



FALLACY EXPLAINED.

Of all the absurdities advanced concerning the condition of Ireland, in the Trade and Finance columns of the London Daily Telegraph, the most outrageous, perhaps, was to the following effect:

"In 1841 there were 8,175,000 people in Ireland, and now there are only 4,888,000. . . . The exodus was essential. . . . Though there were fewer people in Ireland, their material wealth is greater."

One has only to compare the condition of Ireland with that of Scotland to understand the utter fallaciousness and stupidity of the argument. Scotland is a barren country compared to Ireland, and has a harsher climate. Also its total area is 18,920,000 acres, as compared to 20,150,000 acres comprised within the shores of the Green Isle. Therefore, if there be anything in the argument of the Daily Telegraph that the alleged increased prosperity of the people of Ireland is due to the loss of high one-half her population, then Scotland should show a lessened prosperity or a lessened population. . . . Now, what are the facts? Simply that Scotland—smaller, less fertile than Ireland, and more inclement—has never been so prosperous at any time in her history as she is to-day. . . .

Altogether, in spite of the depopulation of the Highlands through the demands of British manufacturers and American millionaires for deer forests—her population, which was 2,600,000 in 1841, is now 4,877,000. It is, therefore, evident, reasoning from analogy, that a lessening of population and an augmentation of prosperity do not necessarily advance hand in hand since Scotland has multiplied her wealth many times, while doubling her numbers. . . .

Indeed, the economists would be likely to declare that a decline in the prosperity of any civilized country would probably be accompanied by a diminution of her population. . . . The extreme stupidity of the Daily Telegraph's assertion will be better understood if we consider the class of people who have streamed out of Ireland during the past seventy years, to become pioneers in every walk of life—in every occupation—throughout the civilized world. . . .

Irishmen have not been drained of her wasters and of her incapables, but of her bone and her brains, of her brightest and best, of her bravest, boldest and most enterprising. . . .

Left behind, of course, were many equally worthy, but the great proportion of those who remain have no doubt been the old and feeble, the crippled and weak, the women and children. . . .

"But a bold peasantry, its country's pride, When once destroyed can never be supplied."

The material prosperity of Ireland, such as it is, has not advanced because of the vast reduction of her

MONEY SAVED.

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population, but in spite of it. Any improvement in her condition is due to the advances of civilization and the development of the industrial arts. Since 1841 the standard of comfort has been raised immeasurably in all civilized lands. . . .

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LAST SAILORS' CONCERT OF THE SEASON.

Last evening saw the closing concert of the Catholic Sailors' Club for the season. The concert was under the direction of the James McCready Co. The Rev. Father Malone introduced Mr. McKenna, president for the evening, who in a few brief and well-chosen remarks, expressed regret at the illness of Mr. C. F. Smith.

The programme was a lengthy one and was certainly sustained with great credit to those who took part. Special notice is due to Misses Houle, Chambers, Sproule and Halbert, as well as Messrs. Oakes, Milaire, Leroux, Slattery, Quigley, Willet, McLaughlin, Maron, Chaput and Picard, for the manner in which they took their different parts. Rev. Gerald McShane, P.S.S., gave an interesting extract from Dr. Drummond's poems in his inimitable way. —"Le Cure de Calumet." Beautiful bouquets were presented to Mrs. McNamee and to all the lady performers. Touching reference was made to the demise of the late regretted Mr. F. B. McNamee.

A drawing took place for a gold watch offered by the McCready Co., and was won by Miss Mayer. On the whole the concert was an ideal one and well calculated to keep alive that spirit so necessary to inspire the sailors with the thought that go where they will they may turn in all confidence to a haven of protection in the old city of Mary.

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

Oldest Christian Brother.

Rev. Brother Domitian, sub-director of novices at La Salle Institute, Glencoe, Mo., oldest Christian Brother in the United States, celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday and sixty-third anniversary of his reception into the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools on November 1. He is a native of Canada, and was one of the first Brothers to receive the habit in America.

A Protestant Minister at Pope's Mass.

Rev. W. W. Boyd, a former Baptist minister of St. Louis, who returned recently from a tour of Europe and the Orient, says the most impressive thing he witnessed abroad, and the most impressive religious service he ever attended, at home or abroad, was the private Mass celebrated last Easter morning by the Holy Father in the Sixtine chapel. He thus describes his impressions:

"The glorious chapel, the morning light, through clear windows on the left, flooding the immortal frescoes; the altar in front, the Papal canopy on the left, the Swiss guards stationed on either side of the aisles, Roman gentlemen, the Pope's chamberlains, in sixteenth century costumes, black velvet and white neck ruffs, acting as ushers; some 200 members of the oldest families of Rome, present to receive their Easter communion, and in and over all silence, deep, earnest, quiet, that seemed the very breath of prayer.

"A slight movement at the entrance. All kneel or bow their heads in prayer. A few members of the Papal household in still different costumes pass down the central aisle toward the altar. And then alone, in white garments from head to foot, slowly, without show or ostentation, walks the Sovereign Pontiff of Rome. He kneels at the altar in prayer, then celebrates the sacrifice of the Mass. It is all so simple, entirely shorn of pageantry. His voice is low, musical, sincere. It has the accent of conviction. He pleads as a father for his children. I felt that I was in the presence of a loving and lovable man; not a high ecclesiastic, conscious of his power, performing a service of routine, but a true shepherd and Bishop of souls, a spiritual father, counsellor and friend, a man consecrated in spirit and living close to God. I do not ever remember being so impressed by a human personality.

"For nearly an hour and a half I sat close to him and studied him. He is of only medium height, somewhat stooping, as if he carried a heavy load—the care of all the churches. His manners are slow, dignified and graceful. His face is a poem of benevolence. No one can look into that face, where character and kindness are indelibly imprinted, without the conviction that love of God and love of man is the ruling principle of his life. The simplicity of the man enthralled me. He may not be as skillful a diplomatist as some of his predecessors, but none have excelled him in purity of life, consecration of spirit and simplicity of method. It was a sermon in itself to witness the manner in which he gave Communion to those who went forward and knelt at the altar. He seemed to gather up the peculiar needs of each communicant, and to breathe a prayer for each.

"At the close of the Mass he advanced to the front and made a brief address in Italian, emphasizing the lessons from the Resurrection. And then he blessed us, our families, friends, the homes and the lands from whence we came. A season of silent prayer, in which I am sure every heart present joined, and he passed slowly out, blessing and still blessing until we saw him no more."

OUR MOTTO.

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LOYOLA CLUB.

Loyola Club held its regular meeting at the club rooms, 96 St. Alexander street, on Nov. 21. The business part of the programme was principally taken up with discussing the rummage sale to be held on Friday, Nov. 30, 3 p.m. at 5 St. Peter street. This sale has become

an annual affair with the club, whereby two birds are killed with one stone. Donations, which consist of anything from a discarded lace collar to an old broom, are solicited from friends and sold for reasonable sums to the poor; the result, which varies according to the generosity of those friends, is spent on the Xmas tree for poor children and a visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor.

A card of thanks and good wishes had been received from His Grace Archbishop Bruchesi in acknowledgment of the Year Book which had been sent him.

There was a little disappointment felt by those who had anticipated listening to Rev. Father Ethelbert, but that pleasure was deferred, and in its place Miss Bussiere had kindly volunteered to take the afternoon in hand.

Her interpretation of the subject was original and agreeable. The programme read "An hour or two with Modern Artists." The rooms were decorated with a good assortment of modern pictures and a few of the older schools. In a few words Miss Bussiere read two or three definitions of art and included in her own conception of the subject, sculpture, architecture, wood carving, cartoon drawing, good style in dress, photography, the cooking and serving of food, etc., after which she invited the members to partake of 5 o'clock tea. In moving the vote of thanks, Miss V. Brannen referred to the "art of entertaining," which had been so well demonstrated by Miss Bussiere.

Referring to the reception and lecture, which formed the first entertainment of the kind given by the club, opinion as to the purely social side of it was unanimous and emphatic. It had been well conducted and thoroughly enjoyed. Of the lecture, satisfaction was less general. It is understood that owing to the lateness of the hour in beginning, Mr. Dewey had been forced to curtail his remarks; still it was quite apparent that he had by no means grasped the possibilities of such a subject as "Catholicism in America." While his voice and gestures are good, the commendation of lecturer at the Catholic Summer School should be a guarantee of more interesting treatment, better style and wider development of the subject.

Next Tuesday at 8 p.m., in the Library Hall, Bleury street, the Club will hold one of its open meetings, to which friends and well-wishers are cordially invited. The programme of the day will be carried out, consisting of a carefully prepared and authentic paper on the "Early Organization of the Church," and a lighter paper by Miss Brannen, President of Loyola Club, dealing with a subject which lacks neither interest nor variety—"Irish Literature." Those members who have already listened to her keen and sympathetic appreciation of "One Little Book," can assure the audience of Tuesday night a treat.

The musical items of the programme are in charge of Miss Schultze, who promises appropriate selections, and Miss McCabe, assisted by the refreshment committee, will serve Irish coffee and cake.

SIR WILFRID AND HOME RULE.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who acknowledges a telegram of thanks for his utterances on Home Rule, sent by the Irish party on the occasion of the O'Connor banquet, says: "Whilst I deeply appreciate your courtesy, I am bound to say I deserve no thanks, as I only repeated what I have always advocated on the floor of the Canadian Parliament for nearly twenty years."

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25 CTS. AND 60 CTS BOTTLE

When You Finish

Your first bottle of Abbey's Effervescent Salt you will have but one regret—that you did not use it months ago. The way ABBEY'S SALT makes you eat—and sleep—and feel—will surprise and delight you.

The Irish Priest—Novelist.

No writer in recent years has given us such a true, clear and beautiful insight into Irish life and character, and especially into the charming personality of the Irish priesthood as Doctor Sheehan. Rev. P. A. Sheehan, as he has been commonly known, was created a Doctor of Divinity by the late Leo XIII., in recognition of his valuable contributions to literature. His name, therefore, stands out in the world of letters as the leading modern Irish writer. His wonderfully vivid descriptions at once attract our sympathies by their realistic portrayal of all that is best and noblest in Irish character. In "Geoffrey Austin," "My New Curate," and "Luke Delmege," he pictures the peace and purity of home life in Ireland, while at the same time not overlooking the weaknesses of his countrymen. Prejudiced writers have frequently displayed a lamentable degree of ignorance by holding up the Irish priest as an object of ridicule; and such writers delight in calling Ireland a "priest-ridden" country. But Dr. Sheehan's description of the sincerity, devotion, sorrow, loneliness and longings of the Irish priest are without doubt true and beyond comparison. Every chapter of his writings shows the "Soggarth Aroon" intimately bound by the closest bonds of affection with his people. The very reading of "My New Curate" or "Luke Delmege" lingers long in the memory and leaves a lasting impression. Though these two volumes are teeming with the brightest Irish humor, they are also touched by a deep underlying vein of pathos. In "Geoffrey Austin" who could forget Geoffrey's account of the departure of the priest to another parish. "I was a mere child and was standing at the window overlooking the main street of our town when a strange procession passed by. A few loads of hay and straw and turf, one solitary cart filled with rough furniture such as a laborer might have, and the priest trudging along the pavement, his aged mother on one side, and his orphaned niece on the other, holding his hand as he proceeded from one scene of wretchedness to another—from the barren solitude of a mountain at one end of the diocese, forever wrapped in mists and black and stubborn even in summer, when the fields were laughing with their harvests, and the trees were gay in their feathery robes, to a dismal swamp where two of his predecessors had perished from the vapors and slime that dropped from the clouds above and sweated from the marshes below."

