





OUR BOYS AND GIRLS BY AUNT BECKY.

Dear Girls and Boys:

For the last few days I have been thinking of a competition which I am going to introduce on this page next week.

The competition will open next week; and every girl or boy may send in answers who has not had a fourteenth birthday, and whose parents subscribe to the True Witness.

Read the rules below and follow them carefully, as I intend to be very particular this time.

Tell all your little friends about it and advise them to have their parents subscribe for the True Witness so that they can try the puzzle competition and the other competitions we are going to have afterwards.

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.

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.

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.

Dear Aunt Becky: What beautiful nights these are, so bright, only a little cool.

What beautiful nights these are, so bright, only a little cool. I suppose you are enjoying them in Montreal. We have tea after dark these evenings.

Your loving niece, Agnes McC.

Lonsdale, Sept. 28.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I suppose you are wondering why I did not write regularly. I have so much work to do after school that I could not find time except on Saturday night, and it would be too late.

Your nephew, EUGENE F. McC. Lonsdale, Sept. 28.

THE VILLAGE OF CUDDLEDOWN-TOWN.

Cuddledowntown is near Cradleville, Where the Sand Men pitch their tents;

In Drowsyland, You understand, In the State of Innocence;

'Tis right by the source of the river of Life Which the Grandma Storks watch over,

While Honey-bug bees, 'Neath Funny-big trees, Croon Lullabys in sweet clover.

'Tis a wondrous village, this Cuddledowntown, For its people are all sleepers;

And never a one, From dark till dawn, Has ever a use for peepers.

They harness gold butterflies to sunbeams— Play horse with them, a-screaming, While never a mite, Throughout the night, E'er dreams that he's a-dreaming.

O, Cuddledowntown is a Village of Dreams Where little tired legs find rest;

'Tis in God's hand— 'Tis Holy Land— Not far from mother's breast.

And many a weary, grown-up man, With sad soul, heavy, aching, Could he lie down, In this sweet town,

Might keep his heart from breaking. —Joe Kerr, in Collier's Weekly.

MOLLIE'S TERROR BY NIGHT. Carrie was coming to stay all night with Sue, and little Mollie was as happy as Sue herself.

Carrie and Sue had a great deal to say to each other. What girl friends ever failed to have, particularly in the middle of the night?

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that awful crack, or was it a gun? Carrie and Sue did not hear it. They were too much absorbed in their conversation.

The voices softened and grew drowsy. Carrie and Sue had talked themselves to sleep.

But they had talked Mollie wide awake. She lay with eyes staring into the blackness, fairly shivering with terror.

Mollie lay and shivered until her trembling fairly shook the bed. She wanted to call mamma, but mamma had been sick and they were all very careful not to make any noise that would disturb her.

It seemed to her that she lay there for hours, growing more terrified every minute. Suppose, O, suppose, an acoustic, that dreadful creature, should be standing over her!

How she longed for her bed! But she dared not go back, for acoustics were in the room. She had said so, and there was only a door between them.

But someone heard her sob. Someone rose instantly from his warm bed and came out into the cold hall. Someone picked Mollie up like a baby.

He carried her into the warm sitting-room and stirred the smoldering fire. He wrapped her in his own fur coat and the pretty silk quilt that mamma kept downstairs.

THE KAISER AND THE CHILDREN. A pleasant little story told of the German Emperor proves that he can unbend in the most genial way with children.

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RAGGLES. Raggles was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairies to shift for himself.

Mr. Hudson noticed him and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa: he looks so hungry."

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property.

as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property, and named him Raggles on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous-looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs.

When the next spring came Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse, which was two miles away, then tie up his bridle and send him home.

He always arrived on time, and if a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck western Kansas in 1885, when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn and put the saddle on him and tied plenty of warm wraps on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure and bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he had brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.

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BELL TELEPHONE MAIN 1983 G. J. LUNN & CO. Machinists & Blacksmiths. SCREWS, PRESSES REPAIRS OF ALL KINDS. CHATHAM WORKS. 134 Chatham Street, MONTREAL

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

SAVED BABY'S LIFE.

There are thousands of mothers throughout Canada who have no hesitation in saying that the good health enjoyed by their little ones is entirely due to the judicious use of Baby's Own Tablets.

A DECLINE IN MANLINESS.

Hundreds of young men now growing up in our congregations are not the men their fathers were. These young men do not marry. Their fathers were better men—they took the chances of their age and station without better assets than strong arms and willing hands.

SOMETHING FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

"Fortune," said a man, the other day, "comes to different people in different ways. I know a man who is about as well fixed as most men would want to be, whose luck came to him in helping a man on with an overcoat."

