

Vol. LVI, No. 15
 MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906
 PRICE FIVE CENTS
 Senate Reading Room
T. P. O'CONNOR
 The Man and his Views.
 (By Frederick Boyd Stevenson.)
 A tall man, much above the average height, who, from his habit of bending over as he sits and talks and rising as he stands to his full length, seems much taller than he is; a man faultlessly dressed in long black frock coat, black trousers, black vest, black tie, silk hat; a man with black hair tinged with gray, an iron gray moustache, a ruddy complexion, sharp quick eyes, a well modulated voice, a ready tongue, a large and exact vocabulary, an earnestness of manner, an insistent personality of frankness and humor and seriousness—that is T. P. O'Connor, M.P., journalist, litterateur, ambassador to America from Ireland.
 "I have been in journalism forty years, having six months," said he, "and during all that time I have ever realized the important position that journalism occupies in shaping the progress of all civilized countries. Journalism is the pulpit of the world. The preacher preaches to the hundred; the journalist preaches to the million."
 "During your wide experience you have noted, doubtless, the difference in the methods of journalists in America and England," I suggested.
 "Yes," he replied, "there is a great difference between them in many respects."
 "And what has impressed you as the most striking difference?"
 "It is this: Here in America you have the faculty of bringing out the dramatic in your newspapers. You present your news in an attractive form. For the most part we seem to lack that quality in England. Then you have an individuality in your presentation of news. Why, do you know that in London the same reporter reports the law courts, the same reporter reports the police courts, and gets the news from the police stations, for all the papers with the exception of the Times, which has special men for these departments. Do you wonder, then, that we have that incontinent sameness in our news columns, which contains paragraphs nearly always beginning with 'the startling announcement that Mr. John Jones,' etc. There is a routine in our papers that we do not seem to be able to change. But you must remember that the English reporter has little opportunity to get out of his rut. He is doing the work that his father had been doing before him. A reporter of the Bow street police station has had the place handed down to him as an inheritance from his father, and it is the same in other departments of newspapers. The class of men that are paying the best in England to-day and have made fortunes for their proprietors are Tit-Bits, Answers, and Pearson's Weekly."
 One of Mr. O'Connor's papers—T. P.'s Weekly—which is the only penny high class literary journal in England, has proven an excellent investment. Its chief feature each week is a review of an important book by "T. P." Mr. O'Connor has recently established a new paper—P. T. O.
 "A great deal depends upon the name of a newspaper in England," said he. "Now, I did not want to spend a lot of money in advertising my new paper, so I strove to get for it a name that would attract attention. I at first thought I should name it 'P. T. O.'—my initials, but in talking the matter over with Beerbohm Tree he suggested that I give it present name to it."
 "And is that name your initials transposed?"
 "Many people thought so, but the real name of the paper is 'Please Turn Over,' and the comment that came from its christening served as well as the expenditure of a great sum of money in advertising. I have been told that such a paper cannot go, but these same people told the same thing to me when 'M. A. P.'—Mainly About People—was established seven years ago. But I am afraid

The Globe



The Witness

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we are getting too far into personal matters."
 "Going back into the ethics of journalism, then, what, in your opinion, should be the fundamental aim of the newspaper?" I asked.
 "Truth," was the quick answer. "A newspaper should tell the truth no matter what may be the personal interests of its owner or editor. Reliability in its news reports is an important feature for a newspaper. The news should not be twisted or exaggerated. Is there not enough of the tragic, of the sensational in life itself without resorting to fiction in the presentation of a news story?"
 "You, who wrote 'The Life of Lord Beaconsfield,'" have proved that journalism is one of the best stepping stones to literature. What is your personal view on that subject?" I queried.
 "Don't judge my work by that book," he said, and he held up his hands as if in appeal. "I wrote that in the enthusiasm of youth. I should rather be judged by my essays on Lincoln or Carlyle, which I believe are not very well known in America."
 Mr. O'Connor, at his home in Chelsea, can look from the terrace and see the house occupied by Carlyle, whom he remembers to have seen on only one occasion. Once upon a time, in his earlier days, he asked his landlady about Carlyle. "What," replied she, "do you mean that funny old man that writes books?"
 "Those essays were labors of love with me," continued Mr. O'Connor. "But, answering your question, I most emphatically believe there is no better school for literature than journalism."
 "The daily grind, then, does not wear the bright edges off a man's brain?"
 "By no means. Hard work never hurt any man. Some of the best things in literature have been written after a long siege at the editor's or the sub-editor's desk. The mental activity of the brain strengthens the brain just as the activity of the muscles strengthens them."
 Probably Mr. O'Connor is one of the best living examples of a person turning out "copy" under stress of time. He has never acquired the knack of dictating his articles. When he does so they lose force and sound wooden he says. All his work is done on a typewriter, and is composed direct on the machine which he operates at a whirlwind speed, never hesitating for a word. His ideas flowing at a more rapid rate than the movement of his fingers.
 "I have observed in the last few years," continued Mr. O'Connor, "the gradual creation of two languages from our mother tongue—the English language. One of these languages is English; the other is American. In America you have so many varying nationalities, and perhaps the climatic conditions affect your expression as they affected the American Indian in their mode of expression, that a new vernacular seems to me to be taking the place in this country. You have a slang here, that, to some extent, appears to be becoming a part of your spoken language. But I must say that the same slang now reaches us in forty-eight hours, while formerly it took months to get into London. Of course we have our own slang expressions—for the most part originating in the music hall, which I beg to announce I do not frequent," he added with a smile, "but it is not like the American slang phrases, which have become common expressions. Do not understand me as criticizing your mode of speech in this country, for it is furthest from my mind to do so. It is true there will always be a classic English, which will be employed in writing, just as there are classic written languages in China and in Italy, where there are numerous spoken dialects. 'Perhaps this slang in America is due to a great extent to the newspapers,'" I suggested.
 "It may be so," was the reply.

Personally, I do not admire slang, although I do not want to be understood as deprecating it. It may have its uses."
 "Your idea of writing, then, is—" "Pure English—good vigorous English that goes straight to the point and conveys plainly the idea that the writer wishes to express. There should be a clear style with no attempt at "fine" writing. Many of us in our younger days attempted, perhaps, to create for our articles an elaborate introduction couched in elegant phrases and long words. At the present time we are content to make ourselves understood in good English, simple and without embellishments."
 "In this connection the natural question is: What is your opinion of the stand taken by President Roosevelt on simplified spelling?"
 Mr. O'Connor smiled.
 "Mark Twain says that I ought to be in favor of it," he said, "because it will cut down the long words, and I get paid by the word. But, seriously speaking, while there is no doubt that the present way of spelling certain words is quite ridiculous, we should not be precipitous in making changes in our method of spelling. Of course, we have made reforms in numerous instances, but my idea is to go slow for the present."
 Mr. O'Connor next spoke of the remarkable progress that has been made in a comparatively few years in American literature.
 "Many Americans—I need not name them," he said, "have become famous in their own country and in England by their literary work. I attribute this wonderful advance of good American literature to the international copyright law. Before the passage of that law many publishers in America helped themselves to English works. Since its passage they have been compelled to buy original matter, and the result has been the outgrowth of a fine American literature. Thus you see, we are brought back to the old proposition that money is the incentive that prompts men to exertion—be it physical or mental exertion."
 "Does the necessity of money to prompt men and women to action, argue against Socialism?"
 "Well, I have not thought of it in that connection; it might be so, though; but I must not talk of American politics."
 "Talk, then," I ventured, "about yourself—of your early struggles and ambitions in life."
 "I started out to be a barrister," said he. "My parents were poor, but refined. I was graduated from Queen's College, Galway, when I was 18 years old, and was a bachelor of arts. I supplemented my education by studying Chambers' Encyclopedia. In those days the law said that a student who desired to be graduated from one of the law schools of London should take his dinners at the inns of court. This cost about £800. To me it might as well have been three millions. Unfortunately for me the law was changed after I had no use for it, so that the same rule was made to apply to Dublin. Under the circumstances, however, it became impossible for me to become a barrister, and I turned my attention to the civil service. In England a position in the civil service means more than it does in this country, as while the salary is not large, it assures one of a life position and a pension in old age. But in this direction I was also disappointed, as there was a change in the political situation that prevented me from receiving an appointment. Then my father secured me a position as a reporter on Saunders' News Letter, a daily paper, published in Dublin. The fact that I had to do general work was doubtless useful to me in after life. My ambition, then, was to become a leader writer, but that ambition was never gratified in Dublin. From there I drifted to London, where I did the routine work of a reporter and served in various journalistic capacities."
 Mr. O'Connor did not tell of those early struggles, and those later successes in the English metropolis. He did not tell that when he arrived in London in July, 1870, in his twenty-second year, he had exactly £4 in his pocket. He did not tell that the only friend to greet him

Abbey's Effervescent Salt

SALT takes care of the good liver's liver. For sale by all Druggist 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Some People's Lives

are ruled and ruined by their livers. The least indiscretion in diet causes a vigorous protest of their liver.

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT SALT takes care of the good liver's liver. For sale by all Druggist 25c. and 60c. a bottle.

A World's Fair at Dublin Next May.

The Dublin Exposition will throw open its gates next May and bid the world "Caed Mille Failthe."

The exposition grounds are at Herbert Park, about a mile and a quarter from the centre of the city on the line from Dublin to Dalkey. Three tramways, a railway and steamers will carry the visitors to the grounds. The wide facades of the building have arisen, lagoons, gardens and lanes are laid out, and the work is being rushed. A guaranteed fund of \$3,000,000 has been subscribed.

The objects of the exposition are:

1. To protect and encourage the industries, arts and sciences of Ireland by exhibiting the products upon which the country's fame rests, as well as those of only partially developed industries that have nevertheless a bright outlook.
2. To stimulate the development of commerce and industrial education by inviting all the nations to exhibit their products, both in the raw and finished state.

An important special place will be reserved for the Irish history, literature and antiquities. In the same way, women's work and peasant industries will be effectively shown.

We may also look for various exhibits from Great Britain, the continent of Europe, the Americas, the Indies and the colonies far and wide, for the exposition has already received abundant promises from all those countries.

Unquestionably one of the greatest of the exposition's attractions will be the section of fine arts. A special pavilion will be erected for the display of art treasures, and every precaution will be taken to safeguard them against destruction.

The chief entrance way brings one in front of an octagonal hall, 215 feet long, from which run out eight wings, each 164 feet long and 80 feet wide. In the center rises an immense dome. All around the central edifice will be grouped pavilions for the English, foreign and colonial sections. Conspicuous among these pavilions will be one devoted to collections representing modern Irish art. The historical section will be no less attractive. A search is now being made in England, France and the United States for relics pertaining to famous families that have emigrated from Ireland. Here, the exposition is counting fearlessly upon help from Irish cousins in America, in Canada and in France.

Exhibitors will find all desirable facilities provided for them. For exhibits arriving by water, the port of Dublin will afford economical and convenient means of direct steamship loading. There are direct steamship lines running from English and Scottish ports, as well as from several Canadian ones.

The exposition will comprise all the usual features of the world's fair. It will have, among other delights, a series of superb vocal and instrumental concerts, and a lot of attractions that have never been attempted before.

Dublin is a lively city and a most interesting one to visit. Its fine broad avenues, its streets, its boulevards, and its fascinating shops, as well as its public monuments, are sufficiently superb to call forth unfeigned admiration. Its exposition will certainly be a brilliant success.

Buckingham Letter.

Now that things have reached an awful climax in our town, it may be interesting to recall some remarks we have made in the past, dimly forecasting the present bloody conflict. A year ago or a little more we wrote the following to the True Witness: "The people of this fair town have hitherto indulged in many beautiful dreams about the great and prosperous future before us. We had accustomed ourselves to look forward almost with certainty to the building up of many new industries in the future. We thought the time was near when steam and electric routes would connect our thriving centre with the national capital to the west and the great metropolis to the east, and with all the rising villages to the north on the banks of the Lievre. We have, however, been lately rudely awakened from our dream and now we find ourselves like so many others who have been beguiled by avaricious capitalists. The curse of selfish monopoly has settled down upon this town, and has commenced to devour it and to destroy its life. We shall revert to this topic again on some other occasion, suffice it to say to-day that many of our promising young men find a far higher value placed upon their services where monopoly's growth is more stunted." A little later we wrote: "Monopoly is still clinging to its struggling victim, and poor dear old Buckingham is bleeding to death. Oh, all ye small towns and villages that still enjoy your freedom, and have within your gates honest competition, watch and guard against this accursed monster of our age. Learn of us ere it is too late." We were not gifted with prophecy, but simply had our eyes open and saw coming the terrible catastrophe that is now upon us. The upstart henchman of bloody monopoly was then posing as a philanthropist aiding charitable work in the town, with a view of making himself master of the town's destiny. The town now knows whether or not we were justified in our remarks about this gentleman of now unenviable fame. Our forecasts then about the advisability of accepting the aid of blood-money and the philanthropy of upstarts and monopolists will be seen now in another light. There is something weird and unnaturally distasteful in the sad facts of the present unfortunate shedding of blood when looked at through the happenings of the past few months or couple of years. The hospital was not sufficient in itself even though Satan did supply mortar for the building of it. The wide walls of the ward will be the resting place of the poor wounded strikers these days, and not the well supplied rooms made comfortable by the generous donations of generous upstarts. Why did not the monopolists also organize a Red Cross band of nurses? But after all must not Buckingham people consider it very merciful for the monopolists to help in the building of a place where they would permit to rest a while those whom they had decided not to kill outright? Now, people of Buckingham, have we not told you the truth some months ago? It is late, of course, to mend matters, but better late than not at all. Again we say, oh people of Buckingham, get rid of the sycophants, give no offices to upstarts, and move slowly before surrendering all else you have in this world to this accursed monster of our age, avaricious monopolists.

