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Witness

The Senate,
Jan 1 1907

Vol. LVI., No. 14

MONTREAL, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1906

PRICE FIVE CENTS

"Ireland's Hour of Deliverance is at Hand"

Such was the note throughout T. P. O'Connor's Splendid Speech in Stanley Hall.

Large and Enthusiastic Audience Greet the Genial Irish Member.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., arrived in the city yesterday morning and immediately registered at the Windsor Hotel. Almost his first visitors were several reporters from the different city papers. A most cordial reception indeed was accorded them by the genial Irish member, who led them to believe that a talk with them would be a very pleasant task, he having himself formerly belonged to that very noble calling of journalism. The result of the interview can be put in very few words, and that is that Home Rule is bound to be accorded to Ireland during the present Parliament. Hence nothing further could be said but that "Ireland's hour of deliverance is at hand."

Home Rule been as eloquently or as moderately presented to the people of Montreal as it was last night by Mr. T. P. O'Connor at Stanley Hall. The Irish leader was evidently dealing with his life work to an audience who knew and appreciated what he was doing—and it was an audience which was by no means confined to those of Hibernian descent—yet he presented his views with a moderation and a breadth of principle that time and again compelled the enthusiastic plaudits of his hearers.

His whole argument was that the granting of Home Rule to Ireland, as to Canada and the other self-governing colonies of the Empire, would be the best thing possible for Great Britain as for Ireland, and that the one thing wanting to com-

and consistency of our people, which has been tried by seven centuries of continued struggle. But, like an army in the field, we have occasionally to think of the war chest at home, just as the Japanese, in defeating Russia, found that Europe and America, by accepting her loans to finance the war, had passed a vote of confidence in the new Empire of the Orient. As to moral support, in all my travels in the United States, and my intercourse with their people in Europe, I have never yet met an American who was not a friend to the cause of self-government for Ireland.

"And," continued Mr. O'Connor, "coming as I do fresh from the United States, I may say that the President of that country has instructed me to say that his affection and re-

Mr. O'Connor took as an axiom that the only true foundation of government was the consent of the governed, and pointed out that never since the fatal day, 106 years ago, when the Irish Parliament had been destroyed by a man who did not truly represent the Irish people, had those people ceased to protest against that destruction and demand its re-establishment. "And even in that parliament," he said, "which did not represent the people, every member whom force could not intimidate, and whom gold could not corrupt—everyone fought to the last against that crime against Ireland."

As to the solidarity of the Irish people in support of the national movement, Mr. O'Connor pointed out that since 1885, when they first secured a suffrage, which enabled the majority to voice their views, out of 100 members from Ireland, over eighty had been regularly sent to Westminster to support the cause of self-government, no matter how party votes might sway the results elsewhere. That proved that the present system of government had not the consent of the governed.

"And what have been the effects of 10 years of government from Westminster?" asked the speaker. There had been one great famine, which cost the lives of over a million people, and two partial famines. Famines, which had not been caused by nature, but had been artificially produced by the system of landlordism, which rack-rented the peasant, and sent out of the country the food which should have kept them alive. "These famines," he said, "were produced by a system, the worst ever inflicted upon a poor nation by a more powerful nation."

Another test which he applied was that of population, which could readily be appreciated by the people of Canada, who knew that the prosperity of their country was gauged by its growth in this regard. The result of Westminster rule was that whereas in 1846 Ireland had nine million people, to-day it had less than four million, and the loss was still going on, as he saw when he sailed for America, and saw four hundred board the vessel from Ireland. Still another test was the fact that the marriage rate in Ireland was lower than in any European country.

CHANCES FOR IRELAND.

Then, as to taxation, Mr. O'Connor quoted the sardonic statement of Mr. Thomas Locke, a member of the present British administration, who said: "Since the Union the population of England has nearly quadrupled, while her taxation has halved. Since the Union the taxation of Ireland has doubled and her population has halved."

"Could I better summarize what self-government has done for England and what it has done for Ireland?" asked Mr. O'Connor.

But the question is, what are the chances for Ireland getting self-government at the present time. As to this he took a very hopeful view. There were two methods of governing a people against her will—by force, and by the creation of a debauched governing class, and both systems had been tried in Ireland; but the latter had turned, and now many of the official class was finding that self-government was not only not disreputable but fashionable, and they were getting ready to turn their coats.

From this Mr. O'Connor dealt at length with the administration of the laws in Ireland, and argued that the judicial and jury system there was not administered in accordance with true ideals of freedom, but were dictated by political powers, the whole thing being very much at the mercy of the Government of the day, especially as the jury system could be dispensed with by proclamation from the lieutenant-governor and trial compelled before two magistrates, who were necessarily political creatures. The result was what was styled political crimes—but in Ireland, as in Russia, "political crime" was the direct result of the want of free institutions. Give the freedom and the "crime" would disappear.

Another sign of the failure of government from Westminster, which Mr. O'Connor presented, was the

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Some People's Lives

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

ABBEY'S EFFERVESCENT

Irish education system, which he declared was in a deplorable state, the schools being few and ridiculously badly equipped.

"It is not the public opinion of Ireland that settles this question," cried the orator, "but the bigotry and prejudice of certain sections of public opinion in England."

But though this was a gloomy picture, Mr. O'Connor said that he was full of hope for the immediate future. Ireland was on the upgrade, and in all directions the effect of the constant work of the past twenty-seven years was apparent in the uplifting of the people by the recent legislation which permitted them to purchase land instead of being ground down by the absentee system of landlordism.

THE PRESENT POSITION.

As to the prospects of home rule, Mr. O'Connor said he believed them to be very bright. There were twenty three parliaments within the Empire—would the Empire be wrecked if there were twenty-four? Further nothing would tend more to the cementing of the growing rapprochement between the British and American people than the giving of justice to the Irish, which was at present a great stumbling block to mutual friendship between the two nations.

As to the present position in England, Mr. O'Connor said the people had said to the Tories at the last election, "When you talk about Home Rule meaning the dismemberment of the Empire, you are talking rank sheer idiotic nonsense." The democracy of the British Islands was with the Irish people, as was shown by the fact that the growing labor party in the House of Commons was with them to a man, and ready to unite with the Irish members to overthrow the present government if it refused this measure. But Mr. O'Connor said he felt confident that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would prove faithful to his past professions, and would in due time bring in a home rule measure for Ireland, which he had so vigorously supported in the past, not only because it was good for Ireland, but because it was good for the Empire.

"The hour of Ireland's deliverance is at hand. It may be delayed a few, two or three years, but what are they in the life of a nation? After seven centuries of struggle and bloodshed and suffering we are in sight of the promised land. After all this misunderstanding of centuries the people of England and Ireland are at last beginning to know and appreciate each other. Twenty-five years from now this question will be almost forgotten, and over the graves of the men from Ireland who fought this fight there will be many an Englishman to declare that though misunderstood in their time the men who fought for Irish self-government were the true friends who saw and fought for what was good both for England and Ireland and for the Empire."

Letter Read in Churches on Sunday.

Defining Nationality of family

Thus Obviating any Misunderstanding

A pastoral letter was read last Sunday in all city churches explaining fully to parishioners what church as a family they must attend. It reads as follows:

"To obviate as much as possible the difficulties that may arise from the interpretation of the law concerning national parishes, with the assent of our chapter, we have enacted and by these presents we promulgate the following:

"The head of the house decides the nationality of the family, and for the ends which we have in view, on the language spoken by the said head of the house depends the nationality of the family.

"In the case of a marriage between Catholics and non-Catholics, the nationality of the Catholic party decides the parish to which the family belongs.

"Those who do not live at home belong to the parish of their own nationality and not to the parish of the family with which they may be living.

"Catholics who are not of the nationality of the parishes established where they have their residence shall continue to belong to the territorial parishes, as may be inferred from the decrees relating to the erection of parishes. However, those among them who are more familiar with the language spoken in national parishes may choose to belong to any one of them, after having notified the bishop to that effect."

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., makes Masterly Speech in Limerick.

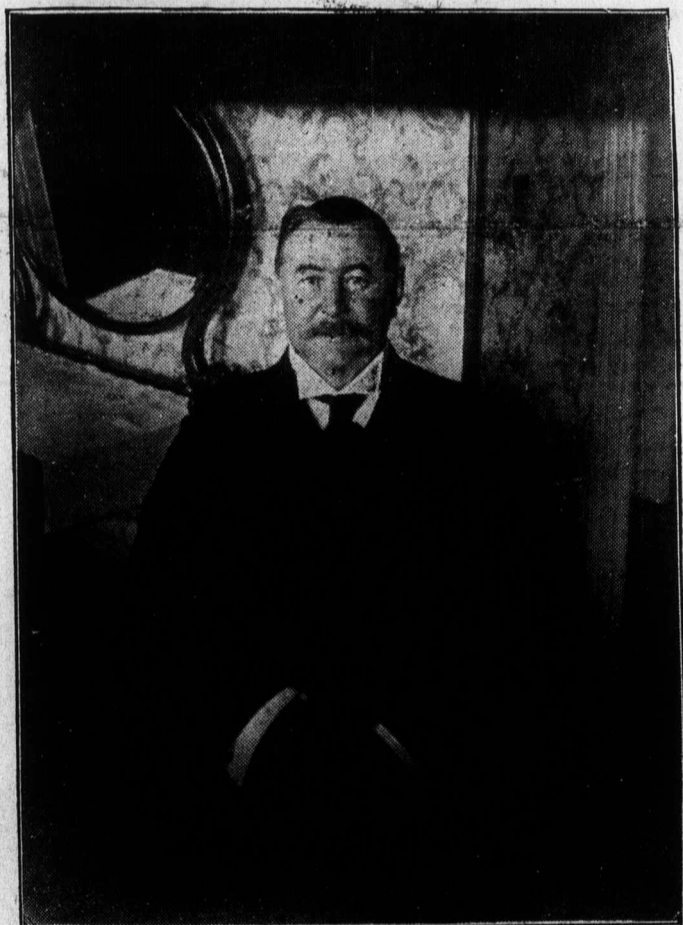
At Grange, Co. Limerick, on a recent Sunday, Mr. John Redmond, M.P., addressed a demonstration of enormous proportions. No compromise on the Home Rule question was the gist of his eloquent speech, which was vigorously applauded throughout. Referring to the measure which, it is said, the Government intend to introduce next season, he said he was not consulted about it and knew absolutely nothing of its details. Neither the leaders nor any of the representatives of the Irish people had been consulted. They had, however, the consolation that if they did not know the Government's mind, the Government would know theirs. They stood that day where they always stood. Nothing short of a complete measure of Home Rule, and by that he meant a freely elected Parliament with an executive responsible to it, could ever be accepted as a settlement of the Irish question; nothing short of such a scheme of Home Rule could ever bring peace, prosperity, or contentment to Ireland. He saw it stated that, because during the five or six weeks since Parliament rose he had been silent, he was prepared, or had agreed to accept, a scheme of administrative reform as a substitute for Home Rule. That was absolutely false. If he or his colleagues had been false enough or foolish enough to agree to accept any such thing as a settlement of the Irish question, they would in one week be repudiated by the mass of the Irish people in every part of the world as well as Ireland.

President Roosevelt Received T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

President Roosevelt on Saturday last received T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Michael J. Ryan, of Philadelphia, the new president of the United Irish League of America.

The President, alluding to his forthcoming article on the Celtic Saens, declared that his study of them had made him realize more than ever the high place Ireland occupies in the story of learning and civilization, and that no man, particularly with Irish blood in his veins, could fail to have his respect for himself and his race enormously heightened by such studies. He then asked Mr. O'Connor to give this message to the Irish people, that his affection and admiration for them grew stronger every year, and he expressed his sincere wishes for their welfare and prosperity.

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



T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P. FOR THE SCOTTISH DIVISION OF LIVERPOOL.

pected from the House of Lords, but pointed out that sympathy might be expected from Lord Lansdowne, the leader, and further said he had never known the House of Lords to reject a measure in favor of which the people had expressed themselves by an overwhelming majority. If the measure were rejected by them, in spite of an overwhelming majority—"well, I should think," said Mr. O'Connor, "that the House of Lords would find itself face to face, not with Ireland, but with England, and I should be quite content to await the issue."

"Bad, very bad," was his description of the present condition of Ireland—a diminishing population, the lowest marriage rate in Europe; crushing taxation; a bloated civil service; 13,000 policemen where 8000 ought to be sufficient; 13 or 12 Supreme Court judges, where four would be quite enough; and a general system of force and corruption. Seldom has the cause of Irish

plete the independent glory of the Empire was the wiping out of the fact that the people of Ireland were governed against their will in matters where the will of the Irish people should govern as absolutely as does the will of the various provinces of Canada.