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 à ester en justice, has this day instituted an action for separation as to bed and board against her said husband.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE. These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anemia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood enricher, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 30c a box, or 3 for \$1.35, at all druggists.







SOLITARY ISLAND A NOVEL BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH

CHAPTER XLIII.—Continued.

"I would take and hold it under protest," he replied confidently. "I value it no more than raw. I cannot disguise from myself that hereafter I can but despise it. O Ruth! is there no middle course? Yet why do I ask? I have set myself to do that which is hardest. Let me take the worst with joy."

"Well, there is a middle course," she said triumphantly. "You can remain in your solitude and yet retain your interest in the world." Both gentlemen uttered exclamations of delight or rage, and turned upon her—the hermit hopefully, the squire in despair.

"Have you forgotten Frances?" she said. "No," and he drew away as if hurt. "She has justly forgotten me. I saw her. It is all over." "You saw her mother, Florian. If you had seen herself you would not have been in trouble so long. It is not all over. That dear girl is as faithful to you as if you never wronged her. She let her mother speak first, as obedience required; and she was silent, as became her modesty. But she has never lost her faith in you when we all trembled, and she loves you still."

This picture of feminine devotion drew the tears to Ruth's eyes. "Then, besides, you were half-glad the test of coming here to live was not to be laid before her. She would have followed you to a tent, you foolish fellow. Florian, where are your wits? See that hill yonder? Build there a pretty villa, and bring Frances to reside over it. There is no reason why a great politician should not live among the islands and rule from this solitude. You need not practice law. And so your temptations are minimized, your influence is preserved, and your solitude is saved to you."

It was a sight to see the squire's face glow as Ruth reached her climax, and when the last word was uttered he gave a cheer that rattled the loose articles in the room. "You can think over it," said she, seeing that the squire's emotion jarred upon him. "These things cannot be done hastily. If it be God's will that you stay here—"

"More Jesuitism!" growled the squire. "You must do so. If duty points another road to you, my advice will occur to you as an easy way out of the difficulty. You will not forget Frances?" she added wistfully. "I can never forget her," he replied. "I thank you for your visit, Ruth. In a little while I can decide, if I have not already decided. Squire, not another word, or I stay here forever."

Pendleton saw dimly that few words and a speedy departure were two important points in Ruth's programme, and for a wonder he tucked his daughter under his arm and, with a brief farewell, led her down to the boat.

"Clayburg was 'completely upset,' as a native expressed it, by the publication of the banns of marriage between Paul Rossiter and Ruth Pendleton. It had 'reckoned' on her remaining an old maid; it 'admired' what the squire would do now; it 'swaved' its astonishment over and over for two weeks, at the end of which time the fact was accomplished in white satin and tulle, and a great part of the town invited to assist in the festivities. Parker C. Lynch was ex-officio the master of the feast. In full morning-dress, gloved and collared to perfection, this erratic representative of the bluest blood of Ireland was a 'fine-looking gentleman on the model of an English squire, and when he posed or walked about under certain eyes of the assembly, showed that he had not forgotten his earlier training. The squire could not restrain his astonishment or refuse his admiration. In his suit of armor he was as stiff as a post, growled and swore secretly at intervals, and looked anxiously for the opportunity to steal away and disrobe himself."

"Where did you get the knack of wearing this confounded rig?" said he to Peter. "Can you see those tails of mine? I feel like a swallow; I don't know what minute I am going to fly."

"There's nothing to drink there," said he. "I move we hold our ground, then," said Peter. But the old gentlemen were forced to yield, and finally made themselves comfortable in the kitchen over the attic, as became barbarians fond of undress uniforms, cards, and punch. Once the squire felt a suspicion of mystery in the air, and he expostulated with Ruth.

"Why isn't Flory here?" he asked. "The man with the gizzard," said Peter. "Give him time," replied Ruth. "These great men don't come and go as we common people do." "Common people! I'm sheriff of the county!" "And I represent the Tribunal," said Peter. "Don't be quarrelsome. When Florian comes you shall see and hear him."

"How is it ever to be done?" said Ruth. "Frances has forgiven you, will have no other but you, waits for you, weeps for you. She is not bold enough, and you are excessively humble. This will never do. There should be no go-to-be, yet I cannot see how it is to be avoided if you will not speak for yourself."

He was silent for a few moments. "It would be a great happiness to me," he said, "to have the support and sympathy of one so tenderly loved. Yet you know her bringing-up. You see the life that awaits me and those who attach themselves to my fortunes. How can I ask her to banish herself on Solitary Island."