OWEN AN SAGART
Buckingham, Oct. 9th. 1906.

Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace. "as easy as none" 50c.

100 pounds.
 25c. according to
 15c. to 15 1-2c.
 dressed hogs,
 to \$6.90 per
 receipts, 19c to
 1. 18c.
 creamery, salted
 to 23 3-4c; me-
 23 3-4c.
 18c to 18 1-8c;
 2 3-4.
 \$5.40 to \$5.50;
 \$4.80; pearls,
 100 pounds.

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

Be cheerful. It is trite advice to tell women to take each day as it comes, to avoid remorse over what is done and forebodings over what is to come, but it is no less valuable advice. Nervous prostration is seldom the result of present trouble or work, but of work and trouble anticipated. Mental exhaustion comes to those who look ahead and climb mountains before they arrive at them. Resolutely build a wall about to-day and live within the enclosure. The past may have been hard, sad or wrong. It is over. The future may be like the past, but the woman who worries about it may not live to meet it. If she does she will bear it. The only thing with which she should concern herself is to-day, its sunshine, its wholesome work and perhaps its necessary sorrow.

BOOKS.

What a sense of security in an old book which time has criticized for us.—Lowell. Books are men of higher stature and the only men that speak aloud for future times to hear.—E. B. Browning. We should make the same use of a book that the bee does of a flower. She steals sweets from it, but does not injure it.—Colten. Books are the masters who instruct us without rods and ferules, without hard words and anger, without clothes or money.—Richard de Bury. My maxims are never to begin a book without finishing it, never to consider it without knowing it, and to study with a whole mind.—Buxton. A book is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It is not offended at your absent-mindedness nor jealous if you turn to other pleasures.—Beecher.

A WORD ABOUT MEN.

Girls, how many have spoiled a good friend by making him into a lover? It's the easiest thing in the world to do, and sentimental girls are doing it all the time. It seems a pity, for many a man, destined by kindly fate and his own inclination to be a good friend of yours, has either been put in a wholly false relation to you by being forced to become your lover, or has been driven away altogether. Your mistaken interpretation of his attitude has brought this about, very likely. He was content to be a friend—to have a good time with you, to call often, to give you flowers and books and take you about. Not that he wanted to monopolize you. Only a cad would do that without serious intentions. No, all he wanted was to have the pleasure of your friendship, along with others. He took it for granted that you would marry some day, and he hoped it would be a happy marriage for you, and that he could still be your friend. But this wasn't your view. Bless you, no! You thought, because he sent you flowers, that he loved you; because he liked to be with you that he couldn't do without you; because he was a jolly good comrade that he looked forward to marrying you. And you—poor, sentimental little goose—indulged these fancies and dreamed of him and let your expectations be seen in your words and manner until you drove him into one of two courses—either fulfilling them or running away altogether. Why can't you let a man just stay on a friendly footing, girls? Why must you regard as a possible husband each one who flatters you with a little admiration? No strong, helpful friendships with men are possible while you persist in this foolish attitude. A man finds happiness and profit

in the friendship of women, but he has to steer mighty shy of this pleasure in the majority of cases because of this foolish misinterpretation of his conduct. Many a man who might be a good and helpful friend is coerced into being a very poor and unsatisfactory lover or else is lost altogether by reason of having to run away to escape the noose.—New York Press.

A BRAVE GIRL.

Bear hugging is an amusement which few people, especially young women, would care to indulge in, and it is seldom that one would have the chance to embrace a real live, bruin in his native haunts, even if he—or she—had the nerve and the inclination to try it. The opportunity, however, came not long ago to Miss Bessie Wells, a pretty little Texas lass, who visited in Seattle recently, and she startled W. D. Cameron, who happened to be with her at the time, by giving a full-grown cinnamon bear in Yellowstone Park a good squeeze around the neck. The bear, however, much to the relief of Miss Wells' companion, did not reciprocate the caress, although he seemed to enjoy it.

Miss Wells is the fifteen year old daughter of a wealthy cotton dealer of Austin, Tex. She is a beauty of the true Southern type, imbued with the daring spirit and nerve that so often are found in the western plains girl, and is large for her age. Recently, with her father, her aunt, and her grandfather, Colonel W. G. Walling, a typical Southwestern character, she started on a tour of the Northwest. The party visited Seattle a short time ago, and from here went to Yellowstone Park. There they made the journey through the park in one of the wagons utilized for tourist travel, and Mr. Cameron, a representative of the Saturday Evening Post, who came to this city a few years ago, happened to be in the party during that trip. He described Miss Wells' darling escapade as follows:

"Our party had stopped for the noon hour luncheon, and while the meal was being prepared Miss Wells and I started out to pick a few berries. We had gone but a short distance when, about a hundred feet away, we saw a large cinnamon bear browsing among the bushes. Knowing that all the animals in the Park are more or less tame, we approached the bear. I held up my hand, and the bear, thinking that I had something for him to eat, stood on his hind feet and reached up, but finding that he had been deceived, shook his head angrily and walked away. My young companion then ran back to the waggon, and returned with a few cookies. Again we approached the bear, and Miss Wells held one of the cookies in her hand. The bear repeated the same performance he had gone through with me, but this time he found something. Miss Wells gradually drew back her hand while the bear was reaching for it, until the animal's head was over her shoulder, and then, while he was eating the cookie, she reached around his neck with her other arm and hugged him tightly. My heart seemed to stop beating, but I dared not yell, for the animal would be startled and attack the girl. When he had finished eating the cookie, however, he merely dropped down on all fours again and sauntered off into the bush. In all my experiences, I have never seen a more reckless or daring and even dangerous action by a young lady."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Do the little things, and then if you have time dream of the great things. Be natural. Remember there are others as lovely as you are. Be conservative. Your acquaintances do not want your confidences.



Daily Spasms.

Dr. Jacob's, Oct., Nov. 2, 1899. Since a child 6 years old I was subject to St. Vitus Dance and spasms, and seeing an advertisement of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I concluded to try it. Its effect has been wonderful for before using I had spasms almost daily, but since taking this remedy have not had an attack for twelve days, and shall continue its use. MISS T. TODD RUDY.

Mr. W. F. Hackey, of Bathurst Village, N. Br., says that his little girl had from two to three attacks of fits a day for five or six months, but since she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic had only one in ten months and none since. Mr. C. Noyes, of Brockville, writes that he didn't have a fit in 15 weeks since he took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, while before that he had attacks every week.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Free patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

At all times be womanly. A masculine girl does not retain admiration.

Be quick to believe good. Believe the good until the evil is evident. Be pleasant at all times. A smile does more good in this world than all the preachings.

Think beautiful thoughts. "Beautiful thoughts are angels bright." Remember that you are judged by your actions. "Do noble things, don't dream them all day long."

Elizabeth Harrison, a daughter of President Harrison, although she has never attended school, speaks French and German fluently through the tutelage of her mother.

THE MEANING OF ORANGE BLOSSOMS.

The orange tree is regarded as a prince among trees and the emblem of genius. A peculiarity of this tree is that it bears fruit and flowers at the same time. Its leaves are evergreen and as it grows older it grows in beauty and fruitfulness, its blossoms filling the air with their fragrance. It is indeed a fit emblem of marriage promise and hopes. The orange tree is considered typical of love because, though its fruit is golden and its flavor and scent delicious, its rind is bitter, and as every one knows who has experienced it, Cupid's dart causes pain. The orange is emblematic of gratitude as well as of genius and love.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A TRICK IN ECONOMY.

Mending the finger tips of long gloves with court plaster is the trick one young woman makes use of to lengthen the life of this dress accessory which is such a luxury. She pastes the court plaster, white on white and black on black, on the inside of the finger tip, with the result that the gloves last immeasurably longer.

TIMELY HINTS.

Ink spots on table covers and wash dress fabrics are not so difficult to remove as is generally supposed at first. Try dipping the spot in melted tallow; when it has set wash it out with good soap and if a faint trace remains it will as a rule disappear in one or two washings.

A fly blister, about the size of a nickel, applied over the spot where pulsations indicate a felon to be growing, will, at the expiration of

Advertisement for Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. It is nature's specific for DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, COLIC, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SEA SICKNESS, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS in Children or Adults. Its effects are marvellous. Pleasant and Harmless to take. Rapid, Reliable and Effective in its action. IT HAS BEEN A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR NEARLY SIXTY YEARS. PRICE 25 CENTS.

six hours after application, show the felon beneath its surface. The felon can then be removed with the point of a needle that has been sterilized.

Ironing silk when wet gives it a smooth, glossy appearance, but should the waist get dry before it is ironed dip it in clean cold water and roll in a cloth. Do not sprinkle water over it, as that would make it look rough and blotchy when ironed.

An excellent way to clean ribbon is the following: Cover the ribbon with warm water, then spread it on a board or table and scrub it thoroughly with a brush that has been rubbed in soap. After a good lather has been formed and the ribbon looks clean, rinse it in clear warm water, lay it between folds of thin cheesecloth and press until dry.

Rub the irons with a cloth soaked in kerosene to prevent scorching. Frequent rubbing on sandpaper will keep irons from sticking.

Tie a lump of arrowroot in a thick cotton cloth and boil it with the fine white pieces to give them a dainty odor more delightful than from sachet powder.

RECIPES.

Peach Salad.—To make a delicious almond and peach salad, pare and cut in eighths 6 large peaches and slice in strips one half of a cupful blanched almonds, and 4 peach kernels, also blanched. Mix the peaches and nuts with quarter of a cupful of mayonnaise and the same quantity of whipped cream. Serve in lettuce or in cucumber boats.

Mixed Fruit Salad.—Dice three peaches, two pears, two or three apples and several bananas, put on ice until ready to use, then cover with the following dressing: Four tablespoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of marshmallow, one gill of sherry, one tablespoonful of champagne. Mix the ingredients together and stir until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved.

Macaroon Custard.—Put a quart of new milk on the fire to boil, mix half a tablespoonful of butter and three of flour, stir in the milk and let boil up once. Beat the yolks of six eggs with half a teaspoon of sugar, stir into the milk, let it get very hot, but not to the boiling point. Let cool and flavor with extract of orange. Crumble a dozen macaroons and scatter over the top and then pile on meringue.

Cream Cake.—One cupful of sugar, and half a cup of butter worked into a cream, add two well beaten eggs, half a cup of sweet milk, half a teaspoonful of vanilla, one cupful and a half of flour, with a heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Beat well after it is put together, bake in square sheets, placing cream whipped, sweetened and flavored, between the layers.

FUNNY SAYINGS

SURELY HE DIDN'T.

The meekest kind of a little boy joined a Sunday school class in a West Philadelphia church. He did not know the other scholars and appeared nervous, half scared and ready to cry at any second. The teacher, however, treated him kindly, and the lessons proceeded without any outburst. After a short reading from the Bible, the teacher began to question the pupils on their last lessons and asked: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?" As no one answered, she looked from boy to boy. At last her gaze rested on the new boy. He started guiltily, and said, between sobs: "It wasn't me, honest, teacher. I just moved here last week from Ohio."

MORE PRUNES AND PRISMS.

The requirements of polite conversation occasionally puzzle the student of the English language, says the author of "A Levantine Log-Book," but one who has a governess will soon acquire them all.

This young French woman who was learning English, while on tour with an Anglican attendant, exclaimed, "O my, I am all of a sweat!" "Miss Morceau," exclaimed her attendant, "never use that word again! Horras sweat, men perspire; ladies merely glow."

SQUELCHED.

Many a traveller who has looked forward to a railroad journey as a season when he need not talk will sympathize with this just triumph recorded in the London Globe.

THE POET'S CORNER

THE ROSARY OF MY TEARS.

Some reckon their age by years, Some measure their life by art; But some tell their days by the flow of their tears, And their lives by the moans of their heart.

The dials of earth may show The length, not the depth, of years, Few or many they come, few or many they go, But the time is best measured by tears.

Ah! not by the silver gray That creeps thro' the sunny hair, And not by the scenes that we pass on our way, And not by the furrows the fingers of care

On the forehead and face have made. Not so do we count our years; Not by the sun of the earth, but the shade Of souls, and the fall of our tears.

For the young are oft-times old, Though their brows be bright and fair; While their blood beats warm their hearts are cold— O'er them the spring—but winter is there,

And the old are oft-times young, When their hair is thin and white; And they sing in age, as in youth they sang, And they laugh, for their cross is light.

But, bead by bead, I tell The rosary of my years; From a cross to a cross they lead; 'tis well, And they're blest with a blessing of tears.

Better a day of strife Than a century of sleep; Give me instead of long stream of life The tempests and tears of the deep.

