutes of the last day, when he suddenly and joyfully exclaimed, "I have come to the buttons." I watched at first with amused surprise, followed by an admiration not far from awe. He poised his brush for a minute, made three rapid twists with it, and three well-painted buttons were thereby created. The rule of three seemed to show that if so much could be done with three strokes, what an enormous amount of skilled work must go to a portrait which required 20,000 of them. At the same time it made me wonder whether painters had mastered the art of getting the maximum result from their labor.

A traveler entered the dining-room of a leading hotel in Colorado Springs on Saturday, and after he was served with soup he drew a two-dollar bill from his pocket and showed it to the waiter, saying:

"Jim, I shall be here until next Wednesday night and then this will be yours."

"All right, sir, I'll take the best care of you, sure," replied the waiter.

And he did serve the traveller excellently. It happened that on Wednesday morning the traveler was hastily summoned to Denver and it was six weeks before he returned to the Colorado Springs hotel. Presently his former waiter, whom he had forgotten along with the incident, came up to him and said:

"Say, boss, please play that two-dollar trick on your new waiter, for he's de meanes' man what's in de whole house."

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Text includes: 'FOR... Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults. DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.'

YANKEE DOODLE! English, Irish and Foreign Airs.

Printed and sold by James Aird, and is Vol. I., containing 200 tunes. Although not dated, it certainly appeared in 1782, and was followed by five other volumes. It is a very interesting collection, and I find it especially so as containing the earliest "printed" versions of quite a dozen Irish airs. The very structure of this tune is seen to be decidedly Irish, and apart from any argument, intrinsic evidence should point out its Irish origin. Other airs of the same period, like "Ally Croker," "The Rakes of Mallow," "The Pretty Girl of Derby," have been claimed as English, though unquestionably Irish, and there is not a shadow of doubt as to the English annexation of numerous Irish airs of the Jacobite period. Even recent collections include "The Arcthusa" and "Nancy Dawson" as "old English airs," in sublime disregard of their unquestionable Irish origin.

The printed version of Aird in 1782, antedates the "Two to One" (1784) version by two years, and is much nearer the Irish original, with strongly marked C natural (the so-called "flat seventh") so characteristic of seventeenth century Irish tunes in D major. However, the oldest form of the tune is also given here, as it appears in a MS. dated 1750, the authenticity of which is beyond question. The manuscript was written at different times between the years 1749 and 1750, and the owner's name is given, dated Dec. 1, 1750.

Thus "Yankee Doodle" can rightly be claimed as a product of Ireland, and is an illustration of the vitality of Erin's folk-music. It is of interest to add that "Jefferson and Liberty," 1801, was originally set to Irish melody, but was afterwards, in 1813, adapted to the air of "Anacreeon in Heaven," an air that is now inseparably associated with Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner."

In conclusion it may not be amiss to point out that President Roosevelt considers the melody of "Garryowen" as "one of the finest marching tunes in the world." This Irish melody is of about the same date as "Yankee Doodle," though the song was not written to it until 1774 or 1775, and it was printed with the music, by Heine of Dublin, in 1797—being subsequently utilized by Tom Moore in his "Irish Melodies."—The Dolphin.

The only fresco in Rome by Leonardo da Vinci may be found at the Monastery of San Onofrio, in the Janiculum hill. In its portico are paintings by Domenichino and Pinturicchio.

When P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show" it was his rule to send complimentary tickets to clergymen, and the custom is continued to this day. Not long after the Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawkes, tickets for the circus with the compliments of the famous showman. Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment and then remarked:

"Dr. Hawkes is dead and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they haven't met."

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, 179 King Street West, Toronto

Vertical text on the far left edge of the page, including various notices and advertisements.

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Even recent collections include "The Arcthusa" and "Nancy Dawson" as "old English airs," in sublime disregard of their unquestionable Irish origin.

The printed version of Aird in 1782, antedates the "Two to One" (1784) version by two years, and is much nearer the Irish original, with strongly marked C natural (the so-called "flat seventh") so characteristic of seventeenth century Irish tunes in D major.

However, the oldest form of the tune is also given here, as it appears in a MS. dated 1750, the authenticity of which is beyond question. The manuscript was written at different times between the years 1749 and 1750, and the owner's name is given, dated Dec. 1, 1750.

Thus "Yankee Doodle" can rightly be claimed as a product of Ireland, and is an illustration of the vitality of Erin's folk-music. It is of interest to add that "Jefferson and Liberty," 1801, was originally set to Irish melody, but was afterwards, in 1813, adapted to the air of "Anacreeon in Heaven," an air that is now inseparably associated with Francis Scott Key's "Star Spangled Banner."