"It might be hard enough, but heartache and luxury are not always preferable to a handsome villa and content on the island." "You leave me no way to escape," "I am trying a snare for you. Do you know that I have been overbold? I wrote to your Frances. I told her everything as I knew it. I asked her if the past could not be mended in the only way that it could be. She wrote to me a very brief letter! What do you think it said?"

He waited for her to answer her own question. "Read it," she said placing it in his hands. It contained but a single sentence. "Tell him he may come."

"Thank God," said Florian with a sigh. "You are a happy man, Florian." "And I owe so much of it to you, Ruth," he replied gratefully.

"They went out on the veranda, where the priest and Paul sat talking. Both gentlemen shook hands with him in silence, and the conversation drifted into commonplace matters. The marble shaft bearing Linda's name was visible from the house. The calm waters of the river lay placid in the moonlight. It was an hour of great rest for these four persons, whose saddest memories were connected with the scene before them. Although they were full of joy at the happy ending of so many difficulties, the remembrance of what had happened chastened that joy severely, and if they saw before them a pleasant future it was made so only by the hope, that no later what fortune befell them, God would never permit them to wander from His fold. Life is hard enough, and death bitter, but when sin takes hold of both there is no sorrow can surpass them."

The story is ended. Florian went to New York under the protection of the amiable Peter, and made his peace with madame, and Frances returned with him to the semi-solitude of Solitary Island, which soon ceased to be a solitude. For in the course of time houses and bridges became common enough to destroy the roughest part of their isolation, and the quiet political career which began in the Senate, of his country brought visitors enough to Florian at all seasons of the year to make a lonelier place endurable. He cared little for the excitement. The best endeavor of human life had become known to him, the steady perfecting of himself in the way of life, and he followed that noble pursuit the remainder of his days.

The End.

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IF EVERYBODY knew how much cheaper good soap really is, there would not be another pound of poor quality soap sold anywhere. "SURPRISE" Soap not only does better work and does it easier and quicker than poor quality soap, but it lasts longer and it costs less in the end. Then "SURPRISE" never hurts the hands nor injures anything you use it on. It is a pure, hard soap, and those who try it never go back to ordinary soaps. Sometimes people think they ought to use good soap for fine work and cheap soap for common laundry, but after trying "SURPRISE" they realize that it pays to use the best all the time. Same price you pay for other kinds.

religious field at large. The secular press, without a single exception, paid glowing tributes to the Jesuits. Among the editorial references to the subject The Montreal Gazette perhaps discloses an acquaintance with wide reading. It says, in part: "The year in which the company of Jesus had its birth was a year memorable forever to Canada, through Jacques Cartier's first voyage. It was on the 15th of August in that year, the very day on which Cartier set sail from Blanc Sablon on his return to Saint Malo, that Inigo and his young companions took their solemn vows in the crypt of Notre Dame de Montmartre. The little company consisted of men whose names are deeply inscribed in the pages of the world's religious history of ardent aspiration, of heroic achievement. "Loyola himself was in his 44th year—20 years older than the most mature of his chosen co-workers. He was the son of an old house of Guisacoan noblesse, who after some years of military service, had been wounded at the siege of Barcelona. During the confinement of recovery he was converted, and, resolving on a religious life, set out in pilgrim's garb for Manresa. There he is said to have drafted the Spiritual Exercises that were destined to prove so fruitful. Thence, by way of Italy, he visited Jerusalem, whence, after some disappointment, he returned to Spain, and after some harsh experiences at Barcelona, Salamanca and Alcala, he sought refuge in Paris, early in 1528. First at the College of Montaigu, then at Ste. Barbe, in the university he was a student. "Not without opposition, which in men less sure of their vocation would have aroused bitterness and disgust, did he reach the goal already mentioned, which was to be the starting point of his great work. "Among his colleagues, Pierre Lefevre (Faber), though still under 25 years, was a man of learning. At the time of the primary organization in N. D. de Montmartre, Faber was the only priest in the little company. "Francois Xavier (a name even more familiar in Canada than that of the founder) was by origin a fellow-countryman of Loyola. His life is one of the most devoted in the biography of modern times. One follows him to the East to India, to Japan, to the bourne from which he never shrank, passing away in his seeming desolation with the words of hope—In Te, Domine, speravi—upon his lips. "There were three other Spaniards—Diego Laznez, Nic. Alfonso de Bobadilla, and Alfonso Salmeron. Laznez and Salmeron (as well as Lefevre) were among the theologians of the Council of Trent. When the letter summoning Lefevre to the Tridentine assembly reached him, he was in the throes of a fever. His pupils besought him to spare and excuse himself, as otherwise he would risk his life, but he replied that, whereas it was not necessary to live, obedience was essential. "Rodriguez, who was a Portuguese, had been destined for the heathen mission field before the society was formed, but found other employment. The first addition to the seven consisted of Claude de Jay, Jean Codure, and Paschase Brouet. In 1541 Loyola became first general of the Company—his repeated refusals having finally been overruled. He died in 1556. "By that time the importance of his company had been recognized in missionary zeal and energy, in eloquence, in learning, in controversy, in higher education. In 1548 the company received an addition that increased its strength not a little—Francisco Borgia, Duke of Candia. "It is vain to attempt to sketch the work done, even in the lifetime of the founder. It was only to be expected that much of the society's activity should be directed against the aggressive growth of Protestant-