Dr. Sheehan has also written "Under the Cedars and the Stars." This is rather a series of poetical reveries or reflections on men, on nature, and on things in general. They are the thoughts of a deep thinker gathered during quiet wanderings in the secluded garden of the little Irish village. In the first of these reveries Dr. Sheehan tells us that his garden is something more than a garden of "sycamore, and pines, and firs, and laburnum, and laurel, and lime, and lilac," "buried beneath dusky walls of forest trees, beeches and elms and oaks," but he says, "my garden is something more to me. It is my porch where some unseen teacher ever speaks." This volume of Dr. Sheehan's has found a large circle of readers, who have been delighted with the multitude and variety of beautiful thoughts on philosophy, science, art, literature, and religion. One may take it and open it at any page and find much to put the mind in a useful and reflective mood. The following taken at random are typical. How true this is of our American cities:

"The pathos of great cities is overwhelming. The submerged shuffling along the pavements, side by side with their brothers and sisters who float just now with the tide, but some of whom are certainly destined themselves to be submerged; the anxiety of the young to attain to position and wealth; the anxiety of the middle-aged to retain these slippery treasures; the loungers in the parks not knowing well how to kill time; the ministers to human vanity in the shops; the stricken ones, wearily plodding along with mothers or sisters to seek help in the back parlor of some noted physician; the many colossal and forbidding mansions of disease, or sin, or death; the alarm bell of the ambulance with its horrible freight of wrecked and broken humanity; the courts of justice and condemned cells—all is melancholy and overpowering." How realistic is this word picture of a railroad train: "There is a romance and even poetry in railways." At least to one, unaccustomed to leave home, a railway journey is a rare enjoyment. He cannot see the great smooth engine rolling into the platform, or behold the faces at the windows, or take his seat without a certain excitement, or nervous thrill that is utterly unknown to the experienced traveller. The comfortable cushioned seat, the electric light overhead, the mirrors all around him, the new, strange faces, each with its secret soul looking out, anxious, hopeful or perplexed."

"Of the power of priesthood he writes: 'The Catholic priesthood knows not its power. If it did, all forms of error should go down before it. The concentrated force of so many thousand intellects, the pick and choice of each nation under heaven, the very flower of civilization emancipated too from all domestic cares . . . should bear down with its energy and impetuosity the tottering fabrics of human ingenuity or folly.' On the whole, 'Under the Cedars and Stars' is a literary treasure of rich thought, possessing an elegant and attractive style.

The reader unacquainted with Ireland and the character of the Celt, who will peruse one of Dr. Sheehan's novels, may do so with the assurance that when he has read from cover to cover he will have become more enlightened into some of the most beautiful traits of Irish character. It will also give him a keener appreciation of a gifted and chivalrous people on a distant green isle forever surrounded by the billows of the storm-tossed Atlantic.—Victor T. Noonan, in the New World.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B.

As is customary, the first Sunday in Advent is Temperance Sunday in St. Patrick's Parish, and this year being no exception, the usual demonstration will take place next Sunday. The members of the St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society will assist at 8 o'clock mass in a body and receive communion. In the evening at 7.30 there will be a temperance sermon, followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

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HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

"We try to impress our pupils with the fact that they must look the part when they are applying for situations," said a teacher of stenography in speaking of his business.

CATHOLIC PEERESSES.

There are only two Catholic peeresses in their own right in England. One is little Lady Beaumont, and the other Lady Mary Milbanke, who, by the death of her father, the late Earl of Lovelace, inherits the barony of Wentworth that came to him in the female line from Lord Byron.

THE OUTLOOK OF A CHRISTIAN DRAMATIST.

Of Madame Ristori, Mr. Richard Davey, in The Saturday Review, gives some reminiscences altogether worthy of her. "Her art," he says, "was from the beginning absolutely free from morbid emotion or hysteria, and so exceedingly direct that it would have been impossible for her at any period in her career to take such a part as 'La Dame aux Camélias'—the part which, when Madame Bernhardt first took it in England, provoked from Cardinal Manning a moving protest."

WOMAN DOCTOR SPEAKS.

In an address read before the Missouri Valley Medical Association the other day, a lady doctor declared that our modern school system contributes more to race suicide than any other thing. She says: "Our school system so crowds the child as to divert to the brain those energies which should go to its physical upbuilding. From these nervously developed mothers, the child becomes an invalid from child birth. Owing to the strain upon our girls during the years of physical development we are creating a race of women incapable of becoming the mothers of normal children"; and indeed a visit to any of our state and other universities where the higher education of women is one of the specialties, the truth of Dr. Lanckton's statements may be seen. Such a

LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW. To prevent the too early appearance of gray hairs LUBY'S PARISIAN HAIR RENEW. ER needs only be applied as a hair-dressine when its valuable properties will be appreciated.



A Result Of La Grippe.

RIVERSIDE, N.B., CAN. About three years ago my mother had the grippe, which left her body and mind in a weakened condition. At first she complained of sleeplessness, which developed into a state of melancholia, then she could not sleep at all. She didn't care to see anybody, had no peace of mind at any time, and would imagine the most horrible things. We employed the best physicians but she became worse; then her sister-in-law recommended Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. After using it a change for the better was apparent and mother became very fleshy on account of a voracious appetite, and got entirely well. We all thanked God for sending us the Tonic.

MARY I. DALY. Mrs. Mary Goodine, of U. Kingsclear, N.B., Can. writes: Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me lots of good. I recommend it to everybody. FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. Poor patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1878, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

MILLINERY JOTTINGS.

The November Delineator says that high-crowned hats are the season's preference, but there are many pretty hats which are bent into becoming shapes. The moderate-sized Gainsborough trimmed with ostrich plumes is perhaps the most popular hat. One of the distinctive features among the small hats and toques is the Directoire crown; it is flat on top and straight up the sides, and varies in height from two to three inches.

THE BACHELOR'S PROBLEM.

The Brooklyn Eagle lifts up its voice to lament the cheerless lot of the bachelor and demands to know why it is that there are hotels galore where "lone women" may live comfortably on \$10 a week, while the bachelor can find no such accommodations. The Eagle's contention is that somebody should build bachelor hotels, so that the man of modest income might live in some thing approaching comfort.

GOD'S MASTERPIECE.

In some of the halls of Europe may be seen pictures not painted with the brush, but mosaic, which are made up of small pieces of stone, glass or other material. The artist takes these little pieces, and, polishing and arranging them, he forms them into the grand and beautiful picture. Each individual part of the picture may be a little worthless piece of glass or marble or shell; but, with each in its place, the whole constitutes the masterpiece of art. So I think it will be with humanity in the hands of the great artist. God is picking up the little worthless pieces of stone and brass that might be trodden under foot unnoticed, and is making of them his great masterpieces.

TIMELY HINTS.

To cleanse a mica chimney rinse it carefully first in vinegar, then in cold water. Don't overcurtain your windows. Dainty and pretty as curtains may be, they shut out the air and light that are so absolutely essential. Skim milk will take fresh ink out of a carpet. Sop up the ink with a soft rag; pour a little milk on the spot, sop up that; pour on more and sop it up, proceeding in this manner until the spot disappears. Granite wear should not be left to dry over a hot fire, for the heat will cause the outside to scale off. Soak new brooms in strong hot salt water before using; this toughens the bristles and the broom lasts longer. To restore the color to ivory-handled knives and forks that have

turned yellow, rub them with fine emery or sand paper. White paint may be cleaned by rubbing it gently with a soft, flannel dipped in a paste of whiting and water, and adding a little soap powder.

FUNNY SAYINGS

A DISPLAY OF MANHOOD.

A Scot of Peebles said to his friend MacAndrew: "Mac, I hear ye have fallen in love wi' bonny Kate McAlister." "Weel, Sanders," Mac, replied, "I was near-verra near-dasin' it; but the bit lassie had nae siller, so I said to mysel', 'Mac, be a mon.' And I was a mon, and noo I pass her by wi' silent contempt."

THE YOUNG MINISTER'S IMPRESSION.

A young minister was particularly anxious to make a favorable impression on his hearers at his first Sabbath morning service. In the quietness of his study he suddenly hit upon a plan whereby this end would admirably be accomplished. His text for the following Sunday was: "And the Holy Ghost descended in the form of a dove."

THE VANQUISHED.

Shalt thou Who have not known temptation Wear the crown Denied to those Who battled even if they fell, Who knew And chose The good, and strove To conquer for its sake?

LITTLE LIVES SAVED.

Many a little life is lost because the mother does not have the means at hand to aid her little one at the first signs of illness. In homes where Baby's Own Tablets are kept the mother always feels a sense of security. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, simple fever, diarrhoea, teething troubles and other minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. Baby's Own Tablets always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. Thousands of mothers keep these Tablets in the house and use no other medicine for their children. Mrs. Wm. Brown, Deer Park, Toronto, says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets of the greatest help to my little ones and would not be without them." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM.

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble." Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be prepared as all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont. Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "Doan's"

THE POET'S CORNER

WHEN THE WORLD WAS YOUTHFUL YET.

Said my heart to me in youth: "Let us go and leave behind All the tyranny that trammels us in body and in mind; Here in Ireland there is nothing to be ventured for or done, But across the broad Atlantic there are fortunes to be won."

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LIFE'S EVENING.

'Tis evening now. The tender twilight falls, The mighty hills are wreathed about with grey; Before me lie the moss-grown garden walls, Behind me is the turmoil of the day. I have climbed up the rugged steep of years, With the fierce sunlight, beating on my brow, I have passed through the flood of human tears, But it is evening now.

THE VANQUISHED.

Shalt thou Who have not known temptation Wear the crown Denied to those Who battled even if they fell, Who knew And chose The good, and strove To conquer for its sake?

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OUR BY PUZZ

Rules for Puzzle

Only girls and boys who subscribe to the T True Witness can compete. Only boys and girls who have passed their four can compete. Only answers which have been able to solve may be sent. Answers to be marked, on one side of the paper. Answers to be in morning ten days after published, address Aunt Becky Puzzle, True Witness.

This Week's

- 1. RIDDLE-MY My first is in peace, My second is in licen law. My third is in urn, My fourth is in mir day. My fifth is in pig b try. My sixth is in nerv try. My seventh is in do rat. My eighth is in dor My ninth is in ink, My tenth is in nest. My eleventh is in go And now my whole

DOUBLE A

- My initials read d the name of a time festivity; my final pleasures. 1. A flower. 2. An island. 3. An animal. 4. A kind of archit 5. Identical. 6. Not below. 7. A foreign tribe. 8. One. 9. Is plural of sens

BURIED FI

- 1. Hilda, is your 2. Hero set that p 3. Will you pin K her, please? 4. I saw the rope 5. The pans you 6. What a shiny ev

BEHEADED

- 1. My whole is a and I am to be ma again, and I am the 2. My whole is to and I am a market; and I am music, pa 3. My whole is a behead me, and I ar head me again, and

WHAT IS MY

- It is like a church name. It is like a railway branches. It is like a book leaves. It is like a lamp has a top. It is like a hair b root. It is like an elep has a trunk. What is it?

REBUS

- We are a brave and As ever mess'd toget We have hearts of oi true And we care not fo ther.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY.

PUZZLE COMPETITION

Rules for Puzzle Competition.

Only girls and boys whose family subscribes to the True Witness may compete.

Only boys and girls who have not yet passed their fourteenth birthday can compete.

Only answers which girls and boys have been able to find for themselves may be sent in.

Answers to be neatly written in ink, on one side of the paper.

Answers to be numbered properly. Answers to be in before Saturday morning ten days after the puzzles are published, addressed to Aunt Becky Puzzle Competition, True Witness Bldg., Montreal.

No paper which does not comply with every rule can be considered at all.

This Week's Puzzles.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in peace, but not in war. My second is in licence but not in law. My third is in urn, but not in tray. My fourth is in minute but not in day. My fifth is in pig but not in sty. My sixth is in nervous but not in try. My seventh is in dog but not in cat. My eighth is in dormouse but not in rat. My ninth is in ink, but not in pen. My tenth is in nest also in den. My eleventh is in gong but not in bell. And now my whole I pray you tell.

2. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downward form the name of a time of rejoicing and festivity; my finals one of its pleasures. 1. A flower. 2. An island. 3. An animal. 4. A kind of architecture. 5. Identical. 6. Not below. 7. A foreign tribe. 8. One. 9. Is plural of sense.

3. BURIED FLOWERS.

1. Hilda, is your father home yet? 2. Hero set that plant down. 3. Will you pin Kate's frock for her, please? 4. I saw the rope on your table. 5. The pans you have made are of copper. 6. What a shiny ewer that is.