In conclusion it may not be amiss to point out that President Roosevelt considers the melody of "Garryowen" as "one of the finest marching tunes in the world." This Irish melody is of about the same date as "Yankee Doodle," though the song was not written to it until 1774 or 1775, and it was printed with the music, by Heine of Dublin, in 1797—being subsequently utilized by Tom Moore in his "Irish Melodies."—The Dolphin.

The only fresco in Rome by Leonardo da Vinci may be found at the Monastery of San Onofrio, in the Janiculum hill. In its portico are paintings by Domenichino and Pinturicchio.

When P. T. Barnum was at the head of his "great moral show" it was his rule to send complimentary tickets to clergymen, and the custom is continued to this day. Not long after the Rev. Dr. Walker succeeded to the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Hawkes in Hartford, there came to the parsonage, addressed to Dr. Hawkes, tickets for the circus with the compliments of the famous showman. Dr. Walker studied the tickets for a moment and then remarked:

"Dr. Hawkes is dead and Mr. Barnum is dead; evidently they haven't met."

SHAMROCKS

CHAMPIONS OF THE WORLD



SHAMROCKS, 8; ATHLETICS, 1.

Messrs. H. McLaughlin, T. O'Connell, H. Trihey, P. Brennan and Kenahan on behalf of the Shamrocks, praising the Athletics for their sportsmanlike conduct in the two games. Messrs. Timmons and Dawson replied for the St. Catharines boys and were loud in their praise of the Shamrock team and the treatment received at the hands of the Shamrock directors. The team would take back happy memories of pleasant hours spent with real sports. Messrs. Lally and Pollock also made congratulatory speeches. During the evening St. Ann's "Orpheus Quartette," composed of Messrs. Murphy, Norris, Hamilton and McCrory, sang several selections and were loudly applauded. Dr. Scanlan, Messrs. J. Slattery and W. Hennessy rendered songs in capital style.

On Sunday evening the Shamrock team and crowds of supporters assembled at the Bonaventure station and as the train drew out with the C.L.A. champions, three rousing cheers and a tiger were given.

"SWIFT AND BOLD."

The Shamrock team have fought a gallant fight, To defend their colors, the green and white;

Lift on high the banner, and let it wave, It has the motto of the great and brave:

"Swift and Bold."

Young Casey stood like a warrior true, To defend the poles and how well he knew;

Howard's great work and excellent play, Held high that banner on many a day:

"Swift and Bold."

Jim Kavanagh, the hero of the game, Plays wonderful lacrosse, always the same;

And O'Reilly, the man of strength so fine, Held high that banner all over the line:

"Swift and Bold."

Kenny, the felder, he travelled so fast, And catches the sphere from many a swift pass;

McIlwaine's playing, so quick and so bright, Has kept floating that banner to the right:

"Swift and Bold."

Currie, the wonder, always in the race, With speed to burn, and gladness on his face;

Hennessy, catching and shooting so fine, As the words of the banner doth entwine:

"Swift and Bold."

Hoolin, the king of home players to-day, His rushes are great in the midst of the fray;

Paddy Brennan is there with heart and hand, The banner lifted with the sign so grand:

"Swift and Bold."

Johnny Brennan works like in days of yore, His shots are fierce as he piles up the score;

And Hogan is the wonder of the team, As he lifts up the flag for the boys in green,

"Swift and Bold."

Then hail to our wonderful champion team, We'll drink to their health and we'll wear the green;

And that others who fight in future time, Will keep to the front that banner so fine:

"Swift and Bold."

—R. J. L. CUDDIHY.

(LACROSSE ACROSTIC.)

SmiTh, Kavanagh, DEvine,

McIlWaine, HObin, RobiNson, HowarD, McIntyrE, J. BRennan, F. Hogan, J. CUrrie, O'ReiLly, CaSey, Hardigan, P. Brennan, Martin, T. CuRrie, J. HOgan, TraCey, KENny, HenneSsy.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

FLOUR—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$5 to \$5.30; strong bakers, \$4.70 to \$4.80; winter wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.60, and straight rollers, \$4.25 to \$4.35 in wood; in bags, \$1.90 to \$2.00.

ROLLED OATS—\$2.20 to \$2.25 per bag.

PEARL HOMINY—\$1.85 to \$1.90 in bags of 98 lbs.

CORNMEAL—\$1.45 to \$1.50 per bag.

MILL FEED—Ontario bran in bulk \$15 to \$15.50; shorts, \$20 to \$20.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$17 to \$18; shorts, \$20 to \$21.