A thousand joys may foam On the billows of all the years; But never the foam brings the lone back home— It reaches the haven through tears. —Father Abram J. Ryan.

AYOMA.

Two hills there are, both green in summer time, One where the sleeping, After life's weeping, Peacefully rest, While the white clouds, like listening angels, Float over the homes of the dead.

And quiet it is in this garden in summer time, For earth's noise comes not To this hallowed spot, Only the trees Breathe softly their songs and their sighs To the blessed who lie asleep. And many there are with the fever of life upon them, Longing for rest, For rest seems best To those who faint In the lone, long hours of summer time.

POOR PILGRIM MOTHERS!

Gail Hamilton—Miss Dodge—was once at a banquet given in honor of the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. She was asked to speak, and in the course of her brief address she said: "We hear a great deal about the Pilgrim Fathers, but we do not hear much about the Pilgrim Mothers. We are often reminded of the sufferings of the Pilgrim Fathers, but we know that the Pilgrim Mothers had to endure more than they did. The Pilgrim Fathers had to endure hunger, cold, hardship, exile and the dangers of attacks from Indians. But the Pilgrim Mothers, my friends, had to endure not only all these things, but they had to endure the Pilgrim Fathers, too!"

THE ONLY THING.

A man wrote to a Western lawyer for information in regard to a person who had owed him a considerable sum of money for a long time. "What property has he which I could attach?" he asked. The lawyer's reply was brief and to the point. "The man died six months ago. He left nothing subject to attachment save a widow."

Men groan with pain, And never again Will former strength Come back to those who have fought with the king of death, For cruel is he to those who defy his strength.

And sleepless and long are their nights in summer time, But though pain is sad, The world is glad, And there is joy In flower and tree in summer time. And those who have felt death's touch Stretch forth for the hands of life. —M. X., in Japan Weekly Mail.

ERIN'S FAITH.

(By the Late Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, in October Donahoe's.) The Faith on Erin's shore will never die; All other nations may Christ's loving yoke Cast off, and, by a demon-guided stroke, The bond of union cut. But she,—tho' nigh The icy regions of chill heresy,—Unchilled, with youthful zeal shall o'er invoke That God, Whose love, to her, great Patrick spoke, And o'er her faith-forsaken sister sigh.

'Tis Faith that fans in her fair Freedom's love; 'Tis Hope that cheers her faith in every age; Through these she bowed not to the mighty Dane; Through these nor England's force her Church could move; These are the secrets of her history's page; These are her part on earth,—in Heaven, her gain.

PERFECT TRUST.

How sweet to live, to know that God's loved hand Is marking out our life from day to day; To know that, with His kindness so complete, We cannot, if we love Him, go astray, And when, through life, our paths look steep and bare, And feeble, we seem falling by the way, We may send upward but a whispered prayer To find our loving Father near away.

We would not murmur when the trials come, Knowing they're sent to win our hearts to Thee, To draw our souls away from earth's bright glare, And make them fitted for eternity. Thou wouldst not send the shadows long and deep If we as well could bear the radiant light. Thou knowest best; we pray our souls to keep; Help us to walk by faith, if not by sight.

OUR BOY

PUZZLE

1. DIAMOND PUZZLE The head of a pony. A black paint. To dry. A fierce animal. A bird. Calm. A tree. Found in a bird's nest. The tail of an ape.

BURIED ANIMAL

1. Do you know how many domestic owed her mistress? 2. Did the king catch or lose? 3. I tell you to let the cherry. 4. This wine is champagne. 5. The monk eyed the same time askance.

BEHEADED AND CURIOUS WORDS.

1. I am a bird; behead me, and you shall have an article. 2. I am a vehicle; behead me, and I am part of the verb. 3. I am a jug; curtail me, and I am a sheep; behead me, and I am a pronoun. 4. I am a rabble; curtail me, and I am a bird; behead me, and I am a great noise. 5. I am rubbish; behead me, and I am daring; behead me, and I am a tree; curtail me and I am a conjunction. 6. I am a talk; behead me, and I am a head covering; behead me again, and I am a proposition.

RIDDLE.

What is the largest known?

DOUBLE ACROSS

My initials and initials names of two celebrated manders. 1. An aquatic bird. 2 To raise up. 3 Egg-shaped. 4. Ships. 5. Reflection of sound. 6. King of beasts.

Dear Aunt Becky:

We had a heavy snow on Thursday, but it did not melt all day. It was all gone by night having lovely weather. It must be Indian summer. We are busy ploughing now. Threshing is nearly over. Potato digging is done. Little brother will write me next week. My paper new woodshed and kitchen nearly finished. My sister and I go to school day. I am in the third expect to get in the four Christmas. I have a lot of work to do every night. home from school. Well, as my letter is getting long I will say good-bye to you. Love to the cousins and your loving niece. Lonsdale, Ont.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As I have just finished work and have a few spare moments I thought I would write you. We have had a very heavy rain for twenty-four hours. There will be lots of it up now. Autumn is the time for the farmers to be digging potatoes. T. could come to Lonsdale. Agnes McC. and I. He loves to have her come. must be a nice little girl. sorry to hear that you are sore foot, but I hope it will be better. Well, dear Aunt, my letter is getting rather long. I will close. Hoping to hear from you in print. Your loving niece. Lonsdale, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

- DIAMOND PUZZLE. The head of a pony. A black paint. To dry. A fierce animal. A bird. Calm. A tree. Found in a bird's nest. The tail of an ape. BURIED ANIMALS. 1. Do you know how much the domestic owed her mistress? 2. Did the king catch or sell the lion? 3. I tell you to let the cat be; are you deaf? 4. This wine is champagne and that cherry. 5. The monk eyed the king for some time askance. BEHEADED AND CURTAILED WORDS. 1. I am a bird; behead me, and I am pale; behead me again, and I am an article. 2. I am a vehicle; behead me, and I am an animal; behead me again, and I am part of the verb to be. 3. I am a jug; curtail me, and I am a sheep; behead me, and I am a pronoun. 4. I am a rattle; curtail me, and I am a bird; behead me, and I am a great noise. 5. I am rubbish; behead me, and I am daring; behead me again and I am a tree; curtail me and I am a conjunction. 6. I am to talk; behead me, and I am a head covering; behead me again, and I am a proposition. RIDDLE. What is the largest revolver known? DOUBLE ACROSTIC. My initials and finals give the names of two celebrated naval commanders. 1. An aquatic bird. 2. To raise up. 3. Egg-shaped. 4. Ships. 5. Reflection of sound. 6. King of beasts. GEOGRAPHICAL SINGLE ACROSTIC. 1. One of the oceans. 2. A town in Lancashire. 3. Islands on the coast of Asia. 4. A city in Holland. 5. An island in the Atlantic ocean. 6. A town in Cumberland. 7. A city in Holland. RIDDLE-ME-REE. My first is in loaf, but not in bread. My second is in brain, but not in head. My third is in cat, but not in dog. My fourth is in branch, but not in log. My fifth is in song, but not in hymn. My sixth is in edge, but not in rim. And my whole is a well-known fruit. BURIED PROVERBS. Please teach me to make a dress. Look at the hay in the field. I will work while you read. Hark, how the dog barks. Do not go out in the sun. How that gold shines and glitters. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE. Txe xpxexdxuxfxlx xn xaxtze xaxlx Axz xnxwx exmxixs xlix xroxy: Xhx lxnx lxgxt xhxkxs xcoxs xhx lxkxs Axz xhx wxlx cxtxrcx lxax xn xlxrx. Bxox, bxgx, xlxw, xex txe xixd xcoxs xlixg, Xlxw, xuxlx; axsex, exhx, dxixg, xyxnx, dxixg. A very simple and very amusing game that requires but little preparation is, "Who am I?" After the guests are all assembled the hostess or person in charge pins securely on the back of each person a slip of paper telling the name of the character which he or she represents. The only knowledge of the player is gained by the comment of the other persons present. As opinions are expressed in a rather different direction, the guessing is often a difficult matter. These slips of paper are generally names of well known authors, actors, characters in literature or local celebrities. If preferred, a prize may be awarded to the person who first guesses his own character, as well as a booby prize to the one who fails to guess his.

enjoyable period if we undertake housecleaning in the practical way suggested by Miss Milburn in our domestic science class. "Tut! tut! Bercita," chimed in Judge Hepburn from his chair. "Your mother's way of doing things is all right, and beats the new-fangled ways." "Do you know, papa, my one desire matrimonially is that I may get a husband as loyal to me as you are to mamma?" Bercita laughed. The dimples showed themselves daringly in her cheeks, and she looked so winsome and mischievous that the judge and his wife might be pardoned for the indulgent look each flashed upon her. "What's the matter with your mother's way?" the judge asked severely, albeit with tender look. Bercita considered. "Miss Milburn says it is not wise to attempt cleaning more than one room at a time," she began. "Neither do I, as a rule," Mrs. Hepburn answered smilingly. "But one cannot arrange things exactly as one pleases, when the convenience of outside workers has to be considered." "Miss Milburn says it can be done," Bercita asserted calmly. "And, anyway, I don't think that housecleaning should be allowed to interfere with the everyday comforts of the family, particularly the serving of regular meals. So many people, Miss Milburn says, live in a catch-as-you-go way at housecleaning time." The judge looked at his wife, a twinkle in his eye. "Polly," he said, "perhaps it is fortunate for Bercita that the summons came for you to go to grandmother. Bercita doubtless will be glad to undertake the cleaning during your absence." "Why, Nathan! The child is too inexperienced!" "Oh, mamma, dearest, do let me!" Bercita pleaded. "What's the use of having a fine education if one never has a chance to put it into practice?" Mrs. Hepburn looked undecided. The judge urged: "Come, mother, let the fledgling try its wings." It was finally agreed that Bercita should undertake the cleaning of the house during her mother's absence, with the assistance of Nora, the maid, paper-hangers, painters, and so forth. Two days after Mrs. Hepburn's departure, the judge called his daughter over the telephone. "Bercita, I'd like you to come down town and take dinner with me, and go to the orchestra concert afterward," he said. "Oh, papa, I'm so sorry I can't accept," Bercita answered regretfully. "The fact is, I had to let the paperhangers begin to-day or wait for them until next week. Ask Cousin Loretta in my place. And don't come home to dinner, papa. Nora and I haven't a minute for cooking. Good-by, dear." It was well for Bercita's pride that she did not see the twinkle in her father's eye as he hung up the receiver. When the judge let himself indoors with the latch-key that night it was well again for Bercita that she did not see her father's face as he groped his way through the piled-up furniture in the hall. Early the next morning, the judge was routed out of a sound sleep by unwonted sounds in the next room. He arose hurriedly, slipped into his bathrobe, and stepping into the hall, encountered his daughter enveloped in sweeping cap and huge checked apron. "Good morning, papa, dear. Hurry and get dressed, won't you? I'm having the caldiments come early because—" Bercita's voice died away as she dived into a closet, from which she emerged presently her arms laden with clothes. The sight of his dress-suit trailing on the floor induced the judge to make a hasty movement to rescue it. But his daughter whisked it out of his reach, tossing it over her shoulder as she disappeared in the next room. "Thank you, I don't need any help. Do hurry, papa. Breakfast will be ready in ten minutes—just coffee and toast this morning." The judge gasped. When had his absent housekeeper ever suffered him to depart on a breakfast of merely coffee and toast, even in the thickest of housecleaning time? The judge dressed and went down to the mockery of breakfast and then beat a hasty retreat. For two days, when at home, the judge lived, breathed and had his being in housecleaning activities. Belated meals, "pick-ups" at that, disturbed papers, mislaid books, appeals for assistance with refractory nails and hooks that his daughter's fingers could not conquer, were only a few of the minor discomforts he had to endure. But the third day the enemy was routed. The judge came home to find his daughter lying on the lounge, her head tied up, two of her fingers swathed in cotton, and her right foot bandaged. "Don't be alarmed, papa," said a voice that vainly strove to be cheery "I've only sprained my ankle, hammered two fingers and worked up a headache. You've been very patient and broke. Bercita pushed the bandage higher. "Papa, who don't you pronounce judgment, and tell me I've made a fool of myself, going at things hammer-and-tongs fashion? You must, when you think of mamma's gentleness." "Poor little girl!" the judge said, in his least judicious moment. And then Bercita broke down entirely. Presently she said: "It all comes of my setting up to know more than mamma. And what hurts most is to think I can't set foot on the floor, and she'll be so disappointed when she comes home and finds such a house." "She shan't, dear," the judge said. "She'll get Mrs. Moloney to come and help Nora put things straight. I shouldn't wonder if we could get Latham's man to lend a helping hand, too, with the rugs and windows." "Papa, I've had my lesson," Bercita said solemnly. Then she added the next minute, the old mischievous look in her eyes as she reached up and patted her father's cheek. "And I'm more resolved than ever that he'll have to be a man exactly like you!"

COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES FREE EVENING DRAWING AND INDUSTRIAL CLASSES OPENING MONDAY, 15th OCTOBER, 1906. Subjects taught at the Monument National:—Freehand Drawing, Mechanical Drawing, Modelling, Size Painting and Lettering, Carpentry and Stair Building, Architectural Drawing, Lithography, Soldering, Boot and Shoe Pattern Making, Ladies' Dress Cutting, Sewing, Millinery, Upper part of St. Lawrence Market. —Plumbing, Tuesday and Thursday, No. 183 (congregation street), Mechanical Drawing, Tuesday and Thursday. Each pupil is required to deposit one dollar (\$1.00). For prospectus and information apply at the office, No. 296 St. Lawrence, Monument National, Telephone Main 1179. J. P. L. BERUBE, Ass't-Sec'y.

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THE "TRUE WITNESS" 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET, MONTREAL. Let us give you figures on LETTER-HEADS ENVELOPES INVITATIONS BUSINESS CARDS MEMORIAL CARDS POSTERS CATALOGUES SOCIETY WORK The True Witness Publishing Company 25 ST. ANTOINE STREET.

Dear Aunt Becky: We had a heavy snow storm here on Thursday, but it did not remain; it was all gone by night. We are having lovely weather now. I think it must be Indian summer. The men are busy ploughing now, as the threshing is nearly over and the potato digging is done. I think my little brother will write to the corner next week. My papa has our new woodshed and kitchen up, and nearly finished. My sister and brother and I go to school nearly every day. I am in the third grade and expect to get in the fourth grade at Christmas. I have a lot of home work to do every night after I come home from school. Well, dear Aunt, as my letter is getting long I guess I will say good-bye for this time. Love to the cousins and Aunt Becky. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Ont.

MILLCENT MAY. Millicent May was very fair, With violet eyes and golden hair, And she was gowned with greatest care, Was Millicent May, my dearie. She sat in her carriage, nor even bowed Her lovely head to the passing crowd, For she was fair and she was proud, Was Millicent May, my dearie. But pride oft endeth in disgrace, For she fell, she fell and broke her face, And in oblivion took her place, Did Millicent May, my dearie. So by this tale you will agree That the fate is sad of such as she, Though but a doll she chanced to be, Did Millicent May, my dearie.

BERCITA'S HOUSECLEANING. Bercita Hepburn, soft, golden tendrils of hair framing her flower-like face, was a "thing of beauty," but there were moments when hearing Bercita was scarcely a "joy forever." Since her class in high school had taken up the study of domestic science, Bercita, its most enthusiastic member, had aired her views at home on every possible occasion. Returning from school one afternoon, Bercita found her mother seated in the library re-arranging her desk. "Beginning housecleaning already?" Bercita smiled, bending her slight, graceful figure to press a kiss on her mother's cheek. She sank down beside her, adding, "I wish, mamma dear, it need not be the upheaval this year that it has been other years. It may really be an

A MESSAGE. Perhaps some boys remember hearing about the eminent surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, who operated on King Edward some time ago when he was ill. He was asked by the editor of a paper for boys to send the boys a message. "This is my message to you, boys," said Sir Frederick: "Don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is 'Don't grumble. Plug on.' You hold your future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open downs. Keep clean body and mind."

A BAD CASE OF KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED BY DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. Kidney troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Nothing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, so I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers. Price 50c per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

FOUND POPE NICE PLAYMATE. The 5-year-old daughter of "Dan" V. Hanna, of Cleveland, son of the late Senator Hanna, came from Europe with her mother the other day, declaring Pope Pius X. is a fine playmate. During her stay in Rome Mrs. Hanna had a special audience with the Pope and took her little daughter along. At the termination of the audience Mrs. Hanna withdrew. In the ante-chamber she missed her daughter. Retracing her steps she was amazed to find the head of the Catholic Church on his hands and knees with the child in a similar position, both searching for something. "Why, papa," she said, in describing her experience at the Gotham home on her return, "I lost my medal and went back after it. I told the nice old gentleman about it. He shook his head like he understood, and when I began to look on the

floor he got down on his hands and knees and helped me. He found it first. He is a very nice man, papa, don't you think so?"—South Bend Times. DON'T BE A GABBLER. The girl or boy, the brother or sister, who discusses the private affairs of their parents outside the family circle have little respect for their parents and less for themselves. The jealous, idle sister or brother is always looking for a sympathetic ear, and everyone knows full well that the sons and daughters who bring the greatest trouble upon the father and mother who reared them are the selfish, crafty, idle ones. A gossip in a household is a viper, and the quicker they are denied the family hearthstone the sooner they will be taught what self-respect means. "A dog who will carry a bone will gather one to bring home." A tale-bearer who attacks one friend will as readily besmirch the character of another. Every family has had trouble with meddling relatives and friends, and the vicious gossips in each family have much to answer for. Going about from relative to relative, gathering up the details of family affairs, is the diversion of many an idle, gossiping woman. This class of females simply fattens on the rot they gather and spread, and whilst eating the bread of friendship are peering about with wide-open eyes and ears to gather more details of private affairs to amuse the family who they next shove themselves upon. Shun the gossip, man or woman, relative or friend, as you would the plague.

FOR SALE. Kindling Wood, \$2.00; cut hard wood, \$2.50; cut slabs, \$2.00; hard wood blocks, \$2.50 a large load; also Scranton coal. J. Doran, 375 Craig street west. Phone Main 4263. A THANKFUL MOTHER. "I thank you with all my heart for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for my little girl," says Mrs. Antoine Charette, Jr., of St. Boniface, Que. "When I began giving her the Tablets she seemed to be pining away, but after using less than a box she was rapidly gaining and she is now a fine, fat, healthy little one, and I write you this as the acknowledgment of a mother who will never forget what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child." Let- ters like this must bring hope and comfort to all mothers who have feeble or sickly children. Baby's Own Tablets will cure all the minor ailments and can be given just as safely to a new-born baby as to a well grown child. If you cannot get these Tablets from your dealer, write The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them at 25c a box.

Dear Aunt Becky: As I have just finished my home work and have a few spare moments I thought I would write to the corner. We have had a very heavy rain for twenty-four hours, but the rain is over now and it is very cold. There will be lots of apples to pick up now. Autumn is a very busy time for the farmers picking apples and digging potatoes. I wish Lillie T. could come to Lonsdale and visit Agnes McC. and I. How I would love to have her come. I think she must be a nice little girl. I was sorry to hear that Joseph had a sore foot, but I hope it is already better. Well, dear Aunt, as my letter is getting rather long I guess I will close. Hoping to see my letter in print. Your loving niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Ont.

THINGS NOT TO DO. To contradict your friends when they are speaking. To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings. It is bad to make remarks about the food at dinner.

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NOTE WELL.—Matter intended for publication should reach us not later than 5 o'clock Wednesday afternoon.

CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

LABOUCHERE'S VIEWS ON IRISH SITUATION.

Labouchere, the distinguished and lively journalist of London, is just now saying that it is only a matter of time when Ireland will have its own parliament in Dublin.

There can be no question of its usefulness. It would do a great deal for the country. It would pave the way and find the means for better things.

Far more important at this moment to the Irish nation than any other matter whatever is the retention of the people on their own soil.

Why? Because the centers of industry, the best wages and salaries, the greater opportunities are to be found in the United States and it is also very easy to reach them.

is economic, aided, too, by sentiment. The prizes for energy are thought to lie in America, where also the majority of the Irish race is settled.

No parliament will do that or can do it. The National party can help to do it, national movements of any kind will help, the opening of factories and mines will help, but it will take a tremendous effort on the part of the race to heal the breach.

FRENCH BISHOPS WILL NOT SUBMIT.

The text of the letter drawn up by the French hierarchy at their recent plenary meeting in Paris and read on September 23 in all the churches of France has been translated into English and shows that the French Bishops are as emphatic as the Holy Father in their absolute rejection of the "worship associations" and their determination to suffer any hardship rather than submit to the conditions imposed on the Church by the government.

The constitution of the Church, the Bishops point out in their very clear and trenchant pronouncement, has as its essential basis the authority of the hierarchy, divinely instituted by Jesus Christ. The Church is a society governed by its pastors, of whom the Pope is the chief, and to whom alone belongs the right of regulating everything that touches the exercise of religion.

THE POPE'S AFFECTION FOR FRANCE.

The Pope's affection for France is only questioned by those who strive to stir up discord between France and the Holy See. The other day a writer in a French newspaper obtained audience of Pius X., and he tells what passed between the Pontiff and himself on the occasion.

"Your Holiness knows," said the journalist, "that the enemies of the Church and of the Papacy say that the Pope does not love France; we know how false all this is; nevertheless I would be happy if your Holiness would authorize me to protest loudly in your name against these malicious insinuations."

"Yes, my son," replied the Pope, "protest, protest loudly," and he accompanied the words by striking the table with his hand; "protest, and tell France that she still possesses all my affection."

The same writer was afterwards received in audience by the Secretary of State, His Eminence Cardinal Merry del Val. Speaking of the divisions in the French camp, he said:

"We find ourselves in presence of two parties of absolute 'intransigence'—the Monarchists would desire that the Holy See should condemn the Republicans; these do not pardon the Pope for not putting down the Monarchists. Now the Holy See cannot do this, because it should not mix itself up with internal politics; Monarchists and Republicans count in their ranks eminent Catholics full of merit, and who have rendered great service to the Church. All have a right to the same solicitude and benevolence."

Speaking of the law of Separation the Cardinal added:

"We have several times declared that it is necessary to distinguish the Government from the French nation; if to the Government the Holy See have given proof of the greatest longanimity, what pledge of affection has it not given to the French nation? Look, for example, at the question of the protectorate; every day the religious complain of being no longer protected; we have said to all of them, and we have repeated it, that our thought is for the French. It has been said that even I do not love the French. Why should I not love them? Before being called by the will of the Holy Father to this office I was not in diplomacy, as has been asserted; I exercised a purely Apostolic ministry. Nothing, then, could detach me from your country, where I count many friends. In the present circumstances the Holy See is constrained to act in the way you know. Some have dared to say that the Pope would yield at the end, constrained to that by the financial question; that is an infamy. The Head of the Church may let a finger be cut off, a hand, an arm even; he may allow himself to be completely despoiled, and live in absolute poverty, but he cannot ever allow his head to be cut off; he could not ever traffic on the principles of the ecclesiastical hierarchy; he absolutely has not the right to do that."

PRINCE-PRIEST TOOK UP COLLECTION.

What but the Catholic religion could show such a spectacle as this: a prince of a reigning German house preaching and collecting in a French church in the French capital for the faithful of Alsace-Lorraine? Such was the scene witnessed recently in the Church of St. Lawrence Paris, when H.R.H. Prince Max of Saxony, once a tireless worker for the poor in the Far East of London, the brother of the present King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, spoke in favor of the missions of St. Joseph to help the needy in Alsace-Lorraine, and to assure them the aids of religion. The five aisles of the church were filled, and the prince-priest himself made the collection, a very good one.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Gaulois printed an interview with its correspondent at Rome had with Pope Pius X. on the Church and State separation law, which quotes the Pontiff as saying:

"It is not I who condemn the law, but Christ, of whom the Pope is simply the Vicar. The Saviour granted the Church a Constitution and a Doctrine against which no human law can prevail. The Separation law is contrary to Catholic doctrine and opposed to Divine rulings, is an unjust law and therefore carries no obligation to obey it."

The Pontiff said that he had only done his duty as commanded by the moral well-being of the Church, which exacted respect for the doctrines of the Church confided to his care.

"Providence," the Pope continued, "will decide the future and fix the mundane consequences. My resolution was taken in pursuance to the will of God. I await Providence to make His designs manifest."

The Pontiff further declared with great firmness that his veto would remain absolute while the French Chamber refused to modify the law in accordance with the Catholic dogma, and concluded:

"It is not necessary for the government to surrender. Surrender

victorious enemy, and the Pope applies the name of 'enemy' to no one in France. If the legislators committed an error in good faith and will acknowledge it, they will find nowhere a more conciliatory spirit than at Rome. If they deliberately seek war they will find themselves confronted by the defender of Christ, animated by supreme energies."

It is pleasant to record in the midst of so much that is distressing in Church affairs in France, that according to Parisian papers every Sunday at about 10 o'clock, a handsome closed brougham sets down at doors of St. Sulpice the wife of the President of the French Republic and Mlle. Fallières, who attend Mass with the utmost piety. This being the case, why does President Fallières punish poor postmen because they allow their wives and children to go to Mass and sometimes go to church themselves? M Fallières was particularly odd in his declarations on religious matters when at Marseilles. He congratulated the government on its vigorous action and assured his colonial guests that he intended "that the ancient faiths of the aboriginals should be respected and that nothing should be said or done to diminish the faith of the natives in their ancient beliefs." So here is President Fallières sending his own wife and child to Mass, preventing soldiers, sailors and others functionaries from going to Church, and affirming that the "ancient beliefs of savages would be respected!"

It appears from a calculation just published that the new General of the Society of Jesus, Father Francis Xavier Wernz, is the 25th occupant of that very important office, and the third who belonged to Germany. Amongst his 24 predecessors there were 5 Spaniards, 3 Belgians, 2 Germans, 1 Hollander, 1 Swiss, 1 Pole, and 11 Italians, two of whom were Romans. No Frenchman nor Englishman nor Irishman has yet been raised to that great office.