4. BEHEADED WORDS.

1. My whole is a tomb; behead me and I am to be mad; behead me again, and I am the Latin for hail. 2. My whole is to hurt; behead me and I am a market; behead me again and I am music, painting, etc. 3. My whole is a band of leather; behead me, and I am a snare; behead me again, and I am to snap.

5. WHAT IS MY THOUGHT?

It is like a church because it has a name. It is like a railway, because it has branches. It is like a book because it has leaves. It is like a lamp-post because it has a top. It is like a hair because it has a root. It is like an elephant because it has a trunk. What is it?

6. REBUS.

We are a brave and jovial crew. As ever mess'd together. We have hearts of oak in our bosoms true. And we care not for wind or weather.

We are a mischievous thieving crew. If you rightly transpose our letters, Our foes are many, our friends are few. And we live by robbing our betters.

Restored as at first with plural sign. Before as well as behind us, We gladden your path as we brightly shine. In the glorious space assigned us.

7. WORD SQUARE.

A young animal. Space. Remained. One's lot in life.

8. CHARADES.

1. My first is a vehicle. My second is the latter part of life. My whole is a vegetable. 2. My first is a preposition. My second is the Latin for "is." My whole is a wood. 3. My first is worn by ladies. My second is a part. My whole is in nearly every room.

9. RIDDLE.

Why is an elephant an unwelcome caller?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 15.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

Badger.

2. METAGRAM.

Cat, pat, fat, mat, hat, bat.

3. BURIED INSECTS.

1. Bee. 2. Midge. 3. Wasp. 4. Hornet. 5. Moth. 6. Gnat.

4. DECAPITATIONS.

1. Pain, rain, Cain, can, an. 2. Stone, tone, one, on, o. 3. Spout, put, out.

5. GEOGRAPHICAL CHARADE.

1. Blackwater. 2. Middlesex.

6. SINGLE ACROSTIC.

Butt. Utter. Tamar. Tale. Emma. Robber. Charles. Union Jack. Phillip. -Buttercup.

7. NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Picture.

8. WORD SYNCOPATION.

Take "and" from "dandies," and leave "dies."

9. RIDDLE.

A sunbeam.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Harold O'Sullivan, Quebec ... 7. W. G. O'Sullivan, Quebec ... 7. Maude Creighton, Quebec ... 7. Emma F. Huntington ... 6. Mary E. Dunn, Warden, Q. ... 6. Winnifred Dunn, Warden Q. ... 6. Mary E. Sanders, City ... 5. W. Raymond, Kouchibouguac, N.B. ... 5.

Letters to Aunt Becky

Dear Aunt Becky: This is my first letter to the corner, and I hope it won't be the last. Well, dear Auntie, we had a great snow storm on Monday last, and we could not get to school for we live too far from it. My sister and I are staying in the school now with the teacher. There is a little French girl staying also, and so we have a good time at night after our lessons are learned. I have six sisters and two brothers, the youngest is 4 years old and I am the oldest. I am only 12. Well, dear Aunt Becky,

I will close. Love to you and cousins. Your little niece.

BRIDGET B. Frampton, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky: I was so glad to see my letter in print, and my little friends were also, and they are going to write every week. I haven't missed one day of school yet. I hope I will not miss any in the year. There was a lot of snow here, but I am afraid that Thomas Courtney didn't get his ears pinched by Jack Frost, because it was not cold enough. I have five brothers but one is dead, and I have not any sisters. Well, dear Aunt Becky, I close with love to you and all the cousins.

From your loving niece, MARY E.

Dear Aunt Becky: We were all so glad to see our letters in print, so I thought I would sign my name to the corner once more. I am in the fourth book in English, and I learn French also, but I don't like it very well, especially French grammar. Where are all the other cousins this week? The corner looked lonely with just our three letters. I hope they will all write next week. My uncle is going away Wednesday. Well, Aunt Becky, I think I will have to close now, for want of news.

Your little niece, LIZZIE C. Frampton West, Q.

LITTLE ODDITY

By the Author of "Served Out."

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"Bad giants eat babies; I not a baby—I's a boy," and he struggled off the giant's knee. He flew to the giant's wife, who had stretched out her arms to him, and, burying his head in her lap, he cried, "Make the big giant go away, I's frightened." The big man tried to talk to him but he had his head so buried that he did not hear a word. Then the wife took him up in her arms and told him not to be afraid, for "Herr Papa" was not a giant, and would not hurt him, as he loved all little children and was a very kind, good "Herr Papa." She spoke so gently and sweetly that at last Bonny's fright began to disappear; and when the big man, who had gone away, came back with some cake and milk and fruit and bread and butter, Bonny, who was really hungry, felt bold enough to leave the knee of his kind protectress and allow himself to be given these nice things by the "Herr Papa." Then while the "kind giant" was giving him cake, his wife went and fetched a bowl of steaming hot bread-and-milk, which made Bonny feel quite warm and comfortable. When he had finished it they put a little stool near the fire for him to sit on, and then, when he began to feel quite at home, and was pretty sure that the big man did not want to eat him up, they ventured to ask him some questions. "Do you know what place this is?" the Herr Papa asked, only he talked in rather a funny way, and said "vat" for what and "dis" for this; so that when Bonny stared at him and did not answer, he asked his question over again very slowly. Bonny looked all round, and then replied, "It isn't my house, it's your house."

"Yes, dat is so, 'tis vare goot answer," the big man replied, laughing; "but tell me, now, how did you come here?" Bonny pondered awhile. "I think you brought me; that's what I tell you." "Right again! I did bring you. Where did I find you?" Bonny thought a long time over that; then suddenly his face brightened all over. "It was the music," he said rapidly—"nice music; I did hear it, berry nice music; and it took me to see the music, berry near, and carried me quickly," then he stopped short, bewildered, for he was thinking of the dream. Well, the big man couldn't make anything of that at all, so he asked another question. "You have von name; vat is it?" Bonny had been thinking of something else. "The man with the music," he burst out. "Where's ever

gone? He runned away, he did. Bonny run too—nan go fast—Bonny go fast. He's a dear little music, he is. Where's the music nan, I tell you?"

They could not understand that very well either. Besides, they wanted to find out where he lived, so they asked him more questions. "What is your name, little boy?" No answer, but a stare. "Where do you live, then?" Still no answer.

"Did you run away? Ah, did you run after some music and get lost?" Bonny brightened up. He was thinking of the music all the time. "It was a nan with a music," he said again. Presently they asked him his name again. "It isn't a name; it's a music," he answered.

At last they began to think that he was a little bit stupid, and they did not know quite what to do. Little Bonny seemed very happy and contented himself.

Presently his eye fell on a hassock under the table. He jumped up, tugged it out, and seized the poker and began with a solemn face drawing it across. "It's a music like this," he said gravely.

The man got up and went out of the room. Presently he came back, and in his hand he carried something that made Bonny jump up and fly to him with a gleeful laugh. It was the very, very thing the "music man" had held in his hand. "Do the stick!" Bonny cried eagerly; "do the stick, I tell you!"

Then the good kind giant lifted the little music box on to his shoulder, and put his head down on one side just as the man had done (how excitedly Bonny watched him!) took the stick, and drew it slowly across.

To Bonny's rapture there came forth a beautiful voice out of the thing. Then the stick went backwards and forwards, up and down—now slow, now fast—and the whole room was filled with voices such as Bonny had never heard before. He crept close to the "Herr Papa," and watched him with round eyes fixed eagerly on those clever hands. It looked quite easy. The moment the big man had finished Bonny snatched the violin from his hands, put it on his shoulder, and laid the stick across the strings.

It only made a grunt for Bonny, however much he tried. Then he pushed it away in a rage and began to cry.

The man took it up and handed it to Bonny again, holding his hand while he drew the bow across. The beautiful voice came again, and Bonny's face was all aglow.

"There's a nice noise in the music," he said, with a deep sigh of happiness.

The big man caught him in his arms and kissed him.

"He haf von soul of music," he cried; "he lof it. I see it in his face. Now, my little one, take it and try again like this."

Bonny took the violin and drew the bow across as he had been shown. At first there came a shaky uncertain sound, but Bonny did not leave off until the sound was steady and clear.

"He haf von goot ear," the big man cried. "He shall be my little child. I will teach him myself. Come, now, we will begin at once."

But Bonny wanted to hear the beautiful music again, so Herr Papa played to him, and Bonny listened with bright eyes and eager face, till at last the wife said—

"Are you not going to take the little one back to his home?" Then the big man put down his violin and looked very thoughtful, for that was a thing more easily said than done.

But the man said, "I must try to find out about my little child, but you shall keep him safe and snug while I go."

So he went out to see if anyone was inquiring for a lost child, and Bonny was laid down to sleep very contentedly, his little brain so full of delight that he had found the music for which he had been looking so long that everything else was forgotten.

CHAPTER VII.—NO SUCH CHILD.

It was into a cold, drizzling rain that the Herr Papa turned when he left his own fireside.

"Ach me!" he said to himself; "it is von goot thing that I found the little child. This had night would have kilt him. The goot Gott sent me that way to find His little one and shelter him, and to find in him a soul of music. But his mother weeps for him, and many hearts are sad to lose him, and I must restore him quickly."

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And then the musician felt sad, for all his heart and soul were given to his beautiful music, and Bonny's rapturous delight had already made him love the child. He seemed to see that "soul of music" growing and developing under his fostering care, till by-and-by people should listen in wonder and say, "Here is a wonderful child." But the child was not his, and when he had given him up to his parents he must bid "good-bye" to that delightful dream; for was he not a stranger in this great city of London, and was he not going back in two more days to his own beloved "fatherland."

Then the big man sighed very deeply, and if money would have bought the child he would have offered nearly all that his beautiful playing had brought to him to take the little child with the soul of music back to Germany with him.

While he thought about it he remembered that walking through the streets would never find the little lad's friends. He pondered, and then started off again at a brisk pace towards the busy high road, near which he had found him. Here he inquired in several shops whether they knew of a child being missed; but they did not, and a kind-hearted woman directed him to the nearest police station where she said they would be sure to know.

The professor took his way to the station slowly, for he repeated to himself, "They will be sure to know and my wonderful child will be lost to me for ever."

It so happened that the station to which the woman had directed the professor was not the one to which Bonny's father had gone, and the official there had heard nothing of a missing child that evening; but children were missed, he told the kind German, every day. They were nearly always poor people's children, and sometimes it was so long before they could find the parents for them that they had to take them to the workhouse. Sometimes they were lost on purpose and never claimed, but that happened very rarely.

The professor pricked up his ears and listened attentively. The little lad at home was no doubt a poor person's child; he remembered he was dressed in a little stuff frock and a dirty holland pinafore, and that he had grubby little hands and face, as the children of poor, hardworked people usually have. That made no difference to the professor. A child was a child to him, but this child with his soul of music, was more interesting to him than any other child, rich or poor. A little prince in the most costly attire would not have pleased him half so well.

And now, if the parents were really poor, they might be glad to take the child and teach him. Perhaps they had lost him on purpose; he felt inclined to go straight home and say more. The parents if they had wanted him would have sought him before now.

But that would not do. "I think I am going to steal the child," the professor said with a start, "and his poor mother may be weeping for him. Hans Bruder, you are getting a wicked man."

So he turned to the police officer again, and said, "If anyone comes to you for a lost child, you can send him to my house, where I lodge for two more days. The address I will write down for you."

"I will take a description of the child," the man said. "Ah, yes; that is a good thought."

"Please describe the child. Boy, you said, I think?" "Yes, a little child—boy." "Age?" "Ach me! I would say from four to five years; a little child with fair

hair and dark eyes—that is, a fair child."

"Did you say dark or fair?" "The child I would say fair and pale."

"Yes, fair—particulars of dress?" "Well, shabbily dressed, like a poor woman's little child."

"Where found?" "Asleep in an archway." "Name?" "That I cannot tell. The child seems not to know his name, but there is one thing to tell him by. He haf a very bright, clever face, and a soul of music beyond what I haf ever seen in such a baby." The professor was thinking of Bonny's face as he watched him play, and indeed it had been bright and intelligent enough then.

"Any marks on the clothing?" "No, my wife haf found none. You must tell the mother, if she grieve, that her little one is safe and well."