For an hour and a quarter Mr. O'Connor discussed the position of affairs with regard to Ireland. He left off with the impression that he could have said a great deal more, and that the audience would have enjoyed hearing a great deal more from him.

In opening, Mr. O'Connor referred to the fact that, although this was his third visit to this continent, it was his first tour of Canada, and he was charmed to find that his own people were taking so vigorous a part in the affairs of the Dominion.

"Like all politicians," said he, "the success of our movement depends primarily upon the patriotism

gard for the Irish people, some of whose blood flows in his veins, has strengthened his strength, and that he prays and hopes for the welfare of the Irish people."

As to the lesser leaders of the United States, Mr. O'Connor said that at the famous Philadelphia meeting adhesion to the Irish cause had been promised by no less than 39 Governors of States, and the majority of the Senate.

SOLUTION IN CANADA.

"As to Canada," continued the speaker, "I am not yet competent to speak fully. But I can say that if there be a country in the world which has solved what is by some falsely regarded as the irreconcilable problem of national government and local government, of national unity and local liberty, that country is Canada, with its federal and provincial parliaments." (Applause.)

HOME INTERESTS.

Conducted by HELENE.

The wise woman is a good listener as well as a good conversationalist. It is much more of an art to draw out the best thoughts of other people than it is to converse well oneself.

AN IDOLATER.

The baby has no skies But mother's eyes; Nor any God above; But mother's love;

His angel sees the Father's face, But he the mother's, full of grace; And yet the heavenly kingdom is Of such as this.

-J. B. Tabb, in Evangelist.

WOMAN'S INTUITION.

That a woman's intuition is more trustworthy than a man's judgment has long been conceded by unbiased masculines. A good test—a perennial one—is furnished by the United States Treasury at Washington.

LEFT-OVER VEGETABLES.

Don't throw away— Half a cupful of carrots. Cut into slices, add an equal quantity of potato, cooked and sliced; stir into a thick cream sauce. Serve with minced parsley on top.

a thin cream sauce. Serve in bouillon cups with saltines. Half a cupful of potato. Cube. Prepare two hard-boiled eggs. Slice. Place in ramekins a layer of potato, then one egg. Repeat. Pour over a cream sauce. Grate cheese on top. Set in oven until heated through and slightly brown.

Half a cup of asparagus. Cut into inch pieces; heat, and heap on small rounds of fresh buttered toast. Surround with scrambled egg, over which has been scattered minced parsley.

Half a cupful of corn. Prepare three medium-sized tomatoes, scoop out the centre; fill with the corn creamed. Bake in oven until tomatoes are tender. Pour over each a heaping spoonful of cream sauce.

Half a cupful of cauliflower. Separate into tiny flowerets. Place on slices of tomato. Pour over it a French dressing.

By making use of these discouraging looking left-overs in this way, writes a contributor in Table Talk, savory dishes can be made for three persons.

HOW TO MAKE FRENCH COFFEE

The method of making coffee has practically superseded the old-fashioned boiled coffee. Cheap coffee carefully made in the proper kind of pot has a better flavor than the more expensive brands can possibly have when improperly made.

The best coffee-pot on the market is made of nickel, has a close-fitting lid, a wooden handle and inside a finely woven wire strainer which does away entirely with the unclean cloth strainer. A cloth no matter how carefully kept, will eventually become saturated with grounds and ruin the flavor of fresh coffee.

The nickel pot with the wire strainer may be cleaned with hot water alone if once each month it is boiled out with a weak solution of baking soda.

Have your coffee finely pulverized. The water must be freshly boiled. Scald the pot, put into it one tablespoonful of pulverized coffee for each person and one for the pot. If desired extra strong add another or even two more tablespoonfuls for the pot. Pour over this one cupful of boiling water for each tablespoonful of coffee, keeping the pot meanwhile over steam, but never over the fire itself. Occasionally the grounds may be lifted from the bottom of the strainer with a spoon in order to hasten the brew. The strength of Hercules may be given it if a cupful or two of the coffee, after it is made, is repoured over the grounds and filtered through.

Put the desired amount of sugar to each cup, add a liberal quantity of cream, fill three-fourths full with coffee and weaken as desired with hot water. Coffee poured into cream and afterwards weakened is far different from coffee that is weakened first. Never use the same coffee twice, never add fresh coffee to the old brew or attempt to reheat coffee once chilled.

MOZART'S VIOLIN.

A Vienna despatch says that the violin which Mozart used to play at his concerts has just been found in Salzburg. Correspondence and other documents prove the instrument to be genuine, though hitherto it has been supposed that the instrument was in England. The violin is a Steiner of great value.

HISTORY OF THE TYPEWRITER

"The history of the typewriter is interesting," said an inventor. "The first patented machine was Henry Mill's. It was as big as a bureau and made no popular appeal. This was in England in 1714. The first type bar machine was made in America. Its inventor was A. H. Beach. The patent was taken out in 1856. The Beach typewriter was not practical. The first practical typewriter was invented by Latham Sholes



A Burning Sensation.

JOHNSVILLE, New Brunswick. For over six months I could hardly sleep and had a burning sensation in my feet, that would go through my whole system. I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The burning sensation is entirely gone and I can sleep well. I will never be able to praise this remedy enough for what it did for me.

I take great pleasure in informing you that I am having a good sale of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic with good results in every case. I further beg to say that your Tonic has worked wonders, and is getting a great name in this locality. Ship me another lot of the Tonic early in January.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample Bottle to any address. For patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the REV. FATHER KOENIG, of Port Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the

KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & CO., LTD., TORONTO; THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.

In 1867, Sholes had for partners S. W. Soule and Carlos Glidden, but these two men became discouraged and dropped out. It wasn't till some years later that Sholes got his machine ready for the market. Then he took it to a big firm of gunmakers, the Remingtons, and it at once began to sell on a large scale. Sholes remained in the employ of the Remingtons up to the time of his death.

TIMELY HINTS.

When the gilt frames of pictures or looking glasses have specks of dirt upon them from flies or other causes, they can be cleaned with the white of an egg gently rubbed on with a camel's hair pencil.

A little borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done.

Oil painted walls must be washed with soap and water, using a soft flannel cloth, care being taken to wring it well before using. Use cold water to finish and dry with a linen cloth.

When hemming a new tablecloth, if the edges are slightly dampened with warm water in which some soap has been dissolved they will be soft and much easier to work on when dry.

Washing the hands in strong coffee will remove the odor of onions.

Rubbing with a soft chamois leather is excellent for the skin, making it smooth and glossy.

Mildew may be removed by rubbing with a cut tomato, sprinkling with salt and placing in the sun. Or the spots may be dipped in buttermilk and put in the sun.

RECIPES.

Cold almond blanc mange is a nice dessert for warm weather. Make a paste of four tablespoonfuls of corn starch, wet with a little cold water. Stir this into a quart of milk, with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, and boil until thick. Flavor with a drop or two of almond extract, and stir in one cupful of chopped blanched almonds. Pour into a mould, and put on the ice until very cold. Serve with whipped cream.

Lemon Marmalade—Take any number of lemons—six make a nice quantity—slice very thin, only putting out the seeds. To each pound of sliced fruit add three pints of cold water; let this stand for twenty-four hours. Then boil it until the chips are tender, pour into an earthenware bowl and allow it to remain till the next day. Then weigh it, and to every pound of boiled pulp add one pound and a half of lump sugar. Boil the whole together until the syrup jellies, and the chips are transparent. In taking out the pips be careful to leave all the white pith in, as that goes towards making syrup.

Spiced Currants—Weigh the currants, which should be ripe, and to each four pounds allow two pounds of sugar, two cups of vinegar and whole spices as follows: One ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves and a tablespoonful of mace. Tie the spices in a little muslin bag and cook with the currants and sugar until they thicken. Add the vinegar, boil up and put into pint jars.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their heart's content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

FUNNY SAYINGS

IT WAS A SCOTCH ECHO.

The late Sam Reeves was fond of telling a story that related to an early engagement in Glasgow, which was arranged through a metropolitan agency. One of the items on the programme was "Hail, Smiling Morn," and Reeves was put down for the solo portion. The chorus consisted of an echo, and the agent assured the soloist that a satisfactory choir had been engaged.

The concert was a success, and in due course "Hail, Smiling Morn" was called for. When the soloist came to the lines requiring an echo he delivered them in his best manner—"At whose bright presence darkness flees away." Imagine his horror when the echo repeated his words in the broadest Scotch:

"Flees awa', flees awa'!" Yet Reeves averred that not a person in the audience smiled or appeared to see anything incongruous. When he talked over the matter with a ballie after the concert, the good man assured him:

"That's just nothing at all. You were a little wrong in your pronunciation and the echo was correct. You see, it was a Scottish echo."

COULDN'T GO THE LAST.

An Irishman had just "come over" and, being hungry, went to one of the swellest hotels in New York. When the waiter appeared to take his order he said: "Bring me the best you have."

After being gone a few minutes the waiter returned with a glass of water, a bunch of celery and a lobster.

When about time to check him up the waiter returned to the customer asking why he had not eaten his meal.

"Well," replied the man, "I drank the water and smelled the bouquet, but I'll be durned if I could go the bug."

APOSTLE AND EPISTLE.

A Philadelphian riding through the mountains of Tennessee stopped one evening to water his horse before a little cabin, outside of which sat an old colored woman, watching the antics of a couple of pickaninnies playing near by.

"Good evening, aunty," he called. "Cute pair of boys you've got. Your children?"

"Laws a massy! Mah chillun! 'Deed dem's mah daughteh's chilluns. Come yah, you boys," she called sharply, "an' speak to d' gemman!"

As the boys obeyed the summons the Philadelphian inquired their names.

"Clah to goodness, sah, dem chilluns is right smaht named!" said the old woman. "Ye see, mah daughteh done got 'ligion long ago, an' named dese hyah boys right out de Bible, sah. Dis hyah one's named Apostle Paul, and de uddah's called Epistle Peter."

AN ECCLESIASTICAL HAT.

A milliner who works in a large city says that one day a woman came into the store very much excited, and wanted the trimming on her new hat changed. She said that it had been trimmed on the wrong side.

"But," said the saleswoman, "the trimming is on the left side. That is where it ought to be."

"It doesn't make any difference whether it ought to be in front or back, or right or left, it's got to be on the church side."

"Church side!" gasped the astonished girl.

"Yes, church side. I sit right next the wall in church, and I'm not going to have all that trimming next the wall. I want it on the other side, so the whole congregation can see it."

The trimming was promptly placed on the "church side" of the hat.

A Magic Pill.—Dyspepsia is a foe with which men are constantly grappling but cannot exterminate. Subdued, and to all appearances vanquished in one, it makes its appearance in another direction. In many the digestive apparatus is as delicate as the mechanism of a watch or scientific instrument in which even a breath of air will make a variation. With such persons disorders of the stomach ensue from the most trivial causes and cause much suffering. To these Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are recommended as mild and sure.

THE POET'S CORNER

IRISH NATIONAL HYMN.

O Ireland! Ancient Ireland! Ancient, yet ever young! Thou at length hast found a tongue— Proudly thou at length, Resistest in triumph strength. The flag of freedom floats unfurled; And as that mighty God existeth, Who giveth victory when and where He listeth, Thou yet shalt wake and shake the nations of the world.

For this dull world still slumbers, Heedless of its wants or loves, Though, like Galileo, numbers Cry aloud, "It moves! it moves!" In a midnight dream, Drifts it down Time's wreckful stream— All march, but few desery the goal. O Ireland! be thy duty To teach the world the might of Moral Beauty, And stamp God's image truly on the struggling soul.

Strong in thy self-reliance, Not in idle threat or boast, Hast thou hurled thy fierce defiance At the haughty Saxon host— Thou hast claimed in sight Of high Heaven, thy long-lost right. Upon thy hills—along thy plains— In the green bosom of thy valleys, The new-born soul of freedom rallies, And calls upon thee to trample down in dust thy chains!

Deep, saith the Eastern story, Burns in Iran's mines a gem, For its dazzling hues and glory Worth a Sultan's diadem. But from human eyes Hidden there it lies! The aye-travelling Gnomes alone, Who toil to form the mountain's treasure, May gaze and gloat with pleasure without measure Upon the lustrous beauty of that wonder stone.

So it is with a nation Which would win for its rich dower That bright pearl, Self-Liberation— It must labor hour by hour, Strangers, who travail To lay bare the gem, shall fall; Within itself must grow, must glow— Within the depths of its own bosom Must flower in living might, must broadly blossom. The hopes that shall be born ere Freedom's Tree can blow.