HAY—No. 1, \$8.50 to \$9 per ton on track; No. 2, \$7.50 to \$8; clover, \$6 to \$6.25; clover mixed, \$6.50 to \$7.

OATS—No. 2, 34c to 34½c per bush; No. 3, 33c to 33½c.

BEANS—Choice primes, \$1.55 to \$1.60 per bushel; hand picked, \$1.70 to \$1.75.

PEAS—Bolling, none; No. 2, in carload lots, 84c to 85c.

POTATOES—New potatoes in bags of 80 lbs., 50c to 55c.

HONEY—White clover in comb, 12c to 13c per section in 1 lb. sections; extract, 6½c to 7c; buckwheat, 5½c to 6c.

PROVISIONS—Heavy Canadian

short cut pork, \$22; light short cut, \$18 to \$19; American cut clear fat back, \$20.75 to \$22.25; compound lard, 5½c to 6½c; Canadian pure lard 10c to 10½c; kettle rendered, 11c to 12c, according to quality; hams 12c, 13c and 14c, according to size; bacon, 14c to 15c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9 to \$9.25; alive, \$6.50 to \$6.60, mixed lots.

EGGS—Straight stock, 19c to 20c; No. 1, candled, 18½c.

BUTTER—Choice creamery, 22½c; undergrades, 21½c to 22½c; dairy at 18c to 20c.

CHEESE—Ontario, 11½c to 11¾c; Quebec, 11½c to 11¾c.

ASHES—First pots, \$5.17½ to \$5.25; seconds, \$4.65; first pearls, \$7.75 to \$7.85.

DAIRY PRODUCE.

The local butter market is firm, and prices are steady, though some of the prices that have been paid in the country are higher than Montreal values. The general tone is good, and a firm market is looked for during the next fortnight. Reports from various districts, taken together, indicate that the factories are turning out a full average make. Farmers in Beauce county and the surrounding country have, owing to the failure of both hay crop and pasture in that district, caused by the

extreme dryness of the past summer, been obliged to sell their cattle. The news from Brockville is very different, where the make is said to equal the June output. Pastures west of Toronto are bright and fresh, but the cool weather has had the effect of stopping the growth to a certain extent. On the whole the October make promises to be good, notwithstanding that many of the factories will close their doors about the middle of the month.

Finest creamery cannot be bought much less than 22½c to-day, and holders are firm in their ideas. Fine grades are moving well at 22½c to 22¾c, and undergrades are scarce and wanted at 21½c to 22c.

Trade in cheese is slow on the local market, but prices are steady with a firm tendency. Ontarios are quoted at 11½c to 11¾c, and Quebec at 11½c to 11¾c. Prices are more or less dependable on conditions, and cheese might be bought fractionally lower if the holder was anxious to sell.

VESTMENTS

Statues, Altar Furniture, DIRECT IMPORTERS WE BLAKE, 123 Church St. Toronto Can.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

REDUCED FARES

Until October 31, 1905

Second Class Ocean Fares from Montreal to

SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VAN COUVER and PORTLAND.	\$48.90
ROSSLAND, NELSON, TRAIL, MOUSON, SPOKANE.	\$46.40
ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE.	\$45.90
COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO.	\$45.50
SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES.	\$49.00

Low Rates to many other points.

CITY TICKET OFFICES

127 St. James Street, Telephone Main 460 & 461, or Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Cheap Rates

Second Class from Montreal Until October 31st, 1905.

\$48.90	—Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Wash. and Portland, Ore.
\$46.40	—Spokane, Wash., Nelson, Rossland, Midway, B.C.
\$45.90	—Missoula, Mont, Salt Lake, Utah, Helena, Butte and Anaconda

Proportionately low rates to other points

Ticket Offices 129 St. James St. Windsor St. Station, Place Viger Stn

SEPTEMBER BLANKET SALE

68 x 76 inches Flannelette Blanket, 90c a pair

Please don't think there is anything wrong with these blankets because you do not have to pay \$1.25 for them. It is the quantities we have to sell that enable us to quote such low prices.

A certain factory, in order to keep its machinery busy all the year round, makes tweeds at one season of the year and these flannelette blankets at the other. The machinery being wool working, gives them a nap no other kind could.

We only have 75 pairs to sell at 90c per pair.

THE SIMPSON "BEDFORD" SUIT CASES.

We have opened up a new department in the basement to sell trunks, valises, hand bags, suit cases and such things.

Our Toronto store has placed us in a very peculiar position with regard to these leather goods, one that enables us to offer values really extraordinary.