Then the officer shut his book and said that would do, and the professor went his way sadly. By-and-by the officer went off duty and another came and took his place. Very late that night a message was sent by telegraph, instructing the police at that station to look out for a child supposed to have been stolen, the son of Robert Cameron, Esq., of Horton House, St. Mildred's Hill. The description given was that of a dark thin child, seven years of age, slightly imbecile. The superintendent looked through his books and found the description of Bonny. "That is not the child," he said decidedly, and telegraphed back that no news of any child answering description given had been brought there. The next morning each policeman who came on duty was told to look out for any trace of a dark, thin, imbecile child of seven years old, supposed to have been stolen from his father's house in order to get a reward for bringing him back. Each man in turn asked what reward was offered for finding the child. "He had not heard of any," the officer replied. "The father was a gentleman, and would no doubt be willing to pay something handsome for the recovery of his boy."

The men didn't think much of that. They often had to render people services without reward. Of course it was their duty to do so; but there were several other people they had to look out for, and the missing child was entered in their memories along with various other things and persons. Every one of them would have recollected had they come across a child answering the description given them, that Robert Cameron, Esq., of St. Mildred's Hill, had lost his son, supposed to have been stolen, and followed up the clue at once. But then they never did come across such a child. And after a little while they forgot pretty well all about it, except, of course, when they had occasion to look over the books.

(To be continued.)

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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906.

ST. ANN'S ELECTION.

The result of the bye-election in St. Ann's division in no way disappoints public anticipation.

Mr. Curran, who brought into the contest much personal popularity, in addition to the reputation of his father, naturally scored a heavy vote.

But the division remained true to the Liberal leader and party in spite of all this.

The majority was large enough into the bargain to stamp the verdict with the necessary amount of emphasis that may be looked for when Irish Catholic electors have it in their hands to choose between the two Dominion parties constituted as they are today.

Although Mr. Borden has made errors of statesmanship that for a time threatened to lose him the co-operation of men like Mr. Monk, it is noteworthy that some Irish Catholics like Mr. Curran have remained loyal to the political traditions of their families, and accepting the handicap of the later Conservative annals, stood forth upon occasion as exponents of the party policy.

We have no wish to criticize this steadfastness. On the contrary, more merit attaches to the quality of patience in politics as in every other realm of human experience.

All this only goes to show, however, the vanity of the Conservative party when one day its leaders and standard-bearers brush Catholic electors and their interests aside with contemptuous indifference, and the next appeal for their support.

The strongest Conservative Catholic in Montreal could not carry St. Ann's against the Liberal record, and it is creditable to Mr. Curran that he did so well.

The contest was well conducted. Both candidates were men of character, and the appeals made to the electors were such that men of character would make. In Mr. J. C. Walsh the riding has a worthy representative, and in offering him the congratulations he so well deserves, the True Witness prophesies for him a successful public career.

ELECTORAL CORRUPTION.

Once again the political air in Canada is rank with the stench of electoral corruption. Money purchased an election upon a basis of value fixed for the occasion by the campaign organization that should have carried the contest by decent means.

It is explained that the parties were fighting each other with fire, and the heavier battalion won. The electors of London who have gone upon the witness stand have made it plain that the practice of fighting elections with fire sears the electorate.

There were otherwise decent men in London who accepted \$10 for their votes because they knew the money was going and thought they might as well have it. It would appear that in a local sense the public is as readily affected by electoral corruption as in a national sense it becomes swayed by passion for electoral cleanliness.

If we are to believe the prevailing

signs of the times the public passion for election reform is now thoroughly aroused. But the question arises will this passion survive in some individual constituency where the rival party organizations are supplied with fire for the purposes of the campaign? We fear not.

Where the money is going many electors will be found weak enough to conclude that they may as well have their share of it. A wave of passion such as we are supposed to believe is now passing over the land, raised by the revelations in the last London election, is not public conscience by a long measure. Public conscience is reliable and firm. Public passion is irresponsible and temporary.

AID FOR MISSIONARIES.

We reproduce elsewhere a letter from Rev. R. F. C. Mascarenhas, India, in acknowledgment of the sum of fourteen dollars which we received from readers to be forwarded to him.

Since sending the draft we have received \$11.25, which we were holding until we had heard from the recipient, making a total sum of \$25.25.

To-day a letter from the grateful missionary reached us; and we are confident that the kind readers who contributed will experience much happiness when they see the grateful words of Father Mascarenhas, and that those who have overlooked previous appeals will open their hearts and be the means, through even the smallest contribution, of bringing relief and gratification to the poor missionary in far-off India.

We have also published from time to time letters from Father Charlebois, O.M.I., missionary to the Indians at Duck Lake, Saskatchewan, and the immense surrounding district, in which he speaks entertainingly of his work among them and his needs. We will also gladly receive any money which readers may wish to contribute for this good cause, and forward it to proper destination if sender specifies as follows: Missionary in India. Missionary Duck Lake, Sask.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It is reported that the Countess Marguerite Cassini, the beautiful mistress of the Russian embassy at Washington, is soon to retire from the world and assume the black garb of the Sisters of Mercy in Paris, at whose convent she was received into the Catholic Church some time ago.

Countess Marguerite, who was for three years the most intimate friend of Mrs. Nicholas Longworth and one of the most fascinating women who ever figured in Washington society, is remarkably handsome and talented.

Though barely twenty-five, she has drained to the dregs the cup of international popularity. She became chateleine of the Russian embassy in Washington when she was less than seventeen. While in Washington she sat for no less than 300 photographs and more than twenty oil paintings and crayon sketches.

As chateleine of the Russian embassy she became a society leader in the diplomatic set, and retained her leadership as long as she remained in this country. Her entertainments were noted for their brilliancy and invitations to them were eagerly sought, and seldom, if ever, declined.

She was particularly popular with the young officers of the army and navy stationed about the city, and it was several times rumored that Cupid was not to permit her return to Europe.

If this pure soul has thus early in life realized the emptiness of wealth and fashion and turned to God as the source of all good, prayers innumerable will arise that she be granted the grace of perseverance.

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At a recent meeting of the Oxford Union, England, W. G. O. Gladstone, youngest son of the late William E. Gladstone, said: "If Britain has listened to the voice of her American colonies she would not have lost that vast country now known as the United States. It was by Home Rule that Britain had kept Australia and Canada, and it was by Home Rule that she intended to keep Africa. Why, then, was Home Rule to be refused to Ireland? Irishmen had a genius for politics, but by refusing them Home Rule England was compelling Irishmen to expend their political genius in mere agitation.

Let them concentrate that genius, and concentrate it to the responsibilities of self-government. There was great danger to the Empire which was not founded upon the freedom and loyalty of its people. What mightier union in Ireland could they achieve than the spontaneous affection of the whole people? That was the goal that the Liberal Party had to gain, undeterred by the uncompromising opposition, by the deprivation of old and true friends.

Twice had the Liberal Party sacrificed office for Home Rule, but they would get their reward at last. Home Rule was coming on apace, opposing lights shone no more, and as sure as the sun would rise tomorrow that troubled and chequered country would receive peace at last."

Curious it is to note from historical evidence how short-sighted are men in their judgments of public events. If we were to examine the files of any important non-Catholic paper say for the past fifty years, how often we should find that the doom of the Catholic Church was with certainty held to be at hand. Probably predictions of this fatalistic kind would be discovered on an average two or three times in each period of twelve months.

Mr. Harold Begbie, who records in the Daily Chronicle an interview he has had with Mgr. Amette, Coadjutor to the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris, pityingly describes the prelate's failure to see the position in France as it really is. Mgr. Amette is sceptical as to the strength of French atheism, but Mr. Begbie declares that the Archbishop is not well-informed concerning the tendency of modern opinion, and that the mighty Hierarchy, which has been crumbling ever since the destruction of the Armada, is surely about to disappear in France.

Frenchmen became tired of "the Worship of Reason" not long after they had converted over two thousand three hundred churches into "temples" to his observance. They will again grow weary of it, for, as St. Augustine says, the human soul is naturally Christian. Perhaps, after all, Mgr. Amette understands French human nature a little better than Mr. Begbie.

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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.

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

I have noticed how willingly the CLIENTS 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 zeal for the progress of that Faith, will extend a helping hand to me? I cry to you with all earnestness to come to my assistance. You may not be able to do much; but you CAN DO LITTLE. Do that little which is your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL. "May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham.

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton." Address—Father H. W. Gray, Hampton Road, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.

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

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CATHOLIC SCHOOL BOARD.

At Tuesday night's meeting of the Catholic School Commissioners, a communication was read from the superintendent of Public Instruction ratifying the new school by-law by which all the holidays are to be fixed at the end of the year, between Christmas and Epiphany. The superintendent, however, recommended that classes be discontinued on Good Friday, so as to permit the children to attend religious service.

A letter from the Protestant School Board was submitted, asking the aid of the Catholic Board to have the statute 32 Victoria, chap. 16, sec. 23, amended so that the proceeds of the school tax collected by the city may be paid to them in two instalments, on the first of January and the first of July, respectively. The matter was referred to the finance committee, assisted by a delegate from the Protestant Board, who will be asked to take part in its deliberations.

A communication was read from the Provincial Building Inspector, enjoining the Board to provide, within fifteen days, fire-escapes at all the schools under its control.

CHILDREN OF MARY SODALITY OF ST. ANN'S.

Next Monday evening the regular meeting will take place in St. Ann's Church. As the feast of the Immaculate Conception falls on Saturday, the demonstration will only take place on the following day, Sunday, consisting of general communion in the morning, and in the evening procession, reception and special sermon for the occasion, followed by Benediction. The Rev. Director invites all members to be present, that being the particular feast of all true Children of Mary.

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ST. GABRIEL'S PARISH.

From the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth of the present month, this thriving parish, through a special favor of His Grace the Archbishop, enjoyed the privilege of holding a bazaar. Rev. Father O'Meara, parish priest, expressed himself as being in every way thoroughly satisfied with results.

It is understood that the proceeds of the bazaar are to be divided between the furtherance of the work of a new convent already in course of erection in the district and a young men's hall, for some time in contemplation.

With such laudable ends in view too much praise cannot be given to the promoters, nor too much encouragement to its ultimate outcome.

To Those of Sedentary Occupation.—Men who follow sedentary occupations, which deprive them of fresh air and exercise, are more prone to disorders of the liver and kidneys than those who lead active, outdoor lives. The former will find in Parmentier's Vegetable Pills a restorative without question the most efficacious on the market. They are easily procurable, easily taken, act expeditiously, and they are surprisingly cheap considering their excellence.

Wear Trade Mark D. Suspenders guaranteed: 50c.

Motard, Fils & Senecal. A Very Long Standing Case of Dyspepsia Relieved by Three Bottles of The "Trapplate" Phosphated wine of Cinchona Bark. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. For Sale by all Druggists and Grocers. Sole Agents for Canada. Motard, Fils & Senecal, 5 Place Royale, Montreal.

J. J. GARLAND. Phone Main 3861. GRAVEL ROOFING and all kinds of Galvanized Iron Work. Damp Proof Flooring a Specialty. Also Portland Cement Work. 27 & 29 St. James St. Montreal.

DOMINION CATHOLIC READING CHARTS. THE WRITING EXERCISES for practice in Script Reading and Slate and Black-board work are given from the first. They satisfy every need and thus save the expense of WRITING CHARTS. SPECIAL CHARTS of the Alphabets both printed and written, of marked letters and sounds, and of COLORS are embraced in the set. Published by D. & J. SADLER & CO., 13 Notre Dame St. West MONTREAL.

FOR Dyspepsia or Weak Digestion DRINK St. Leon Mineral Water after each meal. For Constipation take it before breakfast.



Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say. St. Leon drives all ills away. St. Leon Water Co. 12 Craig St. East, Montreal.

J. P. MONCEL. Ribbon Badges for Conventions, Socials, Pilgrimages, Picnics, Societies, Parades, Lapel Buttons, &c. 210 St. James St., Montreal.