Go on, then, all-rejoiceful! March on thy career unbowed! Ireland! let thy noble, voiceful Spirit cry to God aloud! Man will bid thee speed— God will aid thee in thy need— The Time, the Hour, the Power are near— Be sure thou soon shalt form the vanguard Of that illustrious band, whom Heaven and Man guard: And these words come from one whom some have called a Seer. —James Clarence Mangan.

NOT MY WILL, BUT THINE BE DONE.

What matters it, Oh Lord, tho' we should see Our fondest, dearest hopes destroyed by Thee? Far better pleasures lost than we should sin 'Gainst Thee, oh Christ, our Saviour and our King.

Full well we know that present loss is gain Some future time to come, and all our pain But means a greater joy; we grieve at loss, Forgetful of the Crown beyond the Cross.

We falter when we look upon the way We must pursue alone, before we may dwell in Thy world with Thee, no more to roam, We get so weary, Lord, and sigh for home.

Our Father, Thou above, who loves us still Spite of our sin, teach us to do Thy will; And when we murmur, Lord, call Thee unjust— Show us Thy Love, and turn our doubt to trust. —Frank J. Angel.

GOD AND A DAY. Consider but this single day's demands, Its dower of work, its wage of smiles and tears! So rich with opportunity it stands! One day, with God, is as a thousand years. But when the clock of time shall cease to beat, And Heaven's high call our answering hearts obey, There waits a service and a rest so sweet A thousand years shall pass as one bright day. —Edward A. Church.

NOT MOTHERLESS. She has gone with perfect faith, She will ask her God above To bless and guide and guard The children of her love. Ever she lived for them here, Her constant love and care Were given with lavish hand She will not forget them there.

But pleading before the Throne For guidance for each one, That all may meet around her. At last when their work is done. Each one dear to her heart, Each one fairest and best, May they not forget her love, May they grant her each request. May the memory of that love Be ever a beacon bright, To warn them from the dark, To lead them toward the light. Julia Sullivan. Detroit, Mich.

OUR B

Dear Boys and Girls:

Last week I told you of the first set of puzzles for you to-day, and so I wonder if you have interested your little friends in the Competition. If they try to win the prizes begin to work at once, you even if they cannot find a puzzle for the paper this week perhaps if they only begin second set of puzzles and hard they may have a win \$2.00 also. Perhaps some of you tried to find puzzles before you a little about the to-day. In the Riddle one letter from the first is not in the second word; and the six letters the answer. In the Number, make a line of numbers as the highest number in then guess the words them under the figures given, and you will see an American city if you have been right. In the Hidden Proverb it is to be word of a well-known when you find six words der given you have the the next puzzle you have supply the right letter see an X. In the Beh puzzle you will have to name of an action, then the first letter and then The Single Acrostic well enough, I think, an Historical Scene is to stand. Arrange the letters word of the printers' sense, and you will have verse about a lovely words in the Word Square composed of five letters words one below the other will see at once you found the correct words. Now, get your thinking order, little ones, and how well you can work zles. Some of you have pressed your pleasure a new contest. I am Annie O'N. enjoyed her think she will find her sins very generous in ex pleasure upon her win Let us see who will be this time. Love to a friends, and much success contest.

RULES FOR PUZZLE TOURS.

Only girls and boys subscribe to the True compete. Only boys and girls yet passed their four can compete. Only answers which have been able to find selves may be sent in. Answers to be neatly ink, on one side of the. Answers to be numbered. Answers to be in by morning ten days after are published, addressed.

1. RIDDLE-ME My first is in rat, but My second is in ark, My third is in footb cricket. My fourth is in b wicket. My fifth is in tell named, My sixth is in guilty blamed.

LUBY'S The great success and reputation that it has already obtained proves that Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer restores gray hair to its natural color, and, from its balsamic properties, strengthens the growth, removes all dandruff, and leaves the scalp clean and healthy. Can be had of all chemists. 50 cents bottle.

... FOR ... Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Stomach Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness of the Bowels in Children or Adults. DR. FOWLER'S Extract of Wild Strawberry is an instantaneous cure. It has been used in thousands of homes for sixty years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency. Mrs. GEORGE N. HARVEY, Rosemeath, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as the best medicine I have ever used for Diarrhoea and all summer complaints. I always keep it in the house and praise it highly to all my friends."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Boys and Girls: Last week I told you that I would have the first set of puzzles ready for you to-day, and so I have. Now I wonder if you have tried to interest your little friends in the Puzzle Competition. If they wish to be try to win the prizes they must begin to work at once, you know, but even if they cannot find time to subscribe for the paper this week then perhaps if they only begin with the second set of puzzles and try very hard they may have a chance to win \$2.00 also.

Perhaps some of you have never tried to find puzzles before, so I will tell you a little about those we have to-day. In the Riddle-me-ree take one letter from the first word which is not in the second word of each line; and the six letters will spell the answer. In the Numerical puzzle, make a line of numbers as long as the highest number in the puzzle, then guess the words and place them under the figures in the order given, and you will see the name of an American city if your guesses have been right. In each line of Hidden Proverb is to be found one word of a well-known proverb, and when you find six words in the order given you have the answer. In the next puzzle you have only to supply the right letter wherever you see an X. In the Beheaded Word puzzle you will have to guess the name of an action, then take away the first letter and then the second. The Single Acrostic is explained well enough, I think, and the Mental Historical Scene is easy to understand. Arrange the letters in each word of the printers' pi to make sense, and you will have a pretty verse about a lovely month. The words in the Word Square are all composed of five letters. Place the words one below the other and you will see at once when you have found the correct words.

Now, get your thinking powers in order, little ones, and let me see how well you can work out the puzzles. Some of you have already expressed your pleasure at the idea of a new contest. I am delighted that Annie O'N. enjoyed her book, and I think she will find her little cousins very generous in expressing their pleasure upon her winning the prize. Let us see who will be the winner this time. Love to all my little friends, and much success with the contest.

AUNT BECKY.

RULES FOR PUZZLE COMPETITORS.

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.

Prizes will be awarded on Dec. 15 to the three most successful girls or boys.

\$2.00 to the first competitor. 1.50 to the second competitor. 50c to the third competitor.

1. RIDDLE-ME-REE.

My first is in rat, but not in mouse. My second is in ark, but not in house. My third is in football, but not in cricket. My fourth is in bat, but not in wicket. My fifth is in telling, but not in named. My sixth is in guilty, but not in blamed.

My whole is an animal which is easily tamed.

2. NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

My 1, 10, 3, 12, 8 is a small bottle. My 1, 3, 7 is something to eat. My 5, 11, 6 is an auxiliary. My 2, 11, 4, 8 is high land. My 9, 7, 12 is a vegetable. My whole is a city in the United States.

3. HIDDEN PROVERB.

They all went to London by the 9.30 train. The book that was on the table is mine.

It was well it did not rain. Did you see that grand show the other day? It ends on Saturday morning at 12 o'clock. It looks well on that lace.

4. MISSING LETTER PUZZLE.

When the missing letters have been supplied the whole will give a verse from a poem by Southey. Nxsxixtxexix, nxsxixtxexix; Txexhpxaxaxsxixkxhxckxurdxk, Hxrxxixfxcxhxaxexrxixcxmxtx cx, Hxrxxixfxcxhxaxexrxixcxmxtx.

5. BEHEADED WORD.

I am the name of an action; behead me and I form the connection between any two objects; behead me again and I am used as a means of interpretation.

6. SINGLE ACROSTIC.

My initials read downward form the name of a famous canal.

- 1. A county in Ireland. 2. A river of Russia. 3. A girl's name. 4. An island of Africa.

7. MENTAL HISTORICAL SCENE.

It is early in the morning. A large party of soldiers are drifting quietly down a river. The brave General and a few of his officers are in his boat together. As they proceed the General murmurs the verse of a much admired poem. He says he would rather be the author of that poem than take the city he is about to attack. Who is the General? What is the name of the city? What is the name of the poem? What is the name of the poet?

8. PRINTER'S PI.

Karm! how ew teme the Te dwaan fo wyde yda! Khar! who ew trege heet Twih rou dorylunea! Hilew lal eth dogly stingh hatt eb, Ni thare, dan ria, dan maple ase, Rea wingak pu ot molevec tehe, Touh rryme thomn fo yam!

9. WORD SQUARE.

- 1. A heathen. 2. A century plant. 3. Divisions. 4. To turn away. 5. Cosy places.

Dear Aunt Becky:

As the prize is given, I thought I would continue writing. I am glad that my friend Annie O'Neill was the successful one. I am sorry that I did not know what kind of paper was needed. I hope all my other cousins will continue on writing. We are preparing for the entrance next summer, so we have to spend all the spare time we have at our studies. Joseph seems to be a very clever little boy. He bears his sufferings so patiently. I suppose he is lonesome after his sisters, but I suppose his father will take him to see them often. I wonder where Edna is who used to write so often. I do not see any more of her letters in the paper. There are not very many scholars going to school now, as they are all busy picking apples and potatoes. We have not very many apples this year. Well, dear Auntie, as news is short I will close with love to cousins and Aunt Becky.

Your loving niece, AGNES McC. Lonsdale, Oct. 5.

Dear Aunt Becky:

You must really forgive me, dear Aunt Becky, for not writing to the corner, last week, but I took great pleasure in reading the letters and I am looking forward with great eagerness to the puzzles next week. I want to congratulate Annie O'N. on her winning, as I know she deserves it for her letters never failed to appear in the corner. I was rather disappointed at seeing only two letters last week, and also that Joseph's, Lillie T. and Ethel T.'s did not appear. One of my dear little friends went to the St. Joseph's Academy in Deering, Maine, last week, and I miss her very much. I am rather busy at school, and that is partly the excuse I offer for not writing regularly. I hope, dear Aunt Becky, you are not enjoying such cold weather as we are at present, for I am sure you would not find it extra pleasant. I suppose next month winter will come in real earnest, and that is the time we all enjoy most. I hope I shall see my letter published in next Witness, and that I may be able to welcome a number of unknown cousins to the corner. Well, dear Auntie, I could never bear to think that you'll grow tired of me, so to avoid it I will draw my letter to a close. Hoping all my cousins are well, and best love to all, I remain, Your loving niece, MAUDE C.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It is a very long time since I wrote to you last, and many things have occurred since then. The saddest of all was the sudden death of our beloved Aunt. She died on Sept. 10. She was dear grandma's sister, and grandma has been very poorly since the shock, for poor aunt had only time to receive the last rites of our Holy Church when she was dead. How many sad deaths the cousins have had since we began writing to you. I am glad to know that Annie O'Neill did so well, and I hope she likes her book. Where is the other Winnifred D? I should like to hear from her. Good-bye, from Your loving niece, WINNIFRED A. E. D.

Dear Aunt Becky:

It has been such a long time since I have written to you. I know all the cousins will be sorry to know that my real aunt died. She was not sick an hour, but in that short time the priest came to her and gave her absolution and she was anointed. I congratulate Annie O'Neill on her success. I guess you will be so surprised getting a letter from me that you will not want to read a very long letter. I wish all the cousins old and new would write and tell how they spent the happiest week in their vacation. I am sure it would be nice to read. I was so sorry when I had to stop writing to you, but it was not the book I wanted so much as your photo. I will close with love to all. Your loving niece, MARY.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I received the prize you sent me, for which I return many thanks. I think it is a lovely book and just the kind I like to read. I am afraid my letter will not be in time to be in the paper this week, as I am going to school every day and have work to do after school hours. But I hope I will be able to write more regularly. I see there are a lot more cousins writing. I hope they will keep on writing, for I like to read the letters. Mamma was speaking with a lady a short time ago who is a subscriber to the True Witness. She said our letters were just fine. She hoped we would continue. She said the letters were the first thing she looked for in the paper. Well, dear Auntie, as my letter is already long, I guess I will say good-bye. I remain, Your affectionate niece, ANNIE O'N. Lonsdale, Oct. 4.

IMPROVED METHODS.

It used to be when I was had my mother'd surely spank me. She'd say, 'This hurts me worse than you, but some day you will thank me.'

But now she's joined a mothers' club, and goes 'most every day To find out how to train me in just the proper way.

It used to be when I would get real impudent or pert I'd have to go upstairs to bed, or do without dessert.

But now she lets me go ahead, and says that it will teach Not only independent thought, but fluency of speech.

It used to be when I would yell she'd take me well in hand, But now she lets me go ahead to make my lungs expand, Just once when I got mad and kicked, she showed some slight surprise, But finally said that kicking was a healthful exercise.

To train me mother used to strive with all her might and power, But now she lets my soul unfold just like a springtime flower; She says the club's a splendid thing; I'm sure that's very true, But, oh, I wish my father soon would join that same club, too. —Elsie Duncan Yale, in the Woman's Home Companion.