Travellers will be pleased to know that they can obtain in Montreal The Simpson "Bedford" Suit Case at \$3.95. Made of solid grain leather, steel frame, brass plated lock and bolts, inside straps, cloth lined, good value at \$5.50.

New Fancy Ribbons Just In.

We have just received direct from Paris several lines of handsome Fancy Ribbons, among which we mention:

A handsome wide ribbon of Gold Cloth, with Dresden tints and picoe edge, 6½ in. wide. Our price, \$1.25.

Dainty Dresden Ribbon in a rich Taffeta quality and picoe edge, all the newest colorings, 3½ in. wide. Our price, 40c.

Rich Taffetas, with a little embroidered flower, the colors in brown, navy, black, pink, sky and white, 5½ inches wide. Our price, 60c.

This Store closes at 5.30 p.m. daily.

5000 CHILDREN'S PRAYER BOOKS, 10c EACH.

STATUES—Two feet high, MAILED BEAUTIFUL, BLESSED VIRGIN, ST. ANTHONY, etc. Special Bargain. \$4.00 and \$5.00 Each. Mail Orders Promptly Executed.

J. J. M. LANDY, JEWELLER, 416 QUEEN ST. W. TORONTO, Can. Phone Main 2758.

Try to please, to console, to amuse, to bestow, to thank, to help. This is all in itself so good. Try and do some good to the souls of others—an earnest word, some encouragement, a prayer softly breathed.

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

THURSDAY, September 28, 1905.

Stylish Autumn Coats

Elegant Styles—Moderate Prices

This Store's Showing of Ladies' New Spring Coats.

An Empire Coat, of fawn Broadcloth, self colored belt and shoulder straps, silk pipings, full sleeves, trimmed with gilt and pearl buttons and buckle, farmer's satin lining. Price \$14.70

A Seven-Eighth Coat of dark fawn covert cloth, tight-fitting back, turnover velvet collar and cuffs, self strappings, cloth and pearl buttons. Price \$18.50

A Three-Quarter Length Coat, in fawn, made with yoke effect, very elaborately braided, full sleeves, turnover cuffs, lined with self-colored twill. Price \$38.00

Ladies' Three-Quarter Length Coats, yoke effects, pleated back, very elaborately braided, full sleeves, turnover cuffs, lined colored silk. Price \$38.00

A Bolero Coat of crushed brown plush, plain cloth collar, cuffs and belt, Oriental embroidery, trimming, lined brown satin, a most handsome and dignified model. Price \$45.00

Tempting Values in Black Ribbon

A strong feature of our Fall Ribbon display is the splendid collection of Black Ribbons. Wonderful values they are, too. Look at these:

Black Taffeta Ribbon, all pure silk, 4 inches wide, fine quality for bows and neckwear. Regularly 18c a yd. Special 12c

Black Silk Taffeta Ribbon, extra quality, for millinery, girdles, bows, etc. You won't find a better value anywhere at 25c. Special 17c

Hosiery—Warm and Durable

Ladies' Plain Black Cashmere Hose, double heels and toes, good elastic stretch, fall weight, made of extra fine pure wool yarn, all sizes. You should see this line. It is magnificent value at 37c

Ladies' Black Ribbed Wool Equestrienne Tights, fine pure wool yarn, splendid elastic stretch, well shaped and comfortable fitting, ankle length, elastic ribbed tops, sizes, 1, 2, 3 and 4. Special bargain at 76c

Dress Goods—Carsley's for Dress Goods!

It's a constant stream of the world's best Dress Goods and most exclusive Novelties that flows through the portals of our Receiving Room, and out again by way of our despatch system, making but short stay in our Dress Goods Store.

45 pieces of New Bradford Cloth, 42 inches wide, in all the newest fall shades and designs, special importation for Shirt Waist Suits. Regularly 45c. Special 31c

All-wool Basket Homespun Tweeds, a fine French weave, 42 inches wide, in the most recherche fall shades and designs. Regularly 75c. Special 53c

25 pieces of Choice Scotch Homespun Cloth, 56 inches wide, in elegant shades of gray, brown, navy, Oxford, fawn, reversible weave, a handsome fabric for Tailored Suits. Regularly \$1.25. Special price \$1.05

THE S. CARSLLEY CO. LIMITED

1675 to 1783 Notre Dame St., 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

Carpets, Fall Openings

A Magnificent Showing of Medium and Fine Carpets.