The fact that the new General is a German created some annoyance in France among those who are engaged in persecuting the Church in that country. A writer in the "Figaro" interviewed Father Brucker, a French Jesuit, who, in response to his questions said:

"Our Fathers have for their only rule that of fixing their choice on the Father professed of the Society—whatever his native country may be—who seems to them to possess in the highest degree the qualities required for the supreme and heavy charge in question, according to the constitutions of St. Ignatius—prudence, wisdom, firmness without harshness; in one word, the qualities of government, and, what is understood, profound virtue."

Several other religious orders have Germans as Generals, such as the Carmelites of the Observance, the Friars Minor, the Conventuals, and, one may add, the Capuchins, whose General belongs to German-speaking Switzerland.

A Struggling Infant Mission

IN THE DIOCESE OF NORTHAMPTON, FAKENHAM, NORFOLK, ENGLAND.

Where is Mass said and Benediction given at present? IN A GARRET, the use of which I get for a rent of ONE SHILLING per week.

Average weekly Collection... 8s 6d. No endowment whatever, except HOPE. Not a great kind of endowment, you will say, good reader. Ah, well! Who knows? Great things have, as a rule, very small beginnings. There was the stable of Bethlehem, and God's hand is not shortened, I HAVE hopes. I have GREAT hopes that this latest Mission, opened by the Bishop of Northampton, will, in due course, become a great Mission.

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming?

I have noticed how willingly the OLIENTS OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA readily come to the assistance of poor, struggling Priests. May I not hope that they will, too, cast a sympathetic and pitying eye upon me in my struggle to establish an outpost of the Catholic Faith in this so far as the Catholic Faith is concerned—barren region? May I not hope, good reader, that you, in your

Advertisement for Motard, Fils & Senecal, featuring a bottle of wine and text: 'St. Louis, Mo., U.S., June 30, 1906. Messrs. Motard Fils & Senecal, Montreal. Gentlemen: After an attack of Typhoid Fever my progress towards health was hardly noticeable.'

Advertisement for Dominion Catholic Reading Charts, featuring text: 'The words are of one syllable, simple, short and well known to children. The New words appear at the head of the Reading Lesson in which they are first used, to be learned by sight.'

Advertisement for J. P. Moncel, featuring text: 'Ribbon Badges for Conventions, Socials, Pilgrimages, Picnics, Societies, Parades, Lapel Buttons, &c. 210 St. James St., Montreal.'

Advertisement for seal for the progress of that Faith, featuring text: 'I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission Army.'

Advertisement for How to Cure Cancer Without Knife, Plaster or Pain, featuring text: 'Send six cents (stamps) and get particulars of this wonderful painless treatment that is used in your own home. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.'

Advertisement for Royal Household Flour, featuring text: 'Only part of the wheat berry is fit for food. Yet much that isn't often gets into flour. You cannot see it or taste it, but it's there. It is simply a case of the miller getting more flour from his wheat and your getting less nourishment.'

Advertisement for J. J. Garland, featuring text: 'Gravel Roofing and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work. 27 & 29 St. James St., Montreal.'

Advertisement for The Kane Company, featuring text: 'Funeral Directors. Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts.'

Advertisement for Cowan's Cocoa, featuring text: 'Gives an Assured Treat Always. A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern type.'

Advertisement for T. P. O'Connor's Memory, featuring text: 'Wins \$1,000 for the Cause. Michael J. Ryan and T. P. O'Connor arrived simultaneously in Philadelphia after seeing President Roosevelt.'

Advertisement for Loyola Court, featuring text: 'Arrangements were made last meeting of Loyola Catholic Order of Foresters, Euchre, to be held Monday, October 22nd, in the "Rm. St. James and Fullford street from former entertainers. This kind given by Loyola pleasant evening is assured who attend. There are prizes offered, and a fine has been prepared.'

Advertisement for Rec, featuring text: 'The price of h small—very much tea valued in this' and 'is'.

Advertisement for Items of Interest, featuring text: 'Retreat at Friary. On Sunday evening next, 8 o'clock, the opening exercises for retreat for gentlemen at Church will take place.'

Advertisement for MGR. BEGIN, featuring text: 'A despatch from Rome His Grace Archbishop Beg raised to the Cardinalate next consistory, which will in November or December.'

Advertisement for Franciscan Father, featuring text: 'At Cote des Neiges comm Sunday next, the 20th in Franciscan Fathers will pur Way of the Cross at 8 o'clock which all who can are invited.'

Advertisement for Empress of Ireland, featuring text: 'The prominent Irishmen Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto presenting a large marine clock to the ss Empress of Ireland, a testimonial Thomas G. Shaughnessy, is, we understand, now to be presented on her's next trip, toward this month.'

Advertisement for Council of Arts and Factories, featuring text: 'The evening classes under direction of the Council of Manufactures opened on 15th inst. The following are taught at the Municipal: Technical drawing, sign painting and lettering, and stair building, architectural drawing, lithography, boot and shoe making, ladies' dress cutting and millinery. The plan is held in the upper part Lawrence market every Friday, and the mechanics'

The price of half a pound of Red Rose Tea is small—very small, but it will show you how much tea value, tea quality and flavor is contained in this "Good Tea"

Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Prices—25, 30, 35, 40, 50 and 60 cts. per lb. in lead packets

T. H. ESTABROOKS, ST. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG. TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

RETREAT AT FRIARY CHURCH.

On Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock, the opening exercises of the retreat for gentlemen at the Friary Church will take place.

REQUIEM FOR FATHER STRUBBE

To-morrow at 8 o'clock there will be a requiem at St. Ann's Church for the late regretted Father Strubbe, offered by the League of the Sacred Heart.

MGR. BEGIN.

A despatch from Rome says that His Grace Archbishop Begin will be held next Monday evening, the 22nd, inst., at 8 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street.

L.C.B.A. WILL HOLD FIRST EUCHRE.

The first euchre of the Ladies' Catholic Benefit Association will be held next Monday evening, the 22nd, inst., at 8 o'clock, in St. Patrick's Hall, St. Alexander street.

FRANCISCAN FATHERS WILL OFFICIATE.

At Cote des Neiges cemetery on Sunday next, the 20th inst., the Franciscan Fathers will preach the Way of the Cross at 3 o'clock, at which all who can be invited to assist.

EMPRESS OF IRELAND.

The prominent Irishmen of Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto propose presenting a large handsome marine clock to the Empress of Ireland, as a testimonial to Sir Thomas G. Shaughnessy. The clock is, we understand, now being made and will be presented on the steamer's next trip, toward the end of this month.

Where Weakness is, Disease Will Settle.

If one suffers from any organic weakness, inherited or contracted, there disease will settle where it attacks the body. Therefore drive out the pains that beset you, do not let a cold or a cough harass you, and keep the respiratory organs in a good healthy condition. This you can do by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Prevention is the wisest course.

LOYOLA COURT EUCHRE.

Arrangements were made at the last meeting of Loyola Court, Catholic Order of Foresters, for a Stag Euchre, to be held Monday evening, October 22nd, in the "Raby" Hall, St. James and Fulford streets. Judging from former entertainments of this kind given by Loyola, a very pleasant evening is assured for all who attend. There are valuable prizes offered, and a fine programme has been prepared.

COUNCIL OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES.

The evening classes under the direction of the Council of Arts and Manufactures opened on Monday, the 15th inst. The following subjects are taught at the Monument National: Technical drawing, modeling, sign painting and lettering, carpentry and stair building, architectural drawing, lithography, solving, boot and shoe pattern making, ladies' dress cutting, sewing and millinery. The plumbing class is held in the upper part of St. Lawrence market every Tuesday and Friday, and the mechanical drawing

University of Ottawa.

The following letter appeared in Ottawa Evening Journal:

Editor Journal:—I have read the recently published brochure with reference to Ottawa University, which, by the way, I knew absolutely nothing of until after it was distributed through the mail. I have read Mr. Vincent's letter in the Journal in answer to it and I have talked over the question of the alleged "Frenchification" of the University with officials of the university of both parties. As a result it has occurred to me that something might be done to settle the question forever in a manner agreeable to both sides.

As a former student of the university and one deeply interested in the education of the children of my Catholic fellow-countrymen, whether they be English-speaking or French-speaking, I consider this most desirable. The best interests of the university have been seriously prejudiced by the strife which has arisen out of this question during the past few years, and the sooner the matter is settled the better for all. I therefore take the liberty in the interests of peace and harmony among my co-religionists and of the betterment of Catholic higher education in this province, of suggesting a compromise of the university question which I venture to think should be acceptable to all fair-minded men, English-speaking or French-speaking. Let the University of Ottawa be an examining and degree granting body only, without any lecturing staff whatever, and let there be two separate colleges affiliated with it, one for the English and one for the French. Call them, if you like, St. Joseph's College, and the College du Sacre Coeur, and let the priests of each college have charge of the church bearing the name of his college. Each college would prepare students for the University examinations as is done by the numerous colleges affiliated with Toronto University. This scheme is also followed by a number of colleges affiliated with Laval. There are several besides the institutions at Montreal and Quebec, for instance the English-speaking St. Dunstan's College in Prince Edward Island. In England, too, the London University was for many years until quite recently an examining and degree-granting body only, without any course of studies or lecturing staff whatever. The well-known Jesuit College of Stonyhurst, which is many miles from London, prepares its students for the examinations of London University. In Ireland the Royal University is an examining and degree-granting body only and students of several colleges are prepared for the examinations. Doubtless other similar instances could be cited.

The Senate of the University of Ottawa could be composed of an equal number of representatives from the two colleges, the president and a majority of the governing body of each college to be English-speaking or French-speaking as the case might be. I would also suggest that there should be lay representatives on the board of each college. This would keep the college more in touch with the people and would tend to stimulate in old students an interest in their Alma Mater.

The finances of the colleges would, of course, be separate. The division of the building at present used by the university between the two colleges is a detail which doubtless could be arranged on an amicable basis. The question of expense should not stand in the way. The university now has an English and a French course and maintains several large buildings so that a division into two colleges should not be much more expensive than the present arrangement. It could probably be arranged after the two colleges are established that some courses of lectures could be attended in common by the students of both institutions.

His Holiness Leo XIII. made it quite clear that his wish was that the university should be especially for the Catholics of Ontario and that the bishops of this province should have an interest in it, but there is no provision in the Papal Bull raising the University to the dignity of a Catholic university giving the bishops of Ontario, other than His Grace the Archbishop of Ottawa, any voice in the management of the institution. I think it would be of great benefit to the university if the Ontario bishops were brought more closely into touch with it and were induced to take more interest in it. This could be brought about by having the chancellor of the university elected for a period of years by the bishops of the province from among

their number, instead of having the Archbishop of Ottawa for the time being perpetual chancellor as at present.

I make the above suggestions for what they may be worth in a spirit of friendship and good will towards my French-speaking fellow-countrymen. The establishment of a French college at Ottawa would be of great benefit to them. Mr. Vincent is quite right in his letter in saying that the French-speaking youth of Ontario should be educated in Ontario. The laws and customs of this province are so different from those of Quebec that one can well see that an education in this province would be far more beneficial to an Ontario boy than an education in the province of Quebec.

But the English-speaking Catholics want an institution of their own, and think they are entitled to it, and the best way out of the unfortunate position in which the University of Ottawa now finds itself is the establishment of two colleges as suggested above. We have our English and our French churches and our English and our French separate schools—why not have our English and French college and obviate further disagreement amongst our people on the university question.

While it is much to be regretted, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the university has for the past few years been going backward instead of forward. It is but a ghostly shadow of the institution presided over in the eighties by the late Father Tabaret when my friend Mr. Vincent and I were classmates together. Something must be done to instil new life into the old bones. Let us get together, agree on a fair compromise, and then build up two colleges of our Catholic University which will work in harmony with each other and will quickly become worthy of the Catholics, both English-speaking and French-speaking, of the province of Ontario. Yours truly,

D'ARCY SCOTT. Ottawa, Oct. 8th, 1906.

Mr. Sidener had made his first public speech. He waited for his wife's verdict, but she was strangely silent. He had expected her to say, "Oh, it was simply great, Eddy!" But they were half way home, and she had said nothing. "Well," he began awkwardly, "what did you think of my speech?" "What you said was all right," she answered with guarded enthusiasm. "But it seemed to me you didn't make the most of your opportunities." "Opportunities?" repeated Mr. Sidener. "What do you mean, Effie?" "Why," Mrs. Sidener replied, "you had ever so many chances to sit down before you did."

The Crucifix Restored.

When an outbreak of atheism and Freemasonry in Brazil caused the removal of the crucifix from the courts of justice, where in Catholic countries it always holds the place of honor, there was profound indignation among the people. This strong popular sentiment has finally brought about the restoration of the sacred symbol to its time-honored place. The formal ceremony of restoration in Rio de Janeiro is thus described in the Journal de Bresil as quoted by the Catholic Times:

It was truly a manifestation never to be forgotten, and one which proved not only the fervor of our people, and the sentiments of faith inherited from our ancestors and profoundly rooted in our national character, but also the innate love of justice which animates all classes of society—that justice of which the image of the Divine Crucified One is the most perfect symbol. It is calculated that more than 10,000 persons were in the cortege, without counting the crowds in the streets or the spectators in the balconies. The whole city was brilliantly decorated with flags and draperies; and several hours before the time fixed for the ceremony, the people began to assemble in the vicinity of the Church. Then gradually appeared the various corporations and associations, with the Confraternities of St. Vincent de Paul, the Children of Mary, and the Apostleship of Prayer. Each parish sent its contingent of clergy and its banners.