DICKY'S PALM LEAF HAT.

Aunt Parsons climbed leisurely out of the old-fashioned chaise, reached under the low seat and drew out a newspaper bundle. "Here, Richard," she said, "is the new hat I promised you. I braided it out of some palm leaf I found in the attic. Some I had left years ago. The blue band is made of the two premium ribbons that old Black Jerry won at the county fair when he was a colt. Take good care of that hat, for I cannot make another." "It's great, Auntie," said Dickey, as he jammed the hat on his head and hurried to join Viola, who was waiting for him at the gate, on her way to the house of old lady Squier, where she had been sent with a message.

Viola was Dickey's cousin, and she was helping to make his first summer in the country as interesting for him as she had made her seven previous summers to herself and family. "Let's stop and watch the shiners a few minutes," she suggested, as they neared the willow-bordered pond. "O, see that big one, Dickey! You couldn't catch him in your hat, could you?" Off came the hat, and in a second Dickey was kneeling by a little pool and reaching out for fish. "I've got him!" he cried, triumphantly, reaching up the dripping hat. "It's a beauty," said Viola, "but your hat's pretty wet, Dickey." "Yes," said Dickey, soberly, "so it is."

"How shall I dry it?" "O leave it on that rock in the sun for a while, and it will be all right," replied Viola.

The hot sun soon dried the hat, though Dickey said it felt a little limp as he put it on.

When they reached the top of the hill they found quantities of ripe blueberries. "My, but they are good," said Dickey. "Let's pick some for Mrs. Squier; she's very fond of them, and maybe she will give us some of her caraway cookies."

"Your hat would be just the thing to pick the berries in," said Viola.

"Yes," assented the boy, "and we'll fill it in no time.

When the hat was nearly full Viola said, "We must hurry now. Let's see who can get over the wall first."

Viola, accustomed to climbing walls and fences, was quickly over, but Dickey, in his haste to be first, caught his foot in the wall and fell headlong upon the hatful of berries.

"There now, see what you made me do!" he cried crossly. "The hat will be all stained. What shall I do about it?"

"Well," replied Viola, "you'll have to throw the berries away. Then you go over to the spring and wash the stains off while I run on to Mrs. Squier's with the message."

The girl was quickly back, calling: "Here are the cookies, after all, two for each of us. I told Mrs. Squier how you tumbled over the wall and spoiled the berries—we had for her."

"Now, we will sit here and eat the cookies and rest a while. We'll make some cups out of these big basswood leaves and drink some of this spring water; it is as cold as ice water."

"What's that crawling about in the mud?" asked Dickey, as he bent to fill his cup.

"Why, it's a little mud turtle," answered Viola. "Let's catch him and put him into your hat, as we can see him better."

Into the hat went the muddy turtle, but as he refused to move about there the children soon tired of him and put him back beside the water.

Just then Moolley, the old red cow, came near, quietly eating grass. "It's the fashion for horses to wear hats, and Moolley ought to have one, too," exclaimed Viola, mischievously. "Lend her yours, Dickey," and snatching it from his hand, she placed it upon one of the cow's horns.

Moolley, startled by the girl's sudden motion and frightened at the strange object waving before her eyes, ran awkwardly down the hill

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and up the lane to the barnyard, where she stopped at the horse trough, tossing the hat into the mud and putting her foot into it just as the children came running after her.

"There now, the hat is all mud," cried Dickey.

"O, well," answered the girl, coolly, "the trough is a good place to wash it off. Don't wait for it to dry, but come on over to the well curb and look for the big trout Uncle John put in there yesterday."

As Dickey leaned over, down fell his hat into the well.

"O dear! Now it is lost, and what will Auntie Parsons say?" he cried despairingly.

"Get your hook and line and fish it out. Why don't you ever think of things yourself?"

After some minutes, the hat was safely landed, again soaking wet.

"How am I ever going to dry it, now that the sun has set?" asked Dickey.

"I'll go to the house and get a match and we will build a little fire of grass and twigs," replied Viola.

The fire was built and the hat held over it, sometimes very near. Once it got scorched a little on one side.

"There, it's dry enough now," observed Viola, shortly; "it is getting smoked, too; and there's grandma calling us to supper. Say, but I'm hungry!"

As they went up the path Aunt Lorinda Coles, who was just stepping off the porch after bidding grandma good-night, remarked: "Seems to me that palmleaf hats nowadays don't look so well as the ones I used to braid."

THE CHIPMUNK'S STRIPE.

As everybody knows, the chipmunk has a black stripe running up and down his back.

According to the red Indians he did not have any black stripe on him at all originally. They say that he got the one he now wears in the following manner:

The animals used to meet once a year to elect a leader, and, once upon a time, the porcupine was chosen for that position.

The first thing the porcupine did was to call a great council of all the animals. Then he placed before them the following question: "Shall we have day all the time or night all the time?"

It was a very important matter, and the animals began to debate it

earnestly. The bear said he wanted night all the time, for then he could sleep, and sleep was much the most pleasant thing he knew of.

But the little chipmunk said: "No, I want night part of the time and day part of the time, for then we can have a time to sleep and a time to gather nuts and hop around among the trees."

The big bear and the little chipmunk got into a violent discussion over the question, and the other animals became silent and left the two to argue it out.

It was night while they were debating, and when they got out of breath arguing, they began to sing. "Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness!" sang the big bear.

"Day is best; day is best. We must have light," sang the little chipmunk.

"Night is best; night is best. We must have darkness," growled the bear in a deep, thunder tone.

"Light will come. We must have light. Day will come," piped the little chipmunk in his shrill voice.

And, just as he was singing, the day began to illuminate the world.

Then the bear and the other big animals on his side of the question saw that the little chipmunk was prevailing, and set up an angry chorus, so that the chipmunk was afraid and ran for his hole in a neighboring tree.

The bear and his followers ran after him, and, just as the chipmunk was diving into his hole, the big bear reached out his paw to catch him. But the chipmunk was so quick that the paw of the bear only grazed his back and he got into his hole in safety.

But you can see to this day in the black stripe on the back of the chipmunk where the paw of the bear who loved darkness just grazed the fur of the little fellow who loved the light.

The Demon, Dyspepsia.—In olden times it was a popular belief that demons moved invisibly through the ambient air, seeking to enter into men and trouble them. At the present day the demon, dyspepsia, is at large in the same way, seeking habitation in those who by careless or unwise living invite him. And once he enters a man it is difficult to dislodge him. He that finds himself so possessed should know that a valiant friend to do battle for him with the unseen foe is Parnelee's Vegetable Pills, which are ever ready for the trial.

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CORRESPONDENCE and items of local Catholic interest solicited.



THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1906.

THE COMING HOME RULE PROMISE.

At the moment when Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., is directing the people of Canada to turn their eyes towards the rising sun of Irish legislative reform, it is interesting to ask what the Liberal party in England and its mouthpieces have to say of the promised measure of Home Rule. There have been many outlines drawn of the forthcoming Liberal scheme, and some of them drawn with a pen so apparently inspired as to give warning to the Irish leaders. Mr. John Redmond knows and has confidence in several prominent members of the Campbell-Bannerman Government—notably in the Premier himself and in Messrs. Morley and Bryce. Nevertheless in his most recent speech, Mr. Redmond said:

"Fellow-countrymen, we stand at this moment face to face with a most critical and a most delicate, and, indeed, most extraordinary political situation (hear, hear). We have in office a Government made up almost entirely of men who are avowed Home Rulers (hear, hear). The Prime Minister has never wavered in his adhesion to Home Rule (cheers); and at the last general election, to the disgust of some few of his weak-kneed friends, he, in the words of Lord Rosebery, nailed the Home Rule colors to the mast (hear, hear). In addition, we have a Chief Secretary who has been all his life a Home Ruler, and who, in the very first speech he made in Parliament after the Government came into office, declared he was still a Home Ruler, and knew no other possible solution of the Irish question (cheers). And so it is true of all the members of the Government, with two or three exceptions, and on the highest authority that this Government so constituted is next year going to introduce into Parliament a measure dealing with the question of self-government. But the extraordinary portion of the situation is this: that we also have it on the highest authority that this Home Rule Government is going to introduce next session, not a measure of National self-Government at all, but some measure of what is called "Administrative Home Rule." Now, I am anxious that the Irish public should clearly understand that the Irish Party and I have no responsibility whatever, direct or indirect, for the proposal of any such makeshift (cheers). Neither my colleagues nor I have been consulted as to this measure which is in preparation. Beyond some vague talk I myself do not know at this moment any of the details of the measure which the Government intends to produce. I have heard of men being consulted, but I know this, that neither the leaders nor any of the representatives of the people in Ireland have been consulted. We have, however, this consolation—if we do not know the Government's mind, the Government shall know ours (loud cheers). And I declare here to-day that we stand where we always stood: we declare that nothing short of a complete measure of Home Rule—and by that I mean a freely elected Parliament with an Executive responsibility to it—nothing short of a complete scheme of Home Rule can ever be accepted as a settlement of the Irish question; that nothing short of such a scheme of Home Rule can ever

bring peace, prosperity, or contentment to Ireland (cheers). I saw it stated the other day that because during the five or six weeks since Parliament rose I had been silent—I would have thought that some of my enemies would have been glad if I was silent—but some of them have complained that because during the last five or six weeks I have been taking a rest after months of labor and had not spoken, that therefore, I was prepared or had agreed to accept a scheme of administrative reform of a sort or a kind as a substitute for Home Rule. I say here to-day that this is absolutely false. I say if I had been false enough or foolish enough, to agree to accept any such thing as a settlement of the Irish question, that we would in one week be repudiated by the mass of the Irish people in every part of the world as well as in Ireland."

Perhaps it is in reply to this guarded speech that The Tribune, the Government organ, says:

"If a half measure of 'Devolution' or 'Administrative Home Rule' were to be put forward as the last word of Liberal statesmanship, and as the final fulfilment of the principles and pledges which Mr. Gladstone inscribed indelibly on the Liberal programme, then all Home Rulers who care for clear thinking and honesty in politics would be bound to oppose it. But that will not be the character of next year's Bill. It will not be a half-measure posing as a whole, but an instalment of reform. By all who believe in the inherent vitality of the Home Rule principle, it will be regarded as a phase in a process of evolution which, as they believe, can end only in the restoration of full self-government to Ireland. If it is a sincere measure of this kind—not a compromise, but an instalment—which Mr. Redmond declares he will oppose, we can only regret his decision, while pointing out to him that neither honesty nor statesmanship would allow us to act otherwise. It is open to Mr. Redmond to ask himself, in judging next year's Bill, merely whether it is or it is not Home Rule. For us the test must be a different one. We shall ask whether the new Bill is such a generous instalment of self-government as public opinion demands, and at the same time whether its machinery can be expanded and improved in future Parliaments with ease and without fundamental alterations. From that standpoint there can be no departure. We should regret, without resenting, Mr. Redmond's opposition. It is perfectly intelligible that he should fight for the maximum. It is, indeed, his duty to keep in being the forces which make for a complete solution. Happily, it is possible to steer through the present House of Commons a Bill which may seem to the Nationalists too timid and to the Unionists too generous.

Canadian Home Rule opinion, which depends on the wisdom of the Irish Party, would endorse the acceptance of a measure short of a complete solution of the Irish question only as a step towards the ultimate goal.

THE CHURCH AND THE REPUBLIC.

At a recent meeting of the Catholic Truth Society in England, the Archbishop of Westminster answered the charge that the Church in France was hostile to the Republic and was punished accordingly. His Grace said:

"It is because the Catholic Church in France represents the historic Christianity of the country that she is attacked. Could she only be overthrown there would be no Christianity surviving for any length of time in that country. There is no hostility on the part of the Church to the Republican form of government. When legitimately constituted it claims and receives full allegiance. That allegiance in all essential things has been given even to the Third Republic of France, and if her rulers had been animated by a different spirit long ago, the Republic might have gained not only loyal service, but the whole-hearted affection of all its citizens, without exception. Sympathy has been alienated, conflict has been aroused by a ruthless trampling upon the cherished convictions of millions of the most devoted sons of France.

BUCKINGHAM STRIKE.