The Kane Company FUNERAL DIRECTORS. Cor. Wellington and Centre Sts. A new firm offering to the public every thing in their line of the best quality and most modern style. The hearses supplied are built upon the latest and most elegant models. Charges moderate. Special arrangements made in favor of C.O.F., C.M.B.A., A.O.H., and K.C. members.

British American Business College. Y. M. C. A. Bldg., Yonge & McGill Sts., TORONTO. Oldest, Strongest, Best. WINTER TERM. From Jan. 2, 1907. Enter any time. Excellent results guaranteed. Catalogue and lessons in business writing free. T. M. WATSON, Principal.

FUR TRIMMED CLOTH OVERCOATS. Made in our establishment by our own expert tailors. Fit guaranteed. Trimming: Persian Lamb, Canadian, Natural Otter, Russian Lamb, Near Seal, German Mink, Japanese Mink, &c., &c. Prices from \$25.00 up. See our assortment before buying. CHS. DESJARDINS & CIE., The largest retail Fur House in the World. 485 St. Catherine St. East. Corner St. Timothy. Bell Tel. East, 1536. 1537.

BANQUET AT NAZARETH ASYLUM. At Nazareth Asylum last week took place the first dinner of the season given in aid of that institution, which cares for so many blind children from all sections of the province and even from other parts of Canada. The tables were under the care of Mrs. J. A. Vaillancourt, president of the lady patronesses. Mgr. Racicot, accompanied by Canon Roy and Rev. Gerald McShane, chaplain of the institution, blessed the banquet, which was largely attended. The second banquet takes place this evening. Butterfly Suspenders. A Gentleman's Brace, "as easy as nose."

Plain Chamber Fancy Checks Special line WHITE WA raised pat for blouse Special line of Special line of Very fine quilt \$1.25 per Dress Sateen yard, less Ladies' Scotch Ladies' Natural Ladies' Scotch 1 Lot of Children Ladies' "Rain Fancies Fancy Satin Mantel Drapes Muslin Renal Empire Renal Special line of Tops. Remnants of White Fancies Black Taffeta White and C White and C 44-inch All P hello, ma also in w 44-inch Black less 25 p Fancy Grey effects; so \$1.25 and 20 PER CEN Pearl and S Black, White Black Chiffon White and G White and B Black Silk a 50 PER CEN A line of Col 75 PER CEN Me Men's and Y light and velvet col 44, prices The balance or serge prices \$1 Boys' Overco collars, g sizes 25 75 Boys' Non sizes 24 75 Boys' 3 p D.B. Coat Table Cloths Hemstitched Bedroom and Ends Table a Special line. Imported Tw turns, w mings bes less 20 p Worst and gular \$5 Dressing Gown Silk and Wo to \$15. I Imitation Be less 20 p 1 Piece Imit 5 Pieces Rev Eyes Tested Best quality Gold filled Gold Filled Lemaire's Bl 1 Lot of Le 1 Lot of Ch 50 Fancy Th

COLONIAL HOUSE, Phillips Square

Two Days' Sale.

Specials for Friday and Saturday.

Print Department.

Plain Chambrey, in Blue, Pink, Green and grey, 25c per yd less 33 1-3 p.c.
 Fancy Checked and Striped Scotch Ginghams, 18c per yd. less 33 1-3 p.c.
 Special line of Striped Scotch Ginghams, 18c and 20c per yd less 50 p.c.
 WHITE WAISTING for Fall and Winter wear in plain Basket and fancy raised patterns, rich silky finish, mercerized in the yarn, right weight for blouses and dresses, 17c, 30c and 40c per yard, less 25 per cent.
 Special line of Cretonnes, less 25 per cent.
 Special line of Sateens, suitable for making bed quilts, less 25 per cent.
 Very fine quality mercerized Curtain Material (Lotuma Rep.), 75c and \$1.25 per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent.
 Dress Sateens in blue, green and brown grounds, 25c and 30c per yard, less 33 1-3 per cent.

Ladies' Hosiery.

Ladies' Scotch Lambs Wool Vests, less 20 per cent.
 Ladies' Natural Wool Combinations, long sleeves, less 33 1-3 per cent.
 Ladies' Scotch Lamb's Wool Drawers, half price.
 1 Lot of Children's striped navy and white Cashmere Jerseys, half-price.
 Ladies' "Ramsie" Fibre Vests, also Drawers, special \$1.

Fancy Goods and Embroidery Department.

10 Per Cent. Off
 Fancy Satin Pin Cushions in pink, blue, green, long, square and round.
 Mantel Drapes in all the newest shades.
 Muslin Renaissance and Appliques Bedspreads and Shams.
 20 Per Cent. Off.
 Empire Renaissance and Cluny Lace in different sizes.
 Special line of Lithograph, Tapestry, Linen, Taffeta and Satin Cushion Tops.
 Remnants of Curtain Muslin and Curtain Net.
 White Fancy Muslin, figured, etc., etc.

Silk Department.

Black Taffetas, Lyons' Dye, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, less 20 per cent.
 White and Cream Taffeta, 75c, less 20 per cent.
 White and Cream Brochs Satin Dama, \$1.10 and \$1.50, less 20 per cent.
 White and Cream Paillette, \$1, less 20 per cent.
 44-inch All Pure Silk Crepe de Chene, in this season's tones of rose pink, helio, maize, champagne, sky, mauve, French grey, browns, navys and also in white, cream and black, regular \$2 and \$2.50, less 20 p.c.
 44-inch Black Fancy Crepe de Chene. One design only; regular \$1.25, less 25 per cent.
 Fancy Grey Chiffon Taffetas, in very handsome 2-toned, delicate Dresden effects; soft broken designs, Chinese effects, etc., etc.; regular \$1.10, \$1.25 and \$1.50, less 20 per cent.

Dress Trimmings Department.

20 PER CENT OFF.—Black Sequin Gimp. Black Sequin Collars.
 Pearl and Sequin Gimp. Silver Sequin Collars.
 Black, White and Colored Chiffon Applique.
 Black Chiffon and Silk Applique and Insertion.
 White and Gold Chiffon and Silk Applique.
 White and Black and Black and White Chiffon and Silk Applique.
 Black Silk and Cloth Applique. Black, White and Colored Braids.
 50 PER CENT OFF.—Colored Silk and Cloth Collars.
 A line of Color Cloth Applique.
 75 PER CENT. OFF COLORED BEADED AND JEWEL GIMP.

Men's and Boys' Clothing Department.

Men's and Youths' Overcoats, in Melton, Cheviot and Scotch Tweed, light and dark shades, heavy interlinings, twill serge lining; self or velvet collar, S.B. and D.B., good lengths, with vents, sizes 33 to 44, prices \$12.50 to \$22, less 20 per cent.
 The balance of Men's Suits of Imported Tweeds and Worsted, mercerized or serge linings, well formed shoulders, sizes 36 to 44 inch chest, prices \$13.50 to \$22. Sale Price, \$8.00.
 Boys' Overcoats, grey Frieze and Tweed, mostly dark colors, small collars, good lengths, full back, good linings, and winter weights, sizes 25 to 33, price \$4.50.
 75 Boys' Norfolk Suits to clear at \$3.75, dark colors, straight pants, sizes 24 to 34.
 75 Boys' 3 pc. Suits, light and dark colors, straight pants, S.B. and D.B. Coats, sizes 28 to 32 inch, price \$3.75.

Linens.

Table Cloths and Napkins, 20 per cent.
 Hemstitched Table and Tea Cloths, 20 per cent.
 Bedroom and Bath Towels, 20 per cent.
 Ends Table and other Linens, 20 per cent.

Bronze Department.

Special line, less 25 per cent.

Tailoring Department.

Imported Tweeds and Worsted Suitings in all the new shades and patterns, winter weight; tailoring strictly hand made; linings and trimmings best quality, guaranteed to fit, price \$23, \$25, \$27 and \$29, less 20 per cent.
 Worsteds and Tweed Pantings in the many new colorings and designs, regular \$5 and \$6, less 20 per cent.
 Dressing Gowns and Smoking Jackets to clear at 33 1-3 p.c. discount.
 Silk and Wool Fancy Vestings, a very select assortment, regular \$4.50 to \$15, less 20 per cent.
 Imitation Bear Skin in red and white, to clear at \$2.25, \$3 and \$3.50, less 20 per cent.
 1 Piece Imitation Ermine, regular \$2, less 20 per cent.
 5 Pieces Reversible Golf Cloaking, regular \$2, less 20 per cent.

Optical Department

Eyes Tested Free of Charge and work guaranteed.
 Best quality 14k gold filled rim spectacles, regular \$4, for \$2.50.
 Gold filled Eye Glass Chains, regular \$1.50, for 50c.
 Gold Filled Eye Glass Hooks, regular 25c and 35c, for 15c.
 Lemaire's Black Leather and Pearl Opera Glasses, less 10 per cent.
 1 Lot of Lemaire's Field Glasses, less 25 per cent.
 1 Lot of Chatalelaine Cases, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2, for 75c each.
 50 Fancy Thermometers, half price.

Colored Dress Goods Dept.

Choice lot of English Tweeds, 54" wide, regular 80c per yard, less 25 p. c. These are new goods and extra value. We shall also display on our Special Table a choice assortment of Tweeds and plain material for Dresses, Skirts and Suiting, at a discount of 33 1-3 p.c. and Half Price.

Christmas Trade—We are offering some splendid lines specially for this occasion (Maid' Dresses) comprising:

25 pieces all wool Homespun in nice mixture of greys, navy, green, etc., regular 60c per yard, for 30c per yard.
 12 pieces of choice Fine Tweeds, 90c per yard, for 45c per yard.
 15 pieces of All wool Mixed Serges 46" wide, special value 75c per yard, for 50c per yard.
 FRENCH CHALLIES—A large selection of this desirable material, at discounts of 25 p. c. and 33 and 1-3 per cent.
 BLOUSE WAIST PATTERNS—12 choice patterns very suitable for Christmas Gifts in cream, serge and Light Cloths, all richly embroidered, to clear at Half Price.

RIBBONS.

Balance of Colored Ribbons, all widths and colors, 5c per yard.
 Special line Taffeta Ribbon, 5" wide 17c per yard.
 Colored Satin Baby of Ribbon, 20c per piece of 10 yards.
 Large stock of Fancy Ribbons.
 ALL LADIES' TRIMMED HATS (fur trimmed excepted) at a discount of 20 per cent, with 5 per cent extra for cash.
 LADIES' SILK WAISTS. A Limited number of Ladies' Silk Waists, values from \$5.00 to \$11.00. Your choice for \$3.50.
 MANTLE DEPARTMENT. 100 Ladies' Black Cloth Walking Skirts, Special \$1. 25 Ladies' Fur Lined Cloth Coats, lined in grey and white squirrel, revers and collar in best sable, length 43 inches, shades black, navy, brown and crimson, regular \$100, special \$75.00. 75 Print Dresses, special \$1.00.

Mantle Department.

45 Ladies' Cloth and Tweed Costumes, less 50 per cent.
 40 Ladies' Dressing Gowns and Bath Robes, less 50 per cent.
 125 Ladies' Walking Skirts in Venetian Cloth, Black and Navy Fancy Tweeds, several styles, regular \$8.50 to \$12.50 for \$5.50 to \$6.50.
 36 Ladies' Brown Cloth Walking Skirts, regular \$12.50 for \$7.50.
 65 Ladies' Dressing Jackets, less 50 per cent.
 50 Ladies' Black and Colored Silk Underskirts, less 50 per cent.
 200 Ladies' Moirette Underskirts, black and Colored, also fancy. Special \$1.60, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4.00.
 Ladies' Extra over-size Black Moirette Underskirts. Special \$2.50 to \$7.50.
 SPECIAL—MISSES' THREE-QUARTER. TWEED JACKETS.
 50 Misses' Three-quarter Tweed Jackets, worth \$10.50 to \$20. Special, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.