As the canopy came in sight, the air was rent with long and loud acclamations from the crowd, and not a single discordant note was heard. In the Hall of the Tribunal the cortege was met by the President of the Tribunal, who received the crucifix from the curé, and kissing the feet with profound reverence, placed it in the position prepared for it above the seat of justice. When that was accomplished, the President gave the word to Pere Jules Marie, one of the most distinguished preachers of Brazil, who pronounced an eloquent discourse on the event of the day. The orator showed how fitting was the appearance of the crucifix in the tribunals of justice, and confirmed his argument by referring to national history, showing that it was in accordance with one of the earliest traditions of Brazil; for when the hardy navigators who first landed on its shores took possession of the country, they did so in the name of the Cross.

Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER
Office: Temple Building
185 St. James St., Montreal
Telephone Main 2091

\$70,000 Raised in Twenty Minutes.

Unparalleled in the history of the United Irish League movement was the demonstration that marked the closing session of the biennial Convention, held in Philadelphia. In response to the magnetic appeal of the newly-elected president, Mr. Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, the sum of \$70,000 was raised inside of twenty minutes in furtherance of the programme of the Irish Parliamentary Party.

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Properties Bought and Sold, Rents Collected, Loans and Mortgages Negotiated. Old and troublesome properties taken charge of at guaranteed payments.
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St. Joseph's Ursuline Academy,

MALONE, N. Y.
This academy conducted by the Ursuline Nuns, in under the patronage of St. Rev. H. Gabriel, Bishop of Odenburg. It is located in one of the prettiest towns of Northern New York, Malone being called "The Key to the Adirondacks," and it is in the most desirable location of the town. St. Joseph's Academy being situated at the foot of the Adirondacks enjoys the salubrious air and pure water of the mountains. For further particulars apply to Mother Superior.

A GOOD CHANCE

To secure an education that will most quickly and surely fit you for the practical duties of life, is offered by this school. Under new management, with improved equipment and courses, our oldest school is the best and one of the best. Write for catalogue and free budget of "Business Writing."

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St. Leon Mineral Water



Raises the spirits, keeps you in good humor and restores your physical condition. If you are weak, down-hearted, constipated, if your digestion is bad, or if you have other stomach complaints, you have only yourself to blame. All you require is to occasionally take a glass of St. Leon Water. It acts on the nerves, gives an appetite and facilitates digestion. In a word, it is strengthening. Drink it continually.

Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say, St. Leon drives all ills away.
For sale at all leading grocers and druggists.
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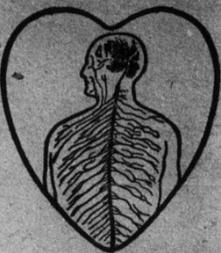
Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1342. Dame Julia Sweeney, of the City and district of Montreal, wife common as to property of James Clarke Carter, of the same place, duly authorized a ester in justice, has this day instituted an action for separation as to bed and board against her said husband.
Montreal, 26th September, 1906.
BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GEVMAIN,
Attorney for Plaintiff
5nov1

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering with any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.
Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed, 50c.

Father Barnard Vaughan Concludes his Exposure of the so-called Smart Set.

(London Catholic Times.)
Father Barnard Vaughan delivered the fifth of his series of sermons on the "Sins of Society" to a large congregation at the Jesuit Church, Farm street, on Sunday last, taking as his special subject "The Magdalen in Mayfair." The reverend gentleman said he could not hope to answer the thousand and one letters that people had been kind enough to write to him, and his denunciation of the sins of the fast smart set was not meant to include all people who were smart. No one was more proud than he of the real old aristocracy of England. It formed a class surpassed by none in England for its grand traditions, its high standard of morality and its blameless social life.
Father Vaughan asked his congregation to consider the circumstances of a girl brought up in the smart set. What chance had a girl born of worldly parents of living a virtuous life worthy of her sex? A child's first school-room ought to be its mother's arms, wherein she should imbibe all that was needed for the sustenance and development not of her body only, but of her soul also. But a girl of the class to which he referred was not taught to know our Divine Lord, while her only idea of sin was that of doing something for which she would be slapped. When on stated occasions she did come downstairs, it was most probably to display her fine limbs, her fine curls or her finer clothes. The spiritual side of her character was untitled soil. She might take up some of the natural ornaments of life, and might know enough of German and French to create a vicious taste for its romantic literature, but what most of all she had grown had been a love of admiration, and so of dress, perhaps of dress disgustingly delectable.
He would not find fault with smart women for wearing smart gowns, nor for making use of artificial aids to beauty. "Once you cross the threshold of society," said Father Vaughan, "you know, with the poet, 'things are not what they seem, nor persons either.'"
Returning to the Magdalen, whose parents he would suppose were as yet merely in the vestibule of the enchanted castle wherein dwelt the fast smart set, he went on to show how simply superhuman efforts were made by the parents to cross the threshold. He could remember the old-fashioned days when chairs were hired for guests. To-day we hired guests for the chairs. It was an age of hirelings. How sad it was that men and women who would not even dream of humbling themselves to enter the kingdom of heaven would lick the very dust of the floor to have their names, and their names only, associated with hired guests who did not want to know them.
"Many times," continued the preacher, "I have had handsome sums offered me on the condition of my introducing certain persons to a certain set. On one occasion the applicant was a vulgarian whom I could only introduce to the door. She told me that if I would not take her money others would. I see from the papers that she was right. Nothing, perhaps, has done more to bring down—not to say to vulgarize—the grand but simple traditions habits and tastes of our English nobility and aristocracy than this vulgar influx of vulgar people, whose only merit is their wealth, which, from all accounts, is not always meritoriously theirs.
"Meanwhile," he continued, "our Magdalen, wearied with an incessant round of frivolities, becomes engaged. She knows that she has been flung at her fiancé, and that he has closed with the bribe because he wanted not her love, but her money." Her downfall and death were then described, and Father Vaughan went on to emphasize how different

MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills.



Are a specific for all heart and nerve troubles. Here are some of the symptoms. Any one of them should be a warning for you to attend to it immediately. Don't delay. Serious breakdown of the system may follow, if you do: Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Palpitation of the Heart, Shortness of Breath, Rush of Blood to the Head, Smothering and Sinking Spells, Faint and Weak Spells, Spasm or Pain through the Heart; Cold, Clammy Hands and Feet. There may be many minor symptoms of heart and nerve trouble, but these are the chief ones.
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will dispel all these symptoms from the system.
Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25.

WEAK SPELLS CURED.

Mrs. L. Dorey, Hemford, N.S., writes as follows:—"I was troubled with dizziness, weak spells and fluttering of the heart. I procured a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and they did me so much good that I got two more boxes, and after finishing them I was completely cured. I must say that I cannot recommend them too highly."

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON EMIGRATION

The following views of Cardinal Gibbons upon the subject of emigration have just been published here. "The great curse to the Irish people in this country is the fact that they have been dumped upon our towns and cities and have remained there. A small proportion of the Irish people, especially those of the more comfortable sort, had the good fortune to escape from New York and the other great cities of the coast, and to pursue their way to Iowa, Indiana, Illinois and other western States, where they engaged in agricultural pursuits; and now they are steady and comfortable, and an honor to the land of their fathers. There is a very large percentage of the descendants of Irish emigrants settled in Iowa especially, and also in Illinois.
"If some organization could be established in Ireland to effect the purchase of tracts of land in our Western country, and even in our Eastern—Maryland, for example—and bring thrifty Irish emigrants to settle there, it would be the greatest blessing that could accrue to the children of Ireland. But it should be done systematically. Purchase the land—make a great purchase of land—have discreet and honest agents for the purpose, and the settlers would become useful and honorable citizens of this country. They might not attain colossal wealth; but they would achieve a competency. Of course, I would prefer to see them remain where they are, but if they are to come to this country, let them come in this manner. The towns are to be avoided. Politics and drink are great temptations to our people in the towns."

EVEN THE HEBREWS DO THIS

James R. Randall, writing in the Catholic Columbian of Cleveland, contrasts the apathy of Catholics generally towards the Catholic press with the generous support given by the Jews in New Orleans and elsewhere to their organs. Says Mr. Randall: "The Rich Jews uphold their paper, whether they read it or not, whether they are orthodox or agnostic, and they advertise in it freely. Do Catholics support their papers with the same zeal as subscribers or advertisers? The best Catholic paper I know at one time was owned by a Protestant who let Catholics run it to suit themselves. He never interfered with them, but furnished the sinews of war like a prince.
"I understand that the Jews are engaged in the manufacture and sale of Catholic articles. Possibly they may some day finance some poor Catholic papers, just as the Pope is said to have entrusted his finances to a Hebrew banker, and a priest once told me that the children of Israel held mortgages on some of the most magnificent churches of the Eternal City. It would seem that some of the shrewdest, best and most practical Catholics in commerce, trade and the professions imagine that a Catholic paper is run on the business side by supernatural agency instead of the ordinary rules of finance."

POPE LEO'S BODY

The details of the solemn translation of the remains of the late Pope from the Church of St. Peter's to the Basilica of St. John at the Lateran have been arranged by the Vatican authorities with the Italian officials. All the Catholic societies of Rome and all the colleges, seminaries and religious orders will send representatives to the ceremony.
The procession will start at night from the Vatican and march four miles to the Church of St. John. Everyone taking part in the ceremony will carry a lighted torch, and a hearse, drawn by four white horses will carry the coffin containing the remains of Leo XIII. to their permanent resting place. Cardinal Rampolla, as Archbishop of the Vatican Basilica, will make the formal transfer of the remains to Cardinal Satolli, Archbishop of the Lateran, and the parish priest of St. Peter's will join in the last rites with the parish priest of St. John's.

The route of the procession will be entirely lined with troops and police to prevent a repetition of the outrage on the occasion when the body of Pope Pius IX. was transferred to the Church of St. Lorenzo some years ago. The transfer is to take place before the end of October. On the night appointed for the ceremony all the canons of St. Peter's and St. John's will assemble in the Vatican basilica, where the dean of the Sacred College, Cardinal Gregalia, will have the coffin removed from its temporary tomb and will make a formal identification of the remains, which will be witnessed by the Papal notaries.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—Established March 4th, 1856; incorporated 1863; revised 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. M. Callaghan, P.P.; President, Mr. F. J. Curran; 1st Vice-President, W. P. Kearney; 2nd Vice, E. J. Quinn; Treasurer, W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, W. J. Crowe; Recording Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

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THE CHOICE

A Story of the Royal Academy

From the little window one could see the gray muffled stars showed on the sky. Lights like muffled stars showed on the sky. Below-for the flat lay under the roof with a climb of five flights of stairs up-below and a little to the left the placid length of Cheyne Walk was dotted with lamps. At the upright grand sat Estelle Trevor. A fire blinked in the grate, now illuminating the silver set out on the black oak table, now lighting up the blue china on the quaint old dresser, now bringing into sudden prominence the old prints on the walls, but oftenest caressing the red-gold of the singer's hair. The artist sat, clasping his knees, staring out at the twilight. "Beautiful," he murmured, as Estelle finished. "Brahma-I love him," she answered. "He makes the heart sing. You are tired, Paul?" Paul Warden smiled into the fire-light. "Luxuriously tired. I have worked hard the last fortnight, and now the picture is finished-think of it, Estelle, finished! It was a grand- finished-to-day by superhuman energy, and to-morrow is sending-in day. A race against time, eh? But I am satisfied. I shall never do better work. It is really good. I have no conceit-you know that, Estelle-but a man must be conscious of the worth of his work, so why not declare it? This was an inspiration." "And you will not let me see it?" "No." "You shall see it in Burlington House or not at all. . . If it's on the line-I really don't see why it shouldn't be if I have fair play-if it's on the line and a success it will mean so much to me." He turned and looked at her. He had never spoken plainly-he had little money, and she had none beyond what she earned as a fairly successful singer-but had hinted so markedly that she was fully aware of his admiration. "It is sure to be a success," she said. "The Burlington gang encourage mediocrity-it is their safeguard," he answered. "But I have hopes. I want it to be a success, a big, unmistakable success, because"-he did not finish his sentence. As a matter of fact there was no need for it. Estelle could easily supply the unspoken words. In the pause that followed the door opened and a man was ushered in by a servant. Estelle welcomed him warmly. Paul rose stiffly. Hugh McWhinnie was the youngest academician. Rather a sound painter than a brilliant one, his indomitable perseverance had been early rewarded. He was now only a little over forty years of age, a big, strong-faced man, growing a little gray at the temples. A year or so before Warden, as a student, had painted in his studio, but now both men were conscious of something approaching rivalry. McWhinnie had been a friend of Estelle's father, and when Estelle, flustered with the possession of a certificate of merit from the Royal Academy of Music, commenced her career as a contralto, his friendship and energetic aid smothered many difficulties. "Ah, Warden," McWhinnie, R.A., said. "Resting after your labors? You are sending in, of course?" "One canvas. I cannot expect to have more than one accepted. I am unknown and you academicians and associates monopolize so much space." "Much better occupied by others, eh? We do not all exercise our prerogative, though. I am sending in one only." "Only one?" Estelle asked, in some surprise. "I have sent three to Germany, and two sitters-portraits-objected to exhibition. I gave in. They are unlovely, and such common sense in women was to be encouraged." Warden drifted away quickly. He invariably did when McWhinnie was present. He was a little intolerant of the elder man's material prosperity, and viewed his intimacy with Estelle unfavorably. Paul Warden was as common to youth-Sultanic in his attitude toward woman. That his wife should earn money for herself and not be entirely dependent upon him was an intolerable thought. It was that attitude which made him refrain from speaking to Estelle. In the meantime the presence of a wealthy man-McWhinnie made an excellent income from portrait-painting was disconcerting