The distressing condition of Buckingham, in which a general state of disorder has existed since Monday, with consequent loss of life, savors of the West, when that vast expanse was noted for its general disregard for law; or of the gold fields when men, greedy for the sparkling dust which might or might not be hidden in the rivers' beds, fought and killed each other to gain possession of enormous wealth. In the present disturbance, let the cause be what it will, there appears to have been needless exposure of life; and though our sympathy goes to the bereaved wives and children of the men who might have fallen in a more heroic fight, we cannot refrain from stigmatizing a man, a father of a large family and its sole support, who ruthlessly runs into a fight with utter disregard of the consequences. It seems curious that people should take the law into their own hands, which leads in too many cases to results such as we have just witnessed, when if they had brought to bear cool deliberation and sound judgment, in other words, if they had had recourse to the law courts, the place where difficulties can be adjusted, they would surely have had their grievances settled in a much more congenial manner, and without bringing shot and shell into the argument.

A BRIGHTER VIEW OF FRANCE.

Reynolds Newspaper has an interesting interview with Father Bernard Vaughan on the relations of Church and State in France. Despite the progress of the persecution in the Republic, Father Vaughan declares that he knows too well the character of Frenchmen to believe that in such a crisis as the present there would be any appreciable schism. On the contrary, he foresees a splendid unity arising in France, the people being united with the clergy and the clergy with the bishops and the bishops with him who is the living centre of visible Christianity, Pius X. The Pope is fighting the battle for religious freedom. Like Pius VII, he is tossing back the constitution flung to him. Like Pius VII, he will yield in nothing to any man but the Man God. There is a French proverb: "Who makes a meal of the Pope dies of his dinner. The French Government will yet learn that it was a fool to fight the Pope. Governments pass away. French Governments pass away. The Pope—never."

IRISH EMIGRATION.

It is due to the drain of Irish emigration that only 76.5 per 1000 of the population are wives at child-bearing age and only 32.5 per cent. of the females of the country women between the ages of 15 and 45. In England and Wales 117 per 1000 population are wives at child-bearing age, whilst 46.8 per cent. of the females are of what is called "women age"—(15-45). When these facts are borne in mind, the vital statistics of Ireland prove the population as vigorous and productive as any country in the world can show.

The veteran Oblate missionary, Father A. G. Morice, is one of the most interesting figures among the many men of science who have been collected at Quebec to assist at the International Congress of Americanists. Anthropologists owe a great debt to this broad-minded Frenchman. A great part of his life has been spent in the interior of British Columbia, many miles away from civilization, among the Carrier Indians, so-called because, before the advent of white men and Christianity, it was the custom for the widows among them to carry on their persons for a definite period of mourning portions of their deceased husbands' bones. Besides evangelizing this people, Father Morice has given years to studying their manners and traditions.

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ARCHBISHOP BOND PASSES AWAY.

The English Church has just sustained a severe loss by the death of Archbishop Bond, which occurred on Tuesday morning. Of a striking personality, his character was kindly and his noted broadmindedness endeared him to those who were of a different religious belief to his own, and they appreciated him for his many acts of courtesy. Ninety-one years had come upon him, during which time he served his generation well.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Dublin, who is travelling in Poland, has been received by the people with general manifestations of joy.

At a special meeting of the Cork Corporation it was decided to call upon the Lord Mayor and Chairman of the County Council to convene a meeting to consider the best means of establishing a University at Queen's College, Cork, to meet the requirements of the community as regards university education.

The Irish papers are accepting without criticism the conclusions of the Government inspectors of lunatics for Ireland. These inspectors have found the Irish race "peculiarly prone to mental disease." It is a clear case of statistics, no doubt, and there can be no use combatting it; but it is laying on the agony a little too plentifully when we hear of the Irish people in America, like hunted animals, being driven into refuges.

The annual Catholic Conference of England is meeting this week at Brighton, and it is noted by an English paper that several of its Anglican clergy have in recent times joined the Catholic Church. At present it has many Catholic churches within its borders, as well as other Catholic institutions. Brighton has a deep interest for Catholics, also, as being for a time the home of the family of Cardinal Newman. It was at Brighton, it may be remembered, that he landed after his remarkable tour in the South of Europe, which had such an effect on his religious opinions and incidentally on the Church of England.

A missionary Bishop, received in audience by the Sovereign Pontiff, Pius X., a few days ago, expressed his sympathy towards him on the grief and anxiety endured by His Holiness on account of the action of the French Government towards the Church. "Let us never cease to hope," said the Pontiff, "God is in France also!" This saying reveals one of the notable characteristics of the mind of Pius X., that is, his profound trust in Divine Providence. To this is united an unflinching confidence in the final triumph of right and justice. The present condition of affairs in France is calculated to strain ordinary trust in the wisdom of men, especially of ministers.

The new Oratory Church at Edgbaston, Birmingham, which is being raised as a memorial to Cardinal Newman, was opened on Tuesday last. The transepts and chancel yet remain to be built, but meanwhile the nave will be utilized for worship. The new church has been built over the edifice which previously served for the Fathers of the Oratory and their congregation, so that the original building was available for use up till quite recently. The opening was celebrated with Pontiff High Mass, the Bishop of Birmingham (Dr. Hiley) being the celebrant. The sermon was preached by Archbishop Bourne. The Duke of Norfolk, who was educated at the Oratory School in the time of Cardinal Newman, was present at the celebration, as was also the Earl of Denbigh.

A distinguished and very able Jesuit has passed away in the person of Father Peter Galloway, who died recently in London in his eighty-

Pale and Weak Young Ladies

Suffering from Anaemia caused by the impure air of offices and run down by the excessive work of the shops, remember that the "Trappists' Phosphated Wine of Cinchona Bark" is the Sovereign Remedy, is able to cure debility and Chloro-Anaemia. The only tonic that will always preserve your normal health. Take three or four glasses every day of this invigorating tonic of the twentieth Century and you will be strong and healthy.

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sixth year. The rev. gentleman filled the highest offices in the Order, and was well known throughout the country. Born in 1820 at Killarney, he was a brother of Mr. Thomas Galloway, who for many years acted as land agent to Lord Kenmare, and whose name is still deeply respected by the people of the town and neighborhood as that of a man whose heart was full of kindness. Father Galloway entered the Society of Jesus in 1836, and in his early days he formed one of the teaching staff at St. Francis Xavier's College, Liverpool, at a time when that educational establishment was confined to the house, 8 Salisbury street, and long before the present extensive building was erected. His exceptional learning and powers of administration soon won for him distinction, for at the comparatively early age—for a Jesuit—of thirty-eight he was appointed rector of Farm-street Church, London. There he remained for ten

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years—until 1868—when he was removed to Stonyhurst College as prefect of studies. In 1874 he attained the highest dignity possible among the English Jesuits—the position of Provincial. The rev. gentleman was possessed of great energy, and in his administrative capacity he showed much firmness and strength of mind. His piety was profound. In addition he had good literary talent. Among his writings were "Watches of the Passion," "Lectures on Ritualism," and "Salvage from the Wreck." He was also an excellent preacher, and of late years he figured as a lecturer on the scenes of the Passion, travelling in this capacity up and down the country.

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T. H. ESTABRO

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

FEAST OF THE HOLY CELEBRATED.

On Sunday last the feast of Holy Rosary was observed in evening services procession formed around the church children carrying banners, dancers walking in a body. Peter's alone the procession place around the parish.

NIGHT SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

The Montcalm School has set attendance in the city, being enrolled. Belmont school next with 178; Oiler school, Sarsfield school, 127; school, 105, and Edward school, 45. The Italian school, under the direction of Rev. Leonardo, shows increase since last year.

NEW MONTREAL AGENCY.

ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

Mr. C. E. A. Langlois, in connection with the famous Mineral Water Springs date many years, and who will be remembered as the founder of the Agency on Victoria some years ago, has again moved to Montreal after an absence of ten years in Quebec City. Mr. Langlois has formed a company and distribution of St. Leon Water at No. 12 Craig Street. The salesrooms are central and although opened only a few days, they are daily visited by a large number of citizens of the qualities of St. Leon St. Leon Mineral Water virtues, which are appreciated by thousands who drink St. Leon every day in the year. In increase of the usefulness of Water, Mr. Langlois, with his company, are extending the famous mineral water so that it is reach of everyone.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' SOCIETY.

Last evening's entertainment in the hands of the St. Leon choir, and a more successful one would be hard to find. Every item gave the idea of careful training, but another testimony to the care of which it is the splendid spirit which members together.

Mention is due to Miss Rowan, Foley and Fitzgibbon also to those who took part in Japanese sketches. They were Messrs. Kiely, J. V. Walsh, Kennedy, McKee, Blanchfield. Another feature was a whistling by Mr. Martin, who introduced special features in the whistling. Mr. McDuff was the subject of great interest. Seaman Millar, Davis, gave some very good songs which helped the amusement to extent.

Mr. Geo. Carpenter occupied a chair, making an ideal job of the whole too great to be bestowed upon Prof. his choir for the high attainment to which friends were treated.

It was announced that week's concert would be held at No. 5 Division Auxiliary, A.O.H., who a fine treat may be looked to.

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Presentation to Rev. Father Singleton.

An event of more than ordinary interest took place in St. Michael's parish on Monday evening last, when the friends and well-wishers of Rev. Father Singleton, who has been curate of St. Michael's Church during the past year, gathered, to the number of several hundred, to wish their beloved priest a safe journey and all else that can be implied in endearing words, before his departure for Rome. The large hall, the old place of parish worship, was beautifully decorated for the occasion, while the large and representative gathering from all parts of the city told more eloquently than words could convey, of the tender affection and high esteem in which the Rev. Father is held by all who have been favored by his acquaintance. Songs and music, by recognized local talent, added to the evening's cheer, while

A Struggling Infant Mission

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

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

Average weekly Collection...3s 6d.

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

But outside help is, evidently, necessary. Will it be forthcoming? I have noticed how willingly the 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 A LITTLE. Do that little which is in your power, for God's sake, and with the other "littles" that are done I shall be able to establish this new Mission firmly.

DON'T TURN A DEAF EAR TO MY URGENT APPEAL.

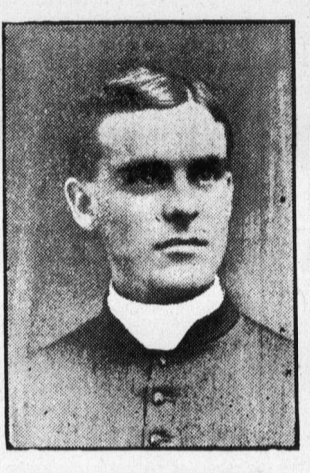
"May God bless and prosper your endeavors in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

"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.

This new Mission will be dedicated to St. Anthony of Padua.



REV. FATHER SINGLETON.

numerous eloquent tributes to the worthy guest of the evening were given by many present, interspersed with best wishes for a pleasant and prosperous journey and safe return two years hence.

A feature of the entertainment was the reading of a beautifully worded and elaborately executed address to the Reverend Father by Mr. Joseph Dillon, and more than a single tear was brought forth from some in the vast audience, by whom the young priest had made himself specially revered.

Near the close of the reading of the address, the Misses Keegan stepped forward and handed Rev. Father Singleton a purse of \$350 in gold as a slight testimonial from his friends throughout the several parishes of Montreal.

The Rev. Father, deeply moved by both the address and testimonial, responded in that touching and eloquent style which is but one of his many natural gifts.

Rev. Father Kiernan, the pastor of St. Michael's, gave the address of the evening, alluding in choice language and at much length to the sterling qualities of the young priest who was about to go to Rome to enter upon a higher course of study. His remarks throughout were listened to with that rapt attention which it is ever his to command, and which must serve as an inspiration to his younger associates in their sacred calling.

Among the talent were: James W. J. Cherry, Geo. Holland, Jas. Dillon, W. J. Horan, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Harney and Miss Murphy.

Among others of the clergy present were Rev. Father McCrory and Rev. Father Elliott, both of whom paid excellent tributes to their high esteem for their associate priest.

While the entertainment was in progress a telegram was received from Mr. Edward Barry, of Winnipeg, ex-organist of St. Michael's, ex-

pressing regret at not being with his old friends and wishing bon voyage to his dear friend, Father Singleton.

The Rev. Martin Reid, who was recently ordained at St. Gabriel's Church, leaves this evening for New York, in company with Father Singleton, where they will sail on Saturday to take a course of theology at the Canadian College at Rome.

Father Reid was ordained at St. Gabriel's Church on the 12th of August last.

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Detroit, which he found in a chaotic state on his arrival, leaving it upon his resignation one of the best if not the most prosperous dioceses in the country.

LIVING BEYOND OUR MEANS

To what extent are people living beyond their means? This is a question much more apt to raise itself well along in a period of prosperity than during a time of industrial depression when economy becomes necessary through the restriction of credit and develops into a passion for saving. It is usually the case that people save less when they are best able to save, and in such times as the country has been enjoying extravagance rather than accumulation becomes the rule. We see it upon all sides and remark it of our neighbors if not of ourselves. Here is one with an automobile whose known income is not up to the obvious requirement. Here is another given to other showy extravagances whose income is supposed to be less than our own. Fine raiment, servants, theatres, expensive entertainments,

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costly house furnishings—we see these things all around among people of moderate salaries and incomes, and how can they afford it? Do they pay their bills? Is the grocer being neglected in favor of the dealers in luxuries? Is there a mortgage behind the gay vehicle of pleasure? Are bad debts accumulating on the train of extravagant display?