Carpet Department

25 Made up Squares in Brussels, Wilton and Axminster, less 33 1-3 p.c.
 50 Made up Squares in Brussels and Axminster, less 25 per cent.
 50 Small Squares in Tapestry, Brussels, Wilton and Axminster, less 50 per cent.
 25 Kidderminster Squares, all wool and union, less 15 per cent.
 Balance Japanese Cotton Rugs, less 25 per cent.
 Special lot of Indian Rugs (Mirzapore), suitable for offices, libraries and dinner rooms, less 25 per cent.
 Special lot of Turkish and Persian Rugs, less 20 per cent.
 Special line of Tapestry and Brussels Carpet, less 10 p.c. to 20 p.c.
 Special lines of Wilton and Axminster Carpet, less 10 p.c. to 25 p.c.
 Special lines of Wilton and Axminster Carpet, less 10 p.c. to 25 p.c.
 Remnants of all kinds of Carpet, Matting, Durries and Oil Cloths, less 25 per cent.

China Department.

Balance of incomplete and discontinued lines of dinner sets, Half Price.
 Special lines of Jardiniere, Half Price.
 Balance of large Doulton Flat Dishes, Half Price.
 Special lines of Fruit Sets, Ice Cream Dishes, Cake Plates, Dessert Plates, Tea Sets, Breakfast Sets, Biscuit Jars, Muffin Dishes, Entree Dishes, Chocolate Jugs, Pudding Dishes, Tea Pots, Creams and Sugars, etc., all less 10 per cent.
 Special Table—15c, 25c and 50c, at great reductions.

Handkerchiefs.

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, lace edge, less 33 1-3 per cent.
 Hemstitched Linen Handkerchiefs, 1-4in, and 1-2in. hem, \$1.35 per doz.

Electrical Department

20 PER CENT. OFF French Bronzes, Reading Lamps.
 Special Table of French Bronzes, less 50 per cent.
 Special Table of Electric Lights, less 50 per cent.
 10 PER CENT. OFF Curling Iron Heaters, Smoothing Irons, Electric Stoves, 4 1-2 inches.
 Vest Pocket Flash Lights, at 75c each, net.

Black Dress Goods For Christmas Presents

We are offering a splendid lot of Skirt and Dress Lengths at very special prices, in fine Mohair, Granetes, Cashmeres, Armure, Fancy Mohair, Cords, etc., etc.
 6 pieces, 30 inches, all wool French Serge, regular 50c per yard, to clear at 30c per yard; excellent value.
 SPECIAL TABLES, containing odd lines of fine goods, to clear at 33 1-3 per cent, and half price.
 We are also showing a rich stock of medium and high-class material for reception, evening and other special occasions.

Cut Glass Department.

12 10 inch Vases, regular \$7 for \$5.
 10 Water Bottles, richly cut, \$7, for \$5.
 25 8 inch Bowls, regular \$5.50 for \$4.
 12 Comports, regular \$6 for \$4.
 10 3-pint Jugs, regular \$7 for \$5.25.
 25 Celery Dishes, regular \$6.50, for \$4.50.
 20 Sugars and Creams, regular \$6.50 for \$5.
 24 5 inch Nappies, regular \$3.25, for \$2.50 each.
 24 6 inch Nappies, regular \$2.50, or \$2 each.
 24 5 inch Nappies, regular \$1.50, for \$1 each.
 10 pieces Rich Cut Glass, reduced to Half Price.
 12 pairs Salts for \$1.
 200 Odd Tumblers, less 20 per cent.

Sterling Silver

SPECIAL lines of Berry Spoons, Cold Meat Forks, Pie Servers, Cake Knives, Bread Trays, Sardine Forks, Tea and Coffee Spoons, Bon-Bon Dishes, Cream Jugs, Gravy Boats, etc., less 10 per cent.

Clock Department.

Gilt Clocks, regular \$2.25, for \$1.75 and specials \$4 to 7, less 20 p.c.
 Special line in Marble, Black Enamel, Iron, Cuckoo and Kitchen Clocks, less 20 per cent.

Wool Tam O'Shanters.

In Red, White, Black, Cardinal, and Fancy Combinations; regular 75c and \$1.10. Sale price, 25c each.

Neckwear.

BALANCE OF SUMMER WASH STOCKS, 10c each.
 Muslin Chemisettes, large assortment, less 33 1-3 per cent.
 Fancy Frillings, less 50 per cent.

Laces

33 1-3 PER CENT OFF Val. Laces and Insertion, Black Silk Guipure Ties. All Over Colored Embroidered Chiffons.
 50 PER CENT. OFF Torchon Lace and Insertion.
 20 PER CENT. OFF Baby Irish Lace and Insertion. French Veilings in Black and colors.

DOWN QUILTS.

Special lot of Satin Down Quilts, regular \$9.50, for \$8.
 Special lot of Satin, largest size, less 10 per cent.
 Special lot of 50 Sateen, less 20 per cent.
 Special lot of 25 Sateen, less 20 per cent.

WHITE QUILTS.

Special lot of 50 Fine White Quilts, single and double, less 25 per cent.
 20 large White Satin Quilts to clear, less 20 per cent.

Sewing Machine Department.

A genuine Wilcox & Gibbs' Sewing Machine, slightly used, price \$50, for \$20.
 A new Colonial House Sewing Machine, slightly damaged by water, regular \$25, for \$20.
 No. 6 Remington Typewriter, as good as new, for \$40.

Cottons

1 Lot 36in. and 42in. English Long Cloth, less 10 per cent.
 1 Lot of Hemstitched Pillow Slips, less 10 per cent.
 1 Lot of Ends, 5 to 10 yards, sheeting, less 10 per cent.

Men's Furnishings Department.

One lot of fine quality heavy Sweaters (wescut), made in all colors and combinations, regular \$3.50, for \$2.50.
 One Table of Heavy Irish Knit half hose, in dark grey, heather and black, regular 35c and 40c, for 25c.
 One lot of Dent's Gloves, Heavy Mocha, Fleece Lined, regular \$1.50 for \$1.00 each.
 One lot of English Percalé Shirts, negligee, cuffs attached, a large range of patterns, regular \$1.25, for 90c.
 Men's English Natural Wool Underwear, regular \$2.25, for \$1.50 each, all sizes.
 Special offer of Boys' School Jerseys, Stockings, Caps, etc., etc.

Ladies' Shoes

Ladies' Kid Boots, heavy soles, sizes 6, 6 1-2 and 7; regular \$3 for \$2.
 Ladies' Heavy Calf Boots, leather lined, regular \$5 for \$4.
 Ladies' Gun Metal Colt Boots, regular \$4.50 for \$3.50.
 Ladies' Patent Boots, plain toes, regular \$4.50 for \$3.
 Ladies' White Satin Slippers, regular \$4.50 and \$3.75 for \$2.85.
 Ladies' Waterproof, two-buckle Overshoes, first quality, regular \$2.25 for \$1.75.
 Misses' Waterproof two-buckle Overshoes, first quality, sizes 11 and 2, regular \$1.75, for \$1.40.
 Ladies' Waterproof Storm Rubbers, first quality, regular \$1.10 for 85c.

5 per cent discount for cash, and special attention given to mail orders.

HENRY MORGAN & CO., Ltd., Montreal.

His Hairs were Numbered

Hamilton Clay was the body servant of Colonel Kennedy. He was also as black as night. No one in "the counties" ever called him by any other name than "Ham." It is doubtful if he would have recognized any other name. When emancipation came, Ham's father and mother elected to stay with the Colonel, who provided them with quarters and steady work on the plantation.

For many years after the war the ante-bellum customs were observed in the Colonel's family. One of these was the duty of instructing all the colored children in their religious obligations. This charge always devolved on the eldest daughter of the family, who, every Saturday afternoon, collected the children on the wide porch of the house and taught them catechism.

These Saturday gatherings, if not quite as aesthetic as the modern "pink teas," were, nevertheless, quite picturesque.

The bare-footed wearer of a pair of "gunny-sack" pants which reached up to his arm pits, would appear with a dickey, or removable shirt front, around his neck, and one cuff, which had at one time been white, and which even now stood out in strong contrast on the small ebony arm. The happy owner of a cast-off silk hat would be the envy of his less fortunate companions. A third would show his idea of quality by borrowing his father's top boots, and then show the inconsistency of his principles by looking down on his neighbor because his straw hat was crownless and his feet bare.

The "daughter of the house," fulfilled her duties until she went to the Visitation Convent at Georgetown to finish her education, or acquire an establishment of her own. The second girl would then assume the position of instructress until her turn came to leave home.

In this way it came about that all the children of the slaves in South-Maryland were well instructed in their religion—much better, in fact, than are the colored children of the present day. It is admitted by those who know, that the present colored people of this state have a much better knowledge of their duties to God and man than their children. In some respects and in some localities the emancipation of the slave has not been an unmixed blessing.

For many years after the war the old customs were retained as far as the altered conditions would admit. In this way it happened that Hamilton Washington Clay, or Ham, was well grounded in his catechism and in his religious duties generally. He was as black as ink, which was a sign that he came from an unmixed race. Quick, and with an adaptability for learning within a certain range, good natured, and with a laughing set of the whitest teeth, and with the whitest rolling eyes, it is little wonder that Ham was a general favorite with the children of "Colonel Kennedy's family."

The Colonel himself was very fond of his body servant. He looked after him closely. He kept him out of mischief as far as the watchful eye of a master could accomplish this difficult task. Ham had long since ceased going to the instruction of the young mistress, but for all that his master kept a keen eye upon him, making him go over his catechism again and again, and sometimes rewarding the boy with a cigar from his cigar case. On these occasions Ham would wait his opportunity and creep off behind some shed by himself and enjoy his smoke, chucking to himself the while when he thought how much better off he was "dan dem uddah niggahs." He would never dream of lighting his cigar in the presence of this master.

When Ham had grown to be a big fellow of nineteen, mischief came to him from a quarter of which the Colonel had never given a thought.

In the neighborhood of Mr. Kennedy's plantation there lived a number of negro Methodists, with a colored "pahnun" and a meeting house of their own. Ham had occasion frequently to pass through this section of the country when he would bring his master's mail from the postoffice. Sometimes on a Sunday he also wandered in that direction.

Now on one Sunday in June Hamilton Clay sauntered very near the meeting house when "meeting" was out. A little black cupid was there also, waiting for victims. Ham

suddenly saw a vision which nearly took his breath away. Miss Melinda Caroline Mason, dressed all in white, came from the chapel towards the young man, her dusky face surrounded by a "right smart" bonnet, in which our national colors shone out in unwonted splendor. The bonnet itself was white, the enormous flowers which crowned it were a brilliant red, while the ribbons which fluttered in the breeze were of a deeper blue than the southern sky. All this gorgeousness captivated poor Ham. Under the second button of his buff vest he felt an unusual beating—a thumping sensation at his ribs.

"Boy," he said to himself, "wat's de mattah wid you? I 'speeks you bin eatin' too much cawn bread, sho'."

Incapable of blushing, or at least of showing his blushes, he did the next best thing. He rolled the white of his eyes, exhibited as large an area of cuffs as possible, and clapped his right hand on that part of his anatomy where he supposed his heart to be located.

Miss Melinda Caroline caught sight of him, and she was similarly affected. The little black cupid had taken good aim. The two made sheep's eyes at each other. Melinda thought Ham's big cuffs and bigger double collar, with his scarlet tie, were perfection. At the same moment Ham would have sworn that neither art nor nature could have produced anything more superb than that wonderful bonnet.

"A right smart day, Miss Melinder," began Ham tentatively.

"Right smart, Mistah Ham," replied the black Hebe.

"Been to meetin', Miss Melinder?"

"Yes, hez you been to meetin', too?"

"No. I 'se a Cath'lic, Miss Melinder, an' Marse Col'nel makes us culled folks go to church 'arfy in de mornin'."

"Oh! youse orter hyah Brother Zebekiah at de Bible preachin', Mistah Ham, he's de best culled preacher I 'se eber heard."

Hamilton Clay said he preferred the instructions of the priest. Evading the topic of religion he got along famously on other subjects. Whether it was the bonnet or the magnetic attraction of Melinda's white eyes, or Melinda's laughing teeth, he did not know, but many times during the summer and fall months Ham met Melinda, accidentally, of course, on her way to, or coming from, the meeting house.

Colonel Kennedy began to notice the frequent absence of his body servant during those times when the boy was free to go where he pleased. He determined to look into the affair. He was saved the trouble, for one day in the fall Ham appeared before his master. He seemed nervous.