It was almost inconceivable that youth and beauty should choose mediocrity and middle age, but Paul acknowledged the power of money with the frank cynicism of youth. Even might it weigh against him and his genius in the eyes of Estelle. McWhinnie smiled rather sadly as Warden left. Of late, Estelle remembered with wonderment, some ghost of sorrow lay hid in his whimsical smile. "Ambition holds our friend in thrall," he said. "A colossal ambition! When he sets it forth in such palaces in Spain, why envy me my little Burlington House? But rave and roar at us for mere foot- rules of art as they will, sending-in day sees all the revolutionaries represented. Paul Warden has talent, though." "More than that, Gurdy," she said, enthusiastically. He winced a little at her affectionate name. Two years ago, when he first buttonholed acquaintances and insisted upon their helping Estelle for the sake of his dead friend, her father, the playful adoption of him as guardian was pleasant. Now it measured a chasm of years between them. "Yes, more than that," he acknowledged. "He is full of imagination," she continued eagerly. "He has the immortal fire of genius! He is untrammelled by tradition." "It really is remarkable how heroically he discards all rules." The spirit of the classical school showed in the acid tones. "You will not see," she complained. "I think your judgment is unduly harsh towards him. Are not rules made merely for the guidance of mediocrity?" "The informing spirit of the Academy?" He smiled again with that ghost of sorrow lurking in it. "You are an ardent disciple. That sentence smacks of Warden. Young spirits would plunge us into chaos-surely above all others painting should not be formless? Besides, when you are master of all rules you may venture to break them-not before." He was horribly conscious that he was dogmatizing in a thoroughly middle aged way. "He has youth and the eagerness of youth," she insisted. "Yes," the fire flicker played on her hair, her eyes shone luminously, in the twilight, her eager face was now illuminated, now in the shadow, a state of sweet tantalization. And all its eagerness was for Paul Warden. "I am so anxious for Paul to succeed. It means so much to him, so very much." "Yes. But to no one else?" The sentence was almost interrogatory. "I don't know," she answered. It was truthful enough. She was not sure herself. Her small triumphs, her serious worship, could not continue if- These shadowy thoughts framed her answer, although she saw in McWhinnie's sentence only a reference to Paul's lack of relatives. "I am on the hanging committee," McWhinnie said abruptly. "Then- Oh, Gurdy, if Paul could realize his dreams? No, no, I am not trying to suborn you. You are adamant, I know. So are you all, all adamant men." But-you will cry out upon me again for discipleship-but he is so fearful of not getting fair play. He is quite sure of the merit of his picture." "He would be," McWhinnie said grimly.

"You know that he is clever-that was harsh, Gurdy." She rebuked him freely on many occasions, conscious of her power, and, woman-like, eager to exercise it. "The history of Burlington House is not without taint. You are slaves to tradition-oh, that is too sweeping, I know, but there is some truth in it. And he is what you term a revolutionary. So were the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood." "He shall have fair play," McWhinnie said soberly. He spoke with more solemnity than his words seemed to demand. It was possible that he thought of something beyond the judgment of art. "And now," he added, in lighter manner, "tell me of your doings and your goings, your successes and your engagements." It was characteristic of him that he was readily interested in her work and welfare. He rarely spoke of himself. Going home to his studio-it was a large one now, built out from a handsome house in quite a fashionable quarter of Kensington-he mused somewhat bitterly on the selfishness of youth. "God knows I want no thanks," ran his thoughts, "but if she did not take everything for granted-if her smile of thanks were less perfunctory! I work for her-a sincere pleasure-but- Her glance has no warmth for me as it has for Paul. Youth to youth-it is the natural law, and I am too old to rebel. If-" He trailed off in visionary glories, iridescent but nebulous, and alas! in the very moment of their conceiving palpably unsubstantial. Paul Warden came to Estelle with the news that his picture was accepted. He was excited, full of anticipatory triumphs, suggesting much adopting proprietary airs which half thrilled her but which also awoke some slight feeling of resentment. He had not spoken, she had consented to nothing, he was too sure of her. He might be right-catching fire at his enthusiasm she felt her heart traitorous to her and turning in surrender to him-but her womanliness demanded some concession of distrust on his part. "It may not be hung," he suggested suddenly. The idea had not crossed his mind before. It came now as a cold douche. She saw with a pang that his fears were quick enough over his picture. "It will be hung," she said quietly. "You don't understand, Estelle," he answered. "More pictures are accepted than they can hang. Some must come back, mine may. It is a large canvas. I-I am almost afraid to hope. It means-shall I say that I think you know what it means to me?" She held her head lower. "It means freedom to me to choose my own way. It means life, and ease-and I dare not say-not yet. If it should come back! The hanging committee"-He stopped and stared at her with frightened eyes. "I forgot-McWhinnie is on the hanging committee!" "Yes," Estelle smiled. "It will not be hung," he said, in rather a hushed voice. "You were his pupil-he is kind," she protested. "It will not be hung," he repeated, dire conviction in his voice. "He is kind-to you." "You are wronging him, Paul." "Don't you know?" He looked at her wonderingly. "Estelle, you are not so blind that you do not see that he loves you?" "He? Gurdy? Paul, you-you have no right to say-" "Oh, there is no question of right now. We are beyond conventionalities. I have been a fool. I forgot that he was on that committee. He is in love with you. Do you see the position? If I am hung and make a success-I shall if I get fair play-it means- Oh, Estelle, what does it not mean to me-to us? He is to judge my work-and he loves you!" "It is preposterous!" she said, holding up her shamed face. Even as she spoke she knew it was not preposterous. She had been unconscious before, now she was in possession of the secret which explained his awkwardness, his care of her, his tongue-tied tenderness. "It is not," he said. "I have known it for a long time." "I have no fear of him. You will have fair play. Hugh is an honest man-there is no room in his soul for any meanness." "But you don't know"- He broke off abruptly. "What is your picture called?" she asked, more to break an intolerable silence than in any hope of hearing what he had before scrupulously refrained from telling her. "You have not told me purposely so, I think." "Yes, purposely so." His voice

was dejected. "You may know now. It is called 'The Choice.'" "The Choice!" she whispered. There was a world of suggestion in the title. She caught at it quickly-it was curious that she had been so fully aware of Paul's devotion and yet blind to McWhinnie's love. Now there was to be a choice. Was there? Paul's handsome face, glowing with feeling, with life, with passion, blotted out the stronger, plainer features of the elder man. "Paul Warden's picture, 'The Choice,' was hung on the line, to the astonishment of many. It is not often that a young artist is so distinguished. A hundred reasons were assigned, all wrong. Influence was hinted at darkly. Success left loose a flood of jealousies. But Paul heeded nothing, treading on air. All was right for him in the best of all possible worlds. Estelle stood before the picture at the Private View, jostled by the well-dressed crowd, who were busily employed in taking an acute interest in each other's frocks and a perfunctory one in the exhibits. Paul would not go with her. "I want you to see it alone. Why? A whim-you will understand when you see it. I shall go away now-I must walk. I'm in a fever. And this afternoon I will come to the little black and silver room and have tea with you. This afternoon, Estelle! It is my day-it must be crowned." "Your day?" "Yes, yes. There are days when everything goes right. To-day is my day. I am invulnerable to Fate to-day. The secretary tells me of a tentative offer from Lord Ferroll-there are whispers of the Chantry-too previous, too impossible-but even a whisper of it is good. It is my day-and I want you to crown it. I may come?" There was no eagerness in his question, he spoke assured of his answer. "You may come," she said in a level voice, and left him, to search for "The Choice." It was a large canvas. A young girl with red-gold hair stood looking out of the frame. Before her knelt two men holding up gifts to her upon velvet cushions. One was a young man, the other was middle-aged. On the white cushion of the young man lay a single rose, blood-red. The elder man offered a casket of jewels, and his cushion was imperially purple. But that which held her as in a trance was the personal meaning in forming it. The girl, although no portrait, subtly suggested her own self; the two men, for all their mediaeval costuming, were Paul and Hugh. So deftly was the work done that the likenesses were faint enough to escape general remark. The elder man was the nearest to portraiture-it was not impossible that McWhinnie's friends might even notice it-but the others were hardly possible of recognition. But to her all three likenesses were real. One hand of the young girl was half stretched as though unconsciously toward the rose. Estelle noticed that with some stir of her old resentment. He was so sure-and this was his day. He was invulnerable to Fate that day, he had said. She felt caught in an impalpable net. "It is a fine work, Estelle," said a quiet voice. "Paul has made strides. An allegorical subject-perhaps a little trite." "Yes," she assented, wondering



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that McWhinnie did not see. "I am glad that he has had fair play," McWhinnie continued, with a smile. "And I am glad that you are glad." "One has natural sympathy with enthusiasm." "And youth." He spoke gravely. "Now, take me to see your picture," she said hurriedly, anxious to take him away before he recognized the picture's meaning. "I am not exhibiting." "You said you were sending one?" "It was a landscape. At the last moment I determined not to exhibit. I-I shall send it to one of the galleries. By the way, I am going abroad." "Soon?" "To-morrow. I have one or two commissions-portraits, you know-in Vienna." "To-morrow. It is sudden." "It is rather sudden." With her new knowledge she detected a note of weariness in his voice. "You will come to say goodbye to me?" "If you wish." "Of course, Gurdy. I shall require a huge dose of good advice. I don't know that I shall follow it, but it is always comforting to have it." "I shall come this afternoon," he said. "After tea-I am promised to the Ferroll's for tea. About 7." He was claimed by an art critic before she could name another time. She thought it did not matter-Paul would come before tea. She wondered what she would say to McWhinnie.

HEROIC BISHOP

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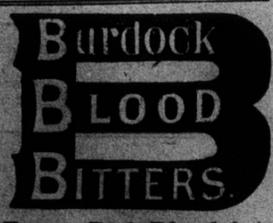
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Turns Bad Blood into Rich Red Blood.

No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties.

Externally, heals Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, and all Eruptions.

Internally, restores the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to healthy action. If your appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ambition lost, B.B.B. will restore you to the full enjoyment of happy vigorous life.

Catholics in Scotland.

(Correspondence Catholic Universe)

Edinburgh schools open the first week of September. Scotch Catholics, without having separate schools, enjoy a liberal school system.

Voluntary schools have the same inspectors, text-books, grades, examination papers and board of examiners as the board schools.

Four thousand children attend the Catholic voluntary schools. They go to no other. There are eight Catholic churches and two or three being built.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princess street were closed.

At the entrance to Canonage and at the foot of a great treeless hill, called Arthur's seat, is the Palace of Holyrood. No building in Scotland holds memories more sad and gay than this grey, grand old pile with its two massive square towers.

In the grim, many-turreted castle of Edinburgh is another room called Queen Mary's chamber. It was here King James VI. was born, and through the window of the small wainscotted room the royal infant was lowered in a basket to a faithful retainer standing at the foot of the rock.

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Greenwich and serves as a daily regulator of the watches and clocks of Edinburgh. In attractive Princess street gardens is a floral clock built in a grassy slope. Its hands and face are decked with flowers.

The works are continued in a nearby suburb of Allan Ramsay, the Gentle Shepherd. The clock has kept excellent time since its building, but this is the first summer it was made to strike the hour.

The castle commands a view for a radius of several miles, the city, gray and smoky, "Auld Reekie," as the country folk call it, encircling the citadel. The old city streets are gradually giving way to improvements and the new section is superb with its extremely broad thoroughfares, straight and having pavements that would seem to last until the "crack of doom."

Some sixteen miles from Edinburgh is Dunfermline, an ancient royal burgh. To reach it you cross the Firth of Forth's new bridge. It is over a mile in length and measures 450 feet from base to the highest point, and is considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering.

Edinburgh's annual commercial holiday was celebrated on a recent Monday, and the fine shops in Princess street were closed. Even old Canonage made an attempt at celebrating, and fewer washings hung from the windows of houses that once were the homes of the first families of Scotland.

Bloodlessness or thin Blood.

The Cause of Pallor and Weakness—Definite and Certain Benefit by use of

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Because it actually forms a certain amount of blood each day, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an unequalled success as a treatment for bloodlessness or anaemia, as it is sometimes called.

Lack of blood is indicated by paleness of the lips, gums and eyelids, and is usually accompanied by weakness, tired feelings, indigestion and low spirits.

Anemia is generally very difficult to overcome, but you can be certain that every dose of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is doing you at least some good, because of its blood-forming qualities, and that persistent treatment will be rewarded by thorough cure.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Gaelic Colleges.