Province of Quebec, District of Montreal, Superior Court, No. 1342. Dame Julia Sweeney, of the City and district of Montreal, wife common as to property of James Clarke carter, of the same place, duly authorized a ester in justice, has this day instituted an action for separation as to bed and board against her said husband.

Montreal, 26th September, 1906.

BEAUDIN, LORANGER & ST. GEVMAIN,
Attorney for Plaintiff

Use the safe, pleasant and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it. Procure a bottle and take it home.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

FEAST OF THE HOLY ROSARY CELEBRATED.

On Sunday last the feast of the Holy Rosary was observed. At the evening services processions were formed around the churches, tiny children carrying banners, the socialists walking in a body. In St. Peter's alone the procession took place around the parish.

NIGHT SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.

The Montclair School has the largest attendance in the city, 256 being enrolled. Belmont school comes next with 173; Oiler school, 129; Sarfield school, 127; Champlain school, 105, and Edward Murphy school, 45. The Italian school, under the direction of Rev. Father Leonardo, shows increased attendance to last year.

NEW MONTREAL AGENCY FOR ST. LEON MINERAL WATER.

Mr. C. E. A. Langlois, whose connection with the famous St. Leon Mineral Water Springs dates back many years, and who will be remembered as the founder of the Montreal Agency on Victoria Square some years ago, has again returned to Montreal after an absence of over ten years in Quebec City. Mr. Langlois has formed a company for the sale and distribution of St. Leon Water at No. 12 Craig street east. The salesrooms are centrally situated and although opened only a short time, they are daily visited by a large number of citizens who value the qualities of St. Leon Water.

St. Leon Mineral Water has many virtues, which are appreciated by thousands who drink St. Leon Water every day in the year. In order to increase the usefulness of St. Leon Water, Mr. Langlois, with his company, are extending the sale of the famous mineral water so as to place it in reach of everyone.

CATHOLIC SAILORS' CONCERT.

Last evening's entertainment was in the hands of the St. Patrick's choir, and a more successful achievement would be hard to imagine. Every item gave the idea, not only of careful training, but also added another testimony to the unceasing care of which it is the object and the splendid spirit which binds its members together.

Mention is due to Misses Menzies, Rowan, Foley and Fitzgerald, as also to those who took part in the Japanese sketches. The gentlemen were Messrs. Kiely, J. Walsh, W. Walsh, Kennedy, McKenna and Blancheffield. Another feature of the evening was a whistling solo given by Mr. Martin, who introduced some special features in the way of novel balancing. Mr. McDuff's recitation was the subject of great amusement. Seamen Millar, Davis and Stanley gave some very good songs which helped the amusement to no small extent.

Mr. Geo. Carpenter occupied the chair, making an ideal president. On the whole too great praise cannot be bestowed upon Prof. Fowler and his choir for the high-class entertainment to which the sailors' friends were treated.

It was announced that next week's concert would be in the hands of No. 5 Division, Ladies' Auxiliary, A.O.H., when doubtless a fine treat may be looked forward to.

LOYOLA CLUB.

Loyola Club's first regular meeting of the season 1906-07 was a most satisfactory one. Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., moderator; the hon. president, Lady Hingston, Mrs. C. F. Smith and Mrs. P. S. Doyle, patronesses, were among those present to welcome Mrs. F. H. Waycott (President Montreal Women's Club, 1903-06), who had so kindly promised an informal talk on club procedure.

After extending the greetings of the Women's Club to the junior sister club, Mrs. Waycott, at the President's request, began at the beginning, and so delightful and so lucid was her way of imparting facts which are usually so dry and uninteresting, that her forty minutes' talk seemed like ten, and every one was filled with a great and laudable desire to do things hereafter in a parliamentary way.

An invitation was extended to ask questions, and so numerous were they that they must have proved quite a tax on her generosity though evidencing a great appreciation of her thorough knowledge of the subject.

Mrs. Alfred Ross Grafton, recording secretary of Montreal Women's Club, was also most kind in her helpful suggestions.

A social hour was on the programme, but owing to the deep sympathy each member felt for Miss Jones, Vice-President, in the loss of her dear mother, it was dispensed with. The secretary was instructed to forward the resolution of condolence to Miss Jones, which was moved by Miss Bussiere and seconded by Miss Eveleen McKenna, and the recording secretary was requested to insert the motion in the minutes of the meeting.

Before adjourning Rev. E. J. Devine moved a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Waycott and Miss Mary Christy fittingly seconded it, and it was carried unanimously.

Mrs. Waycott and Mrs. Grafton were then introduced to the present, who all expressed the pleasure of the afternoon's talk had afforded them. A cordial invitation to come again was given and graciously accepted.

A reception and lecture in the King's Hall, Monday, November 12th, was announced by the President.

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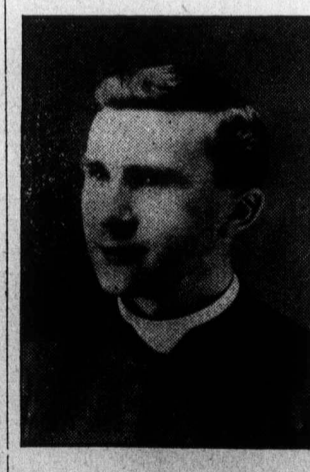
OBITUARY.

MR. FELIX T. CALLAHAN.

On Saturday last the death occurred of Mr. Felix T. Callahan, after an illness extending over some weeks of typhoid fever. He leaves a widow and two young children. The funeral took place to St. Agnes Church on Monday morning, where a solemn requiem was sung by deceased's brother, the Rev. R. E. Callahan, assisted by Rev. Luke Callaghan, as deacon, and Rev. T. O'Reilly as sub-deacon. At Cote des Neiges cemetery the Libera was sung by Rev. J. E. Donnelly. To the bereaved family the True Witness extends deepest sympathy.

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REV. FATHER MARTIN REID.

enter upon a higher course of study. His remarks throughout were listened to with that rapt attention which it is ever his to command, and which must serve as an inspiration to his younger associates in their sacred calling.

Among the talent were: James W. J. Cherry, Geo. Holland, Jas. Dillon, W. J. Horan, Mrs. Patterson, Miss Harney and Miss Murphy.

Among others of the clergy present were Rev. Father McCrory and Rev. Father Elliott, both of whom paid excellent tributes to their high esteem for their associate priest.

While the entertainment was in progress a telegram was received from Mr. Edward Barry, of Winnipeg, ex-organist of St. Michael's, ex-

BISHOP BORGESS' MONUMENT

A magnificent monument to the memory of the late Bishop of Detroit was dedicated on Oct. 8th, Right Rev. J. S. Foley, D.D., Bishop of Detroit, presiding at the ceremonies. The address on the occasion was delivered by the Right Rev. Henry Joseph Fichter, D.D., of Grand Rapids. A large number of Right Rev. Bishops, prelates, clergy and laity were in attendance. The monument is erected on the brow of the hill overlooking the lake on Nazareth Academy grounds, at Nazareth, near Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Right Rev. Casper H. Borgess, D.D., was born August 1, 1826. He came to the United States when very young. He was ordained in 1848 and consecrated Bishop Administrator of Detroit in 1870, succeeding to the see in 1871. He resigned in 1888, and died in Kalamazoo on May 3, 1890.

Bishop Borgess was noted for his executive ability, justice, zeal for the advancement of his church and the championship of the parochial school system. Indeed it may be said that he was the father of the parochial school system in the west. He succeeded amid great difficulty in bringing prosperity to the Diocese of

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Drink, weary Pilgrim, drink, I say, St. Leon drives all ills away.

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Shawn, The Priest Hunter.

A Vignette of the Penal Days in Ireland

"Run, run! Here comes Shawn-na-Soggarth!" cried the children to one another in terror, and, suddenly stopping their merry play, they scampered off to their homes as the squat, stocky figure came shambling along the country road.

John Malowney looked at them with a curse and a scowl, then chuckled hideously to himself. He knew he was the most feared and detested being in all Connacht, from the Shannon to the sea; and he took a savage exultation in the fact. Malowney was a typical product of the penal laws against Irish Catholics. Shawn-na-Soggarth, or John of the Priests, was the nickname he went by among the country people on account of his infamous calling, which was that of hunting down and capturing the devoted clergymen who attended to the spiritual wants of the people in that dark night of religious persecution, when the government rates were from \$250 for the arrest of a high ecclesiastic to \$100 for that of a friar, monk or secular priest, and \$50 for that of a Catholic schoolmaster.

"My year's rent is paid!" was Shawn's gloating expression on laying his rough grasp upon any of his victims. To resist him meant death. His hand was stained with the blood of the innocent.

In figure he was squat, undersized, bow-legged and of tremendous strength, with a bullet head supported on a bull neck. Young in years, he was prematurely aged in appearance. His features were heavy, massive, pallid, lined with wrinkles, of vice and cunning. His sullen, deep-set eyes glared under beattling brows. He was a man of violent and ungovernable passions and profane and blasphemous speech.

It was a beautiful summer evening, glowing over a west of Ireland landscape set in purple, green and gold. Near at hand rose the splendid gray ruin of the ancient abbey of Ballintubber, built by King Cathal O'Connor in honor of God and St. Augustine in the olden time when civil and religious liberty was strong in the land. Westward against the crimsoning sky rose the blue cone of Croagh Patrick, sanctified by the memory of the great apostle of Ireland. Around spread verdant fields and pastures, tranquil and beautiful in the hush of the evening.

The sullen moving figure of the priest hunter was the only ugly spot the sole foul freak of nature in the scene.

A peddler's cart came along the road, the peddler and his assistant walking beside it—a pair well known at many a fair and market in the counties of Mayo and Galway. Shawn looked at them sharply.

"Good evening to you, Johnny McCann," he said, recognizing the peddler.

"Good evening kindly, Mr. Malowney," said the peddler, and the parties continued on their respective ways.

"You're lucky, Father Davy," remarked the peddler to his "assistant" between puffs of his pipe; "that's the second escape you've had from the scoundrel in the course of a few days. Maybe 'tis that he can't see very well on account of the fine black eye you gave him last Sunday when he tried to lay hold of you after breaking up your Mass over at Bourke's barn."

For the peddler's companion and protégé was Friar David Bourke, a Franciscan of Clare-Galway, who had to assume this and other disguises in order to avoid the bloodhounds of the penal laws. On his previous rencontre with Shawn, referred to by the peddler, the bold friar had escaped only by knocking the powerful miscreant unconscious.

"Ah!" continued the peddler, with a vengeful backward look at the receding figure of Shawn, "if he knew that Johnny McCann is Andrew Higgins, nephew of one of the friars he murdered, he might not feel so safe in meeting me."

"Vengeance is mine," gently quoted the friar, and they continued on their way.

That night was a particularly evil one for Shawn-na-Soggarth. On it he reached the black climax of his many crimes.

"Nancy, I'm dying!" he groaned as he entered the humble cabin of his sister, the widow Nancy Loughnan.

"All is over with me. For the love of heaven, get me a priest."

She looked at him with sisterly alarm and concern, yet not without suspicion, for she was well aware of his evil cunning. It would be an awful thing for such an abandoned miscreant as Shawn to die with-

out the benefit of clergy. But what if he were not ill at all? What if he were only shamming?

"Oh, Nancy, Nancy, sister avourneen," he begged, between his groanings and writhings; "for the love of heaven, get me a priest before I die!"

"Shawn," she said, "you're the very last one in the world that deserves to have a priest at your death-bed. Oh, Shawn, black and bad was your life, and badly you've prepared for the leaving of it; but still I can't trust you to bring a holy priest to your side."

"Woman, woman dear," he pleaded; "don't you see that the cold hand of death is on me, that I'm too weak and feeble to hurt or harm a chicken? Never will I rise alive from this bed, and not many minutes will it be till the death rattle shakes the poor soul out of me, that's so unfit to meet its Creator. Nancy, dear, don't let me die like a dog! Get me a chance to confess my many black sins before I go into the other world. Oh, sister, a priest, a priest!"

At length, convinced of her brother's serious illness and repentance, Mrs. Loughnan threw her shawl over her head and went forth into the night. In hiding in the neighborhood was a venerable clergyman, the Rev. Bernard Kilger, uncle of the Friar Bourke already mentioned. Him the window sought out and told her story, and, obedient to the call of duty, the white-headed priest was soon standing by the couch whereon lay the priest hunter.