It being conceded by all branches of trade that September has been backward and disappointing and in order to move quickly our very heavy stock of

CARPETS and FURNITURE

we have commenced and will continue until 15th October to conduct a CHEAP SALE OF THE ENTIRE STOCK AT A DISCOUNT OF 20 PER CENT. on our usual low prices and a discount of 50 PER CENT. or half price on a lot of made-up Carpets in various sizes with rich borders, in Brussels, Axminster and Wilton—snaps for rooming houses, hotels and institutions where durability and wear are factors of economy.

Two carloads of furniture in Writing Desks, Secretaries, Chiffoniers, China Cases, Bouffets, Side Boards, Dinner Wagons, Bureaus, Dressers and Stands; Brass and Enamelled Beds, Mattresses, Pillows and Bedding; Fancy Chairs, Rockers and Wicker Ware, Sofas, Lounges and Drawing Room Sets, Mission Furniture, Morris Chairs and Lounges. All at 20 per cent until Oct. 15th.

This stock adjustment sale will be of great advantage to every householder in picking up their wants at 80c to the dollar, as well as large institutions and parties furnishing throughout, your 80c will buy you a dollar's worth of the newest, best and cheapest Carpets, Curtains and Furnishings at

Thomas Ligget, EMPIRE BUILDING, 2474-2476 ST. CATHERINE ST.

THE WITNESS GOT EVEN.

John Philpot Curran, the eminent Irish barrister and orator, once met his match in a jolly and sharp-witted fellow countryman, who acted as a hostler at a large stable and who was up as witness in a case of a horse buying dispute.

Curran much desired to break down the credibility of this witness and thought to do it by making the man contradict himself by tangling him up in a network of adroitly framed questions, but all to no avail. The hostler was a companion to Sam Weller. His good common sense and his equanimity and good nature were not to be overturned.

By and by Curran in towering wrath belched forth, as not another counsel would have dared to do in the presence of the court:

"Sirrah, you are incorrigible. The truth is not to be got from you, for it is not in you. I see the villain in your face."

"I faith, yer honor," said the witness, with the utmost simplicity, "my face must be moighty clane and shinin' inclaids if it can reflect like that."

It seems that immortal renown is achieved not so much by the solitary deed of greatness as by humble fidelity to life's details, and that modest Christian living that regards small deeds and minor matters—N. W. Hill.

Vol. LV—No. 1

ARCHBISHOP

Eminent American turned From

Fresh from the Vatican Pope Pius X., by whose ratification Robert Seton has a brief visit to America since of nearly four years His Holiness, says Archbishop, is deeply absorbed in affairs—even more so than predecessor—and daily amid his multifarious form himself at first, and political conditions try. Owing to his extent in Rome few persons or brought up such a view of the Pope as he appears public and private, and studies and quietly past the great philosopher of country to the effect that mess has been in poor declared by the eminent v entirely without foundation had the pleasure of hearing preach to an audience of sons a few days before.

Having enjoyed the papal ship of not only Pope Pope Pius IX., Archbishop peculiarly well qualified reigning Pope, who, he more essentially a preacher probably either of his "Just now," continues bishop, "the Pope joins a feeling of satisfactionfulness that the war between Russia is ended, an satisfactory basis. The dict has been acutely His Holiness as entirely cord with twentieth century civilization—as, in foolishly begun and w tartly, ended.

"Roman sentiment, it fessed, has been very in Japan, though it would find a reason. In fact sentiment of Europe, of rope, has been with Japan is most extraordinary been amazed at the reports of Russian uprising the alleged pusillanimity In my opinion, based upon ate information of intercepted in Rome, that un try has been caricatured, defamed, besmir with every form of falsehood that the Russians in rising against the Je story of their provocati been told.

"Again," continued the "we hear the Czar critic over-bearing autocrat fo receive a Russian mob. get that very similar this country—at Chic Homestead, for exampl down with bayonet and we forget that an army Coxy was warned to k grass on approaching the Washington, and, disg warnings was forcibly ele at least be fair to Ru ruler. We—and I am as cannot afford, as a fair ple, to copy the attitude the voice of England du Civil War. But let us d nearer to Rome.

"His Holiness," pursu distinguished speaker, the veering to the Vatican, concerned in implantin principles more deeply in Holiness, in other words, open to the fact that It emigrate to this countr and too easily abandon t license on reaching herc. kean an observer not to the Italian, as he is, is sirable an immigrant a man. The Anglo-Saxon ern people of Europe.

IT IS HIS WISH TO D ITALIAN IMMIGR

"Only a short time as ordered all the parish pri to preach from the pulp day the bulletins issued, missioner of Emigration