ism. Salmeron and Paschase Brouet found a task of restoration and consolation in England, Scotland and Ireland. While others found plenty to do in Germany, Bohemia and Hungary, the universities of Coimbra, the German college for poor nobles' children, and the Collegio Romano, instanced what was effected in other ways. Besides the Far East, Abyssinia and Brazil became the scenes of missionary labors. "On Loyola's death, Laznez took his place at the head of the company, and Borgia followed. After Borgia's death no Spaniard was general until Gonzalez (1687-1705). Ten generals have been Italians; two Germans; four Belgians and Netherlanders. During the Russian exile, the vicars-general were Poles. Neither France nor our other motherland has yet been honored by the post of general."

Is Your Liver In Condition?

FOR ON THE ACTION OF THE LIVER DEPENDS LARGELY THE GENERAL HEALTH—THE GREAT-EST LIVER REGULATOR IS

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS

In a joking way you are sometimes asked "How is your liver?" And this question is more to the point than most people realize, for on the action of the liver, to a very large extent, is the health dependent. In this connection is explained the success and popularity of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. They wake up the liver cause a good flow of healthy bile into the intestines, thereby removing the cause of constipation and indigestion, headache and biliousness, backache and kidney trouble. You cannot easily over-estimate the importance of the liver in relation to health, nor can you put too great value on Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a means of regulating the liver and overcoming the ills arising from torpidity of this organ. The result of this treatment is a thorough cleansing of the filtering and excretory systems, good digestion, pure blood, improved health and vigor. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

LACK OF FAITH

The great trouble to-day is a lack of strong faith that at once moves the will to act. There is no use in a faith that does not do anything. No one has ever yet conformed his life to God's will without receiving the happiness He promises. Many a person wonders that he does not get on better in the world—that is, does not get contentment and happiness—but the real wonder is that they get on at all. It is certain that every good thing comes from God. What, then, does a person expect who stands aloof and takes no pains to do God's will? Is he trying to see just how long God will go on giving him life and health and food, while he neglects the plainest duties of a Christian? No, I do not think so. I believe it is a lack of real faith to spur him on. But, oh, that that realization and faith may come before it is too late! Oh, that there may be some fruit of good works before the world goes forth. Cut it down why cannot it be the ground? Oh, for the obedient spirit that realizes that godliness is great gain! Let us search our hearts and cast out the spirit of pride chat says, I will not. And let us learn to say humbly, Nevertheless, notwithstanding the effort, the humiliation it may cost me, at Thy word I will.—Theodore C. Foote.

HIS WIFE'S LUNGS BOTH AFFECTED

But the Great Consumptive Preventative brought health and happiness to his home

"Our doctor said there was no cure for my wife as both her lungs were affected," says Mr. L. H. Walter, of Pearl Street, Brockville, Ont. "It was a sad disappointment to us both, just starting out in life, only married a short time. But before she had finished the first bottle of Psychine the pain in her lungs quickly went away, and after taking six bottles Mrs. Walter was a new creature and perfectly well again."

PSYCHINE 50c. Per Bottle

Cecil Rhodes' Tribute to Jesuits

Cecil Rhodes, the great "empire maker," paid a handsome tribute to the Jesuits in a posthumous document. "This great exploiter died broken-hearted because he could not fulfil his ideals. Money was no object to him, for in material worth he was one of the foremost men of the world, but he found that without a religion, without a sublime faith in God, all is vanity. He helped somewhat to bring mankind closer together by establishing scholarships, and in the crucible of time his name will be forgotten except for this act of humanity. For centuries the Jesuits have kept the torch of knowledge burning. These saintly men by dint of great self-sacrifice, infinite patience and sometimes great physical suffering, have won the highest niche in the world's pantheon for the tremendous amount of good they have done for mankind. The recent election of a new general for the Jesuits in Rome provided a bountiful occasion for the spreading of newspaper light upon the re-

Vertical list of advertisements including names like WALSH, MATHIEU, and others.

Bottom left corner text containing names like RILEY and other small notices.