"By the glory of hell, I have him at last!" cried the latter, starting up, seizing the minister of God and hurling him to the floor.

With a cry of alarm and rage the Widow Loughnan seized the tongs from the hearth, struck her ruffianly brother on the hands and compelled him to loose his hold. The old priest stumbled to his feet and rushed to the door, but ere he could pass out Shawn-na-Soggarth plunged a dagger twice into his neck, leaving him a bleeding corpse on the floor. Then the murderer disappeared.

This awful deed seemed only to excite its perpetrator to a fiercer lust of blood. He watched eagerly for a fresh opportunity for crime, and very soon he found it, though the result was not at all to his calculations.

It was at the funeral of the murdered Father Kilger. Loud and bitter was the Irish caoine or wail of grief that rose in the precincts of the ruined abbey of Ballintubber as the remains of the martyred pastor were lowered into the grave. Present at the interment was Friar Bourke, or "Father Davy," as he was called, who wore for disguise the white frilled cap and long blue coat of a peasant woman. But this could not deceive the keen eyes of Shawn-na-Soggarth, who was truculently on the watch for his prey. Rushing from his ambush, the priest hunter made with his accustomed oath for the friar.

"Run, Father Davy, run!" cried the women, and with their cloaks they tried to impede the progress of Shawn, while the friar fled for his life. Shawn burst through the devoted women like a bull through a thicket. The pursued threw off his hampering disguise and made good headway, but in passing through the plantation his foot caught in a projecting root and he was hurled to the ground, and the murderous wretch behind him was almost immediately upon him, his pistol-butt lifted to strike.

But a third party had promptly joined in the critical chase, a figure as swift as a greyhound and sure as Fate. Ere Shawn's brass-mounted pistol could descend on the head of his victim a skian or long Irish knife was thrust deep in his side, withdrawn, and plunged in again and again.

"Look up, you demon; look up and see who is killing you!" cried the peddler. "No, it is not Johnny McCann—it is Andrew Higgins, nephew and avenger of the Friar Higgins that you murdered. Die now, viper, and go see the glory you swear by!"

And on that spot the priest hunter bled and panted away his evil life.

So, in the very heat and pursuit of his infamous calling, perished the notorious John Malowney, for many years the scourge of Catholic priests and people in the west of Ireland. His abhorred remains were laid in a little ruined chapel adjacent to Ballintubber Abbey. Over his grave grew a singular ash tree, long an

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object of curiosity to visitors even after it had become a leafless and withered trunk. Springing from one side of the grave, it bent downward to the other and took root again, forming an arch across the grave mound and sending up a second stem. The peasantry regarded it with awe, considering it placed there by Providence to isolate from Christian remains the dust of the blood-stained priest-hunter.—P. G. Smyth, in the Rosary Magazine.

Explorations in Rome.

The explorations in Rome at the base of the Column of Trajan begun in the early part of the year by Commendatore Boni have already led to interesting results.

Several ancient writers, among others Dion Cassius and Eusebius, mention a sepulchral chamber in the western side of the pedestal of the column, the existence of which is confirmed by the engravings of the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries representing plans and sections of the column itself. Traces of a door of ingress, on the left side of the vestibule, also suggested an inner chamber, and it was in order to discover, if possible, this sepulchral room that Commendatore Boni started explorations.

He also wished to examine the foundations of the column and the fractures at the base. There were several indications of damage from earthquakes and from the fall of heavy weights from the summit.

It is known from the coins of Trajan that a bronze statue once surmounted the monument; Commendatore Boni surmises that its fall caused the fracture of the cornice of the pedestal. On the other hand, the two vertical cracks in the western side of the pedestal and various gaps in its sculptures suggest injuries done by earthquakes; while a long, oblique rent in the lower edge of the plinth brought to mind the apertures made by mediæval treasure seekers at the foot of the Palatine wall.

As a result of the explorations the sepulchral chamber was discovered and opened, and will in future be entered by its old doorway. Excavations outside the base of the pedestal brought to light the cavity made by the mediæval diggers.

It was about two and a half yards deep, and extended almost to the centre of the pedestal of the column, cutting through the solid blocks of travertine of the plinth and endangering the foundations of the monument itself. This cavity had evidently been used some time before the eleventh century as a burying place, as fifteen human skeletons were found in the debris with which it was choked.

Another deep cavity was discovered at the southeast angle of the base, and both have now been carefully filled up with cement, restoring to their original security the foundations designed by Apollodorus.

Several large sculptured fragments from the great laurel wreath which forms the lower torus of the column have been rescued from the debris, and will be restored to their proper place. The excavations were then carried somewhat deeper by Commendatore Boni and extended under the concrete pavement of the court of the Bibliotheca, which flanked the column on either side.

Here was unearthed an old paved road which had evidently been buried under the area of the Ulpian Forum at the beginning of the second century and was actually cut through by the foundations of Trajan's column. This road, Commendatore Boni, conjectures, may possibly be the Clivus Fontinalis and have led to the Ara Martis in the Campus Martius. If, as it would first appear, it belongs to the same period as the tomb of Bibulus, the theory that a high ridge of rock originally connected the Quirinal and Capitoline hills will be done away with.

Commendatore Boni has now started explorations at the base of the tomb of Bibulus for the purpose of finding the road on which it stood and comparing it with that uncovered below the Column of Trajan. Even now the excavations have been carried far enough to show that the tomb was more than half buried and stood considerably lower than has been supposed.

The old Porta Ratumena is known to have stood somewhere in the neighborhood of the monument at the end of the road, and an attempt will be made to find traces of it. If the exact site of this ancient gate can be determined it will be an important addition to the historical topography of Rome.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

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Many a time in the four years which the village green courted our maid Martha, my and I shared a good laugh over the beauty of the one and the beauty of the other and was accepted, the joke of and was accepted, the joke of admitted to each other, that had a place not only in our household, but also in our affections. But after all, we only admitted to each other that in existence for many years since the night when our life was suddenly taken away—the and the dreadful days which loved, when Martha's heart broken as our own hearts, a her hands were ready and for the work that had to be a monial engagement which gave complete satisfaction to every one acquainted with either of the company parties, and in Martha's my wife would be the first to "put out" when one morning, busy washing the dishes, remarked abruptly to—

"Excuse me, mem, but I have I've made up my mind to go to the village green." My wife cannot recollect to set reply she made to the announcement, but she distinctly remembered the lid of the mug by which she set great store which she could never part with. In the evening she reported the announcement and some of the conversation to me, and I said: "But the thing that puzzles me, Jim, was that Martha's the least excited. She didn't blush."

"How old is Martha?" I asked. "That has nothing to do with it, fancy she's about forty. I don't mean to infer that a woman cannot blush at that age. It is for you to say, Mr. Malowney, smiling at her. She said it without words, though a little laugh the light into a sigh. Presently she spoke again.

"No, Martha didn't blush wasn't a bit confused. She went on washing the dishes and said nothing more in than 'It's not quite so cold morning.' Why, Jim, she even appear to be particular about it."

"Perhaps she was sad," I guessed. Margaret shook her head and thought she would have shared some sorrow at the prospect of leaving us," she said in a "I confess I was disappointed Martha this morning," she continued, a note of slightly hardening her didn't look for tears of regret."

"It was too bad," I muttered, knowing what to say. "I don't see much for her, she was ill, when she was that wretched fellow just came to us, when she—"

"Oh, never mind that, can't believe that Martha try to leave me."

"No more can I. In fact I'm surprised if she tried to leave me. She was on her feet at the last minute a on here," I exclaimed cheerfully. "My dear! The wedding six weeks hence. She would fix it so definitely if she any doubt about keeping to gain. Besides, we are not on Martha. I can go mad. Indeed, I have thought of late that a young man might suit better."

"Yes, of course," I assented, thinking of one hundred ways up to which a stranger require to be educated. Perhaps Margaret was

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1906.

MARTHA.

By J. J. Bell.

Many a time in the four years during which the village greengrocer courted our maid Martha, my wife and I shared a good laugh over the bashfulness of the one and the haughtiness of the other. But somehow, when Mr. Peck proposed and was accepted, the joke collapsed and like a pin-pricked toy balloon, and neither of us could find anything left to laugh at. It was a hard thing to realize that Martha, who had been with us all the nineteen years of our married life, had actually decided to leave us.

Martha was not, speaking literally, "a perfect treasure," but she had long ago become familiar with our little ways, just as we which were quite as important—had become familiar with hers; and, apart from presenting the bare idea of engaging a stranger, we felt, as we gradually admitted to each other, that Martha had a place not only in our modest household, but also in our affections. But, after all, we only admitted to each other a feeling that had been in existence for many years, ever since the night when our little boy was suddenly taken away—that night and the dreadful days which followed, when Martha's heart seemed broken as our own hearts, although her hands were ready and steady for the work that had to be done. I doubt if there was ever a matrimonial engagement which gave complete satisfaction to every one acquainted with either of the contracting parties, and in Martha's case my wife would be the first to admit that she was what is mildly termed "put out" when one morning her maid, busy washing the breakfast dishes, remarked abruptly yet calmly—

"Excuse me, mem, but I maun tell ye I've made up ma mind to ha'e Duggald Peck, the greengrocer."

My wife cannot recollect the exact reply she made to the announcement, but she distinctly remembers dropping the lid of the muffin-dish by which she set great store, and which she could never trust to Martha's fingers.

In the evening she reported the announcement and some of the subsequent conversation to me, adding—

"But the thing that puzzled me most, Jim, was that Martha wasn't the least excited. She didn't even blush."

"How old is Martha?" I inquired. "That has nothing to do with it—but I fancy she's about forty. You don't mean to infer that a woman cannot blush at that age, do you?"

"It is for you to say, Margaret."

I returned, smiling at her. She said it without words, and laughed a little laugh that trailed off into a sigh.

Presently she spoke again, seriously.

"No, Martha didn't blush, and she wasn't a bit confused. She just went on washing the dishes as if she had said nothing more important than 'It's not quite so cold this morning.' Why, Jim, she didn't even appear to be particularly glad about it!"

"Perhaps she was sad," I suggested.

Margaret shook her head. "I thought she would have shown some sorrow at the prospect of leaving us," she said in a low tone.

"I confess I was disappointed in Martha this morning. I didn't," she continued, a note of dignity slightly hardening her voice—"I didn't look for tears of gratitude, but I did expect some expression of regret."

"It was too bad," I muttered, not knowing what to say. "You have done so much for her, dear—when she was ill, when she was jilted by that wretched fellow just after she came to us, when she—"

"Oh, never mind that. And yet I can't believe that Martha isn't sorry to leave me."

"No more can I. In fact I shouldn't be surprised if she threw over Peck at the last minute and stayed on here," I exclaimed cheerfully.

"My dear! The wedding is to be six weeks hence. She wouldn't have fixed it so definitely if she had had any doubt about keeping to her bargain. Besides, we are not dependent on Martha. I can get another maid. Indeed, I have sometimes thought of late that a younger woman might suit better."

"Yes, of course," I assented, thinking of one hundred and one little ways up to which a stranger would require to be educated.

Perhaps Margaret was thinking

likewise, for she was silent for several minutes.

I lit my pipe and casually observed:

"I suppose Peck is a decent sort of man."

"I believe he is quite respectable and prosperous, if that's what you mean, Jim. He certainly ought to be the latter, with the prices he charges for his vegetables and fruit."

"But what's wrong with him?" I asked.

My wife hesitated. "Well," she said at last. "I'm sure he's a mean man—you can see it in his eye, when you catch it; and I don't mind saying that I wish Martha were going to marry anybody else in the village, for I'm convinced that as Mrs. Peck she'll have harder work for less reward than she had here."

"But Martha must see something attractive in him, surely?"

"I suppose so. But as I said, I wish she had taken some one else. Really, Jim, I was amazed when she told me this morning, for I know and so do you, how she has been snubbing him for years."

"Ah, there's nothing like a lover being persistent."

"Lover! Do you think every man who wants a wife is a lover?"

"I think you are a bit severe on Peck," I ventured.

"No, Jim, I'm not. I see the man nearly every day, and I'd be sorry for any woman who became his wife. I'm not thinking of Martha at all now. Mr. Peck wants an assistant, but does not want to have to pay a proper wage. Martha is a comely woman, and a careful one, too, except in regard to glass and china. She would do capitally in the shop as well as in the house. Oh, I do wish she hadn't taken that greedy, selfish little man!"

"But what can you do, dear?"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing, except go to town as soon as possible and engage another maid. I suppose I should consider myself lucky at my time of life going to a registry office for the first time."