"What is it, Ham?" asked the Colonel.

"Oh! Marse Cur'nel, I 'se wants to know if you has no 'jections if I goes to der Methodeh meetin' 'ouse wid Miss Melinder Car'line Mason."

"Oh! that's the way the wind blows, is it? Go to the meeting house? Why, no, of course not. Don't you know that's the devil's thin end of the wedge by which he would make you lose your faith?"

"Neber feah 'bout dat, Marse Kennedy. I 'se not goin' to give dat up for the best culled gal in Maryland."

"That's right, Ham. Keep to that. You must not go to the meeting house. But who is this Melinder?"

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CAUGHT COLD ON THE C.P.R.

A. E. Mumford tells how Psychine cured him after the Doctors gave him up

"It is twelve years since Psychine cured me of galloping consumption." The speaker was Mr. A. E. Mumford, six feet tall, and looking just what he is a husky healthy farmer. He works his own farm near Magneta, Ont.

"I caught my cold working as a fireman on the C.P.R.," he continued. "I had night sweats, chills and fever and frequently coughed up pieces of my lungs. I was sinking fast and the doctors said there was no hope for me. Two months treatment of Psychine put me right on my feet and I have had no return of lung trouble since."

If Mr. Mumford had started to take Psychine when he first caught cold he would have saved himself a lot of anxiety and suffering. Psychine cures all lung troubles by killing the germs—the roots of the disease.

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

Larger sizes 81 and 82—all druggists. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, Limited, Toronto.

linda?"

Ham began to show his teeth. He stood first on one foot, then on the other, twirled his hat around and around, and continued to grin.

"Well, who is she?"

"She's daughter of ole Josiah Eben Mason, w'at lived on de Mattingly plantation afore de war; eugh!"

"Is she a good girl, Ham?"

"Good! boss—eugh! She's de fin'st culled gal in dis 'ere state, eugh!" and Hamilton Washington Clay gave a musical guttural sound indicative of intense satisfaction, but almost impossible to put on paper.

He was not generally so free in his manners before his master, who, this time, made all allowances.

"Ham, do you see that broad strap on the wall there?"

"Yes, sah," said Ham, sobered at once.

"Now, if I hear at any time you have been into that meeting house I'll see how closely it will fit across your shoulders. If Melinda must have a cavalier on going and coming from church, you must wait outside."

Hamilton did not know what a cavalier meant, but he gathered enough to know that he was not forbidden to see Melinda.

The cold days of autumn came. Ham then found it very inconvenient to wait outside the meeting house in the sharp wind. The meeting house had a large entrance, in which was a stove. This seemed a much more pleasant place in which to wait, so one-day he asked Colonel Kennedy if he might not go in there.

"I promise you dat dis chile won't go to no Methodist meeting."

Mr. Kennedy consented, seeing that opposition was practically useless. The next Sunday Ham ensconced himself behind the stove, waiting for the reappearance of Melinda. Now, the meeting house was a frame building, and Clay, through the thin door, heard the whole sermon of Brother Zebekiah. When the service was over the first person to leave the church, was the same white-headed colored preacher.

"Woh! wot' you doin' hyah, chile?" he said.

"Well, pahnun, I just 'specks I 'se waitin' for some one hyah."

"But, chile, why didn't you come in an' heah de preachin'?"

"Kase I doan' beleib in yo' preachin' nohow."

"Bress my soul, but it's de gospel o' de Lawd. We 'ez de pure gospel hyar. Didn't you heah me a preachin' thro' de do'?"

"Guess I did, boss, sho'; spesh'ly when you riz it."

"Chile," said the old man, solemnly, "I 'se thinkin' you's lyin'. Wot wuz de tex' dis blessed ebenin'?"

"Yo' tex' was 'The hyahs o' yo' 'ed is numbered.'"

"Yes, dat's so. Dat's de blessed gospel tex'. But yo's a Cath'lic, so you don't know nothin' 'bout these things."

"Hum! eh! Wot's dat? Ken yer 'spond to all my questions?" said Ham, with a knowing look at Melinda.

"Sho I kin, an' wull, too."

"Yes," interposed Melinda, "that's a promise, an' if he does, Mistah Ham, you's got to go to meetin' wid me, eh? An' if er don't, I goes to de Cath'lic Church wid you, eh? That's de promise, eh?"

"Dat's so," replied Ham, whose eyes were merrily twinkling.

"Dere ain't no question, chile, dat you kin ask dat dis niggah can't

"spond to."

"All right. Now, you say all the hairs of my head are numbered?"

"Sho', don't de blessed book say so?"

"Well, then," said Hamilton, as he pulled out a kinky hair from his head "wot de number o' dis one?"

"Umph! Ugh! Wot's dat question agin'?"

"Wots de number o' dis one?" repeated Ham, still holding a hair between his black finger and thumb.

"Ugh! chile, don't you be askin' foolishness," said the puzzled and crestfallen preacher.

"I done 'low," put in Melinda, "you got to 'splain dat ere question else I goes with Ham to the Cath'lic church."

And she went, for the difficulty was too great for "de pahnun."

Peggy of the Pines.

By Temple Bailey.

"John Carter!"

The name seems to come out of her dreams. Peggy opens her eyes a little dazed.

Of course there are other John Carters. Carter is a rather commonplace name, after all. So is John.

The high heels of Peggy's patent leathers click on the polished floor of the alcove, and Peggy's blue kimonoed figure appears between the curtains of the arch that divides the room.

"Sleepy-head!" is Catherine's scornful welcome.

Peggy smiles and trails languidly over to a low chair by the fire. She sits down and shakes a veil of soft red-brown hair over her flushed cheeks.

Edith passed her the box of chocolates, and the conversation goes on. "I wonder which one of us it is," sighs Louise.

"If the corner of the conservatory could speak I think it would whisper 'Catherine,'" says Edith.

The color that flames up into Catherine's cheeks matches the red of her crepe gown.

But Peggy, looking through her veil of hair, sees that she likes it. Likes to be teased about Jack, Peggy's Jack—well, not exactly her's—yet, but he has proposed to her every year since she was in pinafores and if she hasn't said "yes"—

"A box for Miss Catherine," states the soft-voiced maid at the door.

The box is full of red, glowing roses—American beauties.

Catherine takes the card out of the little white envelope, and looks at the girls complacently.

"John Carter," she reads.

Oh, little Peggy, little Peggy, it is well that your face is hidden by the silken veil, for your blushes are gone.

Edith's lips are set in a rather tense line.

"What does he say?"

"Red as a rose is she."

"Rather hackneyed for a clever man," comments Edith.

"There is another box for Miss Edith," says the maid, "and one for Miss Louise."

"Not a single valentine for you, baby," says Louise to Peggy. "But the men haven't found you out yet."

She opens her box, gives one glance at the card and leans over to see Edith's.

Then the two girls laugh.

"John Carter!"

Across Catherine's smooth forehead there flickers just the shadow of a frown, but she rallies.

"How impartial. What does he say on yours, girls?"

Louise had orchids, Edith violets. Each card contains a maudlin valentine sentiment, but Peggy listens to the conventional lines with

prejudiced ears. There is only one consolation. Jack isn't a Mormon. He can't marry all three of them!

But over Catherine's face there broods something of dissatisfaction, and Edith gathers up her violets and slips out of the room without a word. After a while the other girls follow, and Peggy is left alone.

She goes and stands by the window, where, through the grey mist, she can see the blurred lights of the big city. Oh, how homesick she is. She wants to see Mammy Chloe and Aunt Sophia, and, most of all, she wants to hear the wind sighing through the pines.

She goes over to her trunk and from its very bottom she drags out a big box, and as the darkness comes on, she muses sadly over the bits of lace paper and faded ribbons.

The girls find her thus when they come in later.

"Valentines?" says Louise. "Old ones?" She picks up a tiny lace paper affair with two red hearts and a cupid.

Roses red and violets blue. Sugar is sweet and so are you. "That came when I was 7," says Peggy.

"Are they all from one man. Oh, Peggy, Peggy, I believe you have a romance."

"They are all from Jack," says Peggy without malice, and then she stands blushing, for what will they think of Mr. John Carter now?

But the name suggests nothing to the three girls.

"Someone you know in Virginia?" asked Catherine.

And Peggy knows that, after all, she has told nothing, and she resolves to hold her own.

"He has sent me one each year since I was 5. We grew up together."

"Why, what a little romance," says Edith indulgently, with amused and uplifted eyebrows behind Peggy's back. "Of course he loves you."

"Of course," says Peggy, with an assurance she is far from feeling.

"And you love him."

"I haven't told him so," says Peggy, and the girls looked at her open-eyed. They are not used to small Virginia princesses who have to be wooed long.

"A box for Miss Margaret," announces the maid.

"Margaret? Oh," says Catherine, puzzled, "Oh, Peggy, she means for you."

"Yes," says Peggy, and reaches over her hand.

The girls watch her while she unties the string.

"Do you wish a light, miss?" asks the maid.

But Peggy does not hear her, for there steals into the room a faint, wonderful fragrance, the fragrance of the pines of Virginia.

Louise steps forward and lifts the cover. Under the waxed paper in the long box are silky tassels of shining green, wet still with the moisture of the woods.

There is an envelope, half hidden under the mass of green. Peggy's hand shuts over it; she has seen the writing. No prying eyes shall read John Carter's message to "his fourth girl," as she calls herself bitterly.

"Read it, Peggy," cries Louise.

But Peggy stands up, defiant, the box in her arms.

"Go and dress," she commands.

"We shall never get ready."

"The country lover," comments Catherine, as the girls go to their rooms.

But when the girls are gone, Peggy does not move for a little while. She stands very still, with a pale little face. Then suddenly she buries her face in the scented green. At last, with trembling fingers, she tears open the envelope. But no single line of worn-out sentiment confronts her. Within is a sheet of closely-written paper:

"My dear Peggy—I am in Paradise with the Eve left out. I am in the woods, but the spirit of the pines is away, and the old, old trees sigh and sigh, and whisper with me brokenheartedly. Where is our Peggy?"



COLORED GOODS.

Maybe you've found it hard to bring your colored clothes out of the wash clean and bright, without fading or running or looking messy. If you try "SURPRISE" Soap you will see the difference in results. You know, "SURPRISE" is a pure soap, and there's nothing in it to hurt either the color or the fabric. And then no hard rubbing or boiling is necessary, so the colors don't get weakened and smudgy.

Some folks say they would buy and use "SURPRISE" Soap for colored clothes if it cost a dollar a cake, so it's pretty plain why so many people use it when it costs no more than common soap.

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP

"When Mammy Chloe told me that you had joined Louise Dalton's house party, the light went out of the sun. I want you here, and I had traveled all these miles that I might come to you on St. Valentine's day and ask you again—for the thirtieth time, dear—if you wouldn't."

"Mammy Chloe says that you are homesick. So dear heart, I send you a bit of home. To the other girls I have sent flowers and verses that mean nothing, but to my Peggy I send her own pine.

"I shall get back to New York with this and send it up to you to let you know that I shall dine at the Dalton's to-night. I found a note from Louise and will telephone her. Come down early, and I will meet you at the foot of the stairway. And Peggy, oh, Peggy, if you mean to say 'yes' this time, wear a bit of the pine, and I will know that my Peggy is my own—at last."

"JACK."

An hour later a wonderful little figure in a pale green trailing gown, with a rope of pearls around her young neck, and a silken bit of pine among the laces at her breast, comes out of the door, and glides down the hall. As she reaches Louise's room she sees that the rest of the girls are there, but she passes by unheeding.

Down the corridor to the stairway. The girls follow her, and look over the railing as she turns the curve below them.

"She is really beautiful," says Catherine, as the light falls on the up-turned, radiant face.

"Poor Virginia lover," laughs Edith, "if Peggy looks like that all the evening he will have rivals."

Just then a man comes across the broad hall and advances to meet Peggy.

He is tall, strong and handsome. "John Carter," breathes Catherine, and starts to descend.

But Edith holds her back. "Look," she says.

They meet half way up the stairway—little Peggy and John Carter. He takes her hand in his. Then there is a breathless moment and the watchers slip away discreetly.


"Jack!" they say, with a light breaking in upon them.

And then they know—beautiful Catherine, and stately Edith, and gracious Louise—that it is little Peggy, after all—little Peggy of the Pines.

Renan's Latter-day Confession.

Renan, the French apostate, once made a confession—and that in his latter years. Read it and pass it on to those whose pride forbids their submission to an infallible teacher: "Had I stayed in Brittany, I should ever have remained a stranger to that vanity which the world has loved and encouraged. I mean a measure of deftness in evoking a jingle of words and ideas. Paris this pleased them; and perchance to my misfortune, I was constrained to continue it. . . . I see around me pure and simple men, in whom Christianity is sufficient to produce virtue and honor. Ah, God, save them from ever having aroused in them that wretched faculty, that fatal spirit of criticism, which so imperiously demands satisfaction; and which, when satisfied, leaves the soul so few sweet enjoyments! Would to God it lay with me to stifle it! . . . Have I, therefore, lost all hope of returning to Catholicism? Ah, such a thought would be too cruel for me! No, I no longer hope to return by rational process; but I have often been on the verge of a complete revolt from a guide which at times I mistrusted. The regret of my life is to have chosen for my studies a line of research which will never be quieted, and which always endures through enticing questioning as to a reality forever vanquished."


The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial.



Burdock Blood Bitters

Holds a position unrivalled by any other blood medicine as a cure for

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, BOILS, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or any disease arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. When you require a good blood medicine get BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.



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Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mellman, New Germany, N.S., writes:— "I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared. PRICE 25 CENTS."

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Good Beaver Cloth or Melton. Well finished, well trimmed. Good satin or farmer satin lining, fit guaranteed. See our assortment. Prices from \$25.00 up.

Acknowledgment from Missionary.

Udyavara P.O., via Mangalore, India. Editor True Witness, Montreal, Canada.

Dear Sir: I am duly in receipt of your express order for \$14.00. I beg of you to convey by means of your esteemed paper my sincerest thanks to all the benefactors who have so kindly answered my appeal.

Such is the plain tale I have to tell, and a sad one it undoubtedly is. We are without a Church, and I have been saying Mass in the verandah of a parochial house of limited dimensions.

Before concluding I have to tell you that since I last wrote to you difficulties of a far more distressing kind have come over me and my whole congregation.

Before concluding, may I not request your charity, dearest sir, to continue publishing my appeal in some of the subsequent issues, in the way you know to be the best?

Pardon me, dear sir, for all the trouble I am giving you, and for the advantage I am taking of your kindness.

P.S.—In the United States the donations may be sent to The Editor, The Messenger, 27-29 West 16th street, New York city, and in England to The Very Rev. Father Provincial, S.J., 31 Farm street, London, W., and in Canada to The True Witness, Box 1138, Montreal.

FUR TRIMMED CLOTH OVERCOATS.

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A CHURCH CLOSED UNDER THE ORDERS OF A MAGISTRATE.

A Whole Congregation without a Place of Worship.

Dear Sir: Allow me to address to you a humble appeal on behalf of a Catholic Congregation in extreme distress in far-off India.

My congregation of nearly 1200 souls, living amidst heathen and heretic, has just been suddenly deprived of its Church, the same having been closed under the orders of the Magistrate, as being in a condition of imminent danger to the worshippers.

The Church—a sorry apology for one—was a modest structure with accommodation for a thousand persons. The building had been finished some thirty years ago. But owing to extremely strained resources, it had had to be put together part by part.

Such is the plain tale I have to tell, and a sad one it undoubtedly is. We are without a Church, and I have been saying Mass in the verandah of a parochial house of limited dimensions.

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RECOMMENDATION OF HIS LORDSHIP THE BISHOP OF MANGALORE.

I cannot sufficiently recommend to the charity of all the very urgent need of the Church of Udyavara, where a whole population is without a place of worship.

of India, St. Francis Xavier, to whom the new Church will be dedicated.

A. CAVADINI, S.J., Bishop of Mangalore.

CONTRIBUTIONS FOR MISSIONARY.

Previously acknowledged..... \$21.25 Miss Walsh, Huntingdon..... 4.00 Total received to date..... \$25.25

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A Cure for Fever and Ague—Farnelle's Vegetable Pills are compounded for use in any climate, and they will be found to preserve their powers in any latitude.

OBITUARY.

MR. J. J. DURACK.

The death occurred on Tuesday of Mr. John James Durack, of the Montreal Post Office, after a long illness. The funeral took place from his late residence, 30 Park avenue, to St. Patrick's Church, where a solemn requiem mass was sung, interment afterwards taking place at Cote des Neiges.

PERSONAL.

Archbishop Bruches left on Monday night for Worcester, Mass., where he was the guest of the Rev. Abbe Perrault. To-day, His Grace attended the consecration of the Church at Notre Dame de Lourdes, at Fall River.

The Mystery Of the Nerves

And the Certainty with which Nervous Diseases are cured by

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Professional men, as well as laymen, have been puzzled over the mysteries of the nervous system, but this much is certain; that nerve force is created from pure, rich blood, and, with the exception of accidental injuries, diseases of the nerves arise from a thin, watery condition of the blood.

On this principle, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food was prepared, for this great food cure actually forms a certain amount of pure, rich blood every day. Not only is this treatment scientifically correct, but the enormous success which it has attained has proven it to be unequalled as a cure for all diseases resulting from thin, watery blood.

When you cannot sleep well, suffer from nervous headaches and indigestion, brain fog, irritability, trembling or twitching of the nerves, and feel downhearted or discouraged, turn to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food as the most certain means of restoring vitality to the nervous system, and of avoiding nervous prostration, paralysis, or some dreadful form of helplessness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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November 14. Flour—Manitoba spring wheat patents, \$4.40 to \$4.60; strong bakers, \$3.90 to \$4.10; winter wheat patents \$4 to \$4.20; and straight rollers, \$3.75 to \$3.85 in wood; in bags, \$1.65 to \$1.75; extra, in bags, \$1.50 to \$1.60. Rolled Oats—\$2.10 to \$2.15 in bags of 90 lbs. Oats—No. 2, 42 1-2c per bushel; No. 3, 41 1-2c to 42c; No. 4, 40 1-2c to 41c.

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BOSTON, LOWELL, 9:40 a.m., 7:45 p.m. SPRINGFIELD, HARTFORD, 7:45 p.m. TORONTO, CHICAGO, 10:30 a.m., 10:00 p.m. OTTAWA, 8:40 a.m., 8:40 a.m., 10:40 a.m., 10:40 p.m. SHERBROOKE, 7:30 a.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:25 p.m. ST. JOHN, HALIFAX, 11:20 p.m. ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, 10:15 p.m. WINNIPEG, CALGARY, 8:40 a.m., 10:40 p.m. VANCOUVER, 10:40 p.m.

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Honey—White clover in comb, 13c to 14c; dark, 10c to 11c per pound section; white extract, 10c to 10 1-2c; buckwheat, 7c to 8 1-2c per pound. Provisions—Barrels, short cut mess \$22 to \$24; 1-2 brls \$11.75 to \$12.50 clear fat back, \$23.50; long cut heavy mess, \$20.50; 1-2 barrel do., \$10.75; dry salt long clear bacon, 12 1-4c to 12 3-4c; barrels, plate beef, \$12 to \$13.00; half barrels do., \$6.50 to \$7.00; barrels heavy mess beef, \$11.00; half barrels do., \$6.00; compound lard, 8c to 9 1-2c; pure lard, 12 1-2c to 13c; kams, 14c to 15 1-2c, according to size; breakfast bacon, 15c to 16c; Windsor bacon, 15c to 16 1-2c; fresh killed abattoir dressed hogs, \$9 to \$9.25; alive, \$6.50 to \$6.75. Eggs—New laid, 32c; No. 1 candled, 21c. Cheese—Fall made, Ontario, 12 1-2c to 12 3-4c; Quebec, 12c to 12 1-8c. Butter—Choice creamery, 25c to 25 1-2c; medium grades, 24c to 24 3-4c.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1906. Store closes at 5.30 daily

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New Worsted Suitings, in plain colors and shadow checks, 44 inches wide, and all wool. Special..... 55c Fancy Tweed Suitings, in a nice range of the latest effects and colorings. Should sell at 89c. Special..... 69c New English Homespuns, in light and dark shades, overchecks, and basket effects, 48 inches wide, usually \$1.10. Special..... 87c French Venetian Cloth in a complete range of new colorings; thorough shrunk and unspotted, 52 inches wide, worth \$1.25. Special..... 95c New Canadian Homespuns, 54 inches wide, nothing better for ladies' plain tweed tailored suits. Special..... \$1.05 New Parisian Dress Lengths, no two alike, exclusive in design, 8 yards to piece, worth \$18. Special..... \$11.60

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EVENING GLOVES Ladies' Long Silk Evening Gloves, elbow length, in Black, White, Two prices to choose from. \$1.00 to..... \$1.25 Ladies' Real French Suede and French Glove Kid evening Gloves in black and white; 12 buttons, \$2; also 20-button length. For..... \$2.50

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4 Trains Daily. 7:30 A.M. DAY EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Bic, Rimouski and Little Metis.

12 noon MARITIME EXPRESS for St. Hyacinthe, Drummondville, Levis, Quebec, Riviere du Loup, Moncton, St. John, Halifax and the Sydney.

7:30 P.M. OCEAN LIMITED for Levis, (Quebec) Murray Bay, Cap a l'Aigle, Riviere du Loup, Cacouna, Little Metis, Madawaska, Moncton, St. John and Halifax.

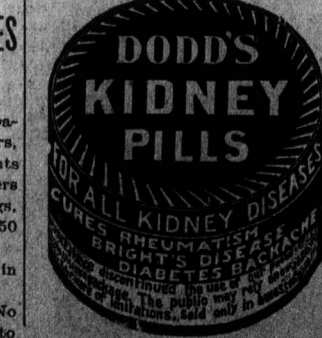
11:40 NIGHT EXPRESS for Quebec and Montreal. Intermediate stations. Passengers leaving by the Maritime Express at 12 noon, Tuesdays, at 11:45 p.m. A sleeping car is attached to this train, which passengers occupy after 9:00 p.m.

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St. Lawrence Hall—41 St. James street, or Bonaventure Depot, Tel. Main 615. J. J. McCUNIFF, City Pass & Tkt. Agent.

SMOKE CARROLL'S RENOWNED "PREMIER" COIL TOBACCO

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Vol. LVI, No. 117. (Rev. Henry H. W. New York Freeman I left the car at After it had jounced over the cross-track other passenger who He was a young p simple dress, as m of his reverent, th geated at once the emergence from the lifted his hat to m ness which went s heart. I did not nor ask his name, f priests who stream Francisco from ever world is tradition is introduction eno he is a stranger. now that I never that we met and t and he remains fo personality, a typi ing over me no c confidence. "I am light-heart I said, as he fell i side me. "Light-h the lime, and tunc ance was paid to-up the California as it is, seems sho the climb back t tion of our ruin ready the tempora for the rafters." "You are echoin Father," he repliee steep path upwar —I could hardly son with a priest's soberly,—"my path yours." I gave him a qu tioning. The bla Grace Episcopal C lornly a block fur Could he be—? But his followi sured me: "I mea near the end, and all before me." Of course this b sweeter to the ol encourage the beg limest task? So stood beneath the Old St. Mary's, w way towards eas Over his head, o church tower, stone panel whic sailor boys who with us, the nam with the motto." stream of spiritu sculptured words as grim and time the city in its d observe the time, But my friend v the condition o than the warning. "It looks as if let dug from a B he said. "Yes," I asse iron in a few ho take years to acc these miles of a ruins! Three de given them the a desolation." "You are inter gy?" he asked v condensation. "Wouldn't artic word?" I offer eology's facts r cles?" "Ah-h! Your is exactly what expect. We have tied with the h of elapsed time t taught to fear th fic analysis. "For example, erly, as if a wal around us imp htm, "those ruin represent what t marvelously scien picture, sitting e examining carefu charred stanchio for us the shop vanished parish simple lives, ev speech the fervor old church on characterized th