Reports received from Mount Partry, Ballingearry, Ring, Cloghaneely, Letterkenny, and other places in Ireland show that the Gaelic colleges are in splendid working order and meeting with great success.

The number of students at the Munster training colleges up to the present is far in excess of the number that attended during the July session last year and the year before, and there is a greater variety of students also.

There is, as usual, a good number of organizing teachers, and there is a great increase in the number of national teachers attending. The other students include several professors in intermediate schools and colleges, and university graduates and undergraduates.

A good start has been made in this direction in Mayo and Donegal, and some of the County Councils have helped the movement along by giving the preference in all appointments to men who speak and write the Gaelic language.

Ulster, like Munster, has two Gaelic colleges this year in addition to the Ulster Training College at Cloghaneely. There is the Irish College of the Four Masters, the Irish Language Session in St. Eunan's College, Letterkenny, which opened recently.

A recess takes place at 12 o'clock. On resumption, classes are engaged at methods of teaching for an hour. From 4 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., classes are again engaged in method work, the reading of texts, translations, etc., and in study of a course of phonetics.

A staff specially qualified in each branch of the college work has been engaged for the session, and it is intended to have their work supplemented by occasional lectures on Irish subjects by leading Gaelic scholars. No fees are charged for the teaching, and at the end of the course, a certificate for proficiency is given to all qualifying students.

At Mount Partry a small fee is charged, but the cost of board and tuition does not exceed that spent by the average national teacher or farmer at some third class summer resort for a like period. Ten shillings a week is the average cost.

For this the pupil is not only instructed in Gaelic, but gets the benefit of the picturesque scenery where most of the Gaelic cottages are located, and the companionship of the neighboring farmers, who are only too willing to assist in anything that will revive and spread their beautiful, but much neglected mother tongue.

Free scholarships are granted by the Ulster Training College. Those are open to native speakers and non-native speakers of Ulster between the ages of 17 and 35. The examination is competitive. Candidates must furnish a written guarantee, signed by themselves and countersigned by their local clergy, that in case they obtain a scholarship they will teach Irish after their course of training at Cloghaneely, either under the National Board or under the Gaelic League, as far as is practicable or necessary for them to do so.

A FAMOUS PRIAR.

Dressed in the simple brown habit of a Franciscan friar, a composer of music, celebrated all over Europe, is stopping at the rectory of St. Francis of Assisi, in New York.

GRAND TRUNK SYSTEM

Thanksgiving Day October 16, 1906

Quebec, \$4.50 Toronto, \$10.00 Sherbrooke, 3.35 Hamilton, 16.65 Ottawa, 3.50 London, 12.95 Detroit, 15.00 Pt. Huron, 14.85

and all other points in Canada, also Massena Springs, N. Y., and intermediate stations, and Return at

SINGLE CLASS FARE

Going October 17 and 18, Return Limit, Oct. 22, 1906

REDUCED FARES

UNTIL OCTOBER 31st, 1906. Second Class Colonist Fares from Montreal to

SEATTLE, VICTORIA, VANCOUVER AND PORTLAND, \$48.90 ROSARIO, NELSON, TRAIL, ROSSO, SPOKANE, LOS ANGELES, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE, \$46.40 ANACONDA, BUTTE, HELENA, SALT LAKE, \$45.30 COLORADO SPRINGS, DENVER, PUEBLO, \$45.50 SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, \$49.00 MEXICO CITY, \$48.00

CITY TICKET OFFICES

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC

In effect Oct. 14th, 1906. Montreal, 6.15 p.m., discontinued beyond St. Jerome, 8.45 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 11.40 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 4.55 p.m.

Montreal, 6.15 p.m., discontinued beyond St. Jerome, 8.45 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 11.40 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 4.55 p.m. St. Agathe, 12.45 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 4.45 p.m. Labelle, 12.45 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 4.45 p.m. Nominling, 12.45 a.m., 19.15 a.m., 4.45 p.m. Quebec, 8.15 a.m., 2.25 p.m., 11.30 p.m. Three Rivers, 8.55 a.m., 2.25 p.m., 5.15 p.m., 11.30 p.m. St. Gabriel, 8.55 a.m., 5 p.m. Joliette, 8.55 a.m., 5 p.m., 5.00 p.m. St. Lin, 4.15 p.m. Lachute, 8.20 a.m. and 5.45 p.m. Ottawa (Place Viger), 8.20 a.m., 5.45 p.m. St. Eustache, 8.20 a.m., 4.15 p.m., 5.45 p.m. Daily, 7 days only. All other trains week days only.

THANKSGIVING DAY CHEAP TRIPS

Toronto, \$10.00 Hamilton, \$10.65 Ottawa, 3.50 London, 12.95 Quebec, 4.50 Peterboro, 8.15 Sherbrooke, 3.35 Farnham, 1.30 St. Johns, Q., 1.60 St. John, N.B., 14.40 Ste. Agathe, 2.00 Labelle, 3.20 Magog, 2.75 Knowlton, 2.10 and all other points in Canada, Fort William and east, at

LOWEST ONE WAY FIRST CLASS FARE.

Good going October 17th and 18th. Good for return until October 22nd, 1906

TICKET OFFICE: 129 St. James Street Next Post Office.

He is the Rev. Father Hartmann Von au der Lau Hochbrunn, whose oratorics have won for their author decorations from the Pope, the Emperor of Austria, and other European potentates.

Father Hartmann is a native of Salurn, in the Tyrol, and comes of a German family which was admitted to the nobility by King Leopold I., in 1649. If he were not a priest he would bear the title of Count to which he is entitled by virtue of his ancestry.

As a musician he is regarded as among the most talented of European composers, and his oratorios, "St. Peter," dedicated to Cardinal Prace, "St. Francis of Assisi," dedicated to the Emperor of Austria; "The Last Supper," and "The Death of Christ," dedicated to the German Emperor, rank among standard musical productions. He was educated in the Conservatory of Music of Posen, under Busch, Zipperle, Deluggi and Anzoletti.

MONTREAL WHOLESALE PRICES

October 17. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.50 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$4 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents, \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers \$3.80 to \$3.90 in wood; in bags, \$1.75 to \$1.85; extra in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60. Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs. Oats—No. 2, 41c to 41.1-2c (No. 3, 40c to 40.1-2c; No. 4, 39c to 39.1-2c. Cornmeal—\$1.85 to \$1.40 per bag; granulated, \$1.65. Mill Feed—Ontario bran in bags, \$19 to \$19.50; shorts, in bags, \$22 to \$22.50; Manitoba bran in bags, \$20; shorts, \$22. Hay—No. 1, \$12.00 to \$13 per ton on track; No. 2, \$11.50 to \$12; clover, \$10; clover, mixed \$11.75 to \$11. Beans—Prime pea beans, in car

THE S. CARSLY Co. LIMITED THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1906.

Store closes at 3.30 daily.

Ladies' Fall & Winter Costumes

A Superb Display of the Newest Styles! Our collection of Winter Costumes is rich and exclusive, and emphatically reflects our supremacy. The best and most critical dressers recognize this store as the ideal place to secure quality, elegance and fashion at a fair price.

LADIES' LIGHT GRAY TAILOR-MADE COSTUME, worth \$16. Special \$11.60 LADIES' SEMI-FITTING GRAY SHADED COSTUME, worth \$25. Special \$20.85 LADIES' FALL COSTUME, tweed mixture. Regular \$20 value. Special \$16.80 LADIES' GRAY TWEED COSTUME, newest in style, beautiful shades of gray, prettily trimmed. Special \$23.25

Oriental Rug Sale,

In order to clear out the balance of our Oriental Genuine Turkish, Parisian and Japanese Rugs, we will offer them for three days only at 25 per cent. off their regular price.

HAND-MADE ORIENTAL RUGS.

18x36 inches ... Reg. Sale. 88c 29c 6ftx9ft ... \$4.50 \$3.38 3ftx4ft ... \$1.50 \$1.18 7ftx10ft 6in. ... \$6.75 \$5.07 4ftx4ft ... \$1.35 \$1.02 9ftx9ft 9in. ... \$6.75 \$5.07 4ftx12ft ... \$4.00 \$3.00 9ftx10ft 6in. ... \$7.88 \$5.91 3ftx9ft ... \$2.25 \$1.69 9ftx12ft ... \$9.00 \$6.75 3ftx15ft ... \$3.75 \$1.82 10ft 6in. x15ft ... \$13.15 \$9.87 3ftx18ft ... \$4.50 \$3.38 12ft x15ft ... \$15.00 \$11.25

Unmatchable Specials in FURNITURE.

Another convincing demonstration of wonderful low prices in our magnificently stocked Furniture Department. 45 MATTRESSES, made of fibre centre, wool both sides, in strong art fancy saten ticking, very pretty patterns to choose from, nothing better made in a medium price mattress, 3 ft. x 3 ft. 6 in. wide. Reduced from \$3.75 to \$3.50 Largest sizes 4 ft x 4 ft. 6 in., reduced from \$4.00 to \$3.40 5 only SIDEBOARDS, made of ash, golden oak finish, two small, 1 large drawer, 14 x 24, bevelled mirror, back nicely carved \$11.75

THE S. CARSLY Co LIMITED

1765 to 1783 Notre Dame St. 184 to 194 St. James St. Montreal

IF YOU WANT

Roofing, Asphalt, or Sheet Metal Work, Metal Skylights or Fireproof Windows, Cornices, Piping, Corrugated Iron, Etc., and want the best call on GEO. W. REED & CO., MONTREAL.

SAGUENAY

QUEBEC AND LAKE ST. JOHN RY. The home of the Quanaiche. Delightful and beautiful scenery. Grand Discharge. Forbush and full-time. LAKE ST. JOHN to mention apply to HENRY E. LOCKE, General Manager, Roberval Lake St. John.

Hotel Roberval

LAKE ST. JOHN. The home of the Quanaiche. Delightful and beautiful scenery. Grand Discharge. Forbush and full-time. LAKE ST. JOHN to mention apply to HENRY E. LOCKE, General Manager, Roberval Lake St. John.

Island House

LAKE ST. JOHN. The home of the Quanaiche. Delightful and beautiful scenery. Grand Discharge. Forbush and full-time. LAKE ST. JOHN to mention apply to HENRY E. LOCKE, General Manager, Roberval Lake St. John.

Lake St. Joseph Hotel

A new first-class house, on the shore of the Lake of the same name. Only 50 minutes from Quebec. Golf Links, Boating, excellent beach for bathing, fishing. Apply to F. H. DANFORTH, Manager, Lake St. Joseph, P.Q.

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Vol. LVI., No. 16

An Impression

(By Marie)

The biography of our Holy Plus X., is now the proper world, yet the time is b since the Cardinal of the peace of Venice led his busy life almost unknown to the beyond his diocese. How slight and intimate sketch be of interest, a few touch man nature, which show the ful, lovable character under adidights, as no accurately records of a splendid past work could ever hope to do

Even before the election of a reign pontiff, the world felt interest, not unmixed with pathy, for the person who the choice of the Sacred When the anxiously expected tiff appeared before us in the son of the Venetian Cardinals vigorous and confident, but almost to old age with the v his high appointment, the im produced on all minds was intense personal sympathy "man" apart from the Cat vrence given to the "pontif that first glimpse one realiz Divine Providence had on given the Church not only but a father in the tendere of the word, a pastor who be loved by his universal fan the beloved Patriarch of Ven idolized by his flock. Nor w first impression merely a idea, it was an instinct, a tion, call it what you will, viction verified by after even

Now that we have known vened Plus X., and watch crowned in that most solemn terious and impressive of c we love to dwell on those Conclave" hours in the Sixtine pel, when by virtue of that dardful election the Patriarch nese was changed into Plus X gloriously reigning. As prie bishop, as cardinal, his first was for others, nor did this racteristic fall him as Pope. Sovereign Pontiff's first visit leaving the Sixtine was to th and infirm Cardinal Herrera, had been struck down with during the Conclave) to bring greeting, comfort and ap blessing. Nor had the kindly of bishop and father forgotten one moment his desolate flock Pontiff's first thoughts were Venice, and his first telegraphi sage as Pope was to his Ven his people by the sea—to you words of the brief yet touchi sage, "my most beloved peop Venice" whom he had blessed peatedly from his gondola, the shadow of St. Mark's, ere departure for the Conclave. human probability Plus X. wv ver see Venice again. As the paces the enclosed and leafy of the Vatican Gardens he sig the salt sea air, blowing fresh sweet across the Adriatic, to episcopal palace by the sea, the waves lap gently about the dola gates. They tell a pe little story of the Pope's first in the Vatican, in the burning man summer heat, how he t to his faithful Venetian secre a smile half humorous and wistful on his face, whose goo is never clouded, to say with a sigh—"Oh for our lagoons, Mo nor!" Only a few words spok most involuntarily, but they a world of meaning, of the pan a homesickness and loneliness b ly borne, of the first trial to a and active spirit accustomed to keen life-giving air of the north being confined within palace prison walls.

The Venetians stand to their in asserting that the Pope will turn one day among them. promised," they say obstinately their soft, musical dialect, what he says he does." How will be accomplished under the sent conditions of the Papacy its relations to the State it is ficult to imagine notwithstanding premonitions of an "auten which could it be realized, could