"Is Martha going to be married from here?" I inquired.

"No. She didn't give me time to offer that. She wishes to leave this day month and go home to stay with her old mother, who has not been well lately, and be married there. I dare say that is the better way."

"Save some trouble."

"I wouldn't mind that," said my wife, gently, "though I would have hated to see her go out of this house with Mr. Peck. However, I've got to concern myself about the new girl now. I'll write to Winifred to-night and ask her how she sets about engaging a maid."

"Your sister has had some experience?"

"I should think so! Poor Winifred. She has two maids and a nurse and she has never had one stay for a year, and she has been married fifteen years in June."

"Well, Margaret, I trust we are not in for a period of quick changes, even in our small establishment."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Margaret, rather gloomily, as she rose and went to the writing table. "I've heard that it is very difficult to get a girl to come to the country, and when you get her to keep her. Girls find it dull, which I dare say is natural. However, I must do my best, but—" She paused, playing with a pen.

"Well, dear?"

"But you must understand, Jim," she continued, after a moment or two, "you must understand that it will take years, probably, to get the best of girls to do everything in the way we are used to. And there are some little things that I don't think I could ask a strange girl to do."

"For instance?"

"Well, I don't think I could ask her to bring our morning tea into the bedroom, as Martha has done since the morning after we came home from our honeymoon, dear. I don't think I could do that. Could I?"

"Perhaps not. Exit one piece of unnecessary indulgence!" I returned, with affected carelessness. "Proceed, Margaret."

"No, no. We'll find out plenty of little things we can't have soon enough, such as cooking a Welsh rabbit at 11 o'clock at night because we happen to get suddenly hungry. I never liked Martha being up so late, but she seemed to take a pride

in it, and of course she hadn't to rise very early. I'll have to do the Welsh rabbit myself in the future."

"We'll have dinner an hour later and do without the rabbits," I said bravely.

"We shall certainly have to alter some of our habits, Jim. Perhaps we have been too easy-going. At any rate, you must give up dropping into the kitchen when I'm there to ask me unimportant questions. I don't think—but don't let us talk any more about it now. I'm going to write to Winifred."

As the days went on, depression took a firmer hold on us both. Margaret accounted for it by the fruitlessness of the various visits to the town registry offices, but I felt that it was really due to the strange apathy and callousness of Martha, who treated her mistress with cold respectfulness, and never ventured a word with regard to her future unless she was asked for it. Naturally, Margaret froze also, and ceased to make kindly inquiries.

"I'm sure," she once sighed, "I can't think what has come over Martha. Her manner is so queer that sometimes I think she must be ill. I haven't seen her smile since she became engaged, and the other day, when I tried to make a joke about her being our greengrocer in the near future, her expression almost frightened me."

"You've never gone into the kitchen when Peck was there, have you?" said I.

"I couldn't, Jim. I couldn't!"

"Perhaps she knows you don't like him, and naturally feels offended."

"I don't think she's offended. Sometimes she's like a dumb thing simply longing to speak. Her eyes haven't changed. It's her face, especially her mouth."

"Have you mentioned our proposed little wedding present, dear?"

"No. We'll send it after her, to her mother's. I couldn't give it to her here now."

"Cheer up, Margaret." I said feebly. "She's not worth all the pain you are giving your tender heart."

"Perhaps not. I don't know—and yet I can't believe that she has lost all her feelings. Surely the soul of that mean little man hasn't gone into her. That's nonsense I'm talking, but I—I feel the whole thing terribly, and—and so do you, Jim."

"I do," I had to confess at last. Margaret's world and mine had always been rather a small one, and perhaps that was the reason why we felt the matter so seriously and so deeply.

The day of Martha's departure arrived, and the local chariot stood at the garden gate, laden with her belongings and ready to take them and herself to the station.

"You must come, Jim, and say good-bye to her, and wish her luck and happiness," said my wife, entering the study.

"All right," said I, feeling it was all wrong. "Has—has she broken down, Margaret?" I asked nervously.

"No. And I don't think she will. Come. It's time she was going now."

We went into the kitchen together. Feeling miserable and foolish, I repeated with the utmost stiffness the kind words which I had committed to memory the previous evening.

"Thank ye, sir," she said quietly. My wife held out her hand.

"Good-bye, Martha, but—but not for long. We'll see you soon again. All good wishes, you know."

"Thank ye, mem," said Martha, still quietly.

CURED HIS WIFE OF LA GRIPPE

Quebec Man tells how the Great Consumptive Preventative was an all-round Benefit

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Then for an instant she let her eyes—honest brown eyes they were—rest on her mistress. Surely, I thought, she was going to break down at last. But no. Although the look in her eyes was motherly (there is no other word to describe it), her face was hard.

We went to the door and saw her off. At the last moment I fancied her lips quivered, but I could not be certain of that.

The cab rolled away. Margaret shut the front door softly, and together we went into the study.

So far Margaret had been unsuccessful in her quest for a maid, and for a fortnight we had to be content with the daily help of an elderly woman from the village.

"Martha will be married by now. They will probably be dancing at the wedding," said Margaret suddenly about ten o'clock one evening. She did not look up from her sewing.

I had been dreading the coming of the remark all the hours during which I had been making a pretense at writing.

"So she will," I responded, with as much carelessness as I could muster, and was wondering helplessly what I could say to change the subject when a bright thought struck me.

"I say, Margaret, I'm shockingly hungry. Do you think you could be bothered—er—"

"Welsh rabbit," she said, rising with a sad smile. "Remember, I can't make it like Martha, Jim."

"Nonsense! It was you who taught Martha." For the moment I had stupidly forgotten that Welsh rabbit suggested the departed otherwise I should never have mentioned it.

Presently Margaret left the room after I had asked her to leave both doors open so that I might not feel too lonely.

I heard her moving about the kitchen, stirring up the fire, removing the lid of the range and shutting the damper. Then she went to the larder, thence to the table and I guessed she was cutting up the cheese and slicing the bread. Once more she went to the fire and remained there.

I was inwardly debating how I was going to attack the Welsh rabbit when ready, for I had no appetite worth mentioning, when I heard Margaret run hastily from the fire to the back door and open it.

"Martha!" she cried in a frightened tone, whereupon I jumped from my chair.

"Ay, mem, it's jist me," replied a very familiar voice, not quite the voice of a fortnight ago.

"Oh, Martha! What are you doing here?" gasped my wife.

The back door was closed, probably by Martha.

"Excuse me, mem, but is my place filled up?" The question came anxiously.

"No. Not yet Martha, but—"

"That's fine!" exclaimed Martha, with intense satisfaction. "I've just a wee bag wi' me the night, but I'll get ma trunk an' other things sent on the morn. I'm rale glad to be back, mem. But I'm vexed to see ye a wee thing wearit-like. Hoo's the maister?"

"Jim!" cried my wife. "Please come quickly. Here's Martha come plain, for I—I—"

"Well, Martha," said I, entering the kitchen, "what has happened? Has the wedding been—ahem—postponed?"

"Deed ay!" she promptly answered, her face beaming with smiles, "it's postponed, as ye say, sir, postponed for ever an' ever!"

"What?" cried my wife.

"I'm no' gaun to marry Maister Peck nor any ither man," said Martha, gayly. "Ye see, mem, ma Uncle Rubbert is deid."

"Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry," I began.

"Dinna fash yersel', sir, for I'm no sorry. He was a hard man when he was leevin', but noo he's awa', an' his bit siller comes to ma pair auld mither. So ye see, mem," she turned to her mistress, "I'm no needin' to marry Maister Peck nor any ither man, an' if ye'll let me, I wud like to bide here an' dae as I have done for near twinty year."

"But, Martha," cried my wife, the tears in her eyes, "were you going to marry Mr. Peck because your mother was in want?"

"That's about it, mem. Ma mither's gettin' auld, an' her sichts was fallin', and she had lost a' the fine needlework that used to bring her a bit siller. An' so there was naethin' for it but to marry a man o' substance that seemed to want me. It was a bargain 'twixt him an' me. I was to keep hoose an' shop when he gaed to market, an' he was to see that ma mither didna want. I made him write it doon on paper, for I wasna jist shair o' him. But that's a' by noo, an' I tell't him yesterday to try an' get another lass



about ma ain size an' I wud mak' her a present o' ma weddin' garments at haulf price wi' pleasure. He was gey pit oot, purr man, but I doot there's mair o' his he'rt in his cabbages an' plums nor in his—his inside. An' that's the hale story, mem, an—"

"But why did you not tell me of your trouble long ago?" asked my wife.

"Martha's vivacity left her, and she looked at the ground. "Mem," she said softly and humbly at last. "I ask yer paurdon, but if I had—if I had let ma he'rt get saft for a single meenit, then I wud ha'e broke doon an' never faced the thing I thoct had to be. I had jist to pretend to mase! that I didna care for onybody, but, oh, mem! ye ken it wasna that wey wi' me! I'm ashamed and vexed an'—Oh, critfens, the cheese is burnin'!"

She rushed to the fire and I slipped out of the kitchen.

After a little Margaret followed me to the study. Her eyes were bright with smiles and tears.

"Martha will be herself again shortly," she said, "and then she'll make us fresh Welsh rabbits. Oh, I'm so glad to have her back, Jim. Aren't you?"

"Without a doubt, dear."

Ten minutes later a slight crash sounded from the kitchen.

"Martha is all right now," laughed Margaret. "She has broken something."—The Outlook.

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Denunciation by Father Vaughan

Father Bernard Vaughan, preaching on a recent Sunday at the morning service at Farm street from the text "Ye cannot serve God and mammon," referred to the Pope's Encyclical to the French Bishops on the Law of Separation. He said, to any man who knew Pius X., that letter was the only one that could have been expected from him. The Holy Father, after duly considering with the Sacred Congregation for Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs the provisions of that law, had come to the conclusion that it expressed blatant Erastianism as opposed to Catholicism, and that, therefore, as the appointed guardian of the principles of Christianity, there was one verdict only that he could pass upon it, and that was a verdict of condemnation. The Holy Father had been loyal and true to Jesus Christ; reckless of worldly consequences. How had that plebeian man's attitude to high principle

been received by the world? To judge by the press generally, both at home and abroad, the world was simply furious with the Pope for not attempting what his Divine Master had warned them all was an utter impossibility—namely, "to serve God and mammon."

The Times in England and the Temps in France made lamentable exhibitions of themselves when they spoke of the august person of the Pope. He always respected what the Times had to say about affairs mundane, but he always suspected what it had to say about matters religious, and he never believed a word that it said about the Vicar of Christ. There were certain journals that could not understand the Pope's policy, and others that would not approve. Why should they? Nay, how could they? Had not the Master said: "No man can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will sustain one and despise the other?" The press at best was the highest experience of the world, and it used its pen to write for the world; and as it held its hand on the pulse of the world, it expressed in its leading articles the mind of the world. If anything was certain, it was that the world no more loved the Pope than the Pope loved the world. "If the world hate you, ye know that it hated Me before it hated you. If ye were of the world, the world would love his own; because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you."

It was, said Father Vaughan, a pity that all Christians in England who truly loved Jesus Christ and His Christianity did not clearly see what was the aim of the anti-Christian Government in France. Its object was to de-Christianize the whole country. "Il faut en finir avec l'idée Chrétienne." It was a terrible spectacle that was presented by France to-day to the eyes of Europe. People laughed at him for reminding them of the warnings that the Master had lately sent to the world through the voice of His thunders, in the flash of His lightnings, in the ravages of fire, in the shocks of earthquakes, and in the cries of stricken humanity. Perhaps if these warnings were made so little of, the Divine Master might presently begin to assert His rights by the scourge of war. France had a past lesson to remember. So had England. If the entente cordiale was going to proclaim that France and England could get on very well without God, God might possibly arise in His strength and show both countries, through the instrumentality of some other agency, that He could very well do without them. Remember the story of a people chosen once upon a time by God. "The Lord God sent unto them messengers, but they mocked the messengers of God, they despised His words until the wrath of God arose against the people, until there was no remedy." Like St. Paul, who preferred to know nothing but Christ; like St. Thomas, who claimed to love nothing but Christ; and like St. Bonaventure, who declared that he learned nothing but from Christ; so Pope Pius X. the other day had proclaimed, as he pointed to the crucifix on the table before him, that he had no politics but Christ. "There they are: read them in Christ's precious wounds." What an object lesson was that to so-called Christian Europe, whose motto should be "For me to live is Christ." The Times seemed to think that the Roman Catholic Church was about to expire of mental atrophy; but when perhaps both France and England might be found no more on the map of Europe Rome would still be in the vigor, the freshness, and the beauty of her perennial youth